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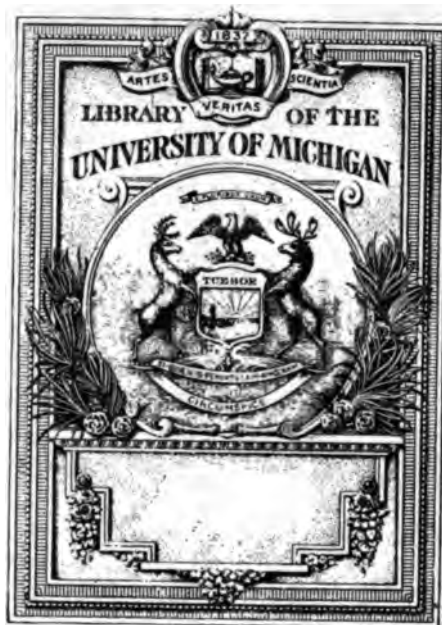


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THE

# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

SEPTEMBER TO DECEMBER, 1859.

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W. H. BIDWELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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# Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

SEPTEMBER, 1859.

From the London Review.

## ZWINGLI AND THE SWISS REFORMATION.\*

THE first of the above series of works is an act of somewhat tardy justice to the great national Reformer of Switzerland. It was hardly to have been anticipated that three centuries should pass before the appearance of a really complete edition

of Zwingli's works. However, the task has now been competently performed; and although we could have wished for a Latin translation of the two volumes of German writings, so that the entire portion might be intelligible to those who could read three quarters of the whole, we are bound to speak in favorable terms of the manner in which Messrs. Schuler and Schulthess have performed their office. The introductory notices are at once terse and full of information; and the collection, especially under the head of *Epistolæ*, has been enriched with many additions. It was in this latter most unpretending portion of the volumes that the greatest amount of research was involved; and M. Schulthess did not live to see the issue of the last volume from the press. It is a favorable sign that

\* *Hulderici Zwinglii Opera Omnia. Completa Editio Prima, curantibus M. SCHULERO et Jo. SCHULTHESSIO. 8 vols. 8vo. Turici. 1828-42.*

*Ulrich Zwingli et son Epoque. Par J. F. HOTTINGER. Traduit de l'Allemand. Lausanne. 1844.*

*Zwingli: or, the Rise of the Reformation in Switzerland, etc. By R. CHRISTOFFEL. Translated from the German by JOHN COCHRAN. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1858.*

*Zwinglii Vita. A. MYCONIO. Berolini. 1841.*

*Précis Historique de l'Abbaye et du Pèlerinage de Notre Dame des Ermites, etc. Einsiedeln et New-York. 1856.*

*Le Pèlerin de Notre Dame des Ermites ou Instruction sur le Pèlerinage. Einsiedeln.*

VOL. XLVIII.—NO. I.

there should exist so great a demand for the writings of the Protestant champion as to authorize such an undertaking.

It is of no small moment to the knowledge of any important epoch, that we should be thoroughly acquainted with the lives of the principal actors on the scene. Great and energetic men give an impulse to the events of their times; and this was especially true in the case of Zwingli. Yet although he commenced preaching the Gospel at so early a period as to make it doubtful whether he or Luther sounded the first note of war against Rome—although his views on the sacraments, and other most important subjects, are identical with those held by a vast body amongst ourselves—and although the town of Zurich, of which he was pastor, became united to the English Reformers by closer ties than any other city on the continent of Europe, we believe that the facts of Zwingli's life are very little known in this country, as compared with the fame of Martin Luther. It will be from no lack of interest in the mode of treatment, or in the subject-matter itself, if this reproach be not largely remedied by Messrs. Clarks' edition of Christoffel's memoir. But other lives of Zwingli are not wanting: there is one by M. Schulthess, the same (unless we are mistaken) who was joint editor of the works; another, by Hess, had been given in an English dress; Hottinger's admirable volume, perhaps even now the most popular of all in Switzerland, is a third; whilst the short sketches of Myconius, Zwingli's intimate friend, and that of Melchior Adam in the *Vitæ Germanorum Theologorum* are now lying before us.

Zwingli was born at Wildhaus, in the valley of Toggenburg, on the first of January, 1484. His father was Ammann or magistrate of the village; his mother, Margaritha Meili, came of an honorable family. Eight sons and two daughters sprang from this worthy pair, of whom Ulrich was the third in order of birth. The house of Zwingli was in good repute amongst its neighbors, and to their free election the Ammann owed his magisterial rank; whilst two uncles, whose kindness greatly influenced Zwingli's future career, were respectively dean of Wesen and abbot of Fischingen, in the Canton Thurgau.

The little village of Wildhaus lies high beneath the summit of the snow-clad Alps.

In the summer season its inhabitants drive their cattle to the loftiest regions, and, leaving them under the charge of a few attendants, hasten to gather in their scanty harvest. In the winter, round the blazing log-fire, they recount the perils borne in defense of their freedom, or while away the long dark hours with the strains of rustic music. Such was the mode nearly three hundred years ago, such is their habit at the present day. The effects of such an early training may be traced in Zwingli's career. We are told that when he heard how their liberty had been won against the hosts of Charles the Bold, the young child eagerly seized a weapon, and vowed to fight for home and freedom: we know that he never showed any lack of boldness; that his heaviest cares in future life were soothed by his great musical skill; and we may readily believe that, as he owed these traits to his early associations, so also, (as Oswald Myconius writes,) from those sublime mountain heights, which stretch upwards towards heaven, he took something heavenly and divine. Certain it is, that at an early age the boy showed a great aptitude for learning. He soon surpassed his fellows at the village school at Wesen, and was thence sent to Basle, where he was placed under the care of George Binzli, a man remarkable for the sweetness of his disposition, and one who soon became attached to his young pupil. After a three years' residence at Basle, Zwingli was removed to Berne, to attend the lectures of Henry Lupulus.

The scholastic establishments of that period were not of a very satisfactory character. The masters roamed about as vagabonds, settling at any place where they could obtain permission from the authorities; and, for the most, were themselves grossly ignorant of the topics they professed to teach. In an inscription on a painting of such a school still preserved at Basle, the master gives the following advertisement of his powers: "Is there any one here who wants to learn to read and write German in the most expeditious method imaginable? You need not know a single letter of the alphabet, but in less than no time you shall be able to keep your accounts: and if any one is unable to learn this, I agree to give him my lessons for nothing, and to make him a present besides of whatever he may demand. Any shopkeeper or apprentice,

married woman or maiden, who needs instruction, let him knock and enter; he shall be faithfully cared for, and at a fair price. But boys and young girls must write down their names to begin their lessons at the Ember Fast-days, since it is the custom. 1516." It was in classes formed under such instructors as these, where children and grown-up persons were intermingled, that the great mass of the people were instructed.

Above these, were the Latin colleges such as that to which Zwingli resorted at Basle. The masters were for the most part priests, whose remuneration was provided for by some religious foundation, or from the scanty payments of the scholars. The educational curriculum embraced Latin grammar, music, and dialectics; the latter being especially valued as accustoming to a distinctive mode of expression, but which constantly degenerated into the most pompous verbiage. The most explicit instructions were laid down by the local governments for the guidance of the master, and the behavior of his pupils. He was to use his utmost diligence to get each one forward; was to examine them at convenient intervals; was to commence work at five in summer, six in winter; to have from ten to eleven for dinner, and to continue teaching from thence to four o'clock, except on saints' days, when there might be a half-holiday; was to teach psalms, chants, canticles, intonations, hymns, and requiems; and was to see that his pupils went quietly home, and did not become quarrelers, bravadoes, or turbulent. The pupils were to speak Latin only, save in case of necessity, in and out of school; they were to behave with decency and reverence in the church, belfry, cemetery, etc., and were not to touch or climb upon any of these ecclesiastical appurtenances. To fight with their book-bags, or to tear their clothes, or to throw stones, was strictly forbidden. For disobedience they might be birched; but the master was forbidden to hit them on the head, because, since they were young, *it might injure their memory.*

In those days the rod was the essential instrument of discipline. There was no sparing it and spoiling the child. There was an annual *fête* observed even some time after the period of the Reformation, called the "procession of the rods." On a fine summer's day, the school children

went in a body to the woods, and, having there cut plants of birch rods, they returned with their spoils, singing a song, the burden of which was, that the birch was the appointed means of directing children in the right path, and that they accordingly presented a voluntary offering of this necessary and useful implement.

But, despite this seeming severity, a frightful laxity prevailed in the management of most schools. The scholars wandered from place to place under the pretext of seeking for instruction, but really in order that they might lead a dissolute and vagabond life. In these wandering troops the eldest and strongest ruled; and often, after having induced some younger children to join them under a promise of aid in their studies, no sooner had they crossed the frontiers of their canton than the latter were compelled to become the servants of their teachers, and beg or steal provisions for them. Hottinger mentions the diary of a young Valaisan, who in his ninth year so attached himself to an older student, and was compelled to follow him through Germany and Poland, without learning even how to read; and who did not find any opportunity to teach himself for nine years. This person describes the miseries he endured, sleeping in winter on the bare boards of a school-house, and in summer in the long grass of the church-yards. When a band of scholars passed by, woe to the fowls, and eggs, and fruit trees in the neighborhood. Sometimes the peasants let loose their dogs upon their heels; sometimes they entertained them, listened to the story of their adventures, and joined in their debaucheries; sometimes a pedagogue appeared, strongly supported by a body-guard of attendants, who drove them into the school-room: in this latter case, the rebels would load their pockets with stones, and commence such an attack upon the enemy, that the police had to interfere.

Such were many of the schools of Switzerland in the day of Zwingli's childhood; but, by his uncle's care in the selection of a master, he was preserved from such evil influence. His mind was soon so imbued with a passion for study, that when he passed from Berne to Vienna, and at the latter place gained his first knowledge of Greek literature, (though at present only through the medium of a

translation,) his enthusiasm knew no bounds. At Vienna he first met with Vadian and Florian, who were so long his intimate friends, and with Faber and John von Eck, the future bitter enemies of the Reformation: for the present, however, the young men were all cordial enough to one another. We are told, that from the excesses and immoralities of Vienna Zwingli and some of his friends were kept by their passion for music, in the study and practice of which they passed their evenings together. From Vienna, and the fruitless study of the scholastic philosophy, Zwingli returned once more to Basle, where new life and energy were beginning to spring up under the teaching of Wittenbach. From him probably Zwingli first learned to turn from the barren deserts of the scholastic wisdom to the living fountain of God's word. "The time is not far distant," the master used to cry, "when the scholastic philosophy will be swept away, and the old doctrine of the Church established in its room on the foundation of holy writ. Absolution is a Romish cheat, the death of Christ is the only payment for our sins." Such words sank deep into the heart of more than one hearer; at any rate they had their effect on Zwingli, and on Leo Juda. True it is, that Zwingli was as yet ignorant of saving truth; but there were not wanting fine features in his character at this period. He took the degree of Master of Arts out of deference to common prejudice, but he would never employ the title. "One," he was wont to say, "is our Master, even Christ."

In the year 1506, being then twenty-two, Zwingli quitted Basle a second time. The Independent community of Glarus claimed the right of electing their own minister, and although Zwingli was not yet in priest's orders, they chose him to this important post; his election being in all probability due to the influence of his uncle, the dean of Wesen, and to that of his friends at Glarus. He was accordingly ordained by the bishop of Constance; and, after preaching his first sermon at Rapperschwy, whose name is rendered familiar to tourists by its long bridge across the Lake of Zurich, he entered upon the duties of his office.

It may be remarked of almost all great men in the world's history, that they have owed their renown more to their energy and untiring application to the duties of

the position which they have from time to time been called upon to fill, than to any fortunate concurrence of events which has afforded an opportunity for the display of their abilities. Great men, it has been well said, do not wait for opportunities—they make them. We are not, of course, denying that God fits his instruments for the purposes which he intends to carry out through their agency, and that he *can* effect this fitness in a brief season; but this is not God's general mode of dealing with mankind. At the feet of Gamaliel, instructed in all the learning of the Rabbis, after the strictest sect of the Pharisees, as well as thoroughly imbued with heathen literature, such was the preparatory training that fitted the Apostle of the Gentiles for his future career. Brought up from his childhood until forty years old in the court of Pharaoh, learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and then with abundant opportunity to meditate and digest his knowledge in the land of Midian—thus it was that a legislator was provided to lead the children of Israel into the promised land. So too, the year before Zwingli's call to Glarus, Luther had entered the cell of the Augustine monastery at Erfurt, and in his long internal struggle with the sin of his own heart, in the constant study of God's revealed truth, and in the duties of pastor and vicar-general of his order, went through a novitiate of fourteen years' duration, before he came forth to defy Romish authority by burning the Pope's bull. And we may trace a like course of previous drilling for his future warfare in Zwingli's career. Although he had little taste for its barren subtleties, Zwingli had painfully and accurately mastered point by point all the *minutiae* of the schools, whilst at Vienna, so as to be a fit match for the acutest dialectician; and now he entered on his new sphere with a like energy, determined not to be contented with a mere perfunctory performance of the duties of his office, but in all things, as far as man could, to prove himself a pastor that needed not to be ashamed. He now, therefore, applied himself intently to study, with a view to improvement in preaching—especially to the study of Holy Writ, which as yet he only read in the Latin version: he labored diligently to develop his powers as a public speaker, and to have an adequate knowledge of sacred things, on which those powers

when developed might be exercised ; " for he was well aware," writes his friend Myconius, " how much he must know to whom the flock of Christ is intrusted." One noble resolve filled his soul as he journeyed on : " I will be upright and true before God in every situation of life in which the hand of the Lord may place me. Hypocrisy and lying are worse than stealing. Man is in nothing brought so much to resemble God as by truth. Lying is the beginning of all evil. Glorious is the truth ; full of majesty ; commanding even the respect of the wicked." And his conduct accorded with this profession. It is a fine picture, this, of his young manly heart in all the bright glow of its early vigor. Full of a deep sense of responsibility, of steady application and high resolve, and yet without one tinge of affectation, without any taint of the asceticism so common in his day—bright-hearted, high-spirited, with a flow of good humor almost to gayety ; at one time charmed with a new book or new branch of study, at another (as, indeed, his whole life long) indulging his passionate love for music—it would be hard to find a character with more amiable natural traits than was that of the young parson of Glarus.

But the picture has its dark side—why should we hide it ? The sins of such men are beacons to us all, and, by bringing out more plainly the common weakness of humanity, lead us to see more clearly the grace by which alone we can be preserved. In Zwingli's day the relation of the sexes was most disorderly. A gross licentiousness characterized the Swiss population, and from this the clergy were not free. Bound to a life of celibacy, the priest only swore to observe chastity *so far as it was possible to human weakness*, and a very liberal interpretation was put upon this saving clause. In this regard, as in every other, Zwingli had determined, so he himself writes, to live holily ; but he fell, not grossly, as the world then judged, but inexcusably in the sight of God. " By prayer and by diligent study he succeeded in subduing this enemy too, after in faith he had laid hold on Him who is mighty to save even in the weakest." It is characteristic of his truthfulness that we owe our knowledge of his incontinency to his own confession : he would not appear better than he really was.

Yet danger was approaching in another

quarter, and in a more seductive form. The lusts of the flesh are plainly contrary to a life of faith ; the pride of life, when joined to a priestly career, is a bait that is far more skillfully disguised. Among the most influential men both in Switzerland and at Rome was Cardinal Schinner, a man of no mean powers, who had raised himself from being a herd-boy to the condition of a temporal and spiritual prince. He was at this time papal nuncio in Switzerland, and labored, and not unsuccessfully, to induce the Swiss to enlist under the Pope's banner, and expel the French from Italy. The rising fame of Zwingli, and his poverty, marked him out as a fitting agent to further the Papal interests, and Schinner told him that, in return for his exertions on their behalf, a pension of fifty florins would be supplied to further his studies. Zwingli at once repudiated the contract. But the temptation was intensely powerful. What a marked act of grace to a poor Swiss priest less than thirty years old ! What a career seemed before him exemplified, far more strongly than words could have impressed it, in the actual success of Schinner himself. But the love of truth prevailed ! He did not, indeed, at that time, think it unbecoming to receive money from the Pope, but he told his envoys in explicit terms they were not to fancy that he would for their money withhold one iota of the truth, let them give or retain it as they pleased. The truth of his avowal was soon manifested. His voice was raised loudly against the system then becoming prevalent with the Swiss, of hiring themselves out as mercenaries ; as a Christian, he felt the wickedness of shedding blood for payment in another's quarrel : as a patriot, he foresaw the evils that would result from the receipt of pensions paid by foreign sovereigns, whose interests might be opposed to that of Switzerland. His opposition was unpopular ; but no one can question his boldness or his judgment in adopting the side he took.

In 1513 Zwingli began to study Greek. He acquired it rapidly and unaided by a master ; but such was his application, that he wrote out St. Paul's Epistles, and committed them to memory. Presently he followed the same course with the rest of the New Testament.\* And now a flood

\* Myconius, cap. iv.

of light was poured in upon his soul. The great means of regeneration was employed, and it began to tell, especially as he abandoned other commentaries to which he had been much devoted, and began to compare Scripture with Scripture. Learning from St. Peter that no Scripture is of any private interpretation, he became earnest in prayer for the teaching of the Holy Spirit; and, as he asked, it was granted him ever more and more to understand its meaning. Thus he learned how Rome's claim to unchangeableness is unfounded, and that God's word alone is eternal: other indications confirmed this conviction. He found an old Liturgy, which ordered the Eucharist to be delivered in both kinds. He fell in with the Litany of Ambrose, once used at Milan, and differing from the Roman. We have been taught these truths from our childhood, and can hardly realize their influence over one who had been educated in the belief of Rome's infallibility. As the light dawned, how often he must have hesitated, wondering whether it was indeed the true Sun shining out, or the glare of some destructive fire that would consume all faith in things Divine, or the false glitter of some will-o'-the-wisp emitted from the quagmires of heresy, that bugbear of Romanism! In the *Architeles* Zwingli has himself described the difficulty which at this period pressed on his mind. Persuaded as he was of the truth of Christianity, to which of its exponents should he turn? To those that at its origin were held to be taught in heavenly wisdom? or to those who, claiming to be their descendants, now exhibit folly? "Every one who is not a fool or altogether brutish will answer to them whom the Spirit of God has enlightened." Henceforward he applied every doctrine to the touchstone of God's word: if he found it could bear the brightness of that stone, he accepted it; if not, he cast it away. Here is the whole principle of Protestant truth admitted. All subsequent changes were but the result of its application to the different questions that from time to time arose.

It is in strange contrast with the position which he had thus taken, that Zwingli should have been soon after summoned to become preacher at the abbey of Einsiedeln. In no place throughout all Switzerland had tradition more successfully usurped the place of God's truth; in no

place were the tenets of Romanism more flagrantly displayed. The Convent of Benedictines of Einsiedeln professed to owe its origin to an anchorite of the eighth century; and its image of the Black Virgin, the great object to adore which pilgrims assembled from every quarter, had been the most precious possession of its founder. Meinrad — such was the pious hermit's name — was a man of noble birth, who had retired from the world to his solitary cell, but whose reputation for sanctity and wisdom deprived him of the solitude for which he longed: driven from the borders of the Lake of Zurich by crowds of intrusive, though admiring, visitors, he had selected Einsiedeln, which was then skirted by the Black Forest, as a more inaccessible abode. Still the fame of the monk increased, until after a residence of six years at his new home, passed in austerities and the contemplation of the mysteries and of the grandeurs of Mary, he fell a victim to two robbers, who murdered him under the expectation of finding vast treasures concealed within his cell. But the death of the holy man did not deprive the spot of its reputation; it was but the commencement of a series of miracles. Unseen the murderers had been by human eye, but St. Meinrad, like the Fathers of the Desert, had friends among the birds of the air. Two ravens pursued the assassins, followed them with cries as far as Zurich, and, having even forced their way through the windows of the *auberge* in which they had taken refuge, harassed them without cessation, until the strange sight attracted attention, and the terror-stricken men confessed their crime. To this day the monastery has two ravens on its escutcheon.

For forty years the cell remained untenanted, although an object of veneration to the surrounding people; when a canon of Strasburg, the future *Saint* Benon, established a fraternity of anchorites upon this hallowed spot. Their leader was indeed for a time removed to the bishopric of Metz; but his holy ardor and efforts to reform the manners of his flock so inflamed them against him that they rose in insurrection, put out his eyes, and expelled him from the city. Then the saint, now doubly venerated for his piety and misfortunes, returned to his former retreat, and was soon surrounded by numerous imitators, whose cells were

scattered about the place. Another saint from Strasburg, Eberhard by name, gathered these dispersed hermits into a single body, placed them under the Benedictine rule, and built a house for their reception. To construct the chapel was a far more important work: on the very spot on which Meinrad's oratory once had stood, with the very same image of black wood before which he once had knelt, was the temple raised. The day was fixed for its consecration. On the eve preceding, the bishop of Constance arrived with a goodly body of knights, and accompanied by Ulric, prelate of Augsburg. It was September fourteenth, A.D. 948; all was prepared for the morrow's solemn service. At midnight the bishop and monks went down to the church, and engaged in prayer. On a sudden they saw the chapel illumined by a heavenly light. Christ himself and the four evangelists were at the high altar, performing the service of consecration. Angels scattered a thousand perfumes on left and right; St. Peter and St. Gregory, each in his pontifical robes, assisted; and before the altar was the Virgin Mother, resplendent as the dawn; celestial choirs, led by the archangel Michael, made the arches ring to angelic strains, and St. Stephen and St. Lawrence, the proto-martyr deacons, performed the functions befitting their order. The bishop remained in prayer till eleven the next day, astonished at the unusual apparition; but those who had not been present, believed him to be under the influence of a dream, and persuaded him to proceed with the consecration. The prelate yielded most reluctantly, and had commenced the service, when lo! another prodigy—an unutterable stupor fell on all present, as a superhuman voice filled the air with cries of, "Brother, cease. The chapel has been divinely consecrated."

Such is the story of the place to which the Swiss Reformer was now bending his steps. The legend had been recognized by the Papal court, and all doubts as to its authenticity removed by a Bull of Pope Leo VIII., which was confirmed by several of his successors in the apostolic chair. Indulgences, privileges, absolution from crimes and penalties, were abundantly promised to those who should visit the shrine and confess their sins. Not many months since, we were at the spot, and there purchased the two volumes which close the list at the head of this article,

and which are sold there in large numbers to the thronging devotees. If the story of the abbey, taken from these authorized volumes, is so plainly promulgated in this day, how much credence must it have obtained in that more benighted time! Thousands, indeed, then, as now, came from every quarter of Europe, their long travels and painful endurance to reach the abbey showing how fully they believed in the pretentious and blasphemous inscription over its gateway: "Here is complete absolution for the guilt and punishment of sin."

Most valuable must, however, have been the opportunity thus afforded to the preacher of showing to his hearers a more excellent way; and of this he availed himself fully. To maintain the delusions of the place was admirably calculated to enrich the cloister; and the burden of most sermons had been the efficacy of the pilgrimage, and the miracles performed by the Black Virgin. But now a new doctrine was proclaimed.

"'God,' the preacher cried, 'is every where present, and wherever we call upon him in spirit and in truth, he answers us in the words: "Here I am." Those, then, who bind the grace of God to particular localities, are altogether perverse and foolish; nay, it is not only foolish and perverse to do so, but anti-Christian; for they represent the grace of God as more easily to be obtained and cheaper in one place than in another; which is nothing but to limit the grace of God, and take it captive, not letting it be known how free it is. God is in every part of the earth where he is called upon, present and ready to hear our prayers and to help us. Wherefore Paul says: "I will therefore that men pray every where, likewise also the women." That is, we are to know that God is not more gracious in one place than in another. Finally, Christ calls such people as bind God to that place false Christians; that is, Antichrist. "For there shall arise false Christs and false prophets," etc. "Wherefore, if they shall say to you, Behold, he is in the desert, go not forth: behold, he is in the secret chamber, believe it not." O God! who else is a hypocritical Christian but the Pope, who exalts himself in the place of Christ, and says he has his power? So he binds God to Rome and other sanctuaries. Thus they bring money in enormous quantities to enrich holy places; which, in case of need, might well be applied to our temporal advantage. And just in such places is more wantonness and vice perpetrated than any where else. He who ascribes to man the power to forgive sins blasphemes God; and great evil has sprung from this source, so that some, whose eyes the Popes have blinded, have imagined they had their sins

forgiven by sinful men. In this manner God himself had been hid from them. To ascribe to man the power to forgive sins is idolatry; for what is idolatry but the ascription of the Divine honor to men, or the giving to the creature that which is God's?"—*Christoffel*, pp. 25, 26.

Nor was Zwingli satisfied with attacking the special form of error developed in the pilgrimages to Einsiedeln: he laid axe to the root of the evil, and denounced that Virgin-worship which was then, as now, the crying abomination of Romanism. He protested in every way, and with every kind of argument, against such adoration. He urged that no creature was intended to receive it; that Paul and Barnabas had warned the Lycians against such a practice; that the whole tenor of the Gospels, and our Lord's mode of addressing his mother, was discordant with any such conception; that it must be most distasteful to the Virgin herself. She would say: "I am no goddess, nor any source of blessing; . . . ye think ye honor me by worship, ye do greatly dishonor me. Worship is to be paid to none but the one living and true God."

It is difficult to estimate the effect of this preaching at such a time, and on such a spot. There were gathered there at the *fête* of the angel-consecration, and, indeed, through the whole year, great crowds of hearers from every quarter. Even now, when the principles of the Reformation are so widely spread, nearly one hundred and forty thousand pilgrims visit annually this ancient shrine. On every one of the many paths intersecting the plain of Einsiedeln may be seen small bands of devotees clothed in every variety of costume, marching often painfully and wearily along to the low chant of some penitential psalm, and telling their beads as they wend on their journey. And when they were gathered at the pulpit's foot, and stood in a picturesque and motley crowd, what strange but heart-stirring doctrines would they hear, and bear away to their distant homes—to remote villages of Normandy and Picardy, to the far-away towns of Northern Germany! The bold Tyrolese, the swarthy Bohemian, the free-hearted Hungarian, (for all these resorted to the place,) would tell, and did tell, that it was no longer to be believed that men needed by long travel to reach the throne of grace, but in every place, without saintly intervention or costly offering,

those that sought should surely find God, and peace with him, not through Mary, but through her blessed Son. So great was the impression made, that many were awakened to serious inquiry. Some embraced the truth as it is in Jesus, and returned bearing away the gifts which had been intended for the image; others were arrested on their way and turned back without completing their pilgrimage. Meanwhile the preacher's fame reached Rome; and even as he was denouncing the Papacy, Zwingli received a most courteous and flattering letter, creating him an acolyte chaplain of the Papal chair; and, with many expressions of approbation, counseling him, by his good offices to the see of Rome, to merit further testimonies of the Pope's favor.

After a residence of about two years at Einsiedeln, the office of *Leut* priest, or parish minister, of Zurich became vacant, and Zwingli was asked by one of the canons if he had any desire to succeed him. He replied in the affirmative. His friend Myconius and others worked day and night to secure his election, and their efforts were crowned with success. Zwingli entered on the duties of his new office towards the close of the year 1518.

It was no secret in the town of Zurich that a fresh mode of instruction would be commenced by the new parish priest. In reply to the address introductory to his installation, Zwingli gave his hearers plainly to understand his intention to preach the history of Jesus Christ, following the order of St. Matthew's Gospel. Nothing can enable us better to realize the state of things in Zurich than the effect produced by this announcement. One party was filled with joyous hope; the other, depressed with serious alarm. To what purpose, argued the latter, to make such innovations? This exposition of Scripture would do more harm than good. To this the other side replied, that it was not an innovation so to preach—it was but following in the good old paths which the fathers had trod, and which the saints of the Church had commended by their example; and they cited the homilies of Chrysostom on Matthew, and Augustine on St. John. Men's minds, however, were on the alert, and felt that they were on the threshold of great events. These half-uttered expressions of disapprobation were but the mutterings of distant thunder that precede the storm.



The contest was likely to be a severe one in every sense; and the fidelity with which Zwingli attacked all kinds of existing vice was sure to raise a host of enemies. Certain elements of popularity were not wanting to the Reformer. As a preacher he had an agreeable delivery, a well-modulated, deep-toned voice, easy action. His language was simple, popular, and dignified; clear in exposition, serious and fatherly in reproof, affectionate in warning. He spoke as one in earnest, and his sermons had all the authority derived from an ample acquaintance with the word of God. And although he spared neither prince nor peasant, neither secret nor open sin, he had withal a tender consideration for the intellectual and spiritual deficiencies of his hearers; and he conjured more advanced Christians not to be over-hasty in proposing any change, "if for no other reason but this—that they might prove that they were Christians indeed, by the patience with which they bore, for the sake of the weak, that which, according to the strict law of Christ, they ought not to bear." This union of courage with moderation and delicacy of feeling was traceable through his whole career, and especially appeared in his preaching. "Never," says Myconius, with a little of the exaggeration of a dear friend, "had there been seen a priest in the pulpit with such imposing appearance and commanding power; so that you were irresistibly led to believe that a man from the apostolic times was standing before you."

To estimate the need there was of such an union of prudence with fidelity, it may be well to pause for a moment, and consider the position of things at Zurich. The affairs of the town and canton were ruled by a Council elected by the body of the people, and greatly under the influence therefore of popular opinion in all domestic policy; whilst in matters foreign and ecclesiastic they had been wont to bend to the common voice of the Confederation, and to the acknowledged rule of the bishop of Constance. As Zwingli was without material authority, the reforms he desired could only be legally effected by the agency of the Council; and it was essential that some considerable portion of the citizens should support him, before that body could be induced to take any decisive steps. Against such action there were a host of opposing

voices. The French and Italians were intriguing for support and for mercenary troops from Switzerland, and Zwingli's patriotic denunciations of their proposals roused the enmity of all who were in the pay of either party, or who expected to heap a harvest of foreign gold. With these were leagued all the idle and dissolute, whose lives he reproved; all the priests and monks who had neither piety nor learning, and felt that their livelihood was in danger; and besides, and more than all, the bishop of the diocese, whose authority was imperiled, supported, we may well believe, by some who were conscientiously fearful of the results of the new teachings, and by all the authority of the Church of Rome. It was a most unequal struggle to all outward appearance, waged by a single man against enemies, many of whom were hampered by no scruples in the mode of their opposition. At one time they employed open violence; at another, plotted for his secret assassination. Then, when these attempts failed, and the Pope's sentence of excommunication had been pronounced against Luther, they tried to resuscitate the old prejudice against heretics, and called him Luther's imitator and scholar.

The reply to this last accusation is interesting, as deciding the question as to what Zwingli owed to Luther, and the conflicting claims of the partisans of either Reformer, as to which commenced the work of Reformation.

"Before a single individual," said Zwingli, "in our part of the country even heard of the name of Luther, I began to preach the Gospel; this was in the year 1516. Who called me then a Lutheran? When Luther's Exposition of the Lord's Prayer appeared, it so happened that I had shortly before preached from Matthew on the same prayer. Well, some good folks, who every where found my thoughts in Luther's work, would hardly believe that I had not written this book myself; they fancied that, being afraid to put my own name to it, I had set that of Luther instead. Who called me then a follower of Luther? How comes it that the Romish cardinals and legates, who were at that very time in Zurich, never reproached me with being a Lutheran, until they had declared Luther a heretic, which, however, they could never make him? When they branded him a heretic, it was then for the first time they exclaimed I was a Lutheran. . . . Do they say, 'You must be a Lutheran, for you preach as Luther?' I answer, I preach, too, as Paul writes; why not call me a Paulian? Nay, I preach the word of Christ; why not much rather call me a Christ-

ian? . . . I shall not bear Luther's name; for I have read but little of his doctrine, and have purposely abstained from a perusal of his books: what, however, of his writings I have seen, in so far as these concern the doctrines and thoughts of Scripture, this, in my opinion, is so well proved and established in them, that it will be no easy task for any man to overthrow it. . . . For my part I shall bear no other name than that of my Captain, Jesus Christ, whose soldier I am. No man can esteem Luther higher than I do. Yet I testify before God and all men that. . . I have purposely abstained from all correspondence with him, not that I feared any man on this account, but because I would have it appear how uniform the Spirit of God is, in so far that we, who are far distant from each other, and have held no communication, are yet of the same mind, and this without the slightest concert."—*Christoffel*, pp. 73–75.

Still the Romish authorities believed that they should be able to gain him over, if they only offered a bribe of sufficient value. The dictum of Sir R. Walpole was long anticipated at Rome; for, where every thing was venal, it was not likely that a high estimate of the honesty of others would prevail. So late as January, 1523, the Pope addressed a brief to Zwingli, in which he expressed his especial confidence in the priest of Zurich, and his desire to advance him to the highest honors. This letter was brought by the nuncio, who was ordered to confer with Zwingli in private, and to make the most brilliant offers to secure his adhesion to the Roman pontiff. Another emissary who was employed with the same purpose, on being asked by Myconius what the Pope would give to gain over his friend, replied: "Every thing, most assuredly, except the Papal chair itself." Whilst such influences were brought to bear from high quarters, far baser ones were at work, endeavoring to undermine his reputation. No calumnies were too disgraceful to be vented against him by the priestly party in Zurich. He had, they said, dissuaded from payment of tithes as tyranny. He had, in the pulpit, represented adultery as lawful. He wanted to be tyrant and Pope in one. He was the father to three bastard children. He was to be seen drunk at night in the streets of Zurich. He was at once in the pay of the Pope and the French king. Of course, these stories had effect in some quarters, and alienated those at a distance who could not inquire into their truth. But at home these falsehoods only recoil-

ed upon their authors. Then poison and murder were attempted, but God delivered him from all. Zwingli was to be deterred from his purpose neither by promises nor by assaults.

"Being reviled, we bless; being persecuted, we suffer it; being defamed, we entreat"—these words, we imagine, often recurred to Zwingli; and his private letters at this period show to what source he turned for strength to endure the many trials of his checkered career. "I know," he writes to his brother, "that my own strength is not sufficient, and I know just as well how strong they are who contend against the doctrine of God. I can, however, like Paul, do all things through Christ strengthening me. For what is my speech, how could it avail to bring any sinners back to the way of life, if the power of the Spirit of God did not work with it?" In a letter to one of whose Christian sympathy and intelligence he was more fully assured—to his friend Myconius—he thus expressed himself:

"If I were not convinced that the Lord guarded the town, I had long since taken my hand from the helm; but seeing as I do that he makes fast the ropes, hoists the yards, spreads the canvas, and commands the winds, I were indeed a coward, undeserving the name of a man, if I were to leave my post; and, after all, I should still, in the end, die a death of shame. I will, therefore, trust myself entirely to his goodness; he shall lead and guide me; he shall accelerate or procrastinate; he shall advance or delay the voyage; he shall send calm or tempest to overwhelm me in the sea. I will not be impatient; I am verily but a weak vessel; he can employ me to honor or to dishonor. I often, indeed, pray to him that he would bring my flesh under his government, and destroy its lazy, wayward contradictoriness, which is ever slow to obedience, and, like a woman, will ever have the last word, and know the reason of every thing. I still hold that the Christian Church, originally purchased by the blood of Christ, can be renewed alone by the blood of the witnesses for the truth, and in no other way."—*Christoffel*, p. 93.

It would be superfluous to dilate upon the complete resignation to God's will, and upon the noble Christian courage, which this letter displays; but it may be well to remark, in passing, that these results were produced in Zwingli from no mere apathetic fatalism, and submission to an inevitable destiny, but from the firm conviction of His love to whom Zwingli had committed his soul, and the unfailing

fidelity of His promises to all them that believe.

It was now evident that affairs could not long be maintained at Zurich in their present posture—one party must yield. The magistracy had been so far gained as to appeal to the confederate Diet of the Swiss Cantons, and to the bishop of Constance, for light upon the subjects in dispute, but had failed to gain a hearing in either quarter. Meanwhile the enemies of the Reformation began to persecute their opponents wherever they could do so with impunity, and the report of their proceedings tended to inflame the young Zurichois that were supporters of the truth. Disputes were constantly arising. Young men challenged the monks in their sermons, and proved the falseness of their teaching. With these disorders the town authorities tried in vain to grapple, and at length, at Zwingli's instigation, they determined to hold a *public conference on matters of religion*.

As the Swiss Reformation took its peculiar course from the direction given to it at this period, it may be well succinctly and plainly to enunciate the principle that guided the Reformers. When the light of Divine truth first broke upon individual men in the Romish communion, they were usually fain to content themselves with preaching the true doctrines, and with condemning the corruptions of their time, though they themselves still remained within the pale of the Papal Church. Such was the case of Savonarola and many others. But as the word of God became more fully known, and gained more numerous adherents, it was felt that the rites and ceremonies of Rome, founded as they were upon her dogmas, were no longer to be borne. But by what authority were the necessary changes to be effected? It was soon manifest that the Papacy would agree to no proposal for a General Council that should not be under its own influence and guidance. Nor could the whole nominally Christian body in each country be at present intrusted with such a responsibility: party spirit ran too high on either side, and moderation was not to be expected at their hands. At this juncture, then, Zwingli proposed to commit the decision of *external things and of rites* to the Council of Two Hundred, the supreme authority in Zurich, the condition being that their judgment should be guided in all things *by the rule*

*of God's word*. Before this body, then, and with this standard to appeal to, Zwingli offered to meet the priestly party, to defend his position against all comers with the sword of truth.

On the twenty-ninth of January, 1523, the great Council assembled in their hall at Zurich. Marx Roist, the burgomaster, a hoary-headed warrior, presided. On one side were the bishop's representatives, Von Anwyl, his high-steward, Faber, and others; opposed to them were deputies from Berne and Schaffhausen, and the clergy of the town. Zwingli sat alone in the center of an otherwise vacant circle at a table, with open Bibles in the three ancient tongues: men of learning, burgesses, and country people, to the number of six hundred in all, filled the space, "in great wonderment what would come out of this affair." The burgomaster briefly opened the proceedings, and Zwingli followed, defending his own teaching, and declaring that it had been based upon God's word. Then Faber began in reply, and employed the usual arguments to evade acknowledging the authority of the appointed judges. They were not competent to decide upon customs which had been existing for ages, and had been established by the Pope; they had better postpone the business for the present, as the General Council were to meet at Nuremberg within a year; they should not interfere in matters which it was their prelate's business to adjudicate. To this Zwingli answered: "I have lately had letters on the Nuremberg business, but they contain not a word about a General Council. It is not *custom*, but *truth*, for which we are inquiring; this we shall find in God's word, which we are learned enough to read in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin." The disputation then began; but the condition that the decisive authority should be the Bible, rendered the victory secure. Purgatory, invocation of saints, adoration of the Virgin, the celibacy of the clergy, came under review. In vain Faber pleaded long-established custom, in vain he argued that the Church could not have been in error fourteen hundred years, in vain he quoted fathers and councils, in vain he tried to fasten upon Zwingli the odium of heresy. Inexorably Zwingli kept him to the point: "You must prove it to us from Holy Scripture." The Council resolved that their parish priest should still retain his office, and that all

other preachers should teach nothing from the pulpit but that which could be proved from Holy Writ. Faber, annoyed at his defeat, declared that he spoke in his private capacity, and not as vicar-general. Then, Zwingli, flushed with victory, no longer spared him. So ended the first Conference; the Reformation was established in Zurich, and the body of the people committed to its support.

A number of practical reforms followed. The abuses of the ecclesiastical establishment were rectified. The cathedral foundation maintained sixty canons and chaplains, most of whom led lives of idleness, riot, and licentiousness. These were reduced to a staff that was sufficient to perform the required offices. Exactions for various services were abolished, a wise discretion being observed in permitting those who desired certain ceremonies to have them at their demand. Public worship was placed upon a new footing, with exposition of Scripture and a sermon. The monasteries were remodeled: their inmates had their choice of leaving, or remaining under a new *régime*; their monastic habit was abolished; the younger monks were made to study or to learn a trade; for the aged a becoming provision was arranged. The funds of suppressed foundations were applied to the sick and poor, and charities thus established still exist in Zurich. Celibacy was no longer to be imperative upon the clergy; and Zwingli set the example of choosing a fitting spouse. By these changes a wholesome reform was effected, and great scandals were removed. But this point once reached, it was impossible to avoid further alterations. A second religious discussion was held, at which it was finally determined that the mass was inconsistent with the teaching of Scripture, that images should not be used, and that prayers for the dead were unavailing. These conclusions put a finishing hand to the work of the Reformation.

Throughout the discussion of the above questions Zwingli had taken a leading part, and his constant attention was necessary to secure a favorable issue: but although the result had been to establish the truth at Zurich, the Reformer's position was now full of peril. Many who had once "run well" took alarm at the disregard of ecclesiastical authority which the opposition of the Papists rendered necessary, and retreated again into the

bosom of Rome. Many more, who were careless about religion, but were affected by Zwingli's denunciations of foreign service, joined the force that was arrayed against him. The band was swelled by all those whose sins were obnoxious to his teaching, by all who preferred expediency to principle, the fear of man to the commands of God. Apprehension, too, for their Canton's security, was now seriously awakened; for the Popish members of the confederacy ruthlessly punished heretics in their own precincts, and spoke openly of their intentions to march against Zurich. And now, worse than all, dissensions sprang up amidst the Reformers, some of whom ran into the most deplorable excesses, and brought great odium on the cause with which they were identified. We realize once more the full power of faith in seeing how a single man was enabled to make head against such overwhelming opposition. Zwingli's courage seems to rise to every emergency. We may not, in the light of subsequent experience, approve of all his measures for regulating the Church; we may regret that in the heat and bitterness of controversy he should have occasionally forgotten His example who, when he was reviled, reviled not again, and flung back withering scorn and contempt upon his despicable foes; but when we regard all the circumstances of his position—when we recollect that the axe and the fire were depriving him of some he loved most dearly—we can only admire his great calmness, his uniform adhesion to principle, and his unshaken faith. With all these troubles at home, he could find leisure to advise foreign Churches, and the care of all the Swiss Reformed body for some period came on him. There were fightings without, fears within; yet the bold heart held on its way, confiding in the security of his position in the sight of God.

We can not enter into the particulars of the public disputation with the Anabaptists, or the arguments by which Zwingli supported infant baptism, whilst he denied all virtue to the mere outward rite. But the extravagance of his opponents imperatively demanded the intervention of the authorities, and Zwingli was blamed for an intolerant edict which he had most earnestly deprecated. In truth, the behavior of these fanatics was an outrage upon the public peace. At the

moment when negotiations were pending, with every prospect of a quiet and satisfactory arrangement, for the disuse of images and the suppression of the mass, the Anabaptist leaders excited the people to break in pieces the images, the altars, and even the baptismal font. The wildest frenzy seemed to guide their actions. Those who formed their body were re-baptized with "the baptism of the regenerate," as they termed it, and joined in the celebration of the communion, which they degraded into a nocturnal revel, at the houses where they "set up the table of the Lord." They rejected all regularly-ordained preachers, maintaining that no paid minister could preach the truth. They denied that any Christian man ought to hold any civil office, and consequently refused to recognize the authority of the state. Finally, they established a community of goods, and even of wives, and sank into the grossest Antinomianism and immorality.

It was a matter of no small difficulty to determine how best to deal with these fanatics. Their leaders were generally designing men, who had been disappointed in their expectations of reaping a harvest from the spoils of suppressed foundations; and they led on their more ignorant followers in avowed opposition to Zwingli's authority. When the council of Zurich sent a new pastor to Zollikon, in the place of one of their number, Blaurock, a leader of their sect, stood up in the center of the church, and cried:

"I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall find pasture: . . . as it is written, 'I am the good shepherd, the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep,' so I give my body and my life for my sheep; my body to the dungeon, and my life to the sword, or the fire, or the rack, wherever, like the blood of Christ on the cross, it may be drained from the flesh. I am the beginning of baptism and the bread of the Lord, along with my elect brethren in Christ, Conrad Grebel and Felix Manz. Therefore the Pope with his followers is a thief and a murderer. Zwingli and Leo Juda too, with their followers, are thieves and murderers, until they recognize this."

Bands of them, carrying lighted torches, promenaded the streets of Zurich, shouting dark prophetic sayings, and holding nocturnal meetings. Whole crowds of deceivers and deceived clothed themselves in sackcloth, bestrewed themselves with ashes, and, girding themselves with ropes, cried in the public places: "Woe to thee,

Zurich! Yet forty days and thou shalt be overthrown."\*

Such disorders were plainly inconsistent not only with the peace of the Church, but with all good government, and would suffice to relieve Zwingli from the charge of intolerance in any endeavors to suppress them. But the Swiss Reformer opposed the severe decree that was passed against them, and soon afterwards he prevailed on the Council to grant a safe-conduct to those who had been banished, that a second public disputation might be held to convince them of their errors. We must refer our readers to M. Christoffel's pages for the arguments used on either side. Each party was only the more obstinately confirmed in their previous opinions, and the Anabaptists became more unmanageable than ever. At length a terrible deed of blood committed at one of their feasts aroused public indignation, and the people vehemently called upon the government to interfere. Some of the ringleaders were executed, others were banished. Thus ended a contest which Zwingli declared to have cost him more sweat than his fight with the Papacy: nay, he said that the latter, in comparison with this, was but child's play.

A far more painful contest, however, was carried on with Luther regarding the Lord's Supper. The great German Reformer appears no where in a more disadvantageous light than in his treatment of Zwingli. At the beginning of the dispute, indeed, there is every reason to believe that Luther was ignorant of Zwingli's real sentiments, and supposed them to be identical with the views promulgated by Carlstadt and the Zwickau prophets; but his violence abated not one whit when informed of the great difference between them. Storm-tossed and weather-beaten as Luther had been, no wonder if he acquired a rough exterior: indeed, he himself admits it, but adds: "The heart is tender and soft." Unfortunately, he only exposed to Zwingli the hard rind: and began or ended all his disquisitions on the sacrament with some reference to the devil, who (he declared) had whispered his doctrine to his Swiss opponent. Zwingli replied, with all mildness and love:

"You write, dear Luther, that the devil has taken possession of us; that we have indeed read that Christ has died for us, but that we

\*Christoffel, p. 253.

have not received it into our hearts. We do not know what better to say to this, than to reply in the words of Paul: "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant?" If we repeat to you the sum of what we are to believe and teach, you either say we have learned it from you; and is it not strange that if we learned it from you, you do not recognize your own doctrine?—or you say we do not believe our own Confessions. What are we to do? We can do nothing but joyfully bear the reproach, and lay our case before the just Judge."—*Christoffel*, p. 322.

It is with pain that we revert to these weaknesses in so great a man as Luther, but the life of Zwingli would be incomplete without some mention of them. Fuller evidences of the spirit in which the struggle was maintained, are to be found in M. Christoffel's pages, who enters warmly into a vindication both of the doctrine and the behavior of his hero. Luther was, we regret to say by no means softened by the meekness of Zwingli's replies; and he applied to his friends in power throughout Germany, to suppress by authority the writings of the Sacramentalists, as the Swiss Reformers were termed. "Now," he wrote to Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, "it is war to the knife with these men." Meanwhile, thoughtful men on either side bewailed this schism in the Reformed body, whilst their enemies were plotting to take advantage of its existence to effect the ruin of both parties. It was determined, accordingly, to make an attempt at union; and Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, exerted his influence to effect a reconciliation. Ruchat gives a full account of the arguments employed and the reasons urged on either side; but from the very commencement success was hopeless. The Lutherans desired to impose their own terms, which were to be accepted by their opponents with an interpretation of their own. Then an endeavor was made to devise a formulary sufficiently ambiguous to include both parties. But Zwingli expressed his dissatisfaction at such a course. He suggested that it would be far better to draw up a confession of the fundamental doctrines on which they were all agreed, and to tolerate differences on the sacramental question. This, indeed, was done on the sudden breaking up of the assembly at Marburg. It is gratifying to remember, that on his death-bed Luther charged Melancthon to make further concessions, and regretted the obstinacy he had displayed in this matter.

Whilst Zwingli was at Marburg, he had held important consultations with the Landgrave on the political condition of the Reformers. Indications were not wanting of an intention to suppress at once their religious and political liberties; for Charles the Fifth regarded with jealousy the freedom of his German subjects, and would willingly have embittered the dissensions between Papists and Protestants, that he might take advantage of their weakness to subdue them both beneath his power. *Divide et impera*, was the motto of his policy; and a Spanish force was ready to be marched into Germany, when the native states had been exhausted in mutual conflict. Zwingli foresaw the impending danger, and had already made some provision to ward it off from Zurich. The terms upon which this latter town had entered into the Swiss Confederacy permitting it to make alliances with other towns independently of the larger body, an alliance, offensive and defensive, reserving the rights of conscience and liberty to preach the Gospel, was made with Constance. This treaty was called "the Christian Burgher-Rights." Berne, Basle, Mulhouse, Biel, and Schaffhausen, were subsequently admitted. It was now proposed to make "the Burger-Rights" the basis of a general league between Protestant states, and ambassadors were dispatched to the towns of Northern and South Germany. Strasburg had been already enrolled, and great hopes were entertained that Venice would be gained. Nor was the adhesion of France despaired of, the jealousy of Francis the First against the Emperor giving stronger grounds to hope for his accession than any proofs which he had given of regard for the Gospel. Such was the comprehensive scheme which Zwingli had devised: its execution was prevented by a variety of circumstances. Venice, although disposed to lend a favorable ear, had but just come to terms with the Austrians. Francis the First dared not take any decisive step whilst his sons remained as hostages in the hands of his great rival. Meanwhile no such hindrances presented themselves to the union of the different Popish states; and the Catholic Cantons of Uri, Schwyz, Unterwalden, Lucerne, and Zug, called "the Five Places," had contracted a treaty with Austria, and with the Pope. Every thing portended that a collision was inevitable. Zwingli saw this, and calmly estimated

the cost and probable issue. He has been much censured for his warlike disposition; but we must make allowance for the circumstances of his birth and education, for the atmosphere in which he had constantly moved, and for the condition and prospect of affairs, which he could estimate more truly than we, after so great a lapse of time, are able to do. To his mind it was perfectly plain that "the Five Places" were preparing for war, that they were determined not to grant liberty of conscience in the districts over which they held a joint jurisdiction with Zurich—in fact, that nothing but an appeal to arms could settle their differences. The misunderstanding sure to arise between those whose interests were so adverse in reality, whilst they were nominally allies, was aggravated in this case by the combined authority which they exercised over certain districts, and by the intricacy of their mutual relations, the result of a close intimacy in past years. When enmity is aroused in a contracted sphere, it seems to be aggravated by its confinement. Bitter and insulting taunts were hurled by the Catholics against the new opinions. On the house of the town-clerk of Zug a huge gallows was painted, from which the arms of Berne, Basle, and Zurich were suspended. These acts inflamed the minds of the Protestants; and when, by the orders of the council of Schwyz, a Protestant pastor was waylaid near Uznach, carried off, and ruthlessly burned to death, they hesitated no longer. War was declared against "the Five Places." And whilst assistance was demanded from their co-religionists, the army of Zurich marched to Cappel, accompanied by Zwingli as their field-preacher. The Zurichois were in high spirits, full of confidence in themselves and the justice of their cause; and their government was acting with a promptness and resolution which was at once a security and an earnest of success. The Catholics on the other hand, were dispirited, and, though their levies were quickly brought into the field, they were but ill prepared to cope with their foes. Allies, too, poured in, and full 30,000 men-at-arms were assembled. But the blow, though imminent, was arrested. Berne and the other allies of Zurich were anxious to prevent bloodshed; and as the armies were drawn up in battle array, the Landammann Œbli rode up, and begged them to desist. Zwingli saw plainly that it was

but crying peace whilst there was no peace and warned Œbli of the evils that would result from his interference. "Because the enemy are in our power, they give us fair words: afterwards they will not spare us, and then there will be none to mediate." The result proved the truth of these predictions; but they were unheeded in the desire for an accommodation. The opposing troops, as they looked on one another's ranks, saw there comrades with whom they had stood side by side in the shock of battle; the sentiments of former friendships revived. The idea of a treaty became popular, and was carried out in terms that nominally insured a free license to proclaim the truth.

The peace of Cappel was but a hollow truce, and the mode in which it was carried out paralyzed the efforts of the party of Zwingli in Zurich. Lukewarm friends or avowed foes were chosen to the magistracy in the following elections, and "the Five Places" soon again evinced their hostility by disregarding the terms agreed on. When a second war was inevitable, the government of Zurich had contrived by their mismanagement to make the cause of their foes popular in Switzerland, and to rouse the enemy to strain every nerve for victory; whilst at home distrust and feebleness prevailed. With very different aspect the Reformed host marched once more to the field of Cappel. Gloomy forebodings, which found their expression in strange potents, already foreshadowed the coming disaster. A comet of unusual size had appeared in the sky—a shield had been seen in the air at Zug—blood had burst from the earth in streams at Aargau—upon the Brunig standards had seemed to be flapping in the heavens; whilst ships flitted over the Lake of Lucerne, filled with ghostly warriors. We may deem all such stories idle; but they indicate that men's hearts were strung high, and were gloomily anticipating results of no common moment. It is no wonder that at such a time it should be thought of evil omen that when the great banner of Zurich was set up at the town-hall, it clung to its pole and refused to unfurl, and that when Zwingli was in the act of mounting, his horse reared and fell backwards. "He will never come back," said his friends mournfully. "'Whoso loveth son or daughter more than me, is not worthy of me,' says the Lord, and it is the Lord's cause," was his reply: but he was not un-

moved, and was heard, as he marched, to be praying with great fervency, committing himself and the Church to the Lord.

It is a journey of not more than three or four hours over the Albis from Zurich to Cappel, and the banner arrived at three o'clock P.M. The battle had already lasted three hours, with manifest advantage to the Zurichois, and a bold charge upon the foe might possibly have gained the day. But there was treachery in the Reformed camp. Their captain, Goeldli, frustrated every useful proposal, allowed all the commanding posts to be occupied by the enemy, and refused to attack before the morrow. It was Christmas Eve. The day of our Lord's nativity dawned, and soon the strife began. In the outset of the battle Goeldli and his men deserted: yet, surrounded and betrayed, the Zurichois fought like lions against eight times their number, and the victory for a time was doubtful: but at last they were overborne. Zwingli had bent down to comfort a wounded man with the words of life, when a stone struck his helmet with such force, that he was hurled to the ground. He soon summoned strength to rise, when he was pierced by a hostile spear. "What matters it?" he cried. "They may kill the body, the soul they can not kill." The wound was mortal, but he lingered on. A party of marauders drew near, and found him. "Will you confess? Shall we fetch a priest?" He can not speak, but signs in the negative. "Then call on the Virgin and saints in your heart." Once more, with eloquent silence, he signs that he will not deny his Lord. "Die, then, obstinate heretic," cried Boehinger, and gave him a fatal stab.

There was bitter wailing that night in Zurich. Baron von Geroldseck, Abbot of Einsiedeln, the Comthur Schmidt, the Abbot of Cappel, and twenty-two of the Reformed clergy, lay dead with Zwingli upon the field. His own friends, Ulrich Funk, Thumseisen, Schweizer, and Tœnig, were not divided from him in death for the cause of faith and fatherland. Bitterest of all were the tears that fell around Zwingli's hearth. His widow bewailed a son, a brother, a son-in-law, and a brother-in-law, lost in that fight, as well as her noble spouse.

Our sketch would hardly be complete without some notice of Zwingli in private life. He was a fine-looking man in form and figure; and from the admirable por-

trait still preserved in the library at Zurich, we may trace resolution and energy in his well-compacted head, and a far-seeing, penetrating understanding in his expansive forehead and full, clear eye; but we confess that to ourselves his features have a certain contraction that we should hardly have expected in one who entertained such comprehensive views. In his home he led a simple life, enjoying the quiet of the domestic hearth, or the society of his numerous friends. He frequently supped abroad in the public guild rooms, or with the Council. He was no ascetic, and retained to the last his passion for music. His time was carefully distributed day by day. He rose with the sun in summer, gave the early hours to prayer and study of the Bible, till summoned to preach or lecture in "the schools." At eleven he dined. Then he conversed with his family, received visits, or walked till two. In the afternoon, Greek and Roman literature occupied him till supper. After all this, the night was often devoted to study. He could dispense with repose; and we are told that, during the disputation at Baden, he hardly rested for six weeks together. A youth brought him, each evening, an account of the day's discussion, and he prepared his remarks and suggestions in time to be used on the morrow. He loved the society of children, and the charm of his address drew many a young man from a vicious life to follow with him "a more excellent way." It was an honest, simple, laborious life, guided throughout by faith alone.

It was at the close of a summer's day that we reached the spot where Zwingli fell. The place is marked by a large, rude block of native granite, having an iron plate on either side, on which is recorded, in Latin and German, the day and year on which the great Reformer died a hero's death. It was a fitting scene for a Swiss patriot's grave: and as the sun slowly went down, and tinged with its declining rays the snow-clad Alps, we realized the scene that, at a like hour, must have met the Reformer's dying eye. Dark clouds hung in the sky, casting deep shadows on the mountain side, and intercepting the sunbeams, so that none save the highest peaks were kindled to a glowing light. Soon this died out, and all was cold and dull in the calm gray of evening, and we turned away in our disappointment at not



having witnessed grander sunset effects. On a sudden all was changed as if by magic. The clouds rolled away from the setting sun, and from peak to peak the pink gleam leapt, and diffused itself over the mountain forms, reflecting and being reflected back, until every part was bathed in its lovely hue. As we gazed on the scene, it seemed emblematic (may it prove so!) of the truth for which Zwingli died. In his own day that truth, amidst many a cloud, was yet received into some noble

hearts, and shone in the most eminent souls in Switzerland. We have had, alas! since then the period, still surviving, of dead and dull formalism—of every phase of neologian unbelief, with scarcely one ray of spiritual life athwart the gloom. May the glimmer of truth that has reappeared be but the harbinger of better things, when the truth which Zwingli once preached shall again prevail throughout all that region.

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## A R C T I C      E X P L O R A T I O N

OUR English character is a strange mixture of the domestic and adventurous. Each in its extreme supplements the other, and forms its fitting counterpart. The crackling embers never sound so cheerful, and the red coals never send forth so bright a glow or so genial a warmth, as when the wintry blast is howling without, and dreary blackness broods over the landscape. The vivid imagination and the warm heart, which find such a charm in home fireside, love to face the tempest, to climb the perilous height, to battle with the raging seas, and to explore the ice-bound regions of the north. This last scene of enterprise has always had a fierce fascination for our English mind. It gives play to the wildest imagination, and food for the most insatiable scientific appetite. The most mysterious phenomena in nature—the fitful splendor of the northern lights, the theory of terrestrial magnetism, the diffusion of heat and cold, the areas of animal and vegetable life, the tides and currents of the ocean—all enchain the attention of the philosopher; while the quenchless thirst of adventure, the gloomy solitude and rugged wildness of the landscape, the floating mountains of ice, the grandeur of the midnight sun, wheeling its course along the northern sky; and the awful stillness of the night, on which for weeks together no dawn ever breaks

—fascinate the lover of the romantic and sublime.

Three centuries ago, our ancestors, beginning to learn the value of eastern commerce, resolved to seek a passage to China by the northern coast of Asia or America. Now the shortest way from England to Behring's Straits, is almost directly by the North Pole; so that our forefathers were not far wrong in their reckoning of distance. But the shortest way is not always the best, and unfortunately for their schemes, the seas which had to be traversed in these North-East and North-West passages, were for the most part seas of ice. Several exploring expeditions went out, some of which never returned; while others returned with results more valuable to geographers than to merchants. The greatest discoverer was Baffin. Indeed, so far did he leave all others behind, that he was generally treated as a fabler and romancer, until Sir John Ross's expedition in 1818, thoroughly established his credit, even in the minutest particulars. This expedition was the result of a new zeal for the discovery of the North-West passage. But it failed. At the entrance of Lancaster's Sound, Ross, declaring that he saw land ahead, turned back and sailed to England, on the very threshold of success.

It was soon known that his second in

command, Lieutenant Parry, a young man of high promise, and destined to a career equally eminent with his captain's for its boldness of adventure, its successful discoveries, and its manly, unaffected Christian piety, believed the land ahead to be merely cloud-land, and thought the search ought to have been continued. He was, therefore, intrusted by the Admiralty with the command of another expedition; and sailed in 1819, with the *Hecla* and *Griper*, on his first great voyage of discovery. On reaching the turning-point of the last year, he beheld with joy a broad sheet of water, quite open, stretching away to the westward. We can imagine the exultation and anxiety the explorers must have felt, as they sailed along this magnificent channel; how eagerly their eyes must have strained to catch the faintest glimpse of land; with what wild bounds their hopes must have leapt forward to the completion of their voyage, in the discovery of the North-West passage!

"They were the first  
That ever burst  
Into that silent sea."

And the calm, but eloquent narrative of the captain, gives a deeply interesting view of the hopes and fears with which all were agitated. They sailed further and further west; now running for days without obstruction, now tacking and struggling with the loose ice, which sometimes completely blocked up their passage. Every thing showed that they were not in a bay, but in an open channel: and from that time the North-West passage has been a moral certainty. It was thirty years, however, before this moral certainty became the certainty of demonstration; for, on reaching Melville Island, they were stopped by a vast sea of ice which stretches westward, occupying the whole ocean north of the American continent — a dreary sea, spoken of by the Esquimaux, with superstitious dread, as the "Land of the white bear," into which no sail — not even that of the adventurous M'Clure — has ever succeeded in penetrating. After wintering at Melville Island, therefore, at a place which he called Winter Harbor, Parry was obliged to return to England, having made one of the greatest geographical discoveries of modern times.

His voyage is connected, by a romantic incident, with the discovery of the North-

West passage by Captain M'Clure. Parry inscribed the names of his ship and the date of his voyage on a sand-stone rock in Winter Harbor. M'Clure, sailing eastward from Behring's Straits, had succeeded in connecting his discoveries with Parry's; and so solved the problem of the North-West passage. In 1851, he reached Mercy Bay, to the north of Banks's Land, and sledged over the strait to Winter Harbor. A record of his discovery, and of his position in Mercy Bay, was deposited on Parry's sand stone rock. The summer of 1852 passed; but the ice in Mercy Bay never thawed. Winter closed — their third winter in the ice. The provisions were failing, and the health of the crew was slowly giving way. Still they bore bravely up: the officers cheered the men; and all calmly awaited the dark and perilous future. In the spring of 1853, M'Clure divided his men; part were to try with sledges to reach some friendly settlement or ship; part, with him, were to risk another winter in the ice, with the certainty of death if they failed to make their way out the following summer. The men willingly submitted to the arrangement; though all knew how small was the chance of ever meeting again. At last the week of parting arrived: but un hoped-for deliverance was at hand. An expedition under Sir Edward Belcher left England in 1852, in search of Franklin, and also of M'Clure, who had announced his intention of trying to reach Winter Harbor from the west. Thither, therefore, the *Resolute* and *Intrepid* sailed; but found no trace of M'Clure. One day, however, an officer examining narrowly Parry's sand-stone block, caught sight of a roll of paper. He snatched it up, and read with amazement the announcement of the discovery of the North-West passage, and the position of the *Investigator* in Mercy Bay. As soon as sledging was possible, Lieutenant Pim was scudding over the ice. He was just in time.

"While walking near the ship," says Captain M'Clure, "in conversation with the first lieutenant . . . we perceived a figure walking rapidly towards us from the rough ice at the entrance of the bay. From his pace and gestures we both naturally supposed at first that he was some one of our party pursued by a bear, but as we approached him doubts arose as to who it could be. He was certainly unlike any of our men; but recollecting that it

was possible some one might be trying a new traveling dress, preparatory to the departure of our sledges, and certain that no one else was near, we continued to advance. When within about two hundred yards of us, this strange figure threw up his arms, and made gesticulations resembling those used by Esquimaux, besides shouting at the top of his voice words which, from the wind and intense excitement of the moment, sounded like a wild screech; and this brought us both fairly to a stand-still. The stranger came quietly on, and we saw that his face was as black as ebony; and really at the moment we might be pardoned for wondering whether he was a denizen of this or the other world, and had he but given us a glimpse of a tail or a cloven hoof we should assuredly have taken to our legs: as it was, we gallantly stood our ground, and had the skies fallen upon us we could hardly have been more astonished when the dark-faced stranger called out—"I'm Lieutenant Pim, late of the *Herald*, and now in the *Resolute*. Captain Kellet is in her at Dealy Island. . . ." To rush at and seize him by the hand was the first impulse, for the heart was too full for the tongue to speak. The announcement of relief being close at hand, when none was supposed to be even within the Arctic circle, was too sudden, unexpected, and joyous for our minds to comprehend it at once. The news flew with lightning rapidity, the ship was all in commotion; the sick, forgetting their maladies, leapt from their hammocks; the artificers dropped their tools, and the lower deck was cleared of men, for they all rushed for the hatchway to be assured that a stranger was actually amongst them, and that his tale was true. Despondency fled the ship, and Lieutenant Pim received a welcome—pure, hearty, and grateful—that he will assuredly remember and cherish to the end of his days."

Icing-in is the great danger of Arctic navigation. Where a broad stream of water is found one year, it may be expected to be there the next. But the mere cracks in the ice, up which vessels frequently venture, may be open one year and never afterwards. McClure's danger was not a solitary instance. In 1820, Sir John Ross got blocked up near the bottom of Boothia Bay, and was unheard of for four years. Every body believed him dead; when one morning the *Isabella*, at the head of Baffin's Bay, saw two boats sailing at some distance towards her. She sent a boat to meet them. "What's the name of your ship?" cried a voice from one of the stray boats. "The *Isabella*, of Hull, once commanded by Captain Ross," was the reply. "Then I'm that Captain Ross," answered the first voice. In vain the good sailor from the *Isabella* assured him that he had been dead

two years and more. The captain knew better; and in a few weeks the fame of his exploits, discoveries, hardships, and escape, was known over the length and breadth of England. At the age of seventy-five, the same brave old navigator was once more wintering in the ice—in vain search for Sir John Franklin. Captain Kane lost his vessel in the same way, and had to travel with his scurvy-weakened crew for some months in open boats. From the evidence yet obtained, we suspect the same fate befel the ill-starred *Erebus* and *Terror*. In connection with this danger, we may mention that ice accumulates much more off a northern than off a southern shore. The coast is usually rather steep; and the sun, which never rises high, melts the snow on hills with a southern aspect, before its slanting rays have ever touched the face of those with a northern. The ice on the south of a channel has therefore more sun, and receives the melting snows, and reflected rays from hills and cliffs adjoining; while the ice on the north side is subjected to these thawing influences only for a shorter time, and in a smaller degree. These circumstances have much more to do with the early breaking-up of the ice, than a few degrees' change in latitude. The accumulation of ice on one side of a channel, running north and south, is traceable to another less obvious cause. Dr. Kane, finding such an accumulation on the west side of Smith's Sound, where a southern current prevails, referred the fact to the diurnal rotation of the earth. This motion increasing as we recede from the pole, a body traveling southward, would have a slower easterly velocity than that part of the earth to which it was going. This would create a tendency in the body to move to the west as it got further south; and such we find in the trade-winds, which blow so constantly within the tropics. So, too, a train moving southwards, tends to run off the line to the west; one moving northward, to the east. The Atlantic gulf-stream also, which flows northwards from near the equator, sloughs off sea-weed in large quantities to the east, and but little to the west. The same law, acting on a southern current, would cause such an accumulation of ice as Dr. Kane observed on the west of Smith's Sound. Perhaps the subject demands more attention than scientific men have yet given it.

But there is something more than danger to be noticed about this frozen region. Let us take a look at the navigator as he ventures into its cold shade. The moment he leaves the open sea, and enters the ice, his old seamanship goes for nothing. A new art is required to work his vessel in these half-solid seas. Clumsy, heavy, but tight and snug little craft these vessels are. The shocks they encounter from the drifting ice, and the nips and blows they receive on all hands, would crunch up any ordinary vessel like a walnut in the gripe of the nut-crackers. Far on every side stretch floating islands of ice, now separating so as to leave a broad alluring channel for the vessel, then closing with a rapidity which seems to cut off all hope of escape. The treacherous quickness of their approach, and their magically sudden changes, are the marvel and terror of mariners. The most open sea yields no security. Many a vessel has been caught and sunk before those near her dreamed of her danger. These floes are fragments broken by thaw and currents from the vast surfaces called fields, and are themselves often of enormous size. Parry saw one half a mile in diameter. We can understand with what horror the seaman beholds such a mass floating towards him, as he lies off the shore of some rocky promontory. Parry describes the terrific crash of one of these floes against a precipice and the piles of broken ice splintered from it in the shock. If the ice is thick, and the shore shelving, ships may be brought so near the land that the floe strands before reaching them. And so heavy is the ice in these regions, that the mariner often owes his safety to this expedient. Dr. Kane found a piece standing nine feet above water, and, since there is six times as much below as above, the total thickness must have been sixty-three feet. This thickness is not the result of direct freezing. When the young ice is formed, the snow often weighs it down and cracks it. The sea-water, issuing through, makes a snow sludge, which the winter freezes into solid ice. When Captain M'Clure sledged from Princess Royal Island to Banks's Strait—the expedition which first determined the North-West passage—the snow was so impregnated with sea-water that it became as tenacious as clay. The exertion to make way was fearful, the perspiration streaming in big drops, instantly, before falling,

converted into solid balls of ice, upon their brows. It was impossible, with all their efforts, to drag their sledge more than seven miles a day. Fields of ice are the loose fragments and floes welded together by the freezing of the water between, and further incrustated with fresh layers of saturated snow, which is gradually converted into ice by the cold of the winter. No wonder, then, that this ice is far from smooth, and is found intersected by vast hummocks, or raised mounds, crossing the surface in all directions. It is scarcely necessary to point out to the reader how materially this must interfere with the sledging, which we ordinarily deem so easy and delightful a mode of traveling.

The ice-fields thus formed, however, though the largest, are not the most striking feature of the Arctic seas. The most remarkable objects are those floating mountains of ice which tower majestically from the surrounding waters, and are known under the familiar name of icebergs. Sometimes seventy or a hundred of these wonderful masses may be seen at a time. The imagination might weary itself with running riot amidst the fantastic forms and beauties they present. Temples of ice, with sculptured aisles and fretted columns, and solemn archways, grouped together in glorious symmetry, or thrown in hideous confusion and ruin by the shock of some terrible earthquake—cities of ice, with spire and dome and minaret, all gleaming in the sunset's blaze—fairy halls of ice spangled with jewels of every hue, and flashing in the noontide with the splendor of a myriad rainbows—mountains of ice, pale, cold, and spectral, with that awful light which distinguishes the snow-clad summits of the Alps amidst the gathering shadows of the evening. Their size is enormous; one of them, seen by Captain Fenton, of the *Judith*, who accompanied Sir Martin Frobisher's third expedition, stood sixty-five fathoms above the water. The deep blue of the base, rising from the surf like a precipice of solid sapphire, and the dazzling whiteness of their crown of snow, render them amongst the most strikingly beautiful objects of these regions. They are at once the most terrible foes and the most steadfast friends of the mariner. When the storm-swell rolls in from the Atlantic, when the blocks of ice pitch and roll among the waves, grinding and crashing with a fearful noise, and hurrying the

vessel onward in their course, these pitiless ice precipices, against which the waves are breaking in huge mountains of spray, may well be looked upon with feelings of terror. So, too, when they are seen bearing down with their resistless strength towards the field on the side of which the mariner is floating, he may well regard them as the most dreadful of foes. But how often, snugly moored under their lee, has he beheld the pack through which his feeble craft had for days been vainly struggling, torn in pieces like a sheet of paper, and sail proudly on, with a track of seething, eddying water, cleared of every fragment of ice for half a mile in his train. It is almost always as the good genii of the navigators that these ice mountains appear—capricious, indeed, as all genii are; often threatening, but seldom or never doing any harm; and sometimes rendering the most essential services. We have read, indeed, of one doting old berg—so far gone that it can scarcely be considered responsible—which very nearly played the part of a most malignant genius to Dr. Kane. This unfortunate explorer had just moored under its sheltering wall, when it suddenly began to tremble like a paralytic man, and to shed down fragments of ice upon his bark. The Doctor thought it was time to be off, and had scarcely loosed his hawsers, and got clear of the berg, when a terrific crack shook through its whole frame, and in another instant the vast mass plunged, an avalanche of ruins, into the sea. As a kind of set-off, however, against this story, we must tell of a more genial berg to which the Doctor once applied for help. While sailing up Smith's Sound, with tightly packed ice on his left, and an army of bergs on his right, all of a sudden the wind failed—a very common and annoying circumstance in these regions. At the same time he saw the bergs in motion, bearing down for the field of ice on his left. He could not move an inch, and destruction seemed inevitable, when, to his delight, he perceived a friendly berg rapidly plowing its way up the channel. An ice-anchor was happily attached, and a stout hawser (how they must have looked to the hawser!) was soon at full stretch towing them along. It was a race for life, but the vessel won it, having cleared the channel by about five yards, when the threatening berg came with a fearful crash in contact with the field.

But what are these bergs, and where do they come from? We often read of bergs which turn out to be only lumps of floe ice frozen to a remarkable thickness, and standing high above the waves. These, however, are wrongly named. Real bergs are fragments of glaciers, which exist in Greenland, as in the Alps and Norway, fed by great fields of snow, and forming the rivers of this frozen land. Ice has been shown to be a thick tenacious liquid, possessed of considerable plasticity, and pouring down an incline by its own gravity, and the internal movement of its own particles. These ice rivers may be seen winding along the valleys, oozing over the precipices, and finally standing like a frozen cataract on the very margin of the waves. Lieutenant Beecher witnessed the ruin and destruction with which a portion of one of these glaciers gave way and burst into the sea, where it at once began existence as a berg. Dr. Kane, from observations of the Humboldt glacier, concluded that bergs were generally broken off by the tidal action, a portion of the ice river having already poured into the sea. But the mode of their separation is a matter demanding further investigation. Another question arises: How is all this ice ever to melt? The vast sea of unmelted ice we have before spoken of shows that if left to itself it never would. Wherever a sheltered bay prevents escape of the ice into the main drifts outside, it remains thick and solid through the whole short summer of these northern climes. But in the broader channels the thawing of the thinner portions sets the ice in motion within itself. Fragments are broken off, and the small pieces that are thus thrown over the surface of the ocean readily yield to the rays of an almost perpetual sun. A larger space is thus left for the movements of the floes, which are many of them drifted with the southern current down Baffin's Bay, and finally melted in the warmer waters of the Atlantic. In this way the icebergs are got rid of which would otherwise defy for centuries the feeble power of the sun in those latitudes. Even to the north of Spitzbergen, where the frost line is driven back to its extreme northern limit by the genial warmth of the gulf-stream, this southward drift is still perceptible. Parry's memorable attempt to reach the North Pole was frustrated by the discovery that his party were moving south with the field

faster than they were moving north by their own exertions. Probably Parry's men failed to perceive the beautiful purpose of this phenomenon; but it would hardly become us to be equally blind. Were it not for the drifting away of ice to warmer regions, the waters which our vessels now traverse with comparative ease would be bound in one eternal rigid sleep of frost, and the cold thus generated would spread a death-like chill over seas and continents far to the southward.

But though insufficient to melt the immense accumulation of ice, this northern sun is by no means destitute of power or beauty. We can well sympathize with the late Professor Forbes in his enthusiastic desire to see a sun above the horizon at midnight. Nothing by all accounts can exceed the solemn glory of this spectacle. The universal hush of midnight spread over the earth, but the orb of day swathed in all the glories of sunset slowly trailing his form along the northern sky. For hours and hours one protracted, ever-varying, combination of sun and mist, now stretching in golden waves along the horizon, now shooting out spires of flame up the zenith, now drenching every floating cloud in a crimson glory, and now like a solitary ball of fire rolling along over the rugged wilderness of ice, and clothing the frozen ocean in a garment of light. So great is the refraction of the atmosphere in these climates that Dr. Armstrong being once dispatched in a boat to examine what appeared some lofty and remarkable mounds on the American coast, found, on approaching them, that they were little lumps of earth about three feet high. This extraordinary refractive power adds greatly to the sunset effects, as it must enhance all the prospect in this wild and desolate region. The broken surfaces of the floes are magnified into far-stretching, mountainous regions of ice, the bergs loom with a more awful grandeur, and the wild headlands tower aloft with even sterner and more fantastic forms; while the whole is wrapped in a gorgeous coloring from the myriad-tinted clouds which encircle the sunset.

We call it sunset, because it has all the effects of sunset, only in a much higher and grander degree; but in a short time the sun begins really to set, and then the night, the dark long Arctic night, steals slowly on. Every day the sun sinks lower in the horizon, and performs a shorter

circle in the south. The hour comes when the navigator from the mast-head beholds his glorious disc for the last time trail along the ice to the south, and then sink—a long farewell. "The night cometh wherein no man can work;" "*tiefe schandervolle Nacht*," as Goethe well says, "deep dreadful night," awful, silent, portentous night, like a sleep from which there seems no awakening. If the Arctic day is the sublimest, the Arctic night is the solemnest of all natural spectacles. As when one gazes on a great river, at first perhaps a feeling of disappointment comes over his mind, but afterwards as he watches the vast body of waters roll on and on with the same ceaseless unvarying flow, a strange sense of power and mysterious grandeur grows irresistibly upon him; so is it with this Arctic night. At first it looks marvelously like any other night; but by degrees the sense of long duration—of utter "blackness of darkness"—of changeless gloom eating into the very soul, and tyrannizing over all nature around, presses upon him with the most irresistible power. With most of our explorers, indeed, there has been even on the darkest days an hour or two about noon when a faint streak of twilight just softened the gloom of the southern horizon. With Dr. Kane, however, who wintered further north, there were days upon days of utter, hopeless blackness, stagnating over the whole scene and unbroken by a single ray of even the dimmest twilight. One can readily imagine its effect upon all animal life, and still more upon the human spirits. No sound—no sight. The ice is too firm to give a crack or a motion; of living beings some have migrated to warmer climes, some are hibernating in holes or snow-drifts; a few hover silently around the vessel to catch any thing that may stay the pangs of their ravenous hunger. The occasional howl of the wolf, or the croak of the ill-omened raven, alone break the monotonous stillness, save where strangely and inharmoniously, amidst these inhospitable climes, from the tightly packed vessel of the mariner, sounds the unusual voice of "articulately-speaking man." Yet has this awful night a majestic beauty and sublimity strikingly contrasted with the dreary monotony of the landscape. As the mariner gazes up he beholds the silent sky all spangled with the light of stars, and watches the constellations

wheeling round the pole day after day in the same grand unbroken order, or sees the whole dome drenched with silver light by the unsetting moon, shedding its pure rays upon the ice-bound ocean around. Now and then, too, from the flashing of the aurora

"Not light, but rather darkness visible,  
Serves only to discover sights of woe,  
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades,"

such as reign over that desolate landscape, and still more desolate wilderness of ice. This grand phenomenon is partially known to most of our readers, but its true glory is only to be witnessed in these northern regions. It first flutters, in its wild trembling-pulses of light across the black sky, and over the dead snowy world, as if the palpitation of some vast unseen eyelid made light and darkness succeed each other; then it gathers energy and steadfast brilliance, and seems like a glowing arch of light sweeping across the whole heavens from north to south, and darting swift arrowy rays in every direction; sometimes it presents itself as a series of moving parallel columns gliding over each other, or chasing each other in solemn stillness across the sky; now it is seen flushing and burning in a crimson blaze of light, like the reflection of some huge sea of fire, weltering in its red, restless waves of flame; and again it grows pale and spectral, and only just lightens the hills and hummocks around, clothed in their death-like garment of snow. This phenomenon is usually explained to be the giving off of electricity from the earth into space, and some recent discoveries in electricity tend to confirm this view; but the subject is one requiring still further examination, and will probably yield large fruits to the careful investigator of nature.

As the winter night begins to deepen, the hazards of navigation grow more dreadful, and before the equinox navigation is at an end, the young ice forms round the vessel, and the winds and drifts keep the floe in a perpetual motion. All through the black night the broken masses are heard churning and grinding around the vessel, drowning the sound of the human voice, and occasionally dashing against the ship with a shock which vibrates through all her timbers. The celebrated mariner Davis seems to have been deeply impressed with the sound of

the ice which he had heard while enveloped in a fog, that prevented him seeing it. He describes it as the sound of a "mighty great roaring of the sea, as if it had bene the beach of some shoare." Off the east coast of Greenland he writes:

"The loathsome view of this shore, and the irksome noise of the yce was such as it bred strange conceits among us; so that we supposed the place to be wast and voyd of any sensible or vegitable creatures, whereupon I called the same 'desolation.'"

To winter in the pack is a hazardous experiment. Captain M'Clure, who first tried it, had many a hair-breadth escape. On one occasion, the whole pack in which he was hopelessly entangled drifted towards the black, perpendicular precipices of Princess Royal Island. As the ship drew nearer to her fate, they could see and hear the ice a-head splitting and crunching upon the rocks, when suddenly the whole pack, whirling round on its axis, coach-wheeled along the side of the island, and drifted away to the northward, snatching the Investigator from inevitable destruction. Once two huge pieces of ice in their neighborhood came into violent collision. One, close to the vessel, reared slowly up out of the water, until it far overtopped the Investigator's hull, where it remained poised for a moment, uncertain whether to come down upon her and crush her with its weight, or to relapse into its original position. For a moment every breath was held; then a cry of joy burst from the crew, as the ice slowly rolled over, and sank back into its former place. Perhaps the best description of the scene of tumult and danger which this experiment involves is given in the *Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner*:

"And now there came both mist and snow,  
And it grew wondrous cold;  
And ice-mast-high came floating by,  
As green as emerald.

"The ice was here, the ice was there,  
The ice was all around;  
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled  
Like noises in a swound."

A lively account of the perils encountered by the *Judith*, at a time when Arctic navigation was not yet understood, may give our readers some notion both of the

dangers and of the courage of the first adventurers in these icy regions.

During the greater part of July, 1578,

"they never saw any one day or houre wherein they were not troubled with continuall danger and feare of death; and were twentie dayes almost together fast among the yce. They had their ships stricken through and through on both sides, their false stemme borne quite away, and could goe from their ship, in some places upon the yce very many miles; and might easily have passed from one iland of yce to another, even to the shore; and if God had not wonderfully provided for them and their necessitie, and time had not made them more cunning and wise to seeke strange remedies for strange kindes of dangers, it had bene impossible for them ever to have escaped: for among other devices, wheresoever they found any iland of yce of greater bignes than the rest, they commonly coveted to recover the same, and thereof to make a bulwarke for their defence; whereon having mored anker, they rod

under the lee thereof for a time, being thereby guarded from the danger of the lesser driving yce. But when they must foregoe this new-found fort, by means of other yce, which at length would undermine and compasse them round about; and when that, by heaving of the billowe, they were therewith like to be brused in peces, they used to make the ship fast to some firme and broad pece of yce they could find, and binding her nose fast thereunto, would fill all her sayles; whereon, the wind, having great power, would force forward the ship, so the ship bearing before her the yce; and so one yce, driving forward another, should at length get scope and sea roome. Having, by this meanes, at length put their enemies to flight, they occupied the cleare space for a prettie season, among sundry mountaines and Alpes of yce."

And among these "mountaines and Alpes of yce" we must leave them for the present, hoping to resume our acquaintance with them at some not very distant day.

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From the National Review.

## PEASANT LIFE IN HUNGARY.\*

THE memorable year 1848 will, in the eyes of the future historian of European civilization, appear in a different light to that in which it appears to us. For him the overthrow of Louis Philippe's throne—founded as it was on the material well-being of the middle classes, without regard to the moral requirements of the nation; the spasmodic fits of the second French republic; the theoretical attempts of German professors for reconstructing the unity of Germany by hair-splitting discussions in the church of St. Paul at Frankfort; and even the heroic struggle of Italy and Hungary for national independence—will certainly seem far less important than the emancipation of the peasants throughout the Austrian empire. All over the Continent, this chief feature of the revolutions of 1848 has been thrown

into shadow by more stirring events, though they were poor in lasting results. And still it is this emancipation of the peasants, this sweeping away of the system of feudalism, in the Austrian empire, which has already increased, and can not fail still more to increase, the importance of the nations inhabiting the basin of the Danube, and to put them on an equal footing with the more advanced states of Central and Western Europe. The success of this grand and bold measure alone gave courage to the Emperor of Russia to adapt its benefits to the gigantic realm of the North, and to give his empire, up to the present day founded exclusively on an immense army of soldiers and disciplined civil officials, the more solid basis of the freedom of every individual in the state.

This greatest though silent revolution of Eastern Europe was achieved exclusively by the Hungarian gentry, combined with a fraction of the aristocracy, led by

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\* *The Village Notary.* Translated from the Hungarian of Baron Eötvös. London: Longmans. 1850.



the eloquence and statesmanship of Louis Kossuth, and opposed by the majority of the great land-owners, and by all the influence of the Austrian government. The equality of rights and duties for every inhabitant of Hungary was the leading idea of the parliamentary opposition ever since the Diet of 1832. About 1841, Kossuth, though himself not a member of the legislature, became the *de facto* leader of the Liberals, and the emancipation of the peasants was brought into the foreground; it became the great question to the solution of which the future of Hungary was bound. Still, as it implied the complete change of the social and financial conditions of the state, many well-meaning but nervous patriots shrank back from its difficulties, though they acknowledged its importance and justice; others found Kossuth's propositions and agitation premature, because the peasants themselves did not claim their equality in the state, and dangerous, as exciting the most numerous class to hopes opposed to the reputed interests of the government and of the great landholders. In 1847 Kossuth was at last elected member for the metropolitan county of Pesth, though all the patronage of the government and the grossest bribery were brought to bear against him, and the Liberal party could rely on a majority in the Lower House. In December a bill for the emancipation of the peasants was brought in by Gabriel Lonyay, a wealthy commoner; it had passed already several stages, after the hottest contest with the conservative government party, who saw clearly that they could not prevent its final adoption, but relied upon its rejection by the Upper House, when suddenly the revolution of Paris in February, and the revolution of Vienna, accompanied by the flight of Prince Metternich, on March thirteenth, burst upon the astonished Hungarians. They certainly took advantage of these circumstances; but maintaining all the formalities prescribed by the constitution, the Diet carried legally a complete reform, and the court of Vienna dared not to refuse it. The equality of rights and duties was acknowledged by law; the aristocracy and gentry subjected themselves to taxation and military service; the peasants got their land as a freehold, their labor-rent being abolished and an indemnity granted to the landlords for two thirds of the value of the lost services, computed at sixteen

years' purchase, and paid to them in public securities, with the understanding that the liberated peasants would have for a number of years to pay a higher land-tax for paying off one half of the debt the state had incurred by the indemnity to the landholders. If we consider that this measure was carried by a parliament consisting almost exclusively of the representatives of the landed gentry and aristocracy, without being urged on by any popular movement or pressure from without, we must confess that no aristocracy in the world has ever left a more glorious monument of disinterestedness and magnanimity than the Hungarian. The Austrian government, however, though yielding to all the other claims of the Diet, even to the establishment of a national independent ministry, and a separation of the Hungarian finances and army from the strictly Austrian administration, refused to sanction the emancipation of the peasantry. The Diet once more insisted energetically upon the Bill; the city of Pesth assumed a threatening aspect; and the Emperor Ferdinand, accompanied by his youthful nephew, Francis Joseph, who was soon to dethrone him, came down in person to the Diet at Presburg, (Posony,) and gave his royal assent to all the bills presented to him on the thirteenth of April, 1848.

The sudden transition of the peasantry from servitude to civil and political liberty was no where stained in Hungary by riots or disorder, as was feared, or perhaps hoped, by the court party; on the contrary, on most estates the peasants continued by their own free will to do the work of the landlord during the time of mowing and harvesting, that the crops might not be damaged through any difficulty in securing hired labor for those agricultural operations. The government intrigues, the Servian troubles, and the invasion of Hungary by the Croatian army of Ban Jellachich, soon gave greater anxiety to the Hungarian nation and government; and scarcely had they overcome these first dangers, when the Emperor Ferdinand was dethroned, on the second of December, 1848, by a palace revolution at Olmütz, and Francis Joseph abolished the Hungarian constitution, dissolved the legislative bodies, put the country, against which he was to begin an internecine war under martial law before he had occupied it, and threw into

prison the commissioners sent by the Diet to the camp of the invading general, Prince Windischgrätz, in order to negotiate a peace. The events of the war, of the Russian intervention, sanctioned in Parliament by Lord Palmerston, and of Görgey's treason, are sufficiently known. Austria became the mistress of Hungary; but whilst all the old institutions of the country—her municipal freedom, her elections, county meetings, diet, and the religious convocations and synods of the Protestants—were abolished, and the Austrian code superseded the common and statute law of Hungary, one exception was still made in favor of the emancipation of the peasantry. The Austrian ministers saw that it was impossible to reintroduce servitude and villeinage, and therefore they carried Kossuth's plan, as accepted by the Diet of 1848, into complete execution; but, aware of the ignorance of the European public about the domestic affairs of the Austrian empire, they tried to appropriate all the credit of the measure to themselves. It is their stalking-horse; if foreigners inquire what Austria has done since 1849, they parade the emancipation of the peasants. At home, however, in his humble hut, the peasant never forgets the man to whom he owes his independence; and this is the secret of Kossuth's unbounded popularity in Hungary. Thus the Hungarian revolution, though unsuccessful as regards the independence of the country, bequeathed greater results to the world than any successful movement of this century; and though its principal actors perished on the gallows, or pine away in dreary exile, their work survives them not only in their own country, but even in those Austrian provinces which were either indifferent or hostile to their rising. For, as soon as the Hungarian Diet had passed the bill which gave a freehold title to the peasant, the Galician landed proprietors, moved by the example, petitioned the Emperor to allow them to treat their peasantry in the same way, and to receive the same consideration from the state. Jellachich, preparing already his invasion into Hungary, saw the necessity of freeing all the Croatian peasants by a short decree couched in military language, in which he forgot to mention the indemnity due to the landlords; and the Diet of the other Austrian provinces at Vienna passed, early in Au-

gust, 1848, a bill analogous in its features to the Hungarian law, for the hereditary provinces, and for Bohemia and Galicia. This law too remained undisturbed in the ruin of liberty which characterized the victory of Francis Joseph; but Jellachich's omission was remedied by the Austrian government, much to the discontent of the Croatian peasant, who grumbles at the higher amount of his land-tax.

The social, political, and financial position of the peasantry having thus been altered in 1848 throughout the Austrian empire, and its former relation to the landlord having altogether been changed; it may be interesting to record some salient features of a state of society which has vanished in these latter years, and can never more recur in history.

In Hungary, as in all the countries inhabited originally by populations of the Slavonian stock, though they lost their nationality by subsequent immigrations and conquests, the peasant always had a title to one portion of the territory of every village. It seems originally to have been one third, though in our days no constant proportion could be shown, the part of the peasants commonly equaling or exceeding the arable portion of the proprietor in the village, who, in most cases possessed landed property close to the village which did not belong to its territory, and was called (in law "*prædium*") in Hungarian "*puszta*," that is to say, waste land, in so far as it was uncultivated by farmers. The portion of the peasant community was divided into holdings (*sessiones urbariales*) from about twenty-two to thirty-six acres each; though, exceptionally, peasant holdings consisted even of sixty acres, for instance, in the less inhabited south-eastern counties. The peasant held, besides, a garden of one acre adjoining his house, which he had to build and repair himself, the proprietor being obliged to furnish him with the timber for the roof and for his stable. He had likewise to provide the tenant with some firewood, in proportion to the extent of his woods. For all this he received as rent by common law two days' manual labor a week, or one day's labor with the cart or plow. In winter the peasant had to fell for him one cord of wood and carry it to the castle, but got in return the branches of the felled trees. Some small dues of eggs and fowls were likewise included in the rent, and

besides these, the more important item of the ninth part of all corn-crops, the tithe having been set aside for the church. Thus the peasant received only four fifths of his wheat, barley, rye, or oats; all other crops being free from dues, provided he had one third of his fields in wheat or rye, and one third in barley and oats. The meadows were likewise exempt from the priest's and land-owner's claims. In return, the tenant had such a firm title to his holding, that the proprietor could not evict him under any pretense as long as he paid his labor-rent; and even if he neglected this duty for two years, or became unfit for it by having no cattle, the master, taking away the holding by the formal intervention of the county judge, could not annex it to his own property, but had to let it under the same conditions to any other tenant. Besides, it was his duty to represent his peasants at law—since the tenant could not sue a freeman (*nobilis*) in his own person—and to assemble, if necessary, the manorial court, (*sedes dominialis*), in which he was represented only by the chairman, whom he had the right to appoint, for the decision of any controversy between the peasantry and himself, or between the peasants among themselves. For smaller offenses the proprietor exercised the functions of a justice of peace, and was invested with the power of inflicting corporal punishment; but the tenant had an appeal to the county. Such were the legal relations between the peasants and their masters for about eight hundred years; since, though in 1515 the peasants had risen in rebellion against the privileged classes, and after their defeat were legally handed over to perpetual bondage to their masters, the common law stepped by and by into its old place; and we find already, fifty years after the rebellion, a law passed by the Diet implying that the labor-rent could not exceed two days a week.

As regards the state, the peasants had no taxes to pay, nor to defend the country; the latter duty lying exclusively on the shoulders of the freemen, whilst the administration was defrayed by the salt monopoly, the crown estates, the export and import duties, and the mines. The peasants had, however, to build the fortresses—to which the burgesses furnished the artillery—and to provide the commissariat. This simple mode of defense and taxation could not, of course, be

maintained as soon as standing armies came into use. In 1715, therefore, a law was passed establishing a standing army, and providing for its pay; but this new burden was not laid, as it ought to have been, on the landed gentry and aristocracy; it fell exclusively upon the peasant. Henceforward the landed interest had no more duties to fulfill towards the state, which was defended by an army of peasants paid by the taxes of the peasant; whilst the land-owners retained all their political power for themselves, even their immunity from taxation. Many abuses of the manorial power and lordly exactions having crept into the relations between the tenant and proprietor, the Empress Maria-Theresa called the attention of the Diet to them. Still, the plans of the government being ill-digested, the representatives could not come to any agreement about them in 1757; upon which the Empress dissolved the Diet, not to call it together during her lifetime. She was bent upon fixing forever the relations between land-owner and tenant by a distinct law; but her advisers, themselves belonging to the privileged classes, thwarted her designs, until at last a Mr. Izdenczy, a clever poor official, undertook to fulfill the desires of the Empress. During the years 1770–5, he had prepared a kind of Domesday Book, in which the holdings of the peasants all over Hungary were described, with their boundaries, and all the rights and duties of the peasants duly expounded, and all other regulations, whether based on the old usage of the place or on private agreements, between the tenants and proprietors were abolished. Having thus consolidated, and often modified, the common and statute law regarding the peasants, and restored to them the right of free migration—of which they had been deprived in consequence of their rebellion in 1515—Maria-Theresa rewarded Izdenczy with the title of a Baron and considerable landed estates, and carried his measures with a high hand, without heeding the reclamations of the aristocracy. It was not until 1790 that a new Diet was called together; and this, though strongly protesting against the way in which the so-called “*Urbarium*” had been introduced, fully recognized its beneficent action, and legalized it provisionally, since, under the influence of the doctrines of the French revolution, Maria-Theresa's regulations seemed no longer

liberal enough for the peasants. A parliamentary committee was sent out to revise Izdeczy's work; but the subsequent French wars, and the attempt of Francis I. to supersede the Hungarian constitution, prevented the Diet from treating this important question till 1832. Great was, in this and the following four years, the struggle between the Liberals and Conservatives; the latter being, in a spirit opposite to that of Maria-Theresa, supported by the government. The former at last succeeded in abolishing the power of punishment usurped by the land-owners; they gave the peasant permission to sell his holding, or to dispose of it by will, provided it should not be divided without the assent of the proprietor, and not diminished beyond a quarter even with his assent; but they failed to carry the full emancipation even if proprietor and tenant should both agree about the terms. This last point was conceded by law in 1843; still it had but partial results, and was in 1848 superseded by the sweeping measure of complete emancipation.

If we add one economical feature more—that according to the common law about one third of the territory of every village, whether belonging to the peasants or to the land-owner, had to lie fallow, to be used for the pasturage of the cattle; and that, again, there were commons attached to the villages for the same purpose—we have mentioned all the most important facts concerning the condition of the peasant. Since 1836, however, a lengthy form of trial was established by law for inclosing the commons as well as the fields of the proprietors and tenants.

Next to the peasants, there were likewise cotters (*inquilini*) in every village, who held only a house and a garden, but no fields, and worked eighteen days a year for the landlord. It is from among these that the proprietors got their hired laborers. As far as they were mentioned in the Domesday Book of Maria-Theresa, they could likewise not be removed by the lord of the manor.

However advantageously or oppressively legislation may regulate the mutual relations of classes so intimately connected as the peasants and land-owners, it is always the traditional customs of the less protected, and the character of the privileged classes, which give life to the letter of the law and expound it practically.

Let us, therefore, consider the working of these laws, as they appeared in the last twenty-five years preceding the epochal year of 1848.

The first impression made by the view of a Hungarian village was rarely favorable. Neither artistic taste, nor economy in the use of materials, nor the comfort of the inhabitants, seem to have been consulted in the construction of the houses. Built of wood-logs or sun-baked bricks, low, with small windows, unadorned by flowers, they raise their gables on both sides of the muddy road, from which the entrance into the house invariably leads through a courtyard enlivened by fowls and pigs seeking their food on a large dunghill opposite to the house-door. The common room, however, carefully whitewashed every week, is clean but ill-ventilated, and in winter overheated. The large feather-bed in the corner is destined for the head of the family and his wife; the younger members of the household sleep on narrow wooden benches running along the walls, and round the brick oven, which serves for baking bread, cooking the meals, and warming and ventilating the room. A loom is often seen in the houses of the German peasants, gaudy rude pictures of saints cover the walls of the Wallachian and Slavonian, whilst the Magyar likes to display his earthenware plates and dishes, uniformly colored and well glazed. The head of the family rules with patriarchal power his younger brothers, children, and servants, who live with him; since his household must be numerous to suffice for the demands of the master, the culture of his own holding, for tending his cattle, for road-making to the county, and earning money by incidental jobs to pay the taxes to the state. He is proud of his position, which, unless he has committed a crime, gives him exemption from corporal punishment; but he occasionally uses his fists or his cane to enforce his own commands. He is not pleased if his daughter should fall in love with a cotter; she ought to be married to a peasant, even if his holding should be smaller; there dwells considerable pride of caste in his heart. Though he has long ago forgotten, if he ever knew it, the great arts of reading, writing, and ciphering, he keeps his accounts in a primitive way by chalking them on the door, or on the beams of the ceiling. His meals

are, bread and bacon for breakfast; at noon a pot of porridge is brought to him in the field by some of the females of the household; but his principal meal is in the evening, consisting of milk, bread, some pastry, and often, but not regularly, meat—in winter pork, in autumn mutton. His time of need is in spring, when he has often miscalculated his resources, and lives on short allowances. In the evening he frequently goes to the inn, regularly kept by a Jew, who rents it from the landlord, since the right of selling intoxicating beverages is the exclusive monopoly of the landlords. The Jew is always sober; we never remember having seen one of his race intoxicated; but the peasant drinks freely, in the lower country wine, usually avoiding drunkenness—in the upper country spirits distilled from potatoes, and here intoxication is a common vice. Many attempts have been made to check this bad propensity; by-laws were often passed by the counties on the slope of the Carpathians, to the effect, that debts incurred for the sale of spirits to peasants should not be recoverable at law. Still, all these endeavors remained fruitless. Temperance societies have likewise periodically been established, and had for some time a great run. We yet remember the ludicrous embarrassment of the amiable United Greek Bishop of Eperies, himself a friend of temperance, when the peasants living in the villages where he had the monopoly of selling spirits—his chief source of income—suddenly vowed total abstinence, and so much curtailed the income of the worthy ecclesiastic, that he had to go down to their churches to preach the moderate use of wine, making allowance even for an occasional glass of spirits. Complete reform, however, can not be hoped for, before the peasants become alive by education to nobler pleasures and excitements than those created by inebriating drinks.

The Sunday was always the most important day for the peasant. He changed his linen, shaved, and made his appearance at the castle-yard, there to receive the outline of his work for the master during the next week from the bailiff, who had settled the programme, weather permitting, with the steward, agent, or the master himself. Thence he went to church, and returned again to the castle, meeting the lord of the manor, or his representative, seated under the porch, list-

ening to the quarrels, claims, and grievances of his subjects in a patriarchal way, and deciding the difficulties by his award. Often, in cases of a complicated nature, he relegated the parties to the county judge; but the peasant had seldom much confidence in any body else than his master. He distrusted especially the lawyer, who, as well as the physician of the neighboring town, expected to be paid. The county elected, indeed paid, attorneys and physicians for the benefit of the peasantry; still, on account of the distance of the country-seat, it was only in cases of unusual importance that they were resorted to; the land-owner was the peasant's natural legal adviser and judge, and the lady his physician. The afternoon was spent at the inn, close to some meadow, where the youth of the village often indulged in dance and song, accompanied by the fiddle of the gipsy; since every village had its gipsy as well as its Jew, the former acting generally as smith and as fiddler. Villages of greater pretensions had likewise their Greek, mostly from the Macedonian stock, and always a shopkeeper. Slavonic peddlers and tinkers from the counties Arva, Liptó, Thurocz, and Trencsin, came occasionally to the village, and displayed their cottons, knives, and trinkets at the inn, praising them with a glib eloquence equaled only by the southern nations of Europe. In the evening, the elders of the village met at the village-house, designated as such by a pair of dilapidated stocks, the emblem of the police power; but we not remember ever to have seen them tenanted. Here the village notary used to display his superior education by explaining to the community all the orders received during the week from the county courts, or courts of administration; and often read them the newspapers. During the time we are describing, censorship in Hungary was lenient; more rigorous, however, as to home affairs than regarding foreign intelligence; and the papers often contained long extracts from the proceedings of the English police and criminal courts. The Hungarian peasant was often horrified by these accounts, and felt great commiseration for the poor English; for, judging by the silence of the Hungarian newspapers about the abuses he best knew, he said: "What must be the state of public security and morals where so many crimes are reported in the papers! how many

more must have been committed every day, which are not mentioned! With us it is bad enough; still, we never read any thing about them in the news."

The market-day in the neighboring town had likewise its great importance to him; but the annual fair was the great event in the monotonous life of the peasant. Usually it was connected with some great festival of the Romish church. Crowds of villagers, with religious banners and songs, thronged in procession to the town, led by the schoolmaster, beadle, or sexton. They went first to church, deposited there the banners, dispersed to the market-place, bought and sold their commodities, and in the afternoon usually got drunk. Scenes of riot and debauchery nearly always happened on these days, and the police-courts were never more busy than on the day following the feast and fair; while the village beadle, with his banner, made his departure in silence, and without display.

Though the condition of the peasant was comfortable enough with an intelligent or kind master or land-agent, still a spiteful, eccentric, or cruel master had sufficient means to embitter the life of his subjects, and either to evade or to neutralize the interference of the county, which in such cases remained the only feeble safeguard of the peasant. Even a negligent lord of the manor was a source of continuous vexation, on account of the uncertainty about the time when the peasant was called upon to perform his weekly labor-rent. Often when he had prepared his tools and arranged his plans for taking advantage of the variable climate of Hungary to till his own ground, he was suddenly roused from sleep by the knock of the bailiff on the window, informing him that he had under a fine to appear at daybreak in the castle for some trifling business, or to work in the field of the master. Of course such labor was done in a slovenly shuffling way, with the worst tools; the peasant worked unwillingly and acquired habits of idleness, especially among the Slavonic population, which is lazy by nature. It has been ascertained that the work of a Slavonic or Wallachian peasant was worth only half as much a day as that of a Magyar; while the German, again, worked with greater industry, though with less physical strength, than his Hungarian neighbor. Besides, the German was always occupied day by

day; but the Hungarian, less careful for the coming year, liked to enjoy a good harvest by keeping many feasts and holidays.

The municipal organization of the village contained the germs of freedom. On the first of November every year, a mayor and six aldermen were elected by the peasants; but since the local police power was held by the land-owner, the mayor had scarcely more to do than to apportion the county taxes laid upon the village, and to collect them. Since he was responsible for the collection, the office was not much coveted in the villages. He had besides to give a *posse comitatus* to the county officials and police, to look after the prisoners on bail, and to fulfill the orders of the county. At his side stood the village notary, during good behavior, who was in fact the soul of the village administration; not a peasant himself, but often the son of a peasant who had been to school: he directed the mayor, kept the village accounts, and acted as spokesman to the community.

The position of the cottager was more precarious than that of the peasant. He was, in fact, a laborer for wages, had no influence in the administration of the village, and had to rely on the skill and industry of his arms, not on the returns of the soil; for though he usually farmed some smaller plots from the land-owner, he could not live through the year by his own crops. In Lower Hungary, therefore, on the rich alluvial plain of the Theiss and Danube, he looked to tobacco-culture, which requires much manual labor; in the midland counties he worked in the vineyards; on the slopes of the Carpathians he produced flax and hemp, and the loom of his wife assisted him in eking out his livelihood. The bleaching of linen, the cultivation of the poppy and of oil-plants, were likewise in many places resorted to by the cottagers; but his principal source of income in the upper counties was the mowing, harvesting, and thrashing for the landlord—these three great agricultural operations requiring within a very short time an unusually great number of hands. Gangs of cottagers came every year in summer to the great Hungarian plain to get in the harvest, for which they received a part of the crops varying between one eleventh and one fifteenth. The thrashing was again done for one ninth. It may be taken for granted that all these

conditions are to some extent, and will be still more, reversed by the introduction of mowing, reaping, and thrashing-machines.

The education of the villagers was very rudimentary. The Protestant communities had, indeed, not only schools, but often even efficient schoolmasters; still the children went only in winter to school, nominally from Michaelmas to Candlemas; but even then the parents interrupted the studies of the children whenever they thought they might earn or save something by the help of the urchins. They rarely learnt more than the catechism, and the hymns sung at church; very few mastered reading, writing, and ciphering so thoroughly as not to forget it in their manhood. The mind of the peasant was not sufficiently alive to the advantages of education; and as there existed no compulsion for the parents to send their children to school, they remained mostly uneducated.

The dress of the Hungarian peasant varied according to nationality. The great majority, however, were clad in broad linen trowsers, a short shirt, scarcely reaching to the loins, and the *bunda*, that heavy, loose, sheepskin cloak well known to the Crimean soldiers; strong leather boots and a broad felt hat completed the usual attire of the Magyar. On Sunday, however, his dress was more showy; the tight-fitting Hungarian trowsers and jacket, mostly of a blue color, with red lining, and beset with glittering buttons, a red waistcoat, a long black neckerchief, often fringed with gold, a gaudy printed cotton handkerchief, and spurs on his boots, gave him a soldier-like appearance. Married women never uncovered their hair — it was always hidden, either under a black cap or a cotton handkerchief; but the girls always displayed their hair plaited and adorned with ribbons and with a kind of gilt diadem. The bodice, laced with gold in front, and showing a shirt of fine linen, was commonly red and black; the skirt, ample and falling in many folds to the feet, of a dark color; the boots on Sunday were red. They liked to display their finery, especially at church; and where this lay at some distance, and the road was muddy, they often went barefooted in order not to soil their red boots, and put them on only under the porch of the church.

The emancipation of the peasants, the increase of their wealth due to this mea-

sure, and the introduction of labor-saving machinery, has of course within the last few years entirely changed this state of society.

The greatest catastrophe in the life of every peasant was at the time of the levy of soldiers; not that the sturdy agriculturist would have objected to the military career, but because it implied a long exile for the recruit torn from the bosom of his family. In older times, as already remarked, the duty of defending the country devolved exclusively upon the landed gentry and aristocracy; their retainers who followed them to the field were volunteers. In the beginning of the last century, however, a standing army was established by act of parliament, which was to be under the exclusive control of the German government as regards the way in which it was commanded and officered, and the places where it had to fight the battles of the Emperor. From a defensive militia it had become a tool of aggression; accordingly the nobility and gentry thought themselves dispensed from serving in it, and threw the whole burden on the peasantry. Since, however, this army might easily have been used as a weapon against the constitutional liberties of Hungary, the Hungarians refrained from introducing regular conscription, and reserved the right of voting any levy of soldiers exclusively to the Diet. The government, on the other hand, avoiding as far as possible the necessity of asking soldiers from the Diet, kept the army voted in 1715 for life. Every recruit becoming a soldier knew that he was to remain a soldier forever, and had to bear arms until wounds or infirmity should make him unfit to serve; but then he not only got his discharge, but was provided for by a pension as long as he lived. To fill the ranks thinned in the natural course of events, government resorted during peace to the system of bounties, and regularly found sufficient volunteers to keep the army complete. In warlike times, however, the ministers had to ask levies from the Diet, which they uniformly got without serious struggle, upon condition that, after the war, all the grievances of the nation would be removed, and reform taken into consideration. But when, in 1815, peace was proclaimed throughout Europe, and the time of fulfilling the promises made during the French war had arrived, the Emperor Francis I. backed out, and at-

tempted to overthrow the constitution. He refused to call Parliament together, and trying to break down the last barriers against Austrian despotism, he raised the amount of taxes, and ordered a levy of soldiers without any vote of the Diet, in 1823. All the municipalities of the country protested against this *coup-d'état*; some of them yielded, however, to the threats of the government, the majority defied them, and military execution had to be resorted to. The agitation rose at last to such a height, that the Emperor had to yield; accordingly he assembled the Diet once more in 1825. Frightened by the conspiracy in Russia, he made ample apology to the nation in 1826, and by a declaratory statute once more confirmed the liberties and constitution. In 1830 a new levy was demanded by the government, and the Diet now introduced a kind of regular conscription, limiting the term of service to ten years, which expired in 1840; therefore in 1839 a new vote had to be asked from the legislature. The levy of soldiers, coming thus at long intervals, frightened the peasantry like a great impending calamity. The drawing of the lots in the villages by the assembled youth, in presence of the magistrates and of course of all the peasantry, the subsequent examination of those who had drawn the fatal numbers by the army surgeon, and lastly the cutting of the long flowing hair of the recruit, was accompanied by universal wailing; every

body knew that the young soldier would not come back to his village for ten years, which he had commonly to spend in some distant country, in Italy or Bohemia. The idea of becoming a soldier not by free-will, but by drawing a lot, was so repugnant to the Hungarian ideas of freedom, that in many Magyar villages, and nearly in all the towns, it was dispensed with, either the community or the parties interested clubbing together sufficient funds for a handsome bounty, and offering it to volunteers. This course was nearly always successful, and scarcely ever failed to furnish the required number of recruits, who were, with bands of music and amid the rejoicings of the village, escorted to the principal town of the district. When again, in 1848, the war of independence began, and the Hungarians knew that they fought for their own country and not for the German, that they would be officered by Hungarians, and have every chance to become officers themselves, there was no need to draw lots, every young man presented himself voluntarily; and the only check on all the inhabitants of military age leaving their villages and entering the army was the difficulty of arming them. Thus the military spirit of the nation waits only for the right cause to shine out with the same splendor as when Hungary bore the proud name of the barrier of Christendom against the Crescent. Nothing but Austrian misrule could make the army unpopular.

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**IMPEDIMENTS TO THE PROGRESS OF TRUTH.**—Truth and error, as they are essentially opposite in their nature, so the causes to which they are indebted for their perpetuity and triumph are not less so. Whatever retards a spirit of inquiry, is favorable to error; whatever promotes it, to truth. But nothing, it will be acknowledged, has a greater tendency to obstruct the exercise of free inquiry than the spirit and feeling of a party. Let a doctrine, however erroneous, become a party distinction, and it is at once intrenched in interests and attachments which make it extremely difficult for the most powerful artillery of reason to dislodge it. It becomes a point of honor in the leaders of such parties, which is from

thence communicated to their followers, to defend and support their respective peculiarities to the last; and, as a natural consequence, to shut their ears against all the pleas and remonstrances by which they are assailed. Even the wisest and best of men are seldom aware how much they are susceptible of this sort of influence; and while the offer of a world would be insufficient to engage them to recant a known truth, or to subscribe an acknowledged error, they are often retained in a willing captivity to prejudices and opinions which have no other support, and which, if they could lose sight of party feelings, they would almost instantly abandon.—ROBERT HALL.



From Fraser's Magazine.

## ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

### IN MEMORIAM.

THE recent death of this distinguished and venerable philosopher has been acknowledged in every part of Europe and of the world where the physical sciences are cultivated or valued, as a loss not easily to be supplied, and as creating a blank in the science of the age not readily to be filled up. In any isolated departments of science many men of equal, or superior, qualifications might be named to sustain the honor of those branches; but no one who, like Humboldt, was gifted to advance and adorn them all together.

Of many a confessedly *great* man it is often asked, and not very easily answered, what has he *done*? An individual, in fact, often attains a high reputation, built up as it were out of a vast number of minor claims, each in itself but small, yet in the aggregate rising to a large amount; while, perhaps, it is more the general character of high ability pervading them all, and not unfrequently even that high *ability* alone, evinced less in actual great *results* than in undeniable manifestation of *power* to achieve them, which constitutes the basis of a high reputation.

But with the subject of this brief memoir the case was very different. Humboldt affords an instance of a man singularly and strongly marked in his whole life and character by earnest and entire devotion to one single great object—the vision and aspiration of his earliest years—worked out in untiring detail through his middle life, and carried on to its completion and fulfillment in the unusual vigor of his long-protracted age. In one word, the study of universal nature in all her variety, in all her minuteness, and all her vastness, and the final bringing together of the assemblage and accumulation of these treasures of knowledge in the display of their connection and unity in one grand whole, laying an enduring groundwork for the loftiest contemplations of which the human soul is susceptible.

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Friedrich Heinrich Alexander von Humboldt, the younger son of Major von Humboldt, (who had been in the service of Frederic the Great,) was born in 1769, September 14th, at Berlin. After some early instruction at home under a tutor, accompanied by his elder brother Wilhelm, he entered the University of Frankfurt-on-the-Oder, where his preference led him to the studies of natural science and political economy, while his brother followed those literary and philological pursuits in which he afterwards became so eminent. Thence, in 1788, he removed to the more celebrated University of Göttingen, where he pursued an extended course of the same studies. It was here that in the son-in-law of the celebrated scholar Heyne, he found a friend, George Forster, who had been the companion of Captain Cook in his second voyage, and whose adventurous spirit as well as his skill in botany and natural history, tended greatly to awaken Humboldt's desire for traveling, and to give it a scientific direction.

From his earliest youth, Humboldt informs us, it had been his earnest wish to explore untrodden regions of the earth. In the first instance, the mere desire of adventure, the spirit of enterprise, all the more intensely stimulated when not devoid of a degree of danger, were perhaps his only motives. To these were added, as his mind expanded, the increasing desire of knowledge; and on more close and accurate study, a perception of existing deficiencies and an estimate of those special quarters and regions in which the blank most imperatively demanded filling up. He was particularly impressed with the great extent of the earth's surface of which little or nothing was known, and much remained to be explored even in better-known regions.

Thus, at the age of eighteen, he tells us, he had fully conceived the idea of those labors to which the main part of his



ENGRAVED BY J. MARTIN THE GREAT BRITISH MUSEUM

*A. Humboldt*

*Portrait of Alexander von Humboldt*

derings, how rich a field—then almost entirely new to scientific research—was opened to their inquiries. These vast regions, as to their physical structure and conditions, as well as their animal and vegetable productions, hitherto for the most part very little examined, were more fully disclosed to their research; and no opportunity was lost of examining and registering all the variety of interesting physical phenomena and diversified forms of animated nature, which in such endless profusion presented themselves for examination.

During these lengthened explorations the masses of collected specimens, geological, botanical, zoölogical, and miscellaneous, became by degrees enormous. The difficulties of packing and conveying them were great, and the fear of losing them still more a source of anxiety to the indefatigable collectors. Triplicate sets were prepared and packed; one set sent, as opportunity offered, to the United States, for shipment to England; another to France or Spain; while the third continually accompanied the travelers on a long train of mules, and was anxiously kept under their own eyes. Of the two former sets, in the state of warfare in which the European Powers were then involved, it was not surprising that many failed in reaching their destination, or that few, in fact, were preserved or recovered; but it is satisfactory to know that a valuable portion (chiefly those collected from the shores of the Pacific) were secured to science, owing to the generous exertions of Sir Joseph Banks with the British Government; to whom Humboldt pays the graceful acknowledgment, that “amidst the political agitations of Europe he unceasingly labored to strengthen the bonds of union between scientific men of all nations.”

Gifted with a constitution and bodily powers of unusual vigor, he encountered not only without inconvenience, but with pleasure, the difficulties and privations which beset a life of wandering in regions for the most part untrodden by civilized visitants; and even in the more frequented parts having to make his way among persons of very different pursuits and ideas, to whom the objects of his mission could not but appear strange, even if they did not excite prejudice and hostility. Yet we are surprised in many parts of the narrative at the apparent ease and

familiarity with which he seems to have conciliated the good-will of the various grades and classes of person with whom he was brought in contact. The vivid and glowing language in which he dilates on the surpassing richness and variety of objects presented to his observation in the new scenes thus opened, and the diversified forms of animal and vegetable life with which every part of nature in those regions teems, can not be effaced, even at this distance of time, from the memory of those who perused his descriptions with that eager curiosity which they excited at the time of their publication, when those countries were so little known, and when vast varieties of plants and animals now familiar to us in our zoölogical collections and botanical conservatories, were new to European science.

Few writers have combined in a higher degree powers of scientific investigation with those of graphic and forcible description.

In the perusal we seem actually present at the scenes of his toilsome struggle through the tropical forests, and his strange bivouacs under their shelter. Thus, to recall a single scene: We seem to belong to the party on the banks of one of the tributaries to the Orinoco—to see the crocodiles and other aquatic neighbors attracted to the banks by the light of their fires—where the hammocks are slung on oars; we follow with all their anxiety the footmarks of a tigress and her young ones left in the sand when going to the river to drink—we hear the terrific howlings of the jaguars and pumas responded to by the fearful cries of alarm from the peccaris, the monkeys, and the sloths—the screams of the curassao, the parakka, and other birds; and we observe the dog ceasing his bark and cowering under the hammock as, amid the din, he distinguishes the growl of a distant tiger.

Yet animated and encouraged by the fearlessness of the native guides, they snatch a brief repose. On the return of day all these alarms are effaced by the contemplation of the marvelous scene of matchless beauty which the tangled depths of the tropical forests present; when, as Humboldt expresses it, “the explorer can hardly define the varied emotions which crowd upon his mind”—the deep silence of the solitude—the beauty and contrast of the forms—the gaudy plumage of innumerable varieties of birds—the unceas-

ing vigor and freshness which ever clothe topical vegetation amid the humid heat which fosters it; and where it "might be said that the earth, overloaded with vegetable productions, can not allow them space to unfold themselves; the trunks of the trees every where covered and concealed by a thick clothing of parasitic verdure;" the lianas which creep on the ground also climbing to the tops of the highest trees, and hanging in festoons from one to another at the height of a hundred feet. These and various other plants so interlaced together that the botanist may often be misled to confound the flowers belonging to one with those of another; while through the dense and compact mass of foliage no solar ray is able to penetrate; and the whole journey is performed in a kind of dim twilight under trees of stupendous height and size, of which no European forests convey any idea; streaming with continual vapor, and the humid air scented with the delicious perfumes of flowers and odoriferous resins.

Amid his graphic descriptions on the one hand, the eye seems fatigued in the endeavor to stretch to the extreme and immeasurable extent of the level llanos and pampas; on the other, the breathing seems oppressed under the dense canopy of vegetation in the forests, where the heated and confined air is loaded with steaming exhalations from swamps and pools swarming with aquatic life, and tangled jungle through which the vast boas, and more fearful venomous snakes, twine their noiseless but deadly path; while air and vegetation are equally alive with every variety of insect existence.

Such are some few of the ideas so vividly conjured up, and the recollection of which may serve to convey a more distinct impression of the arduous labors of the explorer, now in traversing these depths of primeval forest, now on the bleak ridges of the Cordilleras, and amid the more dangerous and marvelous conformations of the seats of volcanic action, pursuing with unwearied perseverance, indomitable courage, and enlightened intelligence those objects of scientific inquiry which were not left to chance discovery, but sought out on a deliberate and well-arranged plan.

Devoted as he was to the study of nature, it would be an entire mistake to regard Humboldt as less interested in questions regarding the condition of men

and nations; on the contrary, he clearly viewed those subjects in the comprehensive light of his philosophy as among the essential parts and even highest departments of the study of universal nature. Not to dwell on the volumes devoted to those topics which form part of the series of his results, even in the *Personal Narrative* he in many places discusses with deep interest and emphasis the condition, and speculates on the origin and prospects, of the various tribes of the human family with whom he was brought into contact, and for whom he always expresses the most kindly interest.

To cite a single instance, we can not find this spirit better exemplified than in his reflections on the distinctions between the free and independent Indians of South-America, whom he will not call savages, and the 'reduced' Indians in the missions, and nominally Christians. The former he represents as living under chieftains peacefully united in villages, and cultivating the soil which, in the exuberance of a tropical climate, produces abundance of food with little or no labor. He contends that very false ideas are diffused by calling the one "Christian," "reduced," or "civilized," and the other "pagan," "savage," and barbarous. He observes:

"The reduced Indian is often as little of a Christian as the independent Indian is of an idolater. Both alike occupied by the wants of the moment, betray a marked indifference for religious sentiments, and a secret tendency to the worship of nature and her powers which belongs to the earliest infancy of nations."\*

In 1804 the travelers returned to Europe, and Humboldt, conjointly with Bonpland, in different departments, engaged themselves in the arduous task of reducing into order their varied collections, and drawing up the accounts of their researches for publication. The strictly scientific portion of their results was embodied in several series of voluminous works, which, commencing in 1807, occupied several years in publication, and have amply sustained the scientific reputation of their authors. A brief glance at their contents may be taken as follows:

The first series comprises astronomical, geodetical, and hypsometrical observations, determining the geography of num-

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\* *Personal Narrative*. Bohn's Edition. Vol. i. p. 296.

erous points, besides many phenomena of interest to terrestrial physics throughout the tropical region of America.

The second and third are botanical, chiefly by M. Bonpland, including the descriptions of plants collected in Mexico, Cuba, the northern provinces of South-America, with monographs of some important genera.

The fourth, on the geography of plants in the same regions, includes the whole account of their distribution, in connection with the atmospheric and meteorological investigations determining the conditions of the climate on which they depend, as well as the geological structure of the regions.

The fifth series consists of the zoölogy and comparative anatomy, including some elucidations by Cuvier referring both to all classes of animals and to varieties of human races.

The sixth embraces the political state of the South-American provinces, including a variety of statistical and topographical details.

The seventh is the most generally interesting and descriptive portion of the whole, including the pictorial illustrations, the representations of antiquities and monuments, of mountains and cities, of scenery and natural objects.

If this be only a meager and dry enumeration of a few of the leading heads of the discussions and descriptions of which these elaborate volumes are composed, they will suffice to give some slight idea of the immense extent as well as variety of the labors of the traveler.

These valuable researches soon became known through translations to all European cultivators of science, and have been duly appreciated; but by far the most interesting portion to the public at large has been the *Personal Narrative*, which in five volumes appeared at successive intervals from 1814 to 1821 (since reprinted in Bohn's Standard Library;) a work which, besides the detail of all the adventures encountered, contains many of the most highly interesting descriptions of natural scenery and phenomena, conveying those vivid and living pictures of scenes witnessed, to which we have already referred.

Many lesser publications of Humboldt, partly arising out of the subjects suggested by the travels, appeared in subsequent

years, the most noted of which perhaps is the *Essay on the Superposition of Rocks*, in both hemispheres, 1823. In 1818 he spent some time in England. On his return to the Continent in 1826, he fixed his residence permanently at Berlin, and received the highest honors and marks of royal esteem from both King Frederic William III. and his successor, besides being invested with decorations and orders of knighthood by nearly all the sovereigns of Europe. In 1829, at the pressing invitation of the Emperor of Russia, he joined a scientific expedition into Siberia with Gustav Rose and Ehrenberg, in which they explored the whole of Northern Asia, penetrating even to the borders of China.

Besides numerous memoirs scattered through various scientific journals, he published his *Critical History of Geography and the Progress of Astronomy in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries*, (1836-9.)

We have spoken almost entirely of Humboldt's public and acknowledged services to science and the known features of his life and character; but of his more private history much remains unknown to the world, and to be collected only from the recollections of those with whom he was brought into contact. To gather up such reminiscences will be the worthy task of his biographer. We are, however, able to mention one characteristic trait of his private life—his always ready and generous encouragement of rising merit in young cultivators of science, and (as an instance) we have been informed, on good authority, that the first living chemist in Europe, Liebig, freely acknowledges that his whole success has been due to the early notice and encouragement thus extended to him.

Among the honors and attentions which Humboldt received from the highest quarters few were more signal or gratifying than the respect and esteem evinced during his visit to England in 1842, when in the suite of his sovereign he was present at the baptism of the Prince of Wales. His reception in the scientific circles, it need hardly be added, was not less marked.

At this period he was known to be engaged in preparing the publication of his great and final work, the appearance of which in 1845, was recognized both by

scientific and general readers as constituting a kind of epoch in this class of philosophical writing.

In tracing the preceding faint outline of Humboldt's earlier labors, we have seen them divided among a vast multiplicity of subjects, including every department of physical science and natural history. But all these varied and multifarious researches were not carried on without a unity of purpose and a connected design correspondent to the enlarged views with which they were undertaken, and the comprehensive spirit in which his philosophic mind was so amply prepared, by previous study, to contemplate the diversified yet intimately connected series of phenomena and assemblage of laws which nature every where presents to the study of a mind duly prepared to comprehend it.

In this point of view, the leading idea of his last and greatest work appears to have been all along present to his conceptions, and to have supplied the guiding principle and stimulus to his researches. And it is by a natural and obvious transition that we trace the course of his studies and compositions, in continuous procession from the diversified experiences of his travels to the collected and condensed generalizations of his later meditations—from the details supplied by his journals and memorials of active research into nature in her own haunts, to the conception and arrangement of the matured results of those profound thoughts in the composition of *Cosmos*.

"In the evening of a long and active life," Humboldt declares in his preface, "I present the public with a work, the indefinite outlines of which have floated in my mind for almost half a century." On the mass of materials brought together by unprecedented toil, skill, and perseverance in the labors of his earlier life, he still exerted the same unwearied powers of arrangement, classification, and generalization to rear the edifice of a comprehensive system—designed to include, as he says, "the phenomena of corporeal things in their general connection—to embrace nature as a whole, actuated and animated by internal forces."

He traces with admirable clearness the way in which each branch of science reacts upon, and unites itself to, others. For example, Botany, taken in its widest extent, leads the observer to visit distant

lands and ascend lofty mountains, and thus to determine the laws of distribution of species over different regions, whether characterized by difference of climate from geographical position, or from difference of elevation in the same region. But then to understand the causes of this distribution, the laws of climate, of temperature, of meteorology, connecting the phenomena of earth with those of ocean, and especially of air, must be equally taken into account. But climatology, again, is intimately connected with solar influence, with the rotation and revolution of the earth; and thus with astronomy. Terrestrial magnetism evinces a wonderful connection with the whole range of magnetic and electric science, as well as with the mineral structure of the earth. Geology lends her aid to the determinations of the geodetical measurer, whose calculations, aided by astronomical observation, react on astronomy, in which the magnitude and figure of the earth are such important elements.

These are but isolated examples; yet they serve to illustrate the turn of thought which pervades the researches of Humboldt, and gives the clue to the whole design, and stamps the value of his labors.

The substance of the *Cosmos*, in the first instance, was given to the world in the form of a course of public lectures, both at Paris and Berlin, (1827-28,) but they were delivered wholly without notes; and the work, as it stands, was entirely composed in the course of the years 1843 and 1844.

The production of a man of such European celebrity of course attracted immediate notice in other countries; and within a year of its publication on the continent, one English translation (though extending only to the first volume) had appeared, (1845,) followed in 1847 by the more complete one of General Sabine, which received the advantage of the author's revision; and more recently by that in Bohn's *Standard Library*—including the passages which, from whatever motive, had been suppressed in the former.

Some supplementary additions, carrying up the statements of the work to the level of the most recent discoveries, have been since annexed by the author, on which it is believed he was engaged up to the period of his death.

On the sensation caused by that event, (though from his great age it was naturally

not unexpected,) we need not enlarge; nor on the funeral honors of the solemn procession, and service at the Dom Church in Berlin—attended by all the academic, civic, and clerical dignitaries, and even by royalty—which preceded the final deposit of his remains in the family vault at Tegel, (May 10, 1859,) to which those of his elder brother Wilhelm had been some years before consigned.

In devoting a few concluding remarks to the subject of his latest and most masterly production, the *Cosmos*, we may briefly refer to the progress of the idea, as the author has himself in some degree indicated it. Its development in his own mind was clearly the legitimate crowning inference from the accumulated convictions of the enlarged study of nature under so many phases and aspects. But the original conception to which he has so appropriately affixed the designation, (and which has now become a standard term in our philosophical language,) has been traced up to its rudimentary origin in the ancient philosophy. The physical science of the ancients, even where it attained its highest development, was still but partial and desultory. It possessed but little of comprehensiveness or unity; nor could the nature of the methods then pursued lead to those higher generalizations, at once exact and extended, at once founded on precise data and embracing the widest enlargement of ideas, which the modern inductive philosophy has been enabled to reach. The best physical ideas broached by some of the ancient philosophers were purely conjectural, evincing the power of their individual minds to foresee truths afterwards to be demonstratively established, which to them were purely ideal.

The first use of the term "*Cosmos*," in the sense of "the order of the world," has been attributed to Pythagoras, but was certainly adopted by Plato and Aristotle; the former conceiving the whole universe as a living being, animated by a soul: *κόσμος ζῶον ἐμψύχον*, (*Timæus*, 30.) While in a yet more precise and positive form, the author of the treatise, *De Mundo*, long ascribed to Aristotle, (c. 2, p. 391,) defines *Cosmos* to be "the connected system of all things; the order and arrangement of the whole universe, preserved under the gods and by the gods." But among the ancients the ideas of arrangement, order, and design in the material

world, so far as any positive estimation of evidence went, were necessarily of the most limited description; yet it is very remarkable that when they launched on the wide sea of pure speculation, apart from mere details, they did in some few instances strike out views of so grand and comprehensive a character, that even Humboldt became, as it were, a disciple of their school, and adopted the brief expression of that conception as the title of his great and crowning work—the term ΚΟΣΜΟΣ—the principle of universal and perpetual order, law, harmony, and reason pervading the material universe. Such conceptions broached by the ancients were in truth but philosophical dreams, which, nevertheless, like other dreams, sometimes chanced to be true.

But in the mind and under the hands of Humboldt the idea thus pregnantly expressed became fixed on the basis of demonstrative and inductive evidence, and assumed the rank and position of a distinct philosophical conclusion; a real and tangible result as definitely determined from the progress of high generalization, as any of the subordinate laws regulating the various portions of nature of which it is the paramount principle and aggregate expression.

The view which he took can not be better or more comprehensively expressed than in the author's own eloquent words:

"It is the idea, stamped with the same image as that which in times of remote antiquity presented itself to the inward sense in the guise of an harmoniously ordered whole, *Cosmos*, which meets us at last as the prize of long and carefully accumulated experience.

"To acknowledge unity in multiplicity; from the individual to embrace the whole; amid the discoveries of later ages to prove and separate the individual truths, yet not to be overwhelmed with the mass; to keep the high destinies of man continually in view, and to comprehend the spirit of nature, which lies hid beneath the covering of phenomena; in this way our aspirations rise beyond the narrow confines of the world of sense."—*Introd.* p. 5, 1st transl.

When, towards the close of his life and labors, Humboldt received the highest scientific honor which our country can bestow—the award of the medal of the Royal Society—it was this crowning effort of his genius which, it was acknowledged, stamped such peculiar value on his other labors: a view of the case which was emphatically enlarged upon at the

time by a fellow-countryman well qualified to do full justice to the views of his great cotemporary—the Baron Bunsen, who represented the venerable philosopher on that occasion, and who in his reply to the address of the President, emphatically observed:

“Humboldt thought he could show why and how this world and the universe itself is a Kosmos—a divine whole of life and intellect; namely, by its all-pervading eternal laws. Law is the supreme rule of the universe; and that law is wisdom, is intellect, is reason, whether viewed in the formation of planetary systems or in the organization of the worm.”—*Proceedings of the Royal Society: Anniversary, Nov. 30th, 1852.*

It is clearly to be remarked—and the remark has been dwelt on by some in a tone of hostile insinuation—that Humboldt in this great work does not specifically introduce any discussion of the bearing of his views on final causes, or those higher contemplations which ought to arise out of such speculations. This is to a great extent true; but it must be considered that the less such specific conclusions are directly pressed upon the reader, the more forcible and irresistible is the conclusion which he can not fail himself to draw, and which is rather involved in, and almost synonymous with, the assertion of universal law and order, and the immutable and endlessly ramified and profoundly adjusted chain of physical causation.

It is a common but mistaken practice, especially with English writers, to be so continually obtruding considerations of a theological kind into philosophical discussion, as to go far to vitiate the force of their own argument, by depriving the scientific evidence of that entire *independence* in virtue of which it acquires all its force. From this fault the Continental writers are much more free. And especially in reference to some branches of science which in this country have been unhappily mixed up with theological dogmas in a most pernicious manner, Humboldt has justly made it his boast that these branches are, “on the Continent at least, withdrawn from Semitic influences.” But as to the general influence of the study of natural phenomena in promoting these more sublime reflections, we can cite more than one passage in which our author indicates very clearly his sense of the tendency of such study. Thus, for

example, he ably traces the elementary rudiments of these elevated sentiments as they arise even in the most untutored minds from the contemplation of the natural world:

“An indefinite and fearful sense of the unity of the powers of nature, and of the mysterious bond which connects the sensuous with the super-sensuous, is common even among savage communities; my own travels have satisfied me that this is so.

“Out of the depth and activity of blind feeling is also elicited the first impulse to adoration: the sanctification of the preserving, as of the destroying, powers of nature.”—*Introd. p. 17. Trans. 1845.*

But to the more enlarged view of the scientific inquirer—

“Every thing that is earnest and solemn within us arises out of the almost unconscious feeling of the exalted order and sublime regularity of nature, from the perception of *unity of plan* amidst eternally recurring variety of form.”—*Ib. p. 7.*

No one who reads Humboldt's glowing language in referring to the elevated tone of the descriptions of nature and the visible universe exhibited in many passages in the writings of the Old Testament, especially in the Psalms and the Prophets, can doubt how fully he himself participated in the sublime contemplations and devout sentiments thus raised and expressed; and it is with an equal sense of the grandeur and impressiveness of such religious conceptions associated with natural objects, and the consideration of *Cosmos*, that he dilates on the eloquent testimony borne to their force by the early Christian Fathers, and its conformity to the entire spirit of Christianity.\*

It is beyond the purpose of these remarks to go into theological dissertation. But it is in close and immediate connection with the subject before us to observe the tendency and spirit of cosmical contemplation. When fairly embraced and understood in its full extent, the grand conception of universal *Cosmos*—apart from all minor or subordinate arguments of *design* in nature, however valuable in themselves—involves as its consequence, almost as its synonym, the idea of Universal Mind and of Supreme Intelligence. But strict philosophic deduction, while in establishing this conclusion it subverts atheism, yet, on the other hand, ignores

\* Vol. ii. pp. 25, 44. Sabine's translation.



as beyond its province or powers any speculative theories of a more distinctly spiritual theism, and consigns them altogether to a *higher order* of contemplations, beyond the limits or function of science or reason. But the evidence of mind in nature points to the opening by which religion may enter, and invest such conceptions with the more heavenly coloring supplied by its teaching, and rise to its more peculiar doctrines and loftier aspirations.

Thus the advance of inductive philosophy at once assures the grand evidence of universal and supreme Intelligence, and tends to dispel superstitious dogmas, by

which it is obscured and degraded. If it unhesitatingly disown contradictions to physical truth in matters properly amenable to science, however they may have been associated with religious belief, yet wholly apart from the region of science, it freely acknowledges the vast blank which can only be filled up by the revelations of faith. If it exclude violations of physical order in the material universe, it fully recognizes the admission of spiritual mysteries in the invisible world; adopting the maxim, equally in accordance with the teaching of St. Paul and of Bacon: "Give unto faith the things which are of faith."  
B. P.

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From the Eclectic Review.

## AN EVENING WITH THE MICROSCOPE.

READER, will you spend an hour with me at the microscope? Perhaps you are not a stranger to the wonders revealed by means of this small apparatus—the swarming worlds that these little lenses bring to appreciable light. It may be that you are tired of hearing of these tiny atoms, that find their ocean-world in a drop of water, thousands of which can sport, far apart, in the space occupied by a pin's head: it may be that you do not care for these lines and dots of almost inconceivable fineness, that illustrate the delicacy of finish in the minutest details of creation; it may be that you can not see how these unimportant-looking matters can be considered as any part of "the proper study of mankind:" yet I repeat my invitation; and I dare wager this beautiful piece of Powell's workmanship, or that of Ross's, that you may use if you like, against your tortoise-shell spectacles, that unless you have been a very diligent observer, I will show you one or two things worthy of attention that you have not seen before; and that are not without some significant lessons in many important particulars.

You have often heard of the vast num-

bers of living creatures that crowd our waters; you may have seen a drop of Thames water held up and exhibited to universal execration, as evidently containing more animal and vegetable matter than simple oxide of hydrogen, or water. But did it ever occur to you to endeavor to compute or realize to the mind the countless myriads of living entities, that make the numbers of the human race appear as but a "handful of corn" to the harvest of whole continents? Here is a little bottle, containing about a cubic inch of fluid: it is not a pleasant compound, being only an infusion of putrid flesh; but it will answer our purpose wonderfully. We will take a very minute drop of it on the point of a needle, and transfer it to the stage of the microscope, and carefully (to avoid wetting the glass) bring down this one-eighth of an inch object-glass to bear upon it. Now look, and you will see countless swarms of moving creatures, too small even under this very high power to allow their form to be clearly defined. You may see, however, that some are round, some oval, some pyriform, and some fusiform. Wherever you look they

are so closely crowded together that there is no interval between them; each is perhaps on an average the one two-thousandth of a line, or the one twenty-four-thousandth of an inch in diameter; in one ordinary-sized drop of water there will be about eight thousand millions of living beings; and in this bottle, containing only one cubic inch, there are so many that it would employ the whole of the inhabitants of England and Wales a fortnight to count them; allowing each (adult or infant) to count one hundred every minute for ten hours each day; in other words, about fourteen thousand times as many as the whole human inhabitants of the earth. In your field of view just now, you have much less than the hundredth part of a drop of the fluid: yet you try in vain to form any directly enumerative conception of the multitude.

These little creatures are the monads, (*monas crepusculum*), and are the smallest specimens of animal life with which we are acquainted. I can not tell you much about the details of their life or death, their habits, manners, or customs. In a little time we shall be able to guess at these, from analogy; meantime see, they have an active individuality of their own, and evidently much business on hand of importance to them; which, notwithstanding their multitude, they attend to without much disturbing their neighbors: rarely during their rapid dance do they impinge against each other—not nearly so often as the gyrators in a modern ball-room. By very attentive observation, and a little delicate manipulation with this "fine-adjustment" screw, you may perceive a little filament (sometimes two) attached to the extremity that goes first in swimming; whether this be foot, proboscis, or tentacle, I can not say; nor is there much further information to be got by further looking at them.

Without attempting any systematic course through these infusoria, we will glance at a few drops of water from various vessels in succession. Most of these were taken this morning from a dirty-looking pond covered with duck-weed,\*

\* Most of the observations in this paper are from the personal experience of the writer; some of the illustrations also are taken from a very pleasant book by Mr. Gosse, called *Evenings at the Microscope*; others from Dr. Carpenter and Prof. Rymer Jones; but for the most part, they have been carefully re-observed and verified by the writer.

and containing abundance of *chara*, *myriophyllum*, etc.; bits of which are still in the water. The creatures here are of much larger size than those we have just been looking at, and are very varied in structure; they have this in common, that the big ones eat the little ones, and the little ones eat the less. Here is a swarm of *colepes*, feeding on a new-born and helpless *euchlanis*; but there is advancing towards them a beautiful, long, swan-like necked creature, that will most impartially swallow the nearest at hand, and so avenge the innocents. This is a *trachelius*; one of its relatives is called the *T. vorax*, from its gastronomic powers; here is one of them just swallowing a *toxordes bursaria*, utterly regardless of consanguinity, (as to genus;) regardless, too, of what might be considered a more important argument, namely, that it has already swallowed six of them, which may be seen lodged in its interior, through its transparent integuments. By and by, this *trachelius* will be swallowed, with all his prey, probably by a *monoculus*; and for this there is a *hydra viridis* waiting attached by his tail to a twig of the *chara*, round the corner. Let this one beware of the next gudgeon.

It is said that all animals sleep during some part of their existence; it may be so; but in these active creatures I have never seen any indications of rest of any sort. Perpetual, ceaseless motion appears to be their characteristic—generally in pursuit of something to eat; for the organic processes go on very rapidly here. But how is this? Amidst all this life and motion a *leucophrys* suddenly stops short, as though struck by an unseen hand, and remains apparently fastened to the spot: it gives a few half-turns on its axis from one side to the other—a few convulsive starts, as if to escape from the spell—and then quietly submits to its fate. Its time is come—for what? Not for death, as we generally understand it; indeed, I believe that these little creatures have no natural death, nor is it this time to be swallowed alive. Observe it carefully for a few minutes, and you will see something eminently suggestive of thought. This animal has an anterior and a posterior extremity, rounded though they both be: it has also what may by courtesy be called a waist, half-way between the two, though it is the thickest part of the body. In the position of this waist a constriction ap-

pears, as if a fine thread had been cast around the body and gradually tightened. The animal gives a rebellious kick or two during the process; but this constriction goes on until the animal is nearly nipped in two. There appears at what was the tail-end the semblance of a mouth; the whole body struggles violently once more, and, lo! two young creatures are the result; arising not by way of ordinary generation, but by spontaneous division into two of the old animal. On their release, they seem to give their tails a triumphant wriggle, and part in opposite directions without further leave-taking. Mr. Gosse speaks of having once seen this process in a *trachelius*, which lasted two hours. I have frequently seen the entire process completed in less than half an hour from the first appearance of constriction.

This mode of increase is very general amongst the infusoria, and a very antimalthusian process it is. Professor Rymer Jones calculates that a single *paramœcium* will produce in a month the inconceivable number of 268,435,456 new beings. There are some species, however, very much more prolific than this, of which I do not see any specimen in our present water. Thus the *Gonium Pectorale* consists apparently of four larger globules and twelve smaller ones: when it is mature it splits in four symmetrical parts, which very soon supply their full complement of globules, and divide again in like manner. Still more remarkable is the *G. Pulvinatum*, which appears like a square bit of membrane, divided by lines into sixteen smaller squares; and at these lines the original animal divides into sixteen others.

In general there does not appear to be any absolute rule as to the direction of the fission; some species divide transversely, some longitudinally, and some in both ways. When there is any special apparatus noticeable in the adult there may be observed, during the progress of the division, a gradual development of a duplicate apparatus, which is to be the portion of one of the resultant animals. Thus in the *Nassula*, which is furnished at one side with a rim of teeth, a similar rim is seen to be developed at a corresponding point on the other side during the division, which is accomplished exactly like that of the *leucophrys*. What becomes of the individuality of these creatures?—what of their sensations or emo-

tions, if they have any?—what of the *one* will which before governed its motions? And, above all, what are we to think of this species of vicarious or deputed immortality? \* There seems to be no natural death,† as before remarked; the normal termination and destiny seems to be, that each class shall furnish living food for the more powerful races. I have observed them with prolonged care; yet, though I have seen them destroyed by accident, or by their congeners, I have never seen any thing at all resembling natural death; unabated activity subsists up to the time

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\* This kind of perpetuity of existence is not entirely confined to animals of microscopic dimensions. The tail of the *nais*, one of the *annelida*, enjoys the same pseudo immortality, accidents apart. Müller gives the following account of the process: "The young *Nais Proboscidea* is composed of fourteen segments only. During its growth an increase of these segments takes place at the caudal extremity, and after a time, a part of the new segments begins to be separated, by a constriction, from the rest of the worm. Long before the complete division, however, takes place, new segments are formed by the parent animal at the constricted part; these new segments in their turn begin to be cut off from the body of the old worm, while others are produced above them. In this way we have sometimes presented to our observation, a parent worm with three young ones, still forming part of one system, which has itself been developed from a separated part of a former system."

† This must be taken of course *cum grano*, and understood with limitations. I ought not to overlook the evidences of the death of the loricated or shell-covered animalcules even in so cursory a sketch. The following, from Prof. Rymer Jones, will be found of interest: "Delicate as these shells are, and requiring the most accurate examination, even with a good microscope, to detect their presence, we shall be surprised to find that they play an important part in nature, making up by their immense accumulation, for their diminutive size. We have before us, while writing this, a specimen of pulverulent matter, collected from the shores of Lake Lettuaggsjon, two miles and a half from Urnea in Sweden, which from its extreme fineness resembles flour; this has long been known by the natives of the region, where it is plentiful, by the name of *Bergmehl*, or mountain meal; and is used by them, mixed up with flour, as an article of food, experience having taught them that it is highly nutritive. On examination with the microscope, the *Bergmehl* is found to consist entirely of the shells of loricated infusoria, which having been accumulating from age to age at the bottom of the waters in which the living animals are found, form a stratum of considerable thickness. Nor is this all, for when agglomerated and mixed up with siliceous and calcareous particles, these exuviae become consolidated by time into masses of flint and marble, in which the characters of the shells are perfectly distinguishable, so that even the species of the animalcules to which they originally belonged is easily made out."

when youth is renewed by one old one becoming two or more young ones.

The peculiar fitness of this arrangement will become manifest if you consider well what is the province and function of all this teeming life. It is to turn back again the stream of constantly decomposing animal and vegetable matter into its higher channels. There are what may be properly called the herbivora and the carnivora amongst the lowest infusoria: these feed respectively upon the debris of vegetable and animal decomposition, and reconvert it into living structure, proper for the food of the higher orders; these, in their turn, are the prey of still larger and stronger races, which are finally food for the fishes, etc., and thus for man. All this object would apparently be defeated were these minute creatures to die naturally and be again decomposed, as are the higher animals. Violent death, therefore, is the rule in these cases.

What becomes of the countless billions of animalculæ in a small pond, when it is dried up by the heat of summer? Do they perish? or what is their condition? This is not a superfluous question; for in a very short time again, after a rain, the pond is found to teem as before with life. Their dust appears to be susceptible of life again, after complete drying—a phenomenon which might appear incredible, but that we have a direct method of proving its possibility.

Here are three or four slips of glass, on each of which a few days ago I placed a small fresh-water crustacean—the *daphnia*, or water-flea; the water has dried up, and the little creature is dry too and dead: touch one of them with the point of a needle, and you will find it splinter like a bit of burnt paper. Now, here is a living specimen, and a very beautiful object it is for the lower powers of the microscope, with its elaborate eyes, its long branched and bearded tentacles, and its whole internal economy plainly visible through its delicately transparent coverings. You see its heart beating there near the dorsal surface, and the blood, the motion of which is marked by granules, circulating through every part of the body, and especially towards that beautiful apparatus of branchiæ, or lungs, which are attached to the legs; so providing that the energy of respiration is always proportionate to the amount of bodily action. A most vivacious and interesting

little creature it is; and we may find that its death is not less instructive than its life.

Now take one of these slips, on which there is a dry and dead *daphnia*; *dead* we must call it, for, on putting it under the glass, all is still. The heart can be detected even yet, but is perfectly motionless; the eye is dull and shriveled, and the legs and antennæ are crumpled together like the limbs of a dead fly: in short, look where you will, you see nothing like life. But now, add to it a drop of water, and observe the change; very soon, when the tissues have got completely moistened, you will notice a slight action, first in the legs, then in the tentacles, which resume their living appearance; and then, by degrees, the life will diffuse itself through the whole body, and you will see heart, lungs, and intestine in action, as vigorous as ever. I do not know any phenomenon of life more suggestive of curious thought and speculation than this, that a portion of dried and brittle tissue, from which all evidence of life has departed for days, should be able to resume its complicated functions under the stimulus of water. I am not aware that it has been observed before, in animals of so high an organization as these crustaceans. Long ago, Ehrenberg had observed it with regard to the *rotifera*, and stated that he had kept them in a dry state for, I believe, three years, and afterwards revived them by water. I can readily believe this, for I have so frequently repeated the experiments for shorter periods that I feel no doubt whatever of their essential accuracy.

Recurring to our drop of pond-water: whilst you wonder at the ceaseless activity of these innumerable creatures, you can not fail to admire the variety of the means made use of to obtain progression. In the monads it would seem to be due to the probosci-form appendages;\* in the *volvoces* the same agency, multiplied many fold, seems to be brought in action. In the vibrionidæ, of which you may see here numerous thread-like specimens wriggling about, the progression is like that of a

\* These are calculated by Mr. Dujardin as being not more than one thirty-thousandth of a millimeter in diameter, which is about one nine-hundred-thousandth of an inch; consequently rather difficult of detection by the most powerful instrument. No wonder that differences of opinion exist as to their nature and uses.

worm or eel in water. In a great proportion of the infusoria, vibratile ciliæ are the agents in locomotion. These, which are described by Ehrenberg as minute hair-like processes arising from a thick bulbous base, are often so small that even under the highest powers their presence can only be detected by the currents which they cause in the water; but as they are present in immense multitude, often over the whole surface of the body, they enable their possessor to execute movements more rapid (in proportion to their bulk) and complicated than animals of a much higher grade of organization. In those crescentic, boat-shaped little beings that you see so plentifully in this drop, which are called *closterinæ*, the locomotive organs are a number of short conical papillæ near the openings of the two ends of the shell; their movements are sluggish, and those short jerky, or swinging motions are probably due to currents in the water. But the oddest method of moving is that observed in the *amœba* family: they have no ciliæ, no setæ, no feet, no proboscis; yet they get along pretty actively. The jelly of which they seem composed is highly contractile, and it possesses the power of thrusting out, apparently at will, extremities, or processes, or feet, or hands, by means of which they move about and execute their prehensile requirements. See, here is one just creeping into the field; watch it well, and observe its protean changes of form, (its name is *proteus*,) whilst I read to you Mr. Gosse's sketch of it: "You see a flat area of clear jelly, of very irregular form, with sinuosities and jutting points, like the outline of some island in a map. A great number of minute blackish granules and vesicles occupy the central parts, but the edges are clear and colorless. A large bladder is seen near one side, which appears filled with a subtle fluid. But while you gaze upon it, you perceive that its form is changing; that it is not at two successive moments of the same shape exactly. This individual, which, when you first looked at it, was not unlike England in outline, is now, though only a few minutes have passed, something totally different; the projecting angle that represented Cornwall is become rounded and more perpendicular; the broken corner, that we might have called Kent, has formed two little points, up in the position of Lincolnshire; the large bladder, which was

in the place of the Eastern counties, is moved up to the Durham coast, and is, moreover, greatly diminished. Lo! while speaking of these alterations, they have been proceeding, so that another and a totally diverse outline is now presented. A great excavation takes the place of Dorset; Kent is immensely prolonged; the bladder has quite disappeared, etc.; but it is impossible to follow these changes, which are ever going on without a moment's intermission, and without the slightest recognizable rule or order. . . . Individuals vary greatly in dimensions; this specimen is about one one-hundred-and-twentieth of an inch long; but others I have seen not more than one tenth as large as this, and some twice as large."\*

Here is another beautiful object, just visible as a speck to the naked eye; it is a *volvox globator*. A lens of moderate power will show you whence it derives its generic name. Under a good microscope it appears as a delicate green transparent globe, studded with ciliæ, by means of which it revolves rapidly through the water. In its interior you may see other smaller *volvoes*, and still within these the gemmules of a third generation. But this is not a single animal, as it might appear; but a compound *monad*, strange as it may seem. "It was Ehrenberg (says Prof. Jones) who first made the discovery that these beautiful living globes were not, as had until then been universally believed, single animalcules, producing gemmules in the interior of their transparent bodies, which, on arriving at maturity, terminated the existence of the parent by escaping through its lacerated integument; but that they formed in reality the residences of numerous individuals living together in a wonderful community." You perceive those green specks which stud the surface of the *volvox*, and which seem like the bulbous root of the locomotive cilia. Now, if you apply a power of one thousand diameters to one of these specks, you perceive in it a bright red point; and also see that the apparent cilia is not really such, but a whip-like proboscis similar to that before described as characterizing some of the *monadinæ*. The above-quoted authority considers that in each one of these specks we have a *monad* of high organization, possessing mouth, eye,

\* *Evenings at the Microscope*, pp. 455-6.

stomach, generative apparatus, and all the viscera belonging to a *free monad*; all these living in this kind of organic connection for a certain time; after which the original globe bursts, and the contained *volvozes* escape to lead an identically aggregate life. But not, therefore, is there any death of the original globe; it certainly becomes torn up and disintegrated; but each speck is capable of independent life, and for a while enjoys its liberty; but, by a process equally too prolonged to watch or to describe at present, it becomes ultimately developed into a perfect *volvoz*, with its component *monads*, its young *volvozes*, and its gemmules of the third generation.

We have made but little way amongst

our treasures; in this teaspoonful of dirty water alone, we have found more than enough to occupy us the whole evening, and we should not exhaust it were we to spend a week in it. We have not even glanced at the contents of that *chara* glass, which we shall find swarming with rotiferæ, or wheel-bearers, creatures of much higher organization than these, and of most fascinating habits. But the evening is getting late, and you are beginning to see black discs before the eye with looking so long down this tube upon the brightly-illuminated stage. Beware of too long devotion to this pursuit: another time we can renew our investigations with fresh attention.

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From Titan.

## PARISIAN LOCALITIES—EVENTY-TWO WEEKS OF TERROR.

### THE STORY OF THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

THERE is no one who has visited Paris but knows the Place de la Concorde, which, in its present state, with the lamps, fountains, parterres, statues, and obelisk that decorate it, and the splendid views which are offered from it on all sides, is in some respects perhaps the most striking spot in all that striking city. But few, as they traverse it now, can form a true conception of what, for a time, it was only two generations back, or appreciate the amount of human woe that filled it, or the ghastliness which its aspect must have presented, while the guillotine reared its gaunt form there, and the earth round the scaffold was kept soaked and red.

A condensed view of all the work that was done here in those dreadful days, would certainly have its historical use. For, considering that the French Revolution has come to be a term conveying a rather vague, and, so to speak, an abstract idea, a glance at what it was, on a single spot, in the concrete, would, doubtless,

better than any more general and extended survey or philosophical disquisition, enable one to realize the conditions of the times, and know them as actual, positive, hard matter-of-fact things, in which people like ourselves lived. History according to M. Guizot, is "analysis;" according to M. Thierry, it is "narration;" but, according to M. Michelet, it is "resurrection." And certainly, seldom as we can concur with that historian and panegyrist of the great Revolution, we are inclined to think that, so far at least, he is right in this instance; and that "resurrection," or the setting up again of events in a distinct and tangible embodiment, is a resource which historians might employ much oftener than they usually do. The statesman who professed to know nothing of English history but what of it he had learned from Shakspeare, probably knew much more of it in its verity, and had formed not only a more vivid but a more correct conception of what essentially it

was, than others have acquired from much study of many such historians as would have considered the dramatic form to be unworthy of the historian's dignity.

But further still as regards our present subject, one contemporary might have been in Paris during those revolutionary days; might have read the newspapers regularly, and heard all the talk of the town; frequented the clubs, and attended the meetings of the Convention; and yet might have failed to be so strongly impressed and so truly informed as to the actuality of what was going on, as another who had done no more than watch from some window commanding a sight of this place, the tragedies of which it was the daily scene; the regular arrivals there day by day of successive victims; the brief preparations for their death, and the hurried look each would cast around; the rude strapping of them to the plank that was their common death-bed; the brutal mob shouting madly below; the ever-recurring play of the slanting axe, as it gradually rose in repeated jerks, hung for a moment at the top of the inexorable machine, and then came swiftly gliding down; the fall of the head struck off with a dull sounding blow into the basket; the unbinding of the headless trunk while the arteries were yet spouting; the tossing of head and trunk together into the shell of rough boards or of rude wicker-work; the dashing of a bucket or two of water on the platform; the scattering of some fresh saw-dust or sand; the great knife, dripping as it mounted once more in the grooves of the tall posts; and so on again with scores of men and women, some very young and some very old, for hour after hour, from early every morning till long past every noon. And if such a spectator might have become callous at the time, and been made indifferent by the very frequency of the spectacle, we may be sure that later, and when better days succeeded, he would look back upon that period with a horror only increased by the recollection of his own blunted susceptibility.

If, then, we would form an estimate of the suffering which was endured during the cruel eighteen months that elapsed between the death of Louis XVI. and that of Robespierre, and that, too, by all classes indiscriminately—if we would have the terror of those seventy weeks brought fully home to us—if we would judge of the grief for what was already done,

and the dread for what might at any moment come, which brooded over every household, and must have been more or less reflected in every countenance—if we would appreciate the degree of morbid indifference when their doom was sealed, or of morbid fear arising equally from over-tension of the mind; by the one of which extremes some were led to the slaughter with the apathy of bullocks; while, by the other, not a few, with whom uncertainty had become intolerable, were led into uttering publicly the cry of *Vive le Roi!* or some other royalist watchword, that so their misery might at once be cut short by the executioner—if, in one word, we would bring ourselves into something like sympathetic accordance with the heart of the French nation as it throbbed during "The Terror"—we should best be able to do so by acquainting ourselves with some of those domestic tragedies, the catastrophe of which, equally with that of the grand historical drama, was brought about by the guillotine; and which, had they occurred as isolated cases, would have moved all our sympathy, though, because they occurred in crowds, and were left in the shade by more illustrious sorrows, general history has been unable to give them sufficient distinctness and individuality.

Upon such particular cases, however, even if we had the materials, we could not attempt to enter in such a notice of the Place de la Concorde as the present; and we therefore confine ourselves to bringing under one view the more remarkable of these political executions; the chief lesson to be read from such a narrative being, that, as was said at the time, a revolution, like Saturn, devours its own children; and that those who in such cases sow, are sure also to reap, the whirlwind.

The first victim we shall notice is King Louis XVI. His wife, children, and sister still ignorant that the night before they had already seen him for the last time, were still expecting, and now very anxiously, to see him yet once again, and receive his last embrace and blessing, when two hours had already been occupied in his slow passage from the Temple where he had left them imprisoned. These hours pass, and he has arrived at the place originally named after his immediate predecessor on the throne—the abominable man, the chastisement of whose iniquities was thus to be borne by his morally inno-

cent grandson. Louis XV. had died in his bed, untouched except by a few lampons, such as those which were affixed to his statue on this very Place; as, for instance, the one couched in the terms used by blind beggars, and in allusion to his infatuation for one of his mistresses, "Pity the poor blind man!" or that other, which, in reference to the statue being an equestrian one, with certain allegorical figures below, exclaimed:

"O la belle statue! ô beau piédestal!  
Les Vertus sont à pied, le Vice est à cheval!"

which may be Englished:

"O the fine statue! and pedestal to boot!  
Vice rides on horseback — the Virtues go on foot!"

Or, to give a third, which in truly ominous language, seized upon the name which the gold coin took from his, "Decree of the Mint, according to which an ill-executed Louis shall be struck over again." Yet Louis XV. died in his bed, we have said. Does any thought of the kind now pass over the mind of Louis XVI.? Presently, in his last moment, when the Abbé Edgeworth shall perhaps cry to him, "Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven!" will no secret voice whisper in his heart: "Heir of Charles IX.! descendant of Louis XIV. and of Louis XV.! because the sins of the fathers are to be visited on the children, pay for the deeds of your race since that guilty day of St. Bartholomew!" Or has the king thought, as he crossed the Place, of that terrible catastrophe of which it was the scene, when, on the occasion of the rejoicings for his nuptials, fifteen hundred persons were trampled to death there, and an omen was thereby given, which, even at the time, twenty years before, was regarded as such by the superstitious? But there is little respite now given him for reflections of any kind; the carriage stops at the foot of the scaffold; his Palace of the Tuileries is behind him, the guillotine before; he mounts the ladder, he is stripped of his coat and vest, they tie his hands to his back, and the blind vengeance of his enemies, urged on by their uneasy fears, has done its work.

Just six months later, there is an execution of a very different kind. It is that of Charlotte Corday for the murder of the atrocious Marat, "the sea-green monster," as Carlyle calls him, in allusion to his revolting complexion. We need not advert

to the well-known details of her crime. That it was a crime, and nothing else or less, is, we may however remark, a thing not sufficiently recognized. Let there be much pity for the mistaken girl; let all the distracting circumstances of that anomalous day be taken into account to extenuate her moral guilt; let it be fully recognized how decorous was her conduct after her crime, and how unimpeachable had been her character before it; but let not the crime itself be praised, as it has been by not a few. Lamartine, for instance, calls her "the angel of assassination," a phrase evidently meant to be strongly apologetic if not eulogistic; though to us it seems simply a ludicrous thing, namely, a Gallic Orientalism. Be it observed that, even were it for a moment admissible that evil may be done that good may come, in this case after the evil was done the good did not come; for the state of France became worse after Marat's death than even it had been before. Let us add, that taking a general view and looking over the whole list of political assassinations, judicial and private, we do not find one case in which the precise good which the assassin may have looked for, has been brought about his blow: whenever an individual has presumed to think that in his single person he might act as both judge and executioner, his ultimate object, however laudable, has never been attained; for even where the victim has been guilty, the destiny whatever it was, of which he was an instrument, has not the less had its accomplishment. Since Brutus killed Julius Cæsar to free Rome from tyranny, but thereby brought about the despotism of Augustus and his successors, the result in all such cases has ever been similar.

The next name on our list is that of the woman who, of all the sacrifices to the Revolution, is perhaps the one whose story most excites our indignation against her persecutors, and most claims our commiseration for their victim — the unfortunate Marie-Antoinette. Few women have ever suffered more; perhaps in all history there is not recorded a scene so heart-rending as that in which the now widowed mother had her child torn from her; when "after a contest of more than an hour with her passionate and imploring appeals for pity, the ruffians who took him from her, succeeded in doing so only by threatening that if she did not give up



her boy, they would kill him in her arms." After that, death must in reality have been a relief to her.

Their treatment of the Queen is indeed the greatest among the many great stains on the revolutionists, and it is strange that men who did not want intellectual acuteness, if they possessed no moral sensibilities, were blind to what an enduring monument they were building to their own infamy. Strange too that they should have been so blind in their hatred to her as not to see that they were doing what would make all her earlier thoughtlessness, and some other faults from which she was not exempt, be forgotten and forgiven her by posterity. For her memory is now kept very tenderly in the hearts of almost all. Never persecute your enemies to martyrdom, is a maxim which, even where higher and nobler feelings are unknown, should weigh with men, if they are not mere savages, as a worldly-wise one. As regards the policy of those who acted in the matter from policy, such as it was, and "in the hope to prove to their enemies that they were not afraid," we shall only say that it was the vain policy of cowards and bullies; while as to the blot left not merely on the revolutionists, but on France, by the execution of the Queen, we shall not say a word; the eloquence of Burke has made it patent forever. She was buried, as her husband had been, in the cemetery of the Madeleine de la Ville-l'Évêque, where indeed most of the bodies carried from the guillotine were interred. The receipt for the price of the coffin furnished for "Widow Capet," as she is designated in the document, is still extant, we believe. In 1815 search was made for the royal remains; some traces of them were found or were supposed to be found, and these were removed to St. Denis. And the cemetery above mentioned then became the site of what is called the Expiatory Chapel.

The next great scene on the Place was the execution of the Girondists. It took place on the 31st October, 1793, twenty-one of that party paying on that day the penalty of being more moderate than the rest of the Convention. Their story from first to last has been eloquently written, and on the whole fairly estimated, by Lamartine; we need not dwell upon it here. The Revolutionary Tribunal now first received that name and was brought into full operation, though essentially it

had existed from the 11th March, which is the proper date to which the beginning of the Reign of Terror is to be assigned.

Let us note here, that all along, while the guillotine was in permanent play, the people of Paris were amusing themselves as usual. The theaters, for instance, were as crowded as ever; and as in the infamous massacres of September, 1792, "while hundreds of arms were weary with slaying, hundreds of arms were weary with fiddling," so all along the usual drama of the stage went on side by side with the terrible drama of reality. We have before us lists of the plays performed at different theaters on some of the days we have mentioned. On the evening of the day on which the King was executed, pieces entitled, *Amorous Follies*, *The Prodigal Son*, *Unforeseen Events*, *The Friend of the Family*, and Molière's *Médecin malgré lui*, were amongst those presented. From witnessing the death of Charlotte Corday, people went to see *Orpheus and Eurydice*, *The Judgment of Paris*, *The Conciliator*, *The Club of Sans-Souci*, or perhaps *Arlequin Cruello*; from hooting at the Queen on her way to the scaffold, the Parisians met to enjoy *The Offering to Liberty*, and the ballet of *Telemachus* at the Opera, or to laugh at *The Mistress Servant*, and the three hundred and fiftieth representation of *Nicodemus in the Moon*, at the Théâtre Français of the Rue de Bondi. On the night that followed the sacrifice of the Girondists, one theater gave *Allons, ça ira*; another, *The Forced Revenge*; the Théâtre de la République, as if in mockery, *The Moderate Man*. Yet every where was Terror! The explanation of the apparent inconsistency involves a curious philosophical investigation on which we of course can not here enter.

The next on our list is Egalité, the Duke of Orleans. His life had been infamous; his orgies in the Palais-Royal had shown his moral character; his conduct in the action off Ushant, against the British fleet under Keppel, had caused him to be accused of wanting what has rarely if ever been wanting in his family, physical courage; of moral courage his vote for the death of his royal cousin had proved him to be wholly devoid. Yet this man, we are told, went to the scaffold calmly, and died with dignity and firmness; a proof how easily the "stoic vir-

tues" which were the fashion of the day might be assumed for the occasion.

The times were full of contrasts. Two days after the execution of the Duke of Orleans the guillotine struck off the noble head of Madame Roland. To mention her name will suffice here. It is as universally honored as it is known.

And as still another contrast, let us place in juxtaposition with Madame Roland one of her own sex who mounted the scaffold, now constantly slippery with blood, one month after her. This was the Comtesse du Barry, the last mistress of Louis XV. She was certainly a vile person. Yet it may be doubted if she was always justly maligned, and was really so bad as her enemies represented her to be. Sprung from the lowest ranks of the people, it was natural that on her elevation, if such it may be called, she should be detested by the ladies of high degree, who thought that their privileges were infringed upon when the King took a concubine who did not belong to their order, and considered it a mortal insult to the *noblesse* that a Montespan and a Châteauroux should be succeeded in the favor of their royal masters by a creature from the neighborhood of the Halles. The Marquise de Pompadour, it is true, was also of plebeian origin, having been the daughter of a butcher; but she, while she reigned over Louis XV., made herself a political power and a personage to be feared, and consequently a character to be respected by the courtier aristocracy. Madame du Barry, on the contrary, was not ambitious of authority, wielded no *lettres de cachet*, meddled with affairs of state as little as she possibly could, and only when she was made a tool; it was not unsafe, therefore, to load her with abuse. When she was brought to the scaffold she displayed extreme terror, and behaved altogether in a very weak way: "Mr. Executioner," she cried in the violence of her despair, "one moment more! one moment more!" And instead of yielding herself up with dignity into his hands, she struggled so much, that he, and his assistants too, had to put forth all their strength before they could get her tied to the plank. Very weak and very undignified such conduct certainly was; yet an acute writer has remarked in reference to it, that had there been more of nature like this, and less of artificial "stoicism" in the conduct of the earlier victims to the guillotine,

human nature would surely have responded to the appeal wrung from humanity, and not have looked on at the slaughtering of months with an inhuman stoicism correlative to that of the sufferers.

We have beheld the fall of the Girondists; two other parties are now about to follow them in quick succession. The former of these is that the leaders of which were the infamous Hébert, the madman Anacharsis Clotz, Gobet the apostate bishop, and others of the same stamp. They were executed, to the number of eighteen, on the 24th March, 1794. This was the most abominable faction of all; the spirit of it seemed to proceed from reason wholly disordered, urged on by passion wholly depraved; it is difficult to say what they aimed at, probably they themselves did not know; perhaps the best idea of their principles, or rather we should say some echo of their clamors, will be conveyed by the name they received, that of "Anarchists." Hébert's journal, called the "*Père Duchêne*," was an execrable thing, teeming with obscenity and atrocity of every kind. We only mention it for the purpose of noting the fact that, at the Revolution of 1848, in which some absurd "*citoyens*" and "*citoyennes*" made a happily feeble effort to imitate closely the great Revolution, there actually was published in Paris for a short time, as if even the most loathsome peculiarities of their supposed prototypes were to be aped, a modern "*Père Duchêne*." Be it said, however, to the credit of more modern times, that it really was less a flagitious than merely a silly production.

The other party to which we have just alluded, fell a fortnight after the Anarchists; it was the more formidable party, of which Danton, Camille Desmoulins, Héault de Séchelles, and Westermann, were the chiefs. Their alleged crime was a conspiracy to reëstablish the monarchy, one proof of which was offered in the clemency they had begun to preach; their real offense was their growing resistance to Robespierre. Every thing is comparative; and clement they certainly were becoming, in comparison with that man and his satellites; yet Danton had been the chief instigator of the September massacres in the prisons. He too it had been who at the time of the King's condemnation exclaimed: "The coalized kings threaten us; we throw down to them as gage of battle the head of a king!" Now

that his own head fell, it was worth showing to the people, as he said himself. He was just thirty-five years of age; Camille Desmoulins only thirty-two. The wife of the latter, the beautiful, tender, and devoted Lucile, with a lock of whose hair in his hand he died, sought to share his fate, and was not disappointed. Ten days later, on the pretense of being concerned in a supposed plot called the Conspiracy of the Prisons, she too was condemned and executed.

And now came the very spring-tide of blood. Up to as many as seventy heads would fall in one day: it was in contemplation, just when the Reign of Terror was suddenly brought to a close, that a hundred and fifty should be the daily number. And it was no longer the higher classes only, or prominently obnoxious individuals, who were sacrificed; the proscriptions had descended through every rank to the very lowest, and no degree of obscurity was a guarantee of safety; the classified lists of the sufferers show an extraordinary proportion of small tradespeople, workmen, and day-laborers. Farther, discrimination had become impossible, not only of the alleged offense but even as to the identity of the accused; and cases of sheer blunder in this way must have been frequent, and would have been so even if the trials had not been made mere mockeries intentionally. Finally, the tyrants of the hour showed a degree of vindictiveness unparalleled except occasionally in the barbarous East. For instance, a young woman, named Cecile Renaud, having formed a design against the life of Robespierre, which, had she succeeded in carrying it into execution, would probably have made her more famous than even Charlotte Corday, was condemned to death for it, and guillotined. But not she alone: the whole of her kindred, to the number of sixty, suffered death because of her; among them being some young men who at the very time were bravely fighting on the frontiers in defense of their country.

And now, too, while obscurity was no protection, the highest virtues seemed actually to mark the possessor of them as proper for the guillotine. Malesherbes, the noble old man, who, at the age of seventy-two, from the retirement into which he had been driven before the Revolution, on the rejection of his wise counsels by the Court, emerged so generously

and intrepidly to defend the King on his trial, was now put to death; and along with him his whole family, without a single exception. A monument, completed in 1826, was erected to his memory in the Palais de Justice by Louis XVIII.; and the inscription on it, from the well-qualified hand of that King himself, aptly characterizes him: "*Strenue, semper fidelis regi suo, in solio veritatem, praesidium in carcere attulit.*" A noble fidelity indeed; the double nobleness of which was rewarded by disgrace in the one instance, and death in the other, as the faithful old man knew well beforehand it would be.

A fortnight after Malesherbes, a man illustrious in another way shared his fate—the celebrated Lavoisier, one of the founders of modern chemical science. His offense was his having been a farmer-general of taxes. Thirty others of that class, not all of whom it is probable were so innocent as he, were executed at the same time. The specific charge against him was that he had adulterated some tobacco. After his condemnation, he asked for a short respite that he might complete some experiments in which he had been engaged when arrested; his judges refused the application, with the characteristic remark, "that the Republic had no need of chemists." Other ornaments of their age, such for instance as André Chenier, might be mentioned among the victims; but we shall now only notice what was the crowning crime of the Revolution, the execution of the sister of Louis XVI., Madame Elizabeth; the excellent woman, the blameless princess, who at the age of thirty years and eight days, after a rigorous imprisonment of twenty-one months in the Temple, expiated on the scaffold her sole offense—her being of royal blood. All along her passage to the guillotine, incredible as it may seem, she was hooted by the infamous and dastardly crowd; her serenity, however, did not fail her for a moment, nor her firmness. She stood on the platform while twenty-four other distinguished prisoners of either sex were put to death before her; they, as the turn of each came, making her a respectful obeisance, which she acknowledged with affectionate signs of recognition. She died as she had lived, without fear, because without reproach.

Shortly after this, the people inhabiting the neighborhood of the Place began, callous as they were, to murmur at the

presence of the permanent guillotine upon it, and at last, for a change, Robespierre had it removed to the Barrière du Trône. Thence, on the twenty-eighth July, 1794, it was brought back to its old site for his own execution.

This made the catastrophe of the terrible tragedy. With Robespierre, of whom we need here say no more, since of his real character, completely misunderstood at the time, a more correct estimate has latterly come to be formed, perished twenty-one other members of the commune; among whom we may notice, as representing two extremes, St. Just, the cold apostle of unmitigated Reason; and Simon, the representative of Passion in its most debased and brutal form of sheer cruelty. This wretch, it will be remembered, was the shoemaker to whose tender mercies the poor young Dauphin was committed, "to be got rid of;" not violently, but by systematic ill-usage of mind and body. Within a week after, above a hundred real or supposed accomplices of Robespierre were guillotined. It is not to be forgotten, as evidencing the spirit of the time, that the whole family of the Duplays, with the exception of the mother, she having already been murdered in her own house by female furies, were involved in his fate; merely inasmuch as it had been with them he had lodged, and that one of the daughters was to have been his wife. So that the very men who were punishing the atrocities of the Terrorists, thus rivaled them at that very moment in their iniquity.

All parties one after the other, had now suffered; the Royalists indeed had suffered throughout, but by their side the scaffold had been trodden in succession by men of every shade of opinion among the Republicans. The lesson is an instructive one,

for the fact seems to point to a law. Many other illustrations of the same significance might be given. To offer only one: Where are now the chiefs of the French Revolution of 1848? The fruit of that revolution still exists, and visibly enough, in the present empire and its natural consequences; but where are the revolutionists of February? Where is Lamartine? Where Ledru-Rollin? Where Louis Blanc? Where are the other members of the Provisional Government? Historical events may resemble each other without being identical in details; and in 1848, the guillotine was not as before brought into action. But while they have physically survived, what else are those men now but politically dead and buried? It was somewhat curious, we may say in passing, to see how in 1848 one of the first acts of the Provisional Government was to declare that the punishment of death for political offenses was abolished. Certainly some among them were actuated by the purest motives possible, and in that their act they were only following out the conviction of their lives; but with others it was, we think, very much a measure of precaution, prompted by the instinct which whispered to them that very soon, in the gyrations of the Revolution, they might find themselves on the lower side of the wheel.

We have only here to add, with regard to the Place which has been our subject, that while its present name is that which we have given it in the title of this article, and while its original one was taken, as has been said, from the king in whose reign it was laid out, the designation very appropriately assigned to it at the time when the guillotine was its most distinctive feature, was the *Place de la Révolution*.

From the National Review.

## REVELATION; WHAT IT IS NOT AND WHAT IT IS.\*

As there is a substance, we believe, which not only burns in water, but actually kindles at the very touch of water, so there certainly are insatiable doubts, which not only resist the power, but seem to kindle at the very center of Christian faith. There is one question which we should have supposed set at rest forever in the mind of any man who believes either in the revelations of conscience or those of Scripture—the question whether or not it is permitted to man to *know*, and grow in the knowledge of God. If that be not possible, we, for our part, should have assumed that religion was a name for unwise, because useless, yearnings in the heart of man; and the Revelation—whether natural or supernatural—which professes to satisfy those yearnings, simply a delusion. Yet so numerous and closely twined are the threads of human faith and skepticism, that probably half the Christian world scarcely knows whether to think God himself the subject of Revelation, or only some fragment of his purposes for man; while professed apologists for Christianity are often, like Mr. Mansel, far firmer believers in the irremovable veil which covers the face of God, than in the faint gleams of light which manage to penetrate what they hold to be its almost opaque texture. And, as we have intimated, this doubt is not only not extinguished by the Christian Revelation, but it seems in some cases even to feed on its very essence. Mr. Mansel seems to regard the Christian revelation almost as express evidence that God is inscrutable and inaccessible

to man, in that it only provides for us a “finite” type of the infinite mystery, and presents to us in Christ not, he thinks, the truth of God, but the best approximation to that truth—though possibly infinitely removed from it—of which “finite” minds are capable. In other words, he believes in the veil even more intensely than in the revelation: nay, he seems to think this profound conviction—that the veil is inherent in the very essence of our human nature, and indissoluble even by death itself, unless death can dis sever the formal laws of human and finite thought—likely to enhance our reverence for the voices, so mysteriously “adapted” to finite intelligence, which float to us from behind it. “In this impotence of Reason,” he says, “we are compelled to take refuge in faith, and to believe that an Infinite Being exists, though we know not how; and that he is the same with that being who is made known in consciousness as our Sustainer and our Lawgiver.” And again, in the preface to his new edition:

“It has been objected by reviewers of very opposite schools, that to deny to man a knowledge of the Infinite, is to make Revelation itself impossible, and to leave no room for evidences on which reason can be legitimately employed. The objection would be pertinent, if I had ever maintained that Revelation is, or can be, a direct manifestation of the Infinite nature of God. But I have constantly asserted the very reverse. In Revelation, as in Natural Religion, God is represented under finite conceptions, adapted to finite minds; and the evidences on which the authority of Revelation rests are finite and comprehensible also. It is true that in Revelation, no less than in the exercise of our natural faculties, there is indirectly indicated the existence of a higher truth, which, as it can not be grasped by any effort of human thought, can not be made the vehicle of any valid philosophical criticism. But the comprehension of this higher truth is no more necessary either to a belief in the contents of Revelation, or to a reasonable examination of its evidences, than a conception of the infinite divisibility of matter is necessary to the child before it can learn to walk.”

\* *What is Revelation? A Series of Sermons on the Epiphany; to which are added "Letters to a Student of Theology on the Bampton Lectures of Mr. Mansel."* By the Rev. F. D. MAURICE, M.A. Cambridge: Macmillan. 1859.

*Preface to the Third Edition of Mr. Mansel's Bampton Lectures on the Limits of Religious Thought.* London: Murray. 1857.

*Characteristics of the Gospel Miracles: Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge.* By F. B. WESTCOTT, M.A. Cambridge: Macmillan.

The fact of Revelation, as it is conceived by Mr. Mansel, is, then, a mere adaptation of Truth to human forms of thought, whether it come through conscience or through Scripture; in both cases alike it is the formation in our minds of a "representative idea," or type, of God, not the direct presentation of the Divine Life to our spirits, which he believes that we could not receive and live. By conscience the vision of a holy but finite Judge, Lawgiver, Father, is borne in upon our hearts, namely, through the consciousness of our dependence and of moral obligation; by Scripture the historical picture of a finite law, a Providence adapted to finite minds, and lastly, a finite but perfect Son is presented to our eyes. Thus certain messages have issued from the depths of the infinite mystery, which have been mercifully translated for us into the meager forms of human thought: some of them are spontaneously welcomed by human consciences; others, attested as they are by superhuman marvels, and not inconsistent with the revelations of the conscience, are accepted as convincing by human reason; and both alike help to teach us—not what God is—but how we may think of him with least risk of unspeakable error. By these necessarily indirect hints, as the truest of which our nature is capable, Mr. Mansel entreats us to hold, and to guide our footsteps; calling them "regulative truths," by which he means the best *working hypothesis* we are able to attain of the character and purposes of God. They are the only palliatives of that darkness, to which the blinding vail of a human nature inevitably dooms us. Revelation, we are told, can not unloose the "cramping" laws of a limited consciousness; it can not help the finite to apprehend the infinite; but it can do something to guide us in our blindness, so that we may not unconsciously fall foul of the forces and laws of that infinite world which we are unable to know; it can give us a "conception" of God, which is quite true enough as a practical manual for human conduct. But, to use Mr. Mansel's own words, "how far that knowledge represents God as he is, we know not, and have no need to know."

With this theory of Mr. Mansel's we have already dealt in part.\* We should

rejoice that it had been given to the world if only for the reply which it has called forth from Mr. Maurice—a reply which is not merely an embodiment of a completely opposite conviction, but the insurrection of an outraged faith, the protest of a whole character against a doctrine which pronounces that all the springs of its life have been delusions, and which tries to pass off human notions of God in the place of God. Books generally go but a little way below the outer varnish of men's individual culture; and it is not a little delightful to meet with any that has all the various life and complexity of the mind itself. The somewhat thin and triumphant logic of the Bampton Lectures, the evident preference for analyzing the notions of man rather than returning to the study of the realities from which those notions were first derived; the dogmatic condemnation of human Reason to be imprisoned as long as it remains human in "the *Finite*;" and finally, and most of all, the gospel of God's inaccessibility—might in any case probably have drawn from Mr. Maurice a solemn protest; but when all these instruments are used avowedly in defense of Christianity, and Christ is himself put forward, not as the perfect Revelation, but as the least inadequate symbol of the divine nature, we do not wonder that the tone of Mr. Maurice's reply is, if always charitable, often sad and stern. Mr. Mansel preaches that the sphere of Reason is the field of human things; Mr. Maurice, that every fruitful study of human things implies a real insight into things divine. Mr. Mansel holds that the human mind is "cramped by its own laws;" and that divine realities, therefore, so far as they can be the subject of its thoughts at all, must be stunted, or, as the phrase is, "accommodated" to the unfortunately dwarfed dimensions of the recipient: Mr. Maurice holds that the mind of man is "adapted" to lay a gradual hold of the divine truth it is to apprehend, and to grow into its immensity; instead of the divine truth being "adapted" to the little capacities of the human mind. Mr. Mansel holds, as we have seen, that Christianity tells us just enough to keep us right with a God whom we can not really know; Mr. Maurice, that the only way we can be so kept right is by a direct and, in its highest form, *conscious* participation in the very life of God.

\* In our January Number, (No. XV., Art. IX.)

In attempting to discuss, with the help of our authors, the true meaning and objects of a divine Revelation, we shall not again travel over the ground which we have before disputed with Mr. Mansel. His position, that the so-called laws of human thought are "laws" in the sense of arbitrary restrictions on intellectual freedom, and not qualifications for real knowledge of any thing deeper and wider than our own minds, we have already sufficiently examined. We saw every reason to think that the phenomena which induced him to despair of our capacity for any divine insight were phenomena inherent in all intelligence, human or divine, because describing the very essence of intelligence.\* To this ground, therefore,

\* Mr. Mansel, in his new preface, quotes our observation, that "relative apprehension is always and necessarily of two terms together; if of sound, then also of silence; if of succession, then also of duration; if of the finite, then also of the infinite;" and replies: "This is true as regards the meaning of the words, but by no means as regards the corresponding objects. If extended to the latter, it should in consistency be asserted that the conception of that which is conceivable involves also the conception of that which is inconceivable; that the consciousness of any thing is also the consciousness of nothing; that the intuition of space and time is likewise the intuition of the absence of both." Mr. Mansel has here supplied us with an excellent illustration of the truth of our special position as to Finite and Infinite Space. No doubt the general law of relative apprehension, as applied to language, would require only that we should apprehend equally the meaning of the relative terms, and not the corresponding objects. To understand what I mean by "conceivable," I must understand what I mean by "inconceivable;" and perhaps the case of "sound" and "silence" is, as applied to the knowledge received by a special sense, a discrimination of the same kind. We insisted on this universal law, that the whole force of *apprehension* really consists in *discrimination*, only because Mr. Mansel seemed to us to represent this relativity of human thought as an imbecility requiring apology to those higher intelligences which, as he seems to suppose, can apprehend all things without discriminating one thing from another. But this general relativity of human apprehension was not the main fact referred to in the passage from which Mr. Mansel quotes. We were referring more particularly then to *special* pairs of relative apprehensions, which are not merely united together in logical significance, but which, as thus united, carry with them a conviction of objective reality, or in other words, which carry belief. In the case of "succession" and "duration," "change" and "cause," "Finite Space" and "Infinite Space," the tie is not logical, but real. No one can conceive "succession" without postulating infinite duration, nor awake to the consciousness of duration without an actual succession. No one can think of finite space without postulating infinite space, nor awake to the

we shall not now return; but assuming at once that there is nothing in the essential character of human thought to betray its own *à priori* incapacity for venturing into every region into which human wants force us to gaze, let us take up the argument at once in its direct bearing on our communion with God, and see whether Mr. Mansel has really any adequate ground for the assumption which his opponent, we think truly, regards as destructive of the very spring of faith—that though able to convince ourselves that God does exist, the mere "infinite" of his Nature renders it impossible for us to hold converse with him. Passing as rapidly as may be over these somewhat artificial earlier difficulties, we shall reserve Mr. Maurice's help for the more positive and constructive part of our inquiry.

On what, then, does Mr. Mansel base his assumptions? Mainly on this, that if we really do hold direct and conscious converse with God, we should find the results of that converse, and of aptitude for it, inscribed on our mental constitution.

consciousness of infinite space without an actual experience of finite space. No one can think of a "change" without postulating a "cause," nor ask for a "cause" without consciousness of a "change." The "conceivable" and the "inconceivable" are mere logical correlatives, in which neither term carries any belief. "The conceivable" is not a district cut out of a Whole described as "the inconceivable," as Finite Space is with respect to the Whole of Infinite Space. The very word "finite" bears in itself testimony to the positive meaning in infinite, and therein alone differs from "definite," which would be fully adequate to express all that is expressed by "finite," if there were no more than an unsuccessful attempt to lay down a limit—if there were not an absolute denial of a limit—in the word Infinite. In the special cases referred to, then, the correlative is not formal and logical, but a real correlative in belief. We must say we can not even understand what thinkers so accomplished as Sir W. Hamilton and Mr. Mansel mean when they talk of "Infinite" and "Infinitesimal" as purely negative ideas, implying only *failures* to think. Almost every one knows that mathematicians practically use these ideas—distinguishing even between various *orders* of infinitude with accurate results. The merest school-boy knows, for instance, that an infinitely small line, though of course impossible to picture, is a reality, and so different in kind from a point, that it can be shown geometrically to contain as many points as the longest line in Nature. Is this all a jargon without meaning, though it is a demonstrable certainty? As applied to "personalities," which are neither capable of increase nor diminution, the terms "Infinite" and "Finite" have either no meaning, or a totally different one; and hence much of Mr. Mansel's confusion.

"A presentative revelation implies faculties in man which can receive the presentation; and such faculties will also furnish the conditions of constructing a philosophical theory of the object presented." With the first part of this sentence every one must agree; if God can be present, as we believe, to the human mind, there must be faculties in us which enable us to discern that presence. But the latter assertion, that such faculties will also enable us to construct "a philosophical theory of the object presented," seems to us a most amazing and gratuitous assertion. A philosophical theory is possible when we stand above our object, not when we stand beneath it. The learner has faculties by which to learn; but if what he studies is inexhaustible, he will never have a "philosophical theory" of it. Principles, no doubt, he will reach; certain truths to mark his progress he will discover; he will know that he *understands* better and better that which he can never *comprehend*; but a theory of the whole he can never attain unless the whole be within the limited range of his powers. Hence we entirely deny Mr. Mansel's assumption, that direct converse with God implies faculties for constructing "a theory" of God. This is the fundamental error of his work. He admits no knowledge except that which is on a level with its object. Nothing is easier than to prove that no plummet of human Reason can measure depths of the divine mind; nothing false than to suppose that this incapacity shuts us out entirely from that Mind, and proves it to be the painted veil of "representative notions" of God, and not God himself, who has filled our spirits in the act of worship.

We hold, then, that this is Mr. Mansel's first, and perhaps deepest, error. He sees that we have no "theory" of God which is not presumptuous and self-contradictory, and he argues therefrom that we have no knowledge. Surely he might have learned better from the simplest facts of human life. Have we any "theory" of any human being that will bear a moment's examination? Yet is our communion with our fellow-men limited to a consciousness of our own notions of them? Are not "fixed ideas" of human things a sign of a proud and meager intellect? Yet Mr. Mansel practically denies all knowledge of divine things, except knowledge through "fixed ideas." He mis-

takes that which hides God from us for that which reveals him. "Notions," "fixed ideas," of God, no doubt, and very poor ones too, we have in abundance; but instead of being the media of our knowledge, they are more often the veil which every true moral experience has to tear aside. When we turn to him with loving heart and conscience, we find half the crystallized and petrified ideas, professing to represent his attributes, dissipated like mists before the sun. To know is not to have a notion which stands in the place of the true object, but to be in direct communion with the true object. And this is exactly the most possible, where theory, or complete knowledge, is least possible. We know the "abysmal depths" of personality, but have no theory of them. We know love and hatred, but have no theory of them. We know God better than we know ourselves, better than we know any other human being, better than we know either love or hatred; but have no theory, simply because we stand under and not above him. We can recognize and learn, but never comprehend. It is therefore idle to argue that knowing faculties imply the means of "constructing a philosophical theory," when every case in which living beings share their life and experience with us adds to our knowledge and to our grasp of principles; whereas we can construct "theories" about only the most simple and abstract sciences.

But this point granted, Mr. Mansel takes his next stand in favor of a merely "notional" theology on the *infinite* nature of God. Admit, he says, that we can not adequately comprehend our relations with finite realities, still such knowledge as we have of them may be direct, because our knowing power bears some definite proportion to the object known. But knowledge of an infinite being should either imply or generate — so he reasons — infinite ideas in your own intellect. Have you such ideas? If so, produce them. If not, admit at once that what knowledge you have of such beings is not direct, not first-hand at all, but at best only by representative ideas — miniature copies of the Reality on an infinitely reduced scale. The object to be known is unlimited; the intellectual receptacle a very narrow cell. There can be no room there for that which it professes to hold; if, therefore, any thing which gives a real



notion of that object actually has managed to squeeze in, it can only be a minute image, a faint symbol, an "adaptation" to the poverty of human nature. Only a finite fraction of the infinite Reality could be apprehended by a finite intelligence at best; and that, of course, would give far less conception of the whole than a representative idea, reduced proportionately in all its parts to suit "the apprehensive powers of the recipient." Such is, as far as we understand it, the nature of Mr. Mansel's objection. "In whatever affection," he says, "we become conscious of our relation with the Supreme Being, *we can discern that consciousness only by reflecting on it under its proper notion.*" Mr. Mansel does reflect on it, through many lectures, under several "notions," which he at least conceives to be "proper;" and finding them all what he terms finite, he ends by telling us that the human mind can only apprehend a finite type of God, and yet is compelled to believe that God is infinite: whence he argues we can have no direct knowledge of God at all, but can only study a limited symbol of him, which he himself has mercifully introduced into our minds, and reproduced in an objective and more perfect form in the incarnation of Christ. And if, still dissatisfied, any one suggests to Mr. Mansel that knowledge of God, like knowledge of human things, may be partial, but yet direct, and progressive, in short, a real and growing union of our mind with his—he replies:

"The supposition refutes itself: to have a partial knowledge of an object is to know a part of it, but not the whole. But the part of the infinite which is supposed to be known, must be itself either infinite or finite. If it is infinite, it presents the same difficulties as before; if it is finite, the point in question is conceded, and our consciousness is allowed to be limited to finite objects. But in truth it is obvious, on a moment's reflection, that neither the Absolute nor the Infinite can be represented in the form of a Whole composed of parts. Not the Absolute, for the existence of the Whole is dependent on the existence of its parts; not the Infinite, for if any part is Infinite, it can not be distinguished from the Whole; and if each part is finite, no number of such parts can constitute the infinite."

Now what does all this prove? This, and this only: that if we take the words "Absolute" and "Infinite" to mean that He to whom they are applicable *chokes up* the universe, mental and physical, and

prevents the existence of every one else, then it is nonsense and clear contradiction for any one else, who is conscious of his own existence, to use these words of God at all. Surely this might have been said without so much circumlocution. And what does Mr. Mansel thereby gain? Simply, as far as we can see, that he has established the certain non-existence of any Being *in this sense* "absolute" or "infinite." Mr. Mansel denies this, and says: "No, I have only proved that a philosophy of the Absolute and Infinite is impossible to man." But if we ask, Why not to God also, and to all rational beings who do not believe in any philosophy of self-contradictions and chimeras? he will immediately turn upon us and say: "Because, after all, you must admit that there is an 'Absolute' and an 'Infinite,' and that these terms ought to apply to God. It is our incompetence to conceive that involves us in all these self-contradictions. If you are going to deny the existence of the 'Absolute' and 'Infinite,' you will get into as much trouble in another direction as if you admit and try to reason upon them. Suppose there is no Infinite and Absolute, and we must assume the universe to be made up of finites, and to be itself finite; which is the more inexplicable alternative of the two?"

Now, in reply to this reasoning, we must say very explicitly that it is a mere playing fast and loose with words. Mr. Mansel first wants the words "Infinite" and "Absolute" to exclude all limitation or order of all sorts. Every thing like essential laws of mind or character—every mental or moral condition or constitution, self-imposed or otherwise, under which the Divine mind could act—he calls a limitation, and excludes from the meaning of the words. When he has proved, what is exceedingly easy to prove on such an hypothesis, that we can only speak of the Infinite in self-contradictions, he says: "Well, then, here is an end of the Absolute and Infinite. Clearly we are unable to grasp this; but the only alternative is the 'relative' and 'finite,' an alternative still more inexplicable." And now, by "finite," we must remember, he means, not that which acts under given conditions—under the limitations, say, of a Perfect Nature, infinitely rich in creative power, though of *ordered* Creative Power, issuing from the depths of an Eternal Holiness and Eternal Reason—but limited

in every direction; conditioned every where, not by the life-giving order of Character, but by the helplessness of external bonds. We have no hesitation in saying that between unlimited Infinitude, understood in that sense in which Mr. Mansel professes to think that less imbecile mental constitutions than ours would find no contradictions, and the absolutely cramped and fettered Finitude, understood in the sense in which there is no realm of unlimited development and free creation at all — between these extremes, we say, the whole universe of mind, from the Divine to the human, is necessarily comprehended. The one alternative, which Mr. Mansel does not deign to admit into his religious dilemma even hypothetically—that of unlimited energy, conditioned by definite laws, moral and spiritual—is that which the Revelation of Conscience and the Revelation of history alike reveal to us as the actual standard of perfection. The sense in which the “Absolute” and “Infinite” are really self-contradictory terms, is the sense in which we try to make them proof against every limitation; and they are so in that case for the very simple reason, that the absence of all positive characteristics is, as Mr. Mansel has himself admitted, not only as great, but really a far greater limitation than the presence of those characteristics would be. A vacuum is certainly not limited, like a human being, by any specific mode of life; but it must be said to be still more limited by the absence of all modes of life whatever. On the other hand, the sense in which the Conscience and Reason of man eagerly assert the reality of an “Infinite” and “Absolute” Being, is not in the least the sense in which they are self-contradictory terms. We are forced to believe in a being whose moral and intellectual constitution is, not vaguer and less orderly, but infinitely distincter and more rich in definite qualities and characteristics than our own; but whose free Creative Energies, as determined by those characteristics, are infinitely greater also. The mental constitution which impresses Order on the operation of Power is not, we are taught alike by conscience and inspiration, a true limitation on life, in the sense of a fetter; but is rather in itself a proper fountain of fresh life, and a conservation of Power which would otherwise neutralize itself. Our incapacity to conceive the “Infinite”

and “Absolute,” in the sense in which they repudiate all conditions, turns out to be a positive qualification for conceiving them as names of God. We want them as describing attributes in which we can trust, and we can only trust in the attributes of a perfectly holy, and therefore, in some sense, defined Nature.

We may be fully satisfied, then, as the great revelation of all experience, that the real fullness and perfection of character which we vainly strive to express by the word “infinite” is not gained by the absence, but by the expansion and deepening, of those defined moral qualities which Mr. Mansel wants to persuade us are to be considered mere limitations of nature. When, for instance, he applies the word “infinite,” in its physical sense, to the divine personality, and asks if it does not exclude all other beings, because any other really free will must impose a limit on the operation of the divine will — we ask if there would not be far deeper limitation in the denial to God of the possibility of that divine love which can exercise itself only on free wills. That only can be considered a real limitation which chokes the springs of spiritual life; and all selfimposed limitation on absolute power which is the condition of a real exercise of the spiritual or higher springs of life is the reverse of real limitation. This is the lesson of every human responsibility. Is not every new duty, social or moral, a limitation of some kind—an obligation to others which at least in some direction appears to impose a limit on us, and yet which enlarges the whole scope of our nature? And is it not equally clear that a divine solitude would be more limited by the necessity of solitude, than by the freedom of the beings who are learning to share the divine life?

Mr. Mansel will say that all this is playing into his hands. He had desired to persuade us that all direct knowledge of God was impossible, because we can not tell what is limitation and what is not; in other words, we can form no adequate “conception” of fullness or perfection of life. What seems to us limitation, may be, not limitation, but a mode of divine power; what we reverently think of as belonging to God because it is included in our notion of power, may not really belong to Him, but be, in fact, a human limitation. Assuredly this is so. We have already admitted that if adequate or

exhaustive notions, not of God only, but of any living being, were needful to us for direct knowledge, we should have no direct knowledge of life at all. But we have been protesting against Mr. Mansel, not for saying that we have no adequate conception of God, but for saying that we can not be conscious of his presence with us, conscious of the life we do receive from him, conscious of what he really is, in the same, indeed even in a far higher sense than that in which we are conscious of what human beings are. We can not tell whether this or that would be a limitation on the divine essence; but we can tell whether love and righteousness and power flow from him into us. Does this give us no knowledge of God? Does this give us no communion with him? "No," says Mr. Mansel; "for 'love' and 'righteousness,' and 'power,' can be received into your minds only in finite parcels, which give no approximation to a knowledge of their infinite fountain." Here, again, we come upon that delusive and positive use of the word "infinite" which, in spite of Mr. Mansel's protest that "infinite" has only a negative meaning, runs through his whole book. He says we do not know what "infinite" means, and therefore can not know that the "finite" is like the "infinite." We know God's love, and are obliged to believe that it is immeasurably deeper than we can know; and Mr. Mansel wishes to persuade us that this last faith may change the whole meaning of the first, that the very depth and truth which we assert ourselves unable to gauge ought to be a source of doubt whether we know the reality at all. A life comes into a man, the depths of which he can not sound; and his very conviction that he has not the capacity to comprehend its fullness is to empty it of all defined meaning! Surely Mr. Mansel must see that "infinite" is a mere hollow word when used in this way. The conviction we express by that word is simply that what we know to be restraints on our highest and fullest life do not exist in God; but this conviction, instead of leading us to fear that righteousness and love change their nature in him because he is "infinite," fills us with certainty that they do not. In short, righteousness and love are qualities which, if we are competent to know them really at all in any single act of God's, we know to be the same in all acts; and all that we mean

by calling them infinite is, that we have more and more to learn about them forever, which will not change and weaken, but confirm and deepen, the truth gained in every previous act of our knowledge. Mr. Mansel's notion, that because our knowing capacity is limited and God inexhaustible, we can never know directly more than such a fraction of his nature as would be rather a mockery than a personal revelation, is a mere physical metaphor. Our capacity for knowing may be limited either so that partial knowledge is *delusive*, (as of one corner of a figure,) if taken for the whole; or so only that it is true in kind, and extends to the whole, but utterly inadequate in depth. The latter is of course true of all direct knowledge of a *personality*, which we know to be one and indivisible. What we do not know is, then, mainly, the immeasurable range and inexhaustible depth of that which in a single act we do know. Or if there be other characteristics as yet wholly unknown, we know them to be in harmony, because belonging to the same perfect personality with those we do know.

In brief, we may sum up our differences with Mr. Mansel on this head by saying, that if "infinite" is to mean the exclusion of all definiteness of nature and character—then we do know, and he himself admits that it has no application to God, if only because it would itself be a far greater limitation than that which it excluded; that if, on the other hand, it be admitted to be consistent with a defined character and constitution, and to mean rather "perfect"—then that we certainly have not an abstract idea of what this is, but have positive faculties for gradual conscious recognition of such a Perfect being when manifested to our Conscience and Reason, and an inextinguishable faith in his perfection even as unmanifested. Finally, that if it be maintained that what we can thus recognize is as nothing when compared with what is beyond our vision, we may admit it, provided only that what we do know is direct knowledge, and knowledge of God, not of a part of God; and that it carries with it not merely a hope, but a *certainty*, that the inexhaustible depths still unrevealed will only deepen and extend, instead of falsifying, that knowledge at which we have arrived.

We have dwelt somewhat long on what seem to us the most transparent sophisms,

because it is on them that Mr. Mansel relies for his assertion that our knowledge of God can not be direct; that Revelation can not reveal him, but only a finite type of him, more or less different from the reality—how different no one can dare to say. Such a position destroys all interest in the Revelation when it comes. If it be only a working hypothesis, to keep us, while confined in the human, from blindly and unconsciously dashing ourselves against the laws of the divine; if it merely says, "Take this chart, which necessarily alters the infinite infinitely to make it finite; but nevertheless if you steer by it, it will save you as much from the rocks as if it were true"—we do not believe any body would care much for Revelation at all. We should say: "Show us fresh realities, and whether they be finite or infinite, we will attend; but as for these magical clues, which only promise to keep us right, without showing us how or why, we would rather be wrecked against one really discovered rock, we would rather founder in the attempt to sound on our own 'dim and perilous way,' than be constantly obeying directions which are mere accommodations to our ignorance, and which will leave us, even if we obey them strictly and reach the end of our voyage in safety, as ignorant of the real world around us as when we began it." Yet Mr. Mansel's great plea for Revelation, as he understands it, is, that it provides us with *regulative* though not with *speculative* truth—that it gives us wise advice, the wisdom of which we can test by experience; though furnishing nothing but guesses at the true grounds of that advice.

Now if any one is disposed to admire the apparent modesty of this conclusion, and to acquiesce in it as the true humility of mature wisdom, he will do well to study in Mr. Maurice's profound volume the evidence that every living movement of human thought, *religious or otherwise*, cries out against it. All regulative truth, all truth, that is, which has a deep influence on human action, all truth in which men trust, is founded in the discovery of ultimate causes, not of empirical rules. The distrust of empirical rules in science, in art, in morals, in theology, is all of the same root. It may be safest to act on probabilities where there is no certainty; to act by empirical rule where the principle of the rule is undiscovered; to follow

a plausible authority where there is no satisfying truth; and by such rules, no doubt, *in the absence of all temptation to disregard them*, men are occasionally guided when they can not reach any basis of fact. But, as Mr. Maurice very powerfully insists, there is no single region of life in which these "regulative" and approximate generalities exercise any *transforming* influence on the mind. The smallest probability will outweigh the greatest if it fall in with our wishes; the empirical rule suddenly appears specially inapplicable to the exceptional case in which it becomes inconvenient. The plausible authority is disputable where its recommendations are irritating or painful. It is quite different where we have reached a fresh certainty, a new cause, a new force, a new and self-sustaining truth, a new fountain of actual life. Actual things and persons we can not ignore; we may struggle with or defy them, but we can not forget to take them into account. For the lottery-prize we will pay far more than it is worth, the number of blanks scarcely affecting the imagination; the danger of detection never checks the *bond-fide* impulse to crime; a single certain suffering which will be independent of success or failure—the anguish of conscience, which success rather intensifies—will outweigh it all. Exactly in proportion to the exclusion of hypothetical and the presence of known and tested elements is the really "regulative" influence exerted on the human will. Believe with Mr. Mansel that Revelation gives us a more or less true notion of God, and it will cease to kindle us at all. Recognize in it with Mr. Maurice the direct manifestation of God to the conscience, and the life thus manifested will haunt us into war, if it do not fill us with its peace. If faith give no certainty, it is not "regulative," but itself speculative; if it does not satisfy the reason, it can not overawe the will. Mr. Mansel appears to regard the phrase "satisfying to the reason" as applying to that sort of knowledge which can answer every query of human curiosity. He tells us that the influence of mind on matter is a regulative truth, of which we can not give the least account—and not, therefore, satisfying to the Reason. In this sense, clearly, no living influence in the universe is satisfying to the reason; for we can not reason any thing into life. But this is a totally different sense from that in which

he invites us to surrender our desire for a reasonable knowledge of God, as distinguished from a regulative message from him. Reason in the highest sense does not pursue its questions beyond the point of discriminating between a real and permanent cause or substance, and a dependent consequence or a variable phenomenon. It asks, "why" only till it has reached something which can justify its own existence, and there it stops. True Reason *is satisfied* when it has traced the stream of effect up to a living Origin, and discriminated the nature of that Origin. It is not the impulse of Reason, but, as Mr. Maurice has finely said, the disease of Rationalism, which continues to make us restless questioners in the presence of those living Objects which ought to fill and satisfy the Reason—inducing us to ask for a reason deeper than Beauty before we can admire, for a reason deeper than Truth before we can believe, for a reason deeper than Holiness before we can love, trust, and obey. But no true Reason is, or ought to be, satisfied with an echo, a type, a symbol, of something higher which it can not reach. If it find transitory beauty in the type, it turns by its own law to gaze on the Eternal beauty beneath; if it find broken music in the echo, it yearns after the perfect harmony which roused the echo. Reason might be defined to be that which leads us to distinguish the sign from the thing signified—which leads us back from the rule to the principle, from the principle to the purpose, from the purpose to the living character in which it originated—which, in short, will *not* be satisfied with any image, but cries after the Original.

If this be Reason, then, to satisfy Reason is to find out truly regulative truth: for what is it which, in the passion and fever of life, truly transforms and chastens human purposes? Surely nothing but the *knowledge* of realities—sensible realities more than spiritual abstractions—spiritual realities most of all; mere *things* painful or delightful far more than any abstract ideas; men far more than things; men present more than men absent; but men absent more than the dream of an absent God, because we have lost our faith in God altogether when we have lost our faith in his direct presence with us. We need scarcely take more than one example of what Mr. Mansel calls regulative moral truth. It will be quite

sufficient to test the utterly hollow and unregulative character of the gospel which he can alone deliver to his disciples. He tells us that our human morality, like our human objects of faith, is an adaptation to our condition; though it surely must resemble, with quite inconceivable differences, the divine morality from which it has been epitomized for us. What is his illustration? One so extraordinary, that it is difficult to believe he was not trying to prove that such reduced and "adapted" rules and types can have *no* regulative influence on the human will. He is arguing that there is not, and can not be, "a perfect identity," or even "exact resemblances" between the morality of God and man—that actions may be "compatible with the boundless goodness of God which are incompatible with the little goodness of which man may be conscious in himself." The case he takes is the duty of human forgiveness. It is the duty of man, he says, to forgive unconditionally a repented sin. People who argue that God can not be less good than man, assume that God must do likewise. The fallacy lies, he maintains, in forgetting that the finite form of human duty essentially alters the moral standard in the mind of God. This he proves as follows:

"It is obvious, indeed, on a moment's reflection, that the duty of man to forgive the trespasses of his neighbor rests precisely upon those features of human nature which can not by any analogy be regarded as representing an image of God. Man is not the author of the moral law; he is not, as man, the moral governor of his fellows; he has no authority, merely as man, to punish moral transgressions as such. *It is not as sin, but as injury, that vice is a transgression against man; it is not that his holiness is outraged, but that his rights or his interests are impaired.* The duty of forgiveness is imposed as a check, not upon the justice, but upon the selfishness of man; it is not designed to extinguish his indignation against vice, but to restrain his tendency to exaggerate his own personal injuries. The reasoner, who maintains 'it is a duty in man to forgive sins, therefore it must be morally fitting for God to forgive them also,' overlooks the fact that this duty is binding on man on account of the weakness, and ignorance, and sinfulness of his nature: that he is bound to forgive as one who himself needs forgiveness; as one whose weakness renders him liable to suffering; as one whose self-love is ever ready to arouse his passions and pervert his judgment."

We scarcely ever met with a passage in any thoughtful writer which seems to

us to contain deeper and more disastrous misreadings of moral, to say nothing of Christian truth, than this. To us the profound and deadly falsehood lies exactly in that which constitutes its value to Mr. Mansel—the assumption that man's duty to forgive is not grounded in his likeness, but in his unlikeness, to God. But it is not to this point we wish to call attention, but to the *worth* of such a truth as regards its power to *regulate* human conduct. If there be any where a duty hard of performance, it is the duty of human forgiveness. If there be one which the ordinary nature of man spurns as humiliating, and almost as a wound to his whole mind, it is that duty. Ground it in the very nature of God, in the holy living will which, ever close to us, ever able to crush, is ever receiving fresh injury, and yet, even in inflicting the supernatural anguish of divine judgment, is ever offering anew both the invitation and the power to repent—and you open the spirit to a reality which can not but awe and may melt it, in the hour of trial. But ground it with Mr. Mansel on the old, worn-out, lax sort of charity which is indulgent to others because it is weak itself, and it will be the least regulative, we suspect, of regulative duties. Mr. Maurice's exposure of the hollowness of this foundation is too fine to omit:

“‘The duty of forgiveness is binding upon man on account of the weakness and ignorance and sinfulness of his nature.’ But what if the weakness, ignorance, and sinfulness of my nature dispose me *not* to forgive? What if one principal sign of this weakness, ignorance, sinfulness of my nature is, that I am unforgiving? What if the more weak, ignorant, and sinful my nature is, the more impossible forgiveness becomes to me, the more disposed I am to resent every injury, and to take the most violent means for avenging it? It is my duty to forgive, because I am ‘one whose self-will is ever ready to arouse his passions and pervert his judgment.’ To arouse my passions; to what? To any thing so much as to acts of revenge? To pervert my judgment; how? In any way so much as by making me think that I am right and other men wrong, and that I may vindicate my right against their wrong? And this is the basis of the duty of forgiveness! The temper which inclines me at every moment to trample upon that duty, to do what it forbids! The obvious conclusion, then, has some obvious difficulties. Obvious indeed! They meet us at every step of our way; they are the difficulties in our moral progress. Forgiveness is ‘to be a check on the selfishness of man.’ Where does he get the check? From his selfishness. It is the old, miserable, hope-

less circle. I am to persuade myself by certain arguments not to do the thing which I am inclined to do. But the inclination remains as strong as ever; bursts down all the mud fortifications that are built to confine it; or else remains within the heart, a worm destroying it, a fire consuming it. Whence, oh! whence, is this forgiveness from the heart to come, which I cry for? Is it impossible? Am I to check my selfishness by certain rules about the propriety of abstaining from *acts* of unforgiving ferocity? God have mercy upon those who have only such rules, in a siege or a shipwreck, when social bonds are dissolved, when they are left to themselves! All men have declared that forgiveness, real forgiveness, is *not* impossible. And we have felt that it is not impossible, because it dwells somewhere in beings above man, and is shown by them, and comes down as the highest gift from them upon man. . . . And whenever the idea of Forgiveness has been severed from this root—whenever the strong conviction that we are warring against the nature of God and assuming the nature of the devil by an unforgiving temper has given place to a sentimental feeling that we are all sinners, and should be tolerant of each other—then has come that weakness and effeminacy over Christian society, that dread of punishing, that unwillingness to exercise the severe functions of the Ruler and the King, which has driven the wise back upon older and sterner lessons, has made them think the vigor of the Jew in putting down abominations, the self-assertions of the Greek in behalf of freedom, were manlier than the endurance and compassion of the Christians. Which I should think too, if, referring the endurance and compassion to a divine standard, I did not find in that standard a justification of all which was brave and noble in the Jewish protest against evil, in the Greek protest against tyranny. Submission or Compassion, turned into mere qualities which we are to exalt and boast of as characteristic of our religion, become little else than the negations of Courage and Justice. Contemplated as the reflections of that Eternal Goodness and Truth which were manifested in Christ, as energies proceeding from him and called forth by his Spirit—submission to personal slights and injuries, the compassion for every one who is out of the way—become instruments in the vindication of Justice and Right, and of that Love in the fires of which all selfishness is to be consumed.”

We have done our best to explain why we utterly disavow Mr. Mansel's interpretation of Revelation, as a message intended to regulate human practice without unfolding the realities of the divine mind. It is a less easy task, but not less a duty, on the part of those who are gravely sensible of the emptiness of such an interpretation, to give some exposition of the deeper meaning which the fact of

revelation assumes to their own minds. We hold that it is an unvailing of the very character and life of the eternal God; and an unvailing, of course, to a nature which is capable of beholding him. It is not, in our belief, an overclouding of divine light to suit it for the dimness of human vision, but a purification of human vision from the weakness and disease which render it liable to be dazzled and blinded by the divine light. It is, in short, the history of the awakening, purifying, and answering, of the yearnings of the human spirit for a direct knowledge of Him. It proceeds from God, and not from man. The cloud which is on the human heart and Reason can only be gradually dispersed by the divine love; no restless straining of turbid human aspiration can wring from the silent skies that knowledge which yet every human being is formed to attain. Coming from God, this method, this "education of the human race," as Lessing truly termed Revelation, has been unfolded with the unfolding capacity of the creatures he was educating to know him. Its significance can not be *confined* to any special series of historical facts; but it is clear that the Divine government of the Jewish race was meant to bring out, and did bring out, more distinctly the personality of God, while the history of other races brings out more clearly the divine capacities of man. Hence the coöperation of different nations was requisite for the fulfillment of the Revelation. Centuries were required for the complete evolution even of that special Jewish history that was selected to testify to the righteous will and defined spiritual character of the Creator. Centuries on centuries will be required to discipline fully the human faculties that are to grow into the faith thus prepared for them. The blindness of the greatest men, of the highest races, of wide continents, can not shake our faith that this purpose will be fulfilled; for the term of an earthly life is adequate at best for its conscious commencement, and only under special conditions even for that; nor are there wanting indications that both in the case of men and nations the longest training, and the dreariest periods of abeyance of spiritual life, are often preparations for its fullest growth. By tedious discipline, by slow Providence, by inspirations addressed to the seeking intellect of the philosopher, to the yearning imagination of the poet, to

the ardent piety of the prophet, to the common reason and conscience of all men, and by the fulfillment of all wisdom in the Son of God's life on earth, has the Divine Spirit sought to drive away the mists that dim our human vision. Through its wants and powers alike human nature has been taught to know God. Its every power has been haunted by a want till the power was referred to its divine source, its very wants have become powers when they have turned to their divine object. If this, then, and nothing short of this, be Revelation, a living and direct unfolding of that divine mind in which, whether we recognize it or not, we "live and move and have our being"—an eternal growth in our knowledge of the eternal Life—we ought not to rest satisfied with showing that Mr. Mansel's reasons for disputing the possibility of such a wonderful truth are unsound—we ought also to show by what criteria we judge that this is the actual fact, the great reality, on which all our love of truth and knowledge rests.

The first stage in any revelation must be, one would suppose, the dawning knowledge that there is a veil "on the heart" of man, and that there is a life unmanifested behind it. In Mr. Mansel's, as in our view, this is a knowledge which can be gained by man; but he makes it the final triumph of human faith and philosophy to recognize and *acquiesce* in it; while we hold it to be the very first lesson of the personal conscience, the very first purpose of that external discipline which was intended to engrave the Divine personality on Jewish history, to teach that such a cloud may ever threaten the mind and conscience, but that it *can be dispersed*.

What, indeed, is the first lesson of the human conscience, the first truth impressed upon the Jewish nation, but this, that a presence besets man behind and before, which he can not evade, and which is ever giving new meanings to his thoughts, new direction to his aims, new depth to his hopes, new terror to his sins? Where, then, if this haunting Presence be so overpowering, if it follow us as it followed the deepest minds among the Jewish people, till it seem almost intolerable—where is the darkness and the veil which Revelation implies? Just in the fact that this presence does seem intolerable; that it is so far apart from that of man, that, like a dividing sword, it makes his spirit start;

that he seeks to escape, and is, in fact, really able to resist it; that he can so easily case-harden his spirit against the supernatural pain; that instead of opening his mind to receive this painfully-tasking life that is not his own, he can so easily, for a time at least, set up in its place an idol carved out of his own nature, or something even more passive than his own nature, and therefore not likely to disturb his dream of rest. This we take it, is the first stage or act of revelation, whether in the individual conscience, or in that special history which is intended to reveal the conflicts between the heart of a nation and the God who rules it. It is the discovery of a presence too pure, too great, too piercing for the natural life of man—the effort of the mind, on one pretense or another, to be allowed to stay on its own level and disregard this presence—the knowledge that this must end in sinking below its own level—the actual trial and experience that it is so—the reiterated pain and awe of a new intrusion of the supernatural light—the reiterated effort to “adapt” that light to human forms and likings—the reiterated idolatry which all such adaptations imply, whether physical, as in the Jewish times, or intellectual, as in our own—and the reiterated shame of fresh degradation. If this be, as we believe, the human conscience testifies, whether as embodied in the typical history of the Jews, or in the individual mind, the first stage in that discovery which we call Revelation, what becomes of Mr. Mansel’s theory, that Revelation is the “adaptation” of the “infinite” to the “finite,” of the perfect to the imperfect, of the absolute morality to the poor capacities of a sinful being? If so—why this craving of the nature to be let alone—this starting as at the touch of a flame too vivid for it—this comfort in circumscribing, or fancying that we can circumscribe, the living God in some human image or form of thought, and worshipping that by way of evading the reality? Does the human spirit ever quail thus before a mere notion? If God himself is inaccessible to knowledge, should not we find it extremely easy to adapt ourselves to any abstract or ideal conception of him? It is the living touch of righteousness, even though human only, that makes us shrink; not the idea of righteousness, which, as all theologies testify, is found pliant enough. But if it be a righteous life

and will, not merely the idea or idol of a righteous life and will, that stirs human nature thus deeply, and finds us, as it found the Jews, afraid to welcome it, awe-struck at the chasm which divides us from it, fearful to surrender ourselves to its guidance, ready to adapt it in any way to us, unready to adapt ourselves to it—if, we say, we know it to be a *living* will that thus checks, urges, and besets us, Mr. Mansel’s theory as to the narrow limits of human knowledge would scarcely induce him to deny that it is God himself; for there is nothing in his theory which is not almost as much contradicted by *any* living spiritual converse between the human spirit and a spirit of perfect holiness as by direct converse with God.

This first stage of Revelation, which we have called the Jewish, may be said to discriminate the divine personality of God *more* sharply from his own works and creatures than is possible or true in any subsequent and maturer stage of his unfolding purpose. It is, in fact, the first stage in the divine “education” of the individual conscience, as well as of the human race; and is so vividly reflected in the national history of Israel, only because that is the only history in which the appeals of God to the corporate conscience of a whole nation are recorded as fully as the actual national deeds in which those appeals were complied with or defied. In the history of other nations the divine will for the nation has been at once far less vividly interpreted, and, even when adequately interpreted, far less carefully recorded; it has been allowed to gleam forth only fitfully through the often uneducated consciences of national heroes; while in the case of the Jews, we find a succession of great men, whose spirits were more or less filled with the divine light, in order that the world might see in at least one national history some continuous record of the better purposes of God for the nation, as well as of the actual life by which those purposes were partially frustrated or fulfilled. This, we believe, is the only peculiarity of Jewish history—that a race of prophets was permitted to proclaim—with varying truth of insight, no doubt, but still with far clearer and more continuous vision of the divine purpose than any other nation has witnessed—what God would have had the people do and abstain from. To the nation itself this was not always a gain;



probably that which was evil in it would not have grown into so stiff and hard a subsistence but for the power inherent in divine light to divide the evil from the good, (for the vision of a purpose too holy for the life of a people issues in greater guilt as well as greater goodness;) but for the world at large no doubt it has been and is an immeasurable blessing—strictly speaking, a Revelation—to see written out, parallel with the national life of a single people, the life to which God, speaking through the purest consciences of each age of their history, had called them. But the phase of Revelation which we see in Jewish history is simply, on the scale of national life, what the first discovery of God by the individual conscience is in individual life. In both cases there is a contrast presented between God and man, between God and nature, sharper than belongs to any other stage of his unfolding purposes. The separate personality of God is engraved on Jewish history with an emphasis which indicates that to the Jew there seemed scarce any common life between God and man—any bridge between the supernatural will and the easy flow of Nature. And is it not thus engraved on the individual conscience when first man becomes aware that the natural veins and currents of his character tend to a thousand different ends, whither the brooding Spirit of God forbids us to go—or whither if we do go, it haunts us with throes of supernatural anguish till we turn again? Is it not simply the discovery that the actual bent of our whole inward constitution is not divine—the despair of seeing how it is ever to become so—which makes us, like the Jew, separate the divine Spirit so sharply from his living works and creatures, that for a time we doubt whether the nature within us can be used by God at all—whether, much rather, its forces must not be wholly canceled, before the will can be set free?

But this sharp contrast between the personality of God and the nature of man, and in lesser degree of the external universe, is not and can not be final. And if the Jewish history witnesses that the Will of God is the starting-point of a new order, that the forces of human nature must be brought into subjection to that, if they can be used by God at all—then the history of a hundred other nations, more especially of the Greeks, and in later centu-

ries of the Teutonic races, does testify with equal explicitness that natural life is essentially divine, and requires at most remolding by the Eternal Spirit—a remolding which is so far from canceling, that it brings out the true nature in all its freshness—in order to become the fitting organ of a Supernatural Righteousness. In other words, while man takes his stand on the level of his own motives and affections, and shrinks from the transforming influence of the Spirit of God, these motives and affections are the vail which needs taking away; but if he will permit himself to be raised above that level, and will open his heart freely to the supernatural influence at which he trembles, then it will not be *against* the voice, but *by* the voice of his own spiritualized motives and affections, that God himself speaks. The vail itself becomes transparent; the glass that was dark, luminous. Accordingly the revelation to conscience, which is more or less Jewish, and sets all the fibers of the natural life quivering like an aspen-leaf in the wind, is necessarily partial and temporary. Even in the highest of the prophetic strains there is perhaps an undervaluing of nature, and human nature in its natural manifestations—a disposition to anticipate something like a revolution rather than a regeneration in its constitution, to represent direct praise of God as better and more worthy than the indirect praise implied in its perfect natural development. Could God's Self-Revelation have been staid at that point, we doubt whether Gentile nations—the Greek, for instance—could ever have embraced it. Deep sensibility to the divine beauty of all human faculty and life was so deeply wrought into the very heart of Greece, that the Greek only recoiled at the Hebrew vision of a God before whose presence human faculty seemed to pale away like starlight in the dawn. Nor could the Hebrew faith itself have lived on permanently in that phase. Already, before the Jewish era came to a close, the danger of idolatry with which Jewish faith was first threatened—the danger that God would be confounded with his works—had merged in the danger that he would not be recognized as living in his works. There is an exactly parallel movement in the history of the Revelation of God to the individual conscience. When first

"Those high instincts before which our mortal  
nature  
Doth tremble like a guilty thing surprised"

come upon us, we feel that man is nothing, and God every thing; but soon human nature reasserts its dominion; and if there be no full reconciliation between the two, either the "high instincts" become ossified into dogma, and the mortal nature runs a fouler course in their presence than it would in their absence, or they fade away again altogether.

There is a natural and legitimate revolt in man against any Supernaturalism which does not do full justice to nature: and the opposite risk of a deification of nature, such as Greece and the Gentile nations were prone to, produces perhaps less fearful, certainly less unlovely results than the error which divorces nature from God, and by disclaiming in the name of piety any trace in him of the life of the world, strips that world bare of all trace of God. Judaism taught us forever that Nature must be interpreted by our knowledge of God, not God by our knowledge of Nature; but it was only the perversion of Judaism which completely dissolved the tie between the two. The Greek shuddered, and with reason, at the sacrilege of ignoring the breath of divine life in the harmony of the world; but it was but a perversion of Hellenism when the Pantheist sought to identify the two—to multiply his delight in natural organisms until their influences fell into a kind of musical harmony in his mind, which he called the Divine Whole. Both of these opposite tendencies are equally perversions. And both alike witness to the expectation in the human mind of some Revelation of the true tie between the life of God and the life of his creatures—the yearning to know, not only what God is in his essential character, but what seed of his own life he has given to us, and what power it is by which that seed may be guarded through its germination from the extinction or corruption with which it is threatened. Accept with the Greek the capacity for a divine order in man and the universe; accept with the Jew the reality of the "Lord's Controversy" with man; and how are the two to be reconciled? how is the supernatural righteousness to avail itself of the perverted growths of human capacity? how is the "Lord's Controversy" to be set at rest?

This was a question which the Jewish Revelation never solved for the questioner—except so far as it taught him that God could *conquer* the most rebellious nature. But even then he recognized the Supernatural will as *triumphing over* the poverty of human and natural life, rather than as revealing itself actually *through and in* the divine springs of that life. The "Controversy" was solved for him rather by the power of God over nature than by the power of God in nature. But what was it that the Gentile nations craved? Some new conviction that the supernatural was not at war with the constitution of nature, but the eternal source of it; that the gradual growth, the seasonal bloom, the germinating loveliness of the natural and visible universe, culminating in the wonderful life of man, is itself not a veil but a revelation, a harmony of voices addressing us from the Divine life, and claiming our allegiance to One higher than themselves. They too saw, what the Jew had been taught, that in fact this was not really so, that there was a jar, a discord somewhere; but if they saw far less clearly whence came the power which could command the discord to cease, they saw far more clearly that, if it could cease, the *true* nature would be restored and not conquered, vindicated and not extinguished, strengthened not exhaled.

The human condition of this revelation, as of all other Revelation, is born with the human mind. The Supernatural and Righteous Will, who besets and confronts on every side the unruly impulses of our lower self, is revealed to the Conscience, and without the Conscience could not be revealed at all. But besides this, there is another experience of man's which renders him capable of another revelation. Quite apart from the conscience and the sense of guilt and the law—quite apart from the living will, who looks into our hearts and searches out their evil—there is, we suppose, in every man a more natural and genial experience of the spontaneous growth and unfolding, or it may be only the *effort* to unfold, of the true nature as it ought to grow—a gentle spontaneous resistance to the shapes into which our faults and imperfections force or try to force it—the effort of the true man within us to grow into his right and perfect state in spite of the resistance of frailty, incapacity, and sin. What we are now speaking of is not an experience merely

of the moral life, but of the whole nature. Does not every man feel that there are unused capacities of all kinds within him, gently pressing for their natural development?—that a living tendency urges us to grow, not merely in moral but in physical and intellectual constitution, towards the individual type for which we were made?—that the various frictions of evil, moral or merely circumstantial, which prevent this, when it is prevented, distort the true divine growth, and leave us less than what we might have been? It was this experience which the religion of Greece has preserved so vividly—the faith that, beneath the deformity of real life, there is a formative plastic power that is ever urging us towards our truest life; beneath ungainliness, a growth, or effort to grow, of something more harmonious; beneath ignorance, a growth, or effort to grow, of the true understanding; beneath impurity and evil, the growth, or effort to grow, of the true moral beauty.

It was, we believe, to this experience in every man's mind—an experience which can not be called moral so much as the true instinct of *life*—that the unvailing of God in Christ appealed, and which fitted the Christian revelation to include the Greek as well the Jew. There at last was the harmony of the Supernatural and the Natural—the divine effort at harmonious growth which seemed to be in every man, unfolding from the germ to the full fruit without the canker or the blight, and yet at the same time revealing to all of us exactly what the Supernatural vision reveals to the conscience, the absolute will of good, the divine anger against sin, the infinite chasm between evil and good, the power and holiness of God. What was this life, in which the unity of God and man was at length vindicated? Did it not utter in clearer accents the awful Will which had spoken within the Jew? Did it not image in living colors the perfect nature which had stirred so gently and breathed so deep a sense of divinity into the finer folds of Grecian life? Was it not at once the answer to that craving for a true vision of the moral nature of God which had haunted the Hebrew conscience, and the answer to that craving for a true vision of the undistorted life of man which had haunted the Grecian imagination? True, it was a vision of the Father only as he is seen in the Son, of the filial and sub-

missive Will, not of the original and undervived Will; but as it is the perfection of the filial Will to rest in the Will of his Father, the spiritual image is perfect, though the personal life is distinct. And this was, in fact, exactly what answered the yearning of the Greek for an explanation of that living germ of divine life within him. Was it not a perfect nature, filial like his own—the very nature into which he was capable of growing—that had thus been pushing against the weight of deformity, stirring the sources of natural perfection, and warning him that his mind was growing in wrong directions, and not blossoming into the beauty for which it was designed? He was ready to recognize as the divine Word, which had grown into perfect humanity in Christ, the very same higher nature which had been in him but not of him; which had filled his mind with those faint longings after something that he might have been and was not; which was still stirring within him whenever a new blight, or a new failure, or a new sin, threatened to divert him still further from the destiny to which he knew he was capable to attain. The secret Will of God was, according to the longing of the Jews, first fully manifest in Christ; the secret hopes of man were, according to the “desire of all nations,” there first fulfilled.

If Christ, then, was to the Jew mainly the Revelation of the Absolute Will as reflected in the perfect filial will; to the Greek mainly the revelation of that perfect human nature which had been so long stirring within him, we might expect to find acts in which he especially revealed the living Ruler of the Universe, and acts in which he especially revealed the inward influences which were to restore order to the human heart; acts in which he manifested the Father, and acts in which he unsealed the eternal fountains of purity in human life. Mr. Maurice, in answering Mr. Mansel's assertion that the Absolute is beyond human vision, calls attention especially to the former class. He intimates that in the miracles and the parables, for instance, we have Revelations of the spiritual source of the physical world. Mr. Wescott's thoughtful little book pursues the same track with regard to the miracles only. The tenor of both writers is the same. There had been ever in man an awe at the mighty powers of the physical universe, and the apparent

recklessness with which these powers acted. The Jew, who loved to see in God the source of all power, still hardly dared to refer these crushing forces to the same national Providence which had guarded and governed his race with a personal care so express. The Greek thought them in their awful undeviating order far more sublime than he could have done had he held them to be exercises of a mere Supreme Will. But yet he would willingly have connected them with an order, spiritual as well as physical, such as he recognized in the destinies of men. Christ, by manifesting the power which controlled and upheld them, and yet manifesting it with a healing and life-giving purpose, answered both these cravings. "These powers," the miracles said, "which seem so physical, so arbitrary, sometimes so destructive—which sometimes appear to be wielded by an evil spirit—are in the hands of one who would heal men's miseries, restore their life, moral and physical, purify them from disease, and hush the storm into a calm; if it ever seem otherwise, be sure that the seeming destruction has a life-giving purpose, the physical disease a deeper healing influence; that the tempest is a bringer of sorer peace, the blindness a preparation for diviner light. The order of the universe has a spiritual root; the purpose of love which changes, is also the purpose of love which directs it. He who can bind and loose the forces of nature, has thus revealed the eternal purposes in which they originate."

So again, Mr. Maurice, in a sermon of great beauty, claims for the parables that they were intended to reveal the spiritual significance which had been from the first embodied in the physical processes of the universe—that the analogy between the light of the body and the light of the spirit, the sowing and reaping of the external and of the spiritual world, and the other analogies in what we usually call Christ's "figurative" language, are not really metaphorical, but exhibit the perfect insight of the divine mind of the Son into the creative purposes of the Father. If it be true that the creator of our spirits is the creator of our bodies also, we might only expect that he who revealed the true life of the one, would know and exhibit its close natural affinities with the life of the other. Is not the physical universe as a whole meant to be for man the vest-

ure of the spiritual universe? Is not all the truest language, therefore, necessarily what we call figurative; and only false when the spiritual is interpreted by the physical, instead of the physical by the spiritual?

"But if there is in this correspondence between the organs of the spirit and the organs of sense, if experience assures there is, does not that explain to us the meaning and power of the parables? May not all sensible things, by a necessity of their nature, be testifying to us of that which is nearest to us, of that which it most concerns us to know, of the mysteries of our own life, and of God's relation to us? May it not be impossible for us to escape from these witnesses? They may become insignificant to us from our very familiarity with them; nay, we may utterly forget that there is any wonder in them. The transformation of the seed into the full corn in the ear may appear to us the dullest of all phenomena, not worthy to be noted or thought of. The difference in the returns from different soils, or from the same soils under different cultivation—the difference in the quality of the produce, and the relations which it bears to the quality of the seeds—may be interesting to us from the effect such varieties have upon the market, from the more or less money we derive from the sale; not the least as facts in nature, facts for meditation. The relation between a landholder or farmer and those who work for him, between a shepherd and his sheep, all in like manner may be tried by the same pecuniary standard; apart from that, they may suggest nothing to us. Thus the universe becomes actually 'as is a landscape to a dead man's eye;' the business in which we are ourselves engaged, a routine which must be got through in some way or another, that we may have leisure to eat, drink, and sleep. Can any language describe this state so accurately and vividly as that of our Lord in the text? Seeing we see and do not perceive; hearing we hear, and do not understand."

This revelation, however, through Christ—by his life, by his miracles, by his parables, by his resurrection and ascension—of the Supreme Will, would not have fulfilled as it did the "desire of all nations," had it not also revealed that living power in man by which human nature is wrought into his likeness. To know God has been, in all ages, but an awful knowledge, until the formative influence which is able to communicate to us his nature is revealed also. And accordingly, Christ no sooner disappears from earth than all the Christian writings begin to dwell far more on the new strength he had revealed within them

than on his outward life. The interior growth of divine nature thus revealed might be called new, because now first they recognized it as a divine power, as a power they could *trust*, as a life that would grow by its own might within them if only they did not smother it and were content to restrain their own lower self from any voluntary inroads of evil. This power had been there, no doubt, in all men and all times; the germinating life of an inward spirit of involuntary good had never been a stranger to man; it had always pushed with gentle pressure against the limits of narrow minds and narrow hearts and of positive evil—not, indeed, with the keen and piercing thrusts of divine judgment, but with the spontaneous movement of better life striving to cast off the scale of long-worn habit. But now this power was not only felt, but its origin was revealed. It was that same divine human nature which had been embodied in the earthly Christ that was stirring in the hearts of all men. It was he, whose life had been so strange and brief a miracle of beauty, to whom they might trust to mold afresh the twisted shapes of human imperfection, to push forward the growth of the good seed and the eradication of the tares within them. The same life which had shed its healing influence over the sick and the sinful in Galilee and Judea, was but the human form of that which fostered the true nature beneath the falsehoods of all actual life, and worked within the disciples as they preached their risen Lord. It was not they, but “Christ that worked in them.” Here was the true explanation of the unity of the human race, the common life which was the source of all that was deep and good; as separative influences grew out of all that was profoundly evil. They were all members of Christ; his nature was in them all, drawing out the beauty and chastening the deformity, breathing the breath of universal charity, and kindling the flame of inextinguishable hope. This was a power to trust in, the image of the Father’s will, because breathing the very spirit of that will; and fuller of hope than any vision of a holy king commanding an allegiance which they could not bend their stiff hearts to pay, or conquering their moral freedom without acting on the secret springs of their humanity. They had known this power in themselves before; but they had not read it aright, be-

cause they had not estimated aright its source and the certainty and universality of its operation. They had not before known it as directly manifested in him who opened the eyes of the blind, and cleansed the leper, and stilled the storm; who forgave sins, and wrestled with temptation; and finally passed through the grave, and trouble deeper than the grave, without being “holden” of it, because his will was freely surrendered to his Father.

Here, then, was a revelation not simply of the Absolute nature of God, but of the formative power of Christ that is at work to cancel distorted growths, and even mere natural deficiency in every human heart. But it was to do more than this—it was to take away sin itself from those who could bring themselves to trust their hearts freely to his influence; to reveal to them, in short, the great divine law that, as through the unity of human nature “if one member suffers, all the members suffer with it,” so through the same unity a new life may spread into even the weakest and corruptest member. It was to reveal it as the highest privilege of this great central human life to purify others when once their will begins to turn towards him by entering into the very heart of their evil and reaching the very core of their inward misery; so that while new life returns to *them*, the shadow of pain inseparable from the perfect knowledge of human guilt falls back on the spirit of the great Purifier. This was the revelation of the true nature in man; a nature that not only, as the Gentile nations felt, asserted the primitive truth and goodness properly belonging to every human creature, but that is capable of restoring that goodness, canceling the sinful habit, melting the rigid heart, emancipating the sullen temper, by the mere exertion of its spontaneous fascination over any spirit which once surrenders to its control. And this, accordingly, is the great subject of Christian writers after once Christ had left the earth. It was to them a new discovery that the restorative power in every heart was *not* the power of their own wills, which they knew to be limited at most to a rejection of evil acts, but the very same power which had grown up into a perfect humanity in Christ and only required an act of continuous trust to claim them for its own. To trust in such a power was not hard, to stifle the active

rebellion of their own wills was possible; but to purge the turbid fountain of their human life, had that also been required of them, as both Jew and Gentile had often dreamed, was mere impossibility. To *know* who it was who was working in them, was to multiply infinitely the regenerating power of his life.

Such then we hold to be the essence of the divine Self-Revelation of God. Into the question of its exact relation to the historical narrative in the Bible, slightly touched upon both by Mr. Mansel and Mr. Maurice, we can not here enter. While accepting gratefully the many new and brilliant lights which all Mr. Maurice's writings, and this last perhaps most of all, have cast on the deepest subject into which the human heart can enter, we should perhaps differ most from him in his biblical criticism. A mind so rich in meditative wisdom as his, so ready to snatch a religious truth from the strangest confusion of historical incident, seems scarcely able to appreciate the kind of impression which inconsistent and sometimes inconceivable statements, supported by no appreciable evidence — such, for instance, as that of the star which is said to have guided the Magians to the manger at Bethlehem — make on ordinary students with regard to all historical details, indeed to all the historical elements of Revelation. Mr. Maurice is as deeply persuaded as we are that the fullest and freest criticism will work out the most happy issues. For ourselves, we feel little doubt that such criticism will show a large admixture of untrustworthy elements in the narrative of both Old and New Testament; and that if it prove so, the mere

emancipation of the intellect from what seems a purely literary superstition as to the truth of the Bible narratives, will probably bring far more gain to the spiritual freedom of man, and do far more to direct attention to the spiritual evidences of all divine truth, than any other result could educe. We believe Bibliolatry has been, and is likely long to be, the bane of Protestant Christianity. Spiritual realities would indeed be recognized as spiritual realities by few, had they had no perfect manifestation in the actual works and Providence of God—had not the desire of the heart been embodied in the desire of the eyes. But that no minute history was needful of the earthly life of Him who can interpret his own meaning, and who came that he might draw the veil from eternal power and truth, and not to fascinate men's eyes and hearts to one single illuminated point of space and time—is sufficiently proved by the absence of all records of his life which can be called minute, or which do not rely on the faithfulness of memory even for their outlines. Human vanity, eager to guarantee its own immortality, carries laboriously about all the paraphernalia for setting down every word and action before its transient life is spent. He who is solving the agonizing problems of ages, speaking to the depths of the human spirit in generations on generations yet unborn, and uttering "the things which have been kept secret from the foundation of the world," can afford to dispense with the minute history of his life, when he has power to turn every human conscience into a new witness of his truth, and every heart into a new evangelist of his glory.

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HANSE TOWNS.—A commercial union called the Hanseatic League, was formed by a number of port towns in Germany, in support of each other against the piracies of the Swedes and Danes: this association began in 1164, and the League was signed in 1241. At first it consisted only of towns situate on the coasts of the Baltic Sea, but its strength and reputation increasing, there was scarce any trading city in Europe but desired to be admitted into it, and in process of time it consisted of sixty-six cities. They grew so formida-

ble as to proclaim war on Waldemar, King of Denmark, about the year 1248, and against Erick in 1428, with forty ships, and twelve thousand regular troops besides seamen. This gave umbrage to several princes, who ordered the merchants of their respective kingdoms to withdraw their effects, and so broke up the greatest part and strength of the association. In 1630, the only towns of note of this once powerful League retaining the name, were Lubeck, Hamburg, and Bremen.

From the Eclectic Review.

## MARVELS OF HUMAN CALORIC.

WE must be plain with our readers. It will not do to mince matters where questions of science are concerned. Dainty people, will, no doubt, object to the proposition we are about to advance. Nevertheless, we persist. Fearless of the consequences — utterly unawed by the hisses which we know will ensue — we proceed to lay down the following assertion: We are all living stoves — walking fire-places — furnaces in the flesh.

The charming Duchess of Devonshire, who made such pleasant havoc amongst the electors of Westminster, in the days of Charles James Fox, by kissing refractory voters, used to declare that the finest compliment she ever received came from the lips of a dustman. Stepping out of her carriage one day, a worthy who belonged to that profession, and who was about to indulge in a little tobacco, caught sight of her sparkling countenance, and exclaimed: "O ma'am! do let me light my pipe at your eyes!"

Now, we do not intend to say that any one can kindle a cigar, or boil an egg, or even ignite a lucifer-match, at these human hearths. There have been old saints, it is true, whose piety was so ardent, that when, like St. Fechien, they plunged into a bath, the water began to bubble and seethe as if it were passing into a state of excitable ebullition. But we can not conscientiously indorse a story of this description. Perhaps our bodies may now be in a more secular condition than formerly; certainly they are not capable of rivaling these legendary feats. Still, we repeat, they are stoves — fire-places — furnaces — if those terms can be applied to any apparatus for the express production of caloric.

Let the disgusted reader try a simple experiment. Insert the bulb of a thermometer in the mouth, and the mercury will rise rapidly until it indicates a temperature of about 98°. There it will remain, with little or no variation, however long he may devote himself to this scien-

tific inquiry — that is to say, for a period of about ten minutes — seeing that, according to the best calculations, the tongue is generally wanted at the expiration of this time either for the purposes of talking or eating. Meanwhile, the air around may be as cool as you will. Suppose it to be the month of January, when winter is presumed to be reigning in full vigor, and every inanimate object appears to have been drained of its caloric; still the human structure will exhibit a surplus of 66° above the freezing point. Why is this? How does it happen that, whilst a bronze statue fluctuates in its temperature with every passing breeze, the living organism maintains its standard heat unimpaired, and preserves its tropical climate within, though the air should be full of frost and the ground enveloped in snow? It is manifest that we must have some power of "brewing" caloric for ourselves.

Now, what is the philosophy of an ordinary fire-place? The oxygen of the atmosphere combines with the carbon and hydrogen of the coal, producing, in the one case, carbonic acid, in the other, water or vapor; and this is done with so much chemical fuss, that heat and flame are largely evolved. But we must not imagine that a great display of light and a lavish discharge of caloric are essential to the operation, any more than an immense "spread" and "splutter" are necessary to constitute a man a genius. The burning of a candle may seem to be a very different thing from the decay of a bit of wood; but, in truth, the latter is little else than a mild and dilatory species of combustion. It is a masked sort of conflagration, in which the oxydation is accomplished without emitting as much sensible heat as would singe the wings of a moth, or as much luminous matter as would gild a pin's head.

Just so in the body. Carbon and hydrogen are perpetually uniting with oxygen. The latter gas, inhaled with every breath, is brought into constant con-

tact with the former elements; and if their combination is attended with calorific results in the open air, why should not similar demonstrations accompany their union in the human interior as far as circumstances will permit?

"But, pray," exclaims the reader, with a strong sense of the indignity which has been put upon him, by converting his person into a fire-place, "how and where is this combustion effected?"

Listen, affronted friend! Your twenty-four pounds of blood are sent to the lungs for aëration at the rate of two ounces for every pulsation. There it takes up a dose of oxygen, of which gas it can absorb one ninth or one tenth of its bulk. Passing through the heart, and propelled into the capillaries, it returns to the lungs loaded with carbonic acid. The oxygen has vanished; that is to say, it has picked up sufficient carbon in its route to convert it into the gas which enlivens champagne and soda water, but kills animals in the Grotto del Carre or the Upas Valley of Java. A small portion, it is true, does not come back in this mephitic form, but the missing quantity is supposed to have combined with hydrogen, producing water, which issues as vapor from the lungs, or is turned to account in the system itself. Here then—to say nothing of other combustible elements, such as sulphur and perhaps phosphorus—we have the unquestionable fact that the oxygen inspired has entered into confederacy with carbon, and consequently as large an amount of heat must have been liberated as if the same transaction had occurred in a grate or a candlestick. It is in the capillary vessels, and therefore in every quarter of the frame, that this process is conducted.

Much has been said, much written, respecting the precise sources of vital caloric. Dr. Black's theory was, that the latent heat of the air—and there is enough in any apartment, were it suddenly struck out, to reduce the occupants to a cinder—was partially made sensible in the lungs, and thus communicated to the visiting blood. Some philosophers have voted for an electro-chemical origin: some have demanded for the nervous force a share at least in the management of our internal thermometer. To the latter hypothesis, indeed, some weight must be allowed. When a man is thrown into a passion—as, for instance, by an unexpected arrest; or a lady is covered

with blushes, say by an unexpected offer—is not a sensation of heat suddenly experienced in the countenance? and to what can this be ascribed but a direct intervention of the nervous power? The effect, it is true, is temporary, and it does not follow that the extra caloric is drawn from special sources, because the captive's capillaries have been stung to wrath, or because the maiden's have been flushed with delight. But it has been found by experiment that whatever enfeebles the nervous energy, lessens the development of vital heat. Let the nerves be stupefied by narcotics, paralyzed by injuries done to the spinal cord, severed by the knife, or, still more, destroyed by the decapitation of the animal, (for which act a very merciless philosopher is required,) and in these cases the temperature is diminished, and in the latter instance totally annihilated, even though respiration should be partially prolonged. Still, whatever influence may be assigned to the nervous power, the fact that oxygen is perpetually entering the body as a constituent of common air, and returning as a constituent of carbonic acid and moisture, compels us to regard it as the chief, though it may not be the exclusive, source of vital caloric. Dulong and Despretz were of opinion that it could not explain the derivation of more than three fourths of our bodily warmth. Sundry ugly objections have been urged to Dr. Crawford's conclusions as to the difference between the specific capacity of venous and arterial blood. But the great chemical Baron of the day, Liebig, speaks most decidedly on the point: "The combination of a combustible substance with oxygen (says he) is, under all circumstances, the only source of animal heat."

Granting, then, that our bodies are veritable stoves, the exasperated reader will desire to know whence we procure our fuel. Fortunately our coal and firewood are stored up in a very interesting form. They are laid before us in the shape of bread-and-butter, puddings and pies; rashers of bacon for the laborer, and haunches of venison or turtle soup for the epicure. Instead of being brought up in scuttles, they are presented in tureens, dishes, or tumblers, or all of them in pleasant succession. In fact, whenever you send a person an invitation to dinner, you virtually request the honor of his company to take fuel; and when you see him enthusiastically employed on your



dainties, you know that he is literally "shoveling" coke into his corporeal stove. For all food must contain two species of elements, if it is to do its duty efficiently. There must be a portion which is available for the repair of the frame, which will remake it as fast as it is unmade, and which therefore has been called the plastic or body-building material. But there must also be a certain quantity of non-azotized matter, which will combine with oxygen in order that it may undergo combustion. If we take milk, the "model food" of animals, as a criterion of proportion, we shall find that three or four times as much of the latter is needed as of the former. For one pound of simply restorative provender, an energetic man requires four of digestible fuel. The ultimate form in which this fuel is burnt is that of carbon, hydrogen, and sulphur; but proximately we swallow it in the shape of fat, starch, sugar, alcohol, and other less inflammatory compounds. By far the most incendiary of these substances is fat: ten pounds of this material, imported into your stove, will do as much work—that is, will produce as much warmth—as twenty-four of starch, twenty-five of sugar, or even twenty-six of spirits.

And a pleasant thing it is to observe how sagaciously the instinct of man has fastened upon the articles which will best supply him with the species of fuel he requires. The Esquimaux, for example, is extremely partial to oily fare. He does not know why. He never heard of the doctrine of animal heat. But he feels intuitively that bear's grease and blubber are the things for him. Condemn him to live on potatoes or maize, and the poor fellow would resent the cruelty as much as a London alderman of the old school, if sentenced to subsist on water-gruel alone. And the savage would be perfectly right. Exposed as he is to the fierce cold of a northern sky, every object around him plundering him of his caloric incessantly, what he needs is plenty of unctuous food, because from this he can generate the greatest quantity of heat. On the other hand, the native of the tropics, equally ignorant of animal chemistry, eschews the fiery diet which his climate renders inappropriate, and keeps himself cool on rice or dates, or watery fruits.

Hence we see the reason why a very stout man, if deprived of food, can keep up his corporeal fires for a longer time than a

slender one. Human fat, to use a dock expression, is bonded fuel. It constitutes a hoard of combustible material, upon which the owner may draw whenever his ordinary supplies are intercepted. Should any voluminous gentleman be put upon short commons, or, worse still, upon no commons at all, this reserve fund would be silently invaded, and day by day the sufferer would dwindle down until reduced to an affecting state of attenuation. Let all plump persons therefore rejoice. We offer them our hearty, perhaps somewhat envious, congratulations. They, at any rate, are prepared to stand a long siege from cold. Blessed with such dépôts of fuel in their own frames, they are entitled to crow over the spare Cassius-like figures in which no bountiful provision has been made for the season of privation. They, too, can afford to lavish their caloric when lankier mortals have none to sport. Partly in jest, but partly in earnest, a military writer mentions a corpulent soldier who threw out so much heat that his comrades contended for the pleasure of lying near him whilst bivouacking in the field. It is even playfully alleged that some of them would come to warm their hands over him; and it was certain that no man in the army could dry up a puddle by force of natural caloric with more celerity than this portly hero. Is there not something positively benevolent in obesity? Under such circumstances, who would not wish to be philanthropically fat?

For the same reason animals which hybernate, like the bear, jerboa, marmot, dormouse, bat, and others, generally grow plump before they retire into winter quarters. Upon this capital of corpulence they subsist during their lethargy, the respiration being lessened, the pulse reduced to a few beats per minute, and the temperature lowered to perhaps 30° or 40°. But when the season of torpor terminates, they issue from their caves and burrows, meagre and ravenous, having burnt up their stock of fuel; Bruin himself appearing to be anxious to defraud the perfumers of the unguent which is so precious in their eyes.\*

\* It need scarcely be remarked that the doctrine of Vital Heat applies to animals as well as to men. All have their stores as well as we; but for want of space, we confine our observations to human caloric alone. It may suffice at present to say that some creatures exhibit a higher temperature than the lords of creation. Birds are the hottest; they reach about

Such then being the stove, and such the fuel, let us now advert to one or two of the peculiarities which this remarkable apparatus exhibits. It has been justly eulogized on the score of its surprising economy. None of its caloric, we may say, is wasted; the whole is expended in warming the frame, from its innermost recesses to the tips of the fingers and the extremities of the toes. To maintain the temperature of any apartment at 98° for threescore years and ten would involve a bill of some little severity at the coal-merchant's. But the quantity of combustible matter actually consumed upon our human premises is comparatively small. From ten to fifteen ounces of carbon are daily expelled from the lungs, or discharged through the skin, of an adult whose stove is in full practice. The hydrogen and other trifles should also be taken into account in our budget of fuel; but as the total quantity of oxygen inhaled in a year was computed by Lavoisier at 700 or 800 pounds only, and as all chemical combinations are effected in definite proportions, the maximum amount of combustibles employed may be ascertained with some approach to truth.\* To express the results numerically, it has been said that the caloric produced in a year would raise twenty or twenty-five thousand pounds of water from the freezing to the boiling point. But perhaps a more vivid conception may be obtained by considering that the difference between

the heat of the human interior and the average heat of a latitude like ours, represents the whole difference between summer and winter. If the surplus warmth of the inhabitants of this kingdom—that which we possess over and above what the climate itself affords—could be collected, it would fuse great masses of iron, or burn a town to tinder.

The case is still more remarkable in regard to the occupants of the Polar wastes. If the corporeal caloric of these barbarians could be communicated to their atmosphere, so as to impregnate the region with the same temperature, the aspect of the locality would be completely changed. An Arctic landscape would be a scene where tropical fruits might flourish in the open air, where palms might rear their slender stems and banyans spread their awful shade, where tigers might lurk in the thickets and boas lie coiled in the treacherous foliage above, and where the waters might be employed in fanning these British conquerors with punkahs, or carrying them in palanquins on a trip to the Magnetic Pole.

But perhaps the most striking feature in this warmth-producing apparatus, is the self-regulating power which it possesses. The fires on our domestic hearths decline at one moment and augment at another. Sometimes the mistress of the house threatens to faint on account of excessive heat: sometimes the master endeavors to improve the temperature by a passionate use of the poker, with an obligato accompaniment of growls respecting the excessive cold. Were such irregularities to prevail unchecked in our fleshy stoves, we should suffer considerable annoyance. After a meal of very inflammatory materials, or an hour spent in extraordinary exertion, the gush of caloric might throw the system into a state of high fever. How is this prevented? In some of our artificial stoves little doors or slides are employed to control the admission of air: in furnaces connected with steam-engines, we may have dampers which will accomplish the same purpose by the ingenious manipulations of the machine itself. But neither doors nor dampers, pokers nor stokers, can be employed in the bodily apparatus. If, on the one hand, our human fires should begin to flag from undue expenditure of heat, the appetite speaks out sharply, and compels the owner to look round for fuel. Hunger rings the

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103° or 104°. Even the duck, with all its aquatic propensities, has warmer blood than man. Most mammals may be quoted at 100° though considerable differences exist. In the heart of a lamb the thermometer rose to 107°. In contradistinction to mammals and birds, reptiles and fishes have been designated "cold blooded;" but this assertion is somewhat calumnious: for though their heat varies with the medium in which they exist, their temperature is generally a few degrees higher. Even insects, crustacea, molluscs, and other invertebrate "small deer," down to the most insignificant polyp, appear to take out a license to distill caloric on their own premises. Further, certain plants, whilst absorbing oxygen and making carbonic acid, as in the process of inflorescence, become much warmer than the surrounding air; whilst the temperature of the latter was only 66°, an *Arum cordifolium* has been known to range from 111° to 128°.

\* Lavoisier's estimate is certainly low. To saturate 800 lbs. of oxygen with carbon alone, 300 lbs. of the latter would be required. This would scarcely admit of a pulmonary discharge of 10 ozs. of charcoal a day, were the whole oxygen employed in producing carbonic acid, and the cutaneous respiration thrown out of consideration.

bell, and orders up coals in the shape of savory meats. Even rags and insufficient clothing contribute to make a man voracious. Or should the summons be neglected, the garnered fat, as we have seen, is thrown into the grate to keep the furnace in play. If, on the other hand, the heat internally developed or externally applied should become unreasonably intense, a very cunning process of reduction is adopted. When a substance grows too hot, the simplest method of bringing it into a cooler frame is to sprinkle it with water, the conversion of the fluid into vapor involving the consumption of a large amount of caloric. This is precisely what occurs in our human organisms. But, doubtless, when we mention the word *perspiration*, the reader, still more deeply disgusted, will tell us that this is an extremely uncouth topic, and that we ought to blush for referring to such a coarse, ill-bred operation. Not in the least! On the contrary, we venture to submit that perspiration is an exceedingly philosophical process. Instead of thinking slightly of a person who may happen to be in that condition, we ought to esteem him as one who is in a highly scientific state of body. For no sooner does the temperature of the frame rise above its standard height, than the sudorific glands, indignant at the event, begin to give out their fluid sensibly, so as to bathe the surface of the flesh. Each little perspiratory pipe (and there are supposed to be six or seven millions of pores with twenty-eight miles of glandular tubing attached) discharges its stream of moisture as if it were the hose of a fire-engine, so that the skin is speedily sluiced, and further incendiary proceedings are arrested. Whenever, therefore, a man becomes overheated by working, running, rowing, fighting, making furious speeches at the hustings, or other violent exertions, he invariably resorts to this species of exudation, and his friends begin to be alarmed lest he should fairly deliquesce.

Hence too arises the singular power of bearing for a time a temperature which would parch the body into mummy were it divested of life. Bakers will venture into ovens where the heat is considerably above the boiling point. Chantrey, the sculptor, entered a drying-kiln where the thermometer indicated 350°. Chabert, the fire-king, plunged into an atmosphere which ranged from 400° to 500°. Con-

jurors, like the old Spanish *Saludores*, the Italian Lionetti, the English Richardsons and Powells, have earned a daring livelihood by their salamandrine feats; and though in these cases impunity was generally secured by artificial preparations, yet we know that some of their marvels, such as dipping the finger into molten lead, may be accomplished with safety by any one who chooses to try the experiment.

Drs. Blagdon and Fordyce remained for some time in an apartment where the glow of the air sufficed to roast eggs and dress steaks—drying the latter indeed so as to put them out of the pale of mastication; yet the blood in their veins was not put on the simmer. You would have expected them to suffer like Master Phaëton, when “*nec tantos sustinet æstus; ferventesque auras velut e fornace profundâ, ore trahit.*” But no, their breath chilled their nostrils in the act of expiration; it sank the mercury in the thermometer several degrees; it cooled their fingers if directed upon them; and this it did, though the atmosphere around them acted like a sirocco when set in motion; and though a fan, instead of producing a pleasant breeze, would have compelled the strongest-minded lady to faint, however determined her nerves. What protected these fire-proof men? Simply, their sudorific glands. The sweat poured down their frames, and if any of our dainty friends had stood in their places, they would doubtless have been ashamed of the pools of perspiration which were formed on the floor.

What shall we say then, good reader? Speaking seriously, and looking at the question from a mere human point of view, could any project appear more hopeless, than one for burning fuel in a soft delicate fabric like the human body—a fabric composed for the most part of mere fluids—a fabric which might be easily scorched by excess of heat or damaged by excess of cold? Does it not seem like a touch of Quixotism in Nature, to design a stove with flesh for its walls, veins for its flues, skin for its covering? Yet here, we have seen, is an apparatus, which, as if by magic, produces a steady stream of heat—not trickling penuriously from its fountains, but flowing on day and night, winter and summer, without a moment's cessation from January to December. Carry this splendid machine to the coldest regions on the globe—set it up in a scene

where the frosts are so crushing that nature seems to be trampled dead—still it pours out its mysterious supplies with unabated profusion. It is an apparatus, too, which does its work unwatched, and in a great measure unaided. The very fuel which is thrown into it in random heaps is internally sifted and sorted, so that the true combustible elements are conveyed to their place and applied to their duty with unerring precision. No hand is needed to trim its fires, to temper its glow, to remove its ashes. Smoke there is none, spark there is none, flame there is none. The pulmonary chimney is never clogged with human grime. All is so delicately managed that the fairest skin is neither shriveled nor blackened by the burnings within. Is this apparatus placed in circumstances which rob it too fast of its caloric? Then the appetite becomes clamorous for food, and in satisfying its demands the fleshy stove is silently

replenished. Or, are we placed in peril from suberabundant warmth? Then the tiny floodgates of perspiration are flung open, and the surface is laid under water until the fires within are reduced to their wonted level. Assailed on the one hand by heat, the body resists the attack, if resistance be possible, until the store of moisture is dissipated: assailed on the other by cold, it keeps the enemy at bay until the hoarded stock of fuel is expended. Thus protected, thus provisioned, let us ask whether these human hearths are not entitled to rank amongst the standing marvels of creation? for is it not startling to find that, let the climate be mild or rigorous, let the wind blow from the sultry desert or come loaded with polar sleet, let the fluctuations of temperature be as violent as they may without us, there shall still be a calm, unchanging, undying summer within us?

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From the London Review.

## THE TEUTONIC TRIBES IN ENGLAND;

OR THE GREAT CRADLE OF ENGLISHMEN.\*

It is not an easy task to realize that state of things, in which the mere elements of the institutions under which we live were floating loosely, or just beginning to combine. But the attempt to do so will be attended with profit, if not with complete success. The present character and relations of England naturally give the deepest interest to the scenes and cir-

cumstances of her childhood. In an effort to call up these, we may be assisted, perhaps, by the sympathy of race, and will accept the guidance of Tacitus and Pliny. We go back in thought to the first century of the Christian era; and then, passing over the North Sea, let us stem the flood of old Rhenus, till we come to the point where he is joined by the serpentine Mosella; and here, leaving our skiff, let us land, and, turning toward the north-east, strike boldly into the depths of the Hyrcanian Forest. Now, we are surrounded by trees which seem to be as old as the world. The interwoven boughs shut out the light of heaven. Here and there, the mingling roots rise from the earth, and form arches beneath which a troop of horsemen might pass. On a line

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\* *The Germania of Tacitus, with Ethnological Dissertations and Notes* By R. G. LITHAM, M.D., F.R.S., etc. London. 1851.

*The Saxons in England. A History of the English Commonwealth till the Period of the Norman Conquest.* By JOHN KEMBLE, M.A., etc. Two vols. London. 1849.

*Popular Tales from the Norse. With an Introductory Essay.* By GEORGE WEBER DAUNT, D.C.L. Edinburgh. 1859.

of very large and beautiful oaks may be seen, sketched on the bark, some curious figures of birds and beasts with Runic characters. At this point we must halt a little. This is the outer limit of the sacred mark which surrounds the settlement of some organized community. Before we proceed, there must be a loud shout, or a blast on our horn, as a token of peace; otherwise we may be struck down, and left to wither in the wood. It is not safe to slink through without notice. This is declared to be the sacred abode of the gods. We may meet, they say, with monsters and dragons; wood-spirits may bewilder and decoy us to death. The fire-drake may come out of his fen. Grindal the man-eater may catch us; or old Nicor may come after us from the side of the forest-lake. If we do not respect the holiness of this place, we are accursed; but if it be honored, we shall be received in peace. Now, let us pass on. The vast height of the wood, the dark secrecy of the spot, the mysterious unbroken gloom, awaken a sense of some present divinity; and we are not mistaken, for there is the broken armor of some vanquished Roman, hung up by the victors as an offering to their triumphant god. But now, the light gleams on our path, and we come at length into more open ground, a kind of marshy pasture: this may be called the Folk-land, where the people have right of common; and here are herds of sheep, cattle, and swine. A little further, and, on turning a hill, there is a scene of cultivation, and some domestic comfort. All around, within the ring-fence of forest and marsh, are scattered huts and cottages made of log or rough timber, and whitened with chalk or clay. About and between the little dwellings there are patches of corn promising a harvest, or plots of arable land on which laborers are at work. There are some women occupied in housewifery, dressed in blue linen; their short-sleeved dresses leaving their well-turned arms and necks uncovered, and their ruddy or auburn hair decently twisted up to a knot. At a little distance, on a mound, whose venerable central tree and sacred stones mark off the spot from the other parts of the town, is a large gathering of men, for the most part dressed in skins, either tightly fitted or clasped at the neck, and falling loosely over the person, variegated with dyed spots, and ornamented with strips of fur. Every man is

armed with sword, spear, or axe; and every left arm has on it a dark round shield: and now, a clash of weapons signifies their approval of what is proposed by a speaker, who seems to hold the office of chief or king, and who is supported by persons whose appearance is that of priests. The men, generally, are large-bodied and well formed, firm look and stern blue eyes, except here and there a brilliant hazel. A family likeness appears to pervade the whole; and the entire scene gives an impression of compactness, order, domestic chastity, and comfort; a little advance in the cultivation of peace, with most watchful readiness for war. But where are we? and who are these? This is a German Mark, with its organized tribe, assembled with their priests and Graff in solemn council; and these warlike agriculturists and herdmén, gathered in the midst of their homes, are our Teutonic forefathers; one of the many families of that race from which we derive our distinctive character and our dearest rights.

But let a hundred years pass away, and then we suppose ourselves to be standing on some more northern point, from which we command the eastern coast of the Cimbrian Chersonesus, now known as Jutland. Within the variegated bays which look towards the Baltic, there are many scattered villages of low-roofed huts; and some of the wooded hills are crowned with the fastnesses of northern chiefs. On some spots groups of figures may be observed in rude armor closely fitted to the body, each furnished with a long sword, or axe, or heavy mace. Down some of the valleys which wind to the sea, a few horsemen appear, dashing over brake and stream; each small-headed glossy bay animal expressing, through his full dark eyes and large slit nostrils, his sympathy with his fearless rider. But let us cross the peninsula, and survey the marshes and sandy shores which are washed by the Northern Sea; and there we find many lonely or clustered homes, occupying portions of cultivated marsh, or little green patches amidst the sandy plains, or standing between the salt-pools which dot the low-lands. These habitations are peopled by a kind of amphibious race, the primitive marines of Europe. Armed like their brethren on the shores of the Baltic, they are prepared to assist them in invading the fields and forests of Thuringia; while

they can leap into their airy ships, and dart from the mouth of the Elbe, or from the creeks of the islands which stand off the sandy shoals of the coast, fearlessly brave the storm, and laugh at the breeze as it plays with their flaxen locks, or whistles beneath the nose-peak of their tight little helmets. The scene before us is the true "Old England;" and the people who seem to be at home both in "the battle and the breeze," are our ancestors, the Jutes of Jutland, the Angles of England, and the Saxons of Sleswic Holstein. They made themselves known in the fifth century as the gay masters of the Britanic seas. Hides sewn together, and stretched on a frame of light wood or wicker-work, formed their homes on the sea. Every man could be rower or captain, just as the case demanded. They became expert under mutual instruction; and were ready for any call, either as leaders or privates, seamen or soldiers: ever on the alert, they were a match for the most vigilant and courageous; and whether they attempted a surprise, or tracked the fugitive, or retreated before superior force, their designs were sooner or later fulfilled. Danger was despised. Shipwreck became a mere inconvenience. They appeared to be as familiar with hidden rocks and shoals as they were with the open billows. Their confidence gathered with a storm; and they gloried in the tempest, because it afforded an opportunity of unexpected descent on the shores which they had marked for invasion. They formed the family type of those who in after years manned the "wooden walls of old England." Like their relatives, the Northmen of a somewhat later day, they were "sea-kings." Their passion for a maritime life was peculiar to their race; and the early settlement of such families on this Island had much to do with the formation of that nautical taste and disposition which now make up so distinctive a part of English character. The Saxon who managed his *ceol* during the fifth century, was at once the hardy parent and rough model of the English tar. And when we watch the movements of those compact military households, which in the third century were the terror of Gaul, and a match for the legions of Rome; who, though small in number, swept back the tide of Scotch and Pictish invasion in Britain; who to-day would measure out their allotments

of land, and to-morrow hew their way with sharp axes and long swords into further scenes of conquest; who, by turns, cultivated their Marks, and drove back Kelts on the one side, and Danes on the other, until they had fixed themselves as the lords of English soil; we have before us the early models and ancestry of the troops who in more modern times have become most remarkable for steady push and passive courage.

To inquire for the original seat of this race, or to attempt to track their footsteps or their line of emigration, formerly involved a speedy passage into the region of mere conjecture, where, groping like one who can only "see men as trees walking," we were content at last to take the hand of such guides as Herodotus or Strabo. They beguiled us with stories about what Greek authors had said of the Scythians; or of what the older geographers revealed of the lands beyond the Euxine, the Danube, and Adriatic Sea, where the *Hyperboreans*, *Sauromata*, and *Arimaspians* were found; or with tales about the *Messageta* and *Sacas* beyond the Caspian, or the *Germanii* in Persia, where we brought ourselves to believe we came upon the primitive home of the *Sakai-Suna*, or the sons of the *Sakai*, in the rich district of Sakasina. And yet even then, perhaps, our faith was scarcely proof against Higden's curious etymology: "Men of that cowntree," he says, "ben more lyghter and stronger on the sea than other scommers and theeves of the sea, and pursue theyr enemyes full harde both by water and by londe, and ben called Saxones of *Saxum*, that is, a stone, for they ben as harde as stones, and uneasy to fare with!" When, at a later day, the literature of the East was partially opened by the great leaders in Oriental research, we thought our ancestors were found among the *Sakas*, who, with the *Yavanas*, *Pahlavas*, *Chinas*, and others, are placed by the Laws of Menu among the races of the *Cshatryas*, or soldier-class, which, "by their omission of holy rites, and by seeing no Brahmins, have gradually sunk among men to the lowest of the four classes." Nor have we been unwilling to think that the name *Sakas* might have some reference to their sacred origin and early wandering from the family seat; as the celebrated Gôtama Budha was called *Sakya* because of his purity and mendicant life; while his disciples were soon known

as the sons of *Sakya*. Thanks, however, to the master spirits whose magic power has drawn forth the long-veiled mysteries of human language, a more certain clue is now afforded us to the earlier relations and wanderings of our forefathers. Where history fails, philology comes to our aid, and teaches us to read with comparative ease the records of our early kindred, and the tales of our fathers' dispersion. Under her guidance we trace the Anglo-Saxon, with the other branches of the Germanic family, to the Sanscrit and Zend, the direct father of the modern Persian. The Persic, more than any other of the Asiatic tongues, seems to be closely allied to the Teutonic group; indeed, it appears to form the base of their etymology. If the radical words of the Persic be estimated at twelve thousand, not less, perhaps, than four thousand of these are to be found, with more or less of change, in the Germanic dialects; while a striking conformity prevails as to inflection. The languages of modern Europe may at the same time owe something to ancient Armenia; and the presence of Hebrew roots might indicate an old connection between the western emigrants and those whom Assyrian power once transplanted from Samaria to "the rivers of Gozan and the cities of the Medes." "The close relation of the German language with the Persian," as Schlegel remarks, "distinctly indicates the point at which that branch separated from its parent stem; and the numerous radical words common both to the Teutonic and Turkish languages may afford indications of the migratory path which the former people pursued, and which is proved by other and historical evidence to have followed the direction of the river Gihon or Araxes, along the shore of the Caspian Sea, bearing constantly towards the north-west." A few scattered remains of their speech still linger on their line of movement—in the Crimea, the Caucasus, and the neighborhood of the Caspian; and "the mixed construction of the dialects now used in those districts marks them as links filling up the space which intervenes between the Indian and Persian on the one hand, and the Germanic families on the other."

Where then was the real starting-point, the great source of this emigration? The double alliance of our western languages with the Persian and the Sanscrit might incline us to hesitate between Persia and

Hindustan; were it not that by very ancient Brahminical laws migration from India was forbidden, and that the continent was subdued at an early period by a superior race who came down into it from the north-west. Persia, therefore, seems to be nearest to the cradle of nations. The Plain of Iran was the home from whence the first pilgrim-multitudes moved off, some to the west, and some to the east. But when each later "wandering of the nations" began, or in what order they followed, who can say? What kindled up their desire for change, or what impulses hastened their steps, there is no certain voice to tell us. The languages of Europe, however, like tidal wave-marks on the soil, show that the successive floods of human life came with the greatest rapidity and force over the north-west. Into this great basin Kelts, Greeks, Romans, Teutons, and Slavonians came rolling on, bearing the precious materials for future civilization and moral power. There were ages of repeated shifting. Changes passed over the state and position of tribes. For many generations they would move hither and thither under the pressure of various circumstances. Names came up and vanished. States were formed and swept away. Wars, and seditions, and conquests would mark the years of discipline, during which the western tribes were learning to become the rulers of history, the patterns of healthy social action, the teachers of science and practical philosophy, and the commercial and religious harmonizers of the world. In the mean time, the emigrants who had taken an eastern turn from the common starting-point, crossed the old Eastern Caucasus, and, rushing through the passes of Afghanistan, and over the rivers of the Punjaub, seized upon the fruitful plains of India.

Never were the character and destiny of these two kindred branches of early emigration sketched in a single page with more vigor and beauty than by Mr. Dasset, in the Introduction to his translations from the Norse:

"The western wanderers," he says, "though by nature tough and enduring, have not been obstinate and self-willed; they have been distinguished from all other nations, and particularly from their elder brothers whom they left behind, by their common-sense, by their power of adapting themselves to all circumstances, and by making the best of their position; above all,

they have been teachable, ready to receive impressions from without, and, when received, to develop them. Their lot is that of the younger brother, who, like the younger brother whom we meet so often in these *Popular Tales*, went out into the world with nothing but his good heart and God's blessing to guide him; and now has come to all honor and fortune, and to be a king ruling over the world. He went out and *did*. Let us see now what became of the elder brother, who staid at home some time after his brother went out, and then only made a short journey. Having driven out the few aboriginal inhabitants of India with little effort, and following the course of the great rivers, the southern Aryans gladly established themselves all over the peninsula; and then, in calm possession of a world of their own, undisturbed by conquest from without, and accepting with apathy any change of dynasty among their rulers, ignorant of the past and careless of the future, they sat down once for all and *thought*—thought not of what they had to do here, that stern lesson of every-day life from which neither men nor nations can escape if they are to live with their fellows, but how they could abstract themselves entirely from their present existence, and immerse themselves wholly in dreamy speculations on the future. Whatever they may have been during their short migration and subsequent settlement, it is certain that they appear in the *Vedas*—perhaps the earliest collection which the world possesses—as a nation of philosophers. . . . In this passive, abstract, unprogressive state, they have remained ever since. Stiffened into castes, and tongue-tied and hand-tied by absurd rites and ceremonies, they were heard of in dim legends by Herodotus; they were seen by Alexander when that bold spirit pushed his phalanx beyond the limits of the known world; they trafficked with imperial Rome and the later Empire; they were again almost lost sight of, and became fabulous in the Middle Age; they were re-discovered by the Portuguese; they have been alternately peaceful subjects and desperate rebels to us English; but they have been still the same immovable and unprogressive philosophers, though akin to Europe all the while; and though the Highlander, who drives his bayonet through the heart of a high-caste Sepoy mutiner, little knows that his pale features and sandy hair, and that dusk face with its raven locks, both came from a common ancestor away in Central Asia, many centuries ago."

Next to their language, the mythology of nations affords the most interesting and instructive evidence of original kindred. Language, perhaps, opens the most impressive views of that swelling energy of thought, that fresh activity, quick discernment, and rich contrivance and invention, which would distinguish a race while yet entire in its first home, and ere the early springs of thought or action have been

weakened or spent; but mythology gives us a curious insight into the silent efforts of scattered and wandering branches of the great household to retain some remnants at least of that primeval faith which had hallowed the home of their fathers. Nor can we pick up the fragmentary relics which we find at the extreme limits of human migration, and compare them, without finding pleasure in making them fit to each other as parts of the same original creed. The visions of Teutonic heathendom are comparatively dim; but their floating forms, when carefully watched, are seen to melt into shapes of Eastern fashion, and to claim an affinity with the more elaborate imagery with which Oriental wanderers adorned and concealed the first principles of revealed truth. Much of the mythology held sacred by the German tribes who peopled this island, must be sought for now in popular tales and legends; those things that were so dear to our childhood, but which, nowadays, we think ourselves too far advanced in manhood to love and cherish. Let it not be thought, however, that our old nursery tales are mere fooleries to charm or awe the infantile thinker. Many of them have a meaning which the philosopher should gladly record; and beneath the surface of what has been all but banished from our juvenile literature as unworthy of an enlightened age, there is a science which may help us to "look to the hole of the pit from which we were digged," or to examine our family connection with far-off populations, until the true old feeling of kindred becomes warm enough to aid us in the exercise of Christian love and duty. Who, even among the oldest of us, but must recall with pleasure the glowing delight with which his young soul used to revel amidst the magic scenes of our old-fashioned nursery tales or the legends of our native place? The charm and power of these are still unrivaled. Perhaps, this indicates an analogy between our individual youth and the first age of a people. The one has sympathy with the other; and therefore the mythic creations of young, fresh, and sensitive races afford distinctive enjoyment to the new-born but deep instincts of the boy. But our attention is now drawn to our native myths and stories as they show the marks and tokens of the fatherland, or parent stock, of the tribes who brought them through all the



wanderings of their national childhood as a portion of their inheritance, and have now left them to be encased and studied by a maturer age. We are indebted to Mr. Dasent for enlarged means of identifying the legends of Teutonic heathendom with those of the prolific East from which the earliest versions sprang. By making us familiar with the Norse tales, which are still on the lips of those who represent the northern kindred of our Saxon progenitors, he has augmented our store of material, and, indeed, has confirmed us in the belief that the groundwork of the old popular narratives both of Europe and Asia is one and the same; that they were all learnt in the same nursery, and used to be told there long, long before time had so changed the children's speech, that the story with which all would be familiar came to be rehearsed by one in a dialect which none of the others could understand. To quote from the translator's beautiful pages:

"The tales form in fact another link in the class of evidence of a common origin between the East and West; and even the obstinate adherents of the old classical theory, according to which all resemblances were set down to sheer copying from Greek or Latin patterns, are now forced to confess, not only that there was no such wholesale copying at all, but that, in many cases, the despised vernacular tongues have preserved the various traditions far more faithfully than the writers of Greece and Rome. . . . There can be no doubt, with regard to the question of the origin of these tales, that they were common, in germ at least, to the Aryan tribes before their migration. We find traces of them in the traditions of the eastern Aryans, and we find them developed in a hundred forms and shapes in every one of the nations into which the western Aryans have shaped themselves in the course of ages. We are led, therefore, irresistibly to the conclusion that these traditions are as much a portion of the common inheritance of our ancestors, as their language unquestionably is; and that they form, along with that language, a double chain of evidence which proves their Eastern origin. If we are to seek for a simile or an analogy, as to the relative position of these tales and traditions, and to the mutual resemblances which exist between them, as the several branches of our race have developed them from the common stock, we may find it in something which will come home to every reader as he looks round the domestic hearth, if he should be so happy as to have one. They are like, as sisters of one house are like. They have what would be called a strong family likeness; but besides this likeness, which they owe to father or mother, as the case may be, they have each their peculiarities of form, and eyes,

and face, and, still more, their differences of intellect and mind. This may be dark, that fair; this may have gray eyes, that black; this may be open and graceful, that reserved and close; this you may love, that you can take no interest in. One may be bashful, another winning, a third worth knowing, and yet hard to know. They are so like and so unlike. At first it may be, as an old English writer beautifully expresses it, 'their father hath writ them as his own little story;' but as they grow up, they throw off the copy, educate themselves for good or ill, and finally assume new forms of feeling and feature under an original development of their own."

We scarcely know which to admire most, the pure bright naturalness of Mr. Dasent's translation, or the fresh English style of his thoughtful and suggestive Introduction. We have had many a refreshing laugh over the Norse tales; and, in spite of attempts at philosophy, have felt ourselves young again, as the fairy dreams of boyhood came around us, peopled with so many dear and familiar features. Thanks to the author who has courage to cheer the few who are sometimes parched and weary amidst cotton-dust, hot steam, and what not.

Nor will the lover of our native tongue fail to be grateful to one who has successfully shown that deep philosophical thought and the results of critical research may be expressed in clear, chaste, and graceful English. The instructive chapters on Saxon heathendom, in Mr. Kemble's volumes, furnish additional evidence as to the original identity of Eastern and Western myths. We can trace the influence of climate and other circumstances in the varied shaping of the traditions; and here and there we may detect the coarse and disagreeable images which the gross and fanatical zeal of missionary monks forced into combination with the earlier legends; yet we can not wander amidst the ruins of the Anglo-Saxon Pantheon, especially when it is seen in the light of old Norse theology, without recognizing the kith and kin, not only of those forms which once peopled the sacred abodes of Greece and Rome, but also of the dreamy groups which still float in the glowing atmosphere of Hindostan. The shadows vary a little as we shift our point of sight; but in every aspect they dimly reveal some remaining element of a great primeval faith. Other proofs of the family relation between East and West are continuously suggested by Mr. Kemble's pages. And as Saxon institutions are

brought up before us, restored by his magic touch, from amidst the crumbling memorials of pre-Norman times, or as the interpretation of some ancient law is made to throw light upon the social condition of the early Teuton settlers in England, our thoughts are ever and anon carried to the East, and memory produces some answering clause in the Institutes of Menu, or some Indian customs which remain unchanged through all changes, and yet stand like fossils in the rock to indicate the family relations of a former age. It might be supposed, for instance, that when the Teutons entered on the soil, and each family or tribe drew around its settlement the sacred "mark," and fixed the hallowed signs, the "stone," or "mound," or remarkable tree, either ash, beech, thorn, lime, or "marked oak," they still felt the influence of the old Eastern precept concerning "the large public trees," and piously obeyed the command recorded by Menu: "When boundaries first are established, let strong trees be planted in them, *vatus, pippalas, pilasas, salas, or talas*, or such trees as abound in milk. . . . Or mounds of earth should be raised, or large pieces of stone. . . . By such marks the judge may ascertain the limits." The Saxon regulations as to fole-land and pasture, as well as the custom respecting margins of property or space for eaves, might remind us, too, of sentences in the same Oriental code, providing that "on all sides of a village, or small town, a space be left for pasture, a breadth either of four hundred cubits, or three casts of a large stick; and three times that space around a city or considerable town." An intelligent reader of *The Saxons in England* will think perhaps of Sir C. T. Metcalf's description of village communities in India, and of Mountstuart Elphinstone's sketch of their growth and constitution, while he refreshes himself with pictures from the real life of early German settlers in this island. Nor could we fail to observe how curiously Mr. Kemble's enumeration of the seven classes of slaves among the Saxons answers to a legal statement in Menu. The class of serfs, says the English writer, was composed of "serfs by the fortunes of war, by marriage, by settlement, by voluntary surrender, by crime, by superior legal power, and by illegal power of injustice." The eastern authority affirms: "There are servants of seven sorts; one made

captive under a standard or in battle; one maintained on consideration of service; one born of a female slave in the house; one sold, or given, or inherited from ancestors; and one enslaved by way of punishment on his inability to pay a large fine."

The emigrant families, who had gone off right and left, were long divided. At length, however, the descendants of the younger branch found their way around to the land where the elder brethren of the dispersion had settled. There was a meeting, and a feud, terrible for a time, as family feuds too often are; but now, a lady from the royal line of the Western Islanders holds her scepter over the scene of strife, and illustrates the beautiful title of the Anglo-Saxon woman, *Freothowebbe*, "the weaver of peace." We are led to recur again for a moment to the mythology of the East, which may throw some light upon the first movements of the German race towards the north-west, when they started, as we suppose, from a point somewhere on the borders of Persia. A veneration for the north, a deep impression of its glory, seems to have prevailed among eastern minds. This was not a mere circumstance, but a favorite idea or cherished feeling. It is constantly showing itself in their poetical creations, and appears to be interwoven, in many cases, into their sacred literature. We might be inclined to infer, that the first movements of the German families in that direction resulted, not so much from the impulse of necessity, as from the influence of the traditions and doctrines which they fostered and revered as divine. On this subject, however, we can only speculate at present. Whatever the motive under which their migration began, they appear to have passed out of Asia into Europe over the Kimmerian Bosphorus, north of the Black Sea, about six hundred and eighty years before Christ. Herodotus records their attack on the Kimmerians about that period. In the old historian's own time, just four hundred and fifty years before the Christian era, they were on the Danube, and were moving towards the south. Tacitus speaks of their victorious arms against the Romans one hundred and thirteen years before Christ. Sixty-three years later, in Cæsar's time, they were known as Germans, and had established themselves so far to the west as to oblige the Gaulish tribes to withdraw from the eastern banks

of the Rhine. The Saxons were as far west as the Elbe in the days of Ptolemy; and a little more than one hundred years from that time, they united with the Franks against the Romans; while in the fifth century they were peopling the region of the Elbe in connection with the Angles and Jutes. It would seem that for some years before Cæsar's descent on Britain, an active intercourse had been kept up between the western districts of Gaul and our southern and eastern shores. The first landing of the Roman invader was, perhaps, the result of his discovery, that his Gallic foes sometimes recruited their strength by the aid of their British kinsmen and allies; while the plan of his hostile visit was probably formed on the information gathered on the coast from those who were commercially related to the markets of Britain. When Roman power was established on both sides of the Channel, the ancient bonds would be renewed, and there would be a growing familiarity of communication. During the Augustan age, the exports from this island must have been respectable in variety and value. In Nero's time, London, though not a colony, was noted as a commercial station; and was, perhaps, the chief attraction to the merchants of Gaul. While this friendly relation was maintained across the Channel, it may be supposed that, as the German tribes advanced along the valleys of the Elbe, the Weser, and the Rhine, some of them would find their way to the British shores. Indeed, Cæsar's allusion to emigration from the Continent, Ptolemy's notice of the Chauci as having reached Ireland, and the tradition of the Welsh Triads as to the Coritavi who came to Britain from a Teutonic marshland, all go to render the supposition more probable. It is well known that the Roman Emperors recruited their legions from among Germanic tribes; and they may have seen that their safer policy would be to billet their Teutonic ranks on the fertile valleys of this island rather than on the other side of the water. Marcus Antoninus drafted crowds of Germans to Britain. When Constantine was elected to the imperial dignity, his supporters included Erocus, an Alemannic King, who had accompanied his father from Germany. And still later, there was an auxiliary force of Germans serving with the legions in this country. In addition to this, there is the remarkable fact, that among the

Roman officers here, there was the "count or lord of the Saxon shore." His jurisdiction extended from a point near the present Portsmouth to Wells in Norfolk; and under him were various civil and military establishments fixed along that range of coast. Now as the term "Saxon shore" was applied to that district on the Continent which was occupied by the Saxon confederacy, we may take it in much the same sense with respect to this island. It would refer then to that part on which Saxons had settled. The facts thus enumerated go to show that long previous to the fifth century there had been some admixture of Germans in the population of this country. It is certain, however, that about the middle of the fifth century a considerable movement took place among the tribes that peopled the western coasts of Germany and the islands of the Baltic. Whether they were disturbed by the inroads of restless neighbors from behind, or agitated by the difficulties of increasing population, or moved by a rising spirit of adventure, it is not easy to decide; but a great emigration began, and Angles, Saxons, and Jutes, crossed the sea in search of new settlements. Britain at that time was fertile and defenseless; rich with the fruits of a long peace; but abandoned by the Romans, and ill prepared for self-defense. Nothing could be more inviting to the swarms of hardy adventurers who now pressed toward her shores; and, disorganized, enervated, and so far disarmed as to be incapable of a very spirited or stubborn resistance, her soil was soon occupied by those who made up the successive expeditions which legend has associated with such names as Hengist, Horsa, Ella, Ossa, and Cerdic. The new-comers were not likely to find land vacant for their occupation among the Saxons who had previously settled on the coast; but they might secure the coöperation of their kindred in driving the British from the interior fields. There would be many skirmishes; and sometimes victory might be dearly bought on the side of the Teutons; but they steadily advanced from east to west, and from south to north, until the unfortunate people who had called the land their own, were driven to the barren extremities of the country, or reduced to the necessity of mingling with the fierce strangers in any capacity which the conquerors might demand.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## THOUGHTS ON MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

WE live in a literary age. If books are deficient in this nineteenth century, certainly it is not in quantity. There is a plethora of books. They are to us as the jungle is to our Indian soldiers. We struggle through life waist-deep in them. We gasp, we faint under the accumulated treasures of intellect that are pressed upon us with a fatal liberality. To be sure this is a fault on the right side. How our ancestors in the last century managed to exist, it is not easy for us to conceive. For in those days books—taking the term in the popular sense—were few indeed. Ponderous dictionaries, scientific books, scholastic books there were in plenty. But books such as one could read—new books—three-volume books, magazines, travels, “charming” fashionable novels, green and yellow “monthlies”—where were they? A hundred and fifty years ago was born in the sprightly soul of Dick Steele the great “periodical” idea, and the result was the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, and the rest of that respectable and laudable tribe. But only fancy a public compelled to slake its thirst for light literature in the polished dullness and prim pleasantness of Addison and Steele, and to swallow diurnal doses of morality disguised in little histories about Florinda and her lap-dog or Chloë and her fan. We, who luxuriate in a copious stream of journals and hebdomadals, monthlies and quarterlies, think with a shudder of the desolate and benighted state of our forefathers, our only consolation being that they did not know their own misery. But if they were worse off than ourselves as to quantity, I am not at all sure that they were so as to quality. In fiction they had not Scott, or Bulwer, or Dickens, or Thackeray; but perhaps they would not have exchanged Goldsmith, or Fielding, or Smollett, or Sterne for either of them; and they had Richardson, whose fame, great as it is, has never been half so great as he deserved. There is not, in my opinion, a tale in any language at all worthy to be put on the same shelf with *Clarissa Harlowe*. The consummate art with which the characters are grouped, and the simple

and masterly grandeur of their separate treatment, so that each is perfect not only absolutely but relatively, tells of true and unrivalled genius; and for the heroine—perhaps even Shakspeare never drew one more exquisite. From Ada's self

“To her that did but yesterday suspire,  
There was not such a gracious creature born;”

grace, purity, refinement, gentleness, patience, truth, and love—love so intense that it survived all sense of personal outrage and ill-treatment, yet so pure that for a vicious nature, once proved to be such, it could not endure a day; a modesty so majestic in its stainless lustre that vice, the coarsest, foulest, and most brutal, felt in her presence strange emotions first of wonder and then of shame, yet a girlish vivacity and playfulness so indomitable as even to show itself at times, fitfully radiant, amidst the gloomy and sorrowful depths of that long and bitter trial; a heart so rich in human affection that it would have made earth a paradise for the infatuated sensualist who might have won but *would not* win it, yet so full of the love of God that it bore without a murmur the blighting of a life thus formed and fitted for all earthly joy, and welcomed, with a smile so heavenly that it turned a remorseless sinner into a zealous penitent and saint, her ghastly bridegroom, Death: all these were *Clarissa's*; and where, on paper, shall we look upon her like again? What are our novel heroines in this nineteenth century? Amy Robsart, Flora MacIvor, Lucy Ashton, Diana Vernon—you that on your first appearance so captivated the world—we summon you to pass before us that we may pronounce in our calmer moments deliberate judgment on you all. Well, you are sweet creatures; but are you genuine *women*? Does any one of you possess a fair specimen of that miraculous complication—a woman's heart? Are you not rather the romantic creations of a brain impregnated with the spirit of an age when woman was worshiped, but not understood? And is it not rather in the Rotten-Row sense that you are “charm-

ing?" Then there was Mr. James, the most wonderful grinder of three-volume novels, on the Scott principle, that the world has ever seen—not wholly unreadable, though they always begin with a tall knight and a short one, and end with the triumph of virtue over vice. Of Mr. James's heroines one can say nothing, simply because there is nothing to say. Their business is to be persecuted by vicious knights, and rescued by virtuous ones; and this they certainly manage to perform tolerably well. But both for Scott and his satellite James there is this to be said, that they are not novel-writers, but romance-writers; and that in a romance we do not look for any deep knowledge of human nature, but only or chiefly for picturesque description and exciting incident. And inasmuch as poetry is an infinitely higher thing than romance, so I believe that it is on his poetry, (the most Homeric since Homer,) and not on his romances, that Sir Walter's title to immortality will mainly rest.

But *Clarissa* has led me from my subject, which is not our heroines but our books—the literature with which the public has been fed since circulating libraries flourished. It is a copious if not generous, a various if not altogether wholesome, diet. Most abundant of all, there is the novel and the pseudo-novel. To the latter class belong our serial stories, among writers of which the most notable are Mr. Dickens and Mr. Thackeray. These are not, properly speaking, novels, for they are not constructed on the principles of that art, wholly unknown to the ancients, which may be called the narrative-dramatic, and for perfection in which genius of much the same order and degree is required as for the drama itself. *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Pendennis* are not to be called novels, any more than are *Tristram Shandy* and the *Sentimental Journey*. It is indeed simply as a humorist that Mr. Dickens has taken and will keep his place among the remarkable writers of the age. If he had written only the *Pickwick Papers* this would be evident enough. They were a series of sketches of middle and lower-class life and manners perfectly admirable in their way, and written with a freshness and keenness of observation absolutely marvelous; but it was an observation not of character and motive, but of the mere externals of humanity—appearance, manner, and mode of self-expression.

From the beginning to the end there is not one of the characters which is *real*. Every one of them is a caricature, not of a human being, but of the superficial peculiarities of one. There is no more reality in *Pickwick* himself than there is in "Monsieur Jabot." Both are the offspring of the same intellectual faculty; both are exquisitely ridiculous, but neither is the result of any particular knowledge of human nature. It is to a sense of mere humor, and that not of the highest class, that we owe both these creations. Compare *Pickwick* and *Falstaff*. We laugh at *Falstaff* as we do at *Pickwick* for that which is *personally* ridiculous in him, but we laugh much more at his moral weaknesses and follies. In *Pickwick* it is the tights and gaiters; in *Falstaff* it is the *man*. For Dickens has humor only, Shakspeare had both humor and wit; Shakspeare had creative genius, Dickens has only an extraordinarily developed mimetic faculty. It is unquestionable, too, that the later works of Dickens have by no means realized the expectations raised by his first flights. It may be said indeed that every succeeding series of "green monthlies" has stood a step lower than its predecessor, till at last they have died out from mere exhaustion of popularity. This is no doubt partly owing to the loss of the freshness and keen edge which are peculiar to maiden authorship; but also, I believe, it is in a great degree that result of what Coleridge called "ultra-crepidation." Having succeeded with *Pickwick*, Mr. Dickens resolved on attempting elaborate stories with mysterious plots, tragic *dénouements*, and all the rest of it. The consequence was, that the stories failed both as regular tales and as humorous sketches of real life. Their pathos is apt to be tawdry sentiment, their passion torn to rags, and their interest wound up to the requisite pitch at the end by the coarse artifice of a savage murder. On the other hand, each character, having to perform his part in a complicated narrative, is cramped and straitened into a more or less artificial aspect, and loses the free and life-like appearance in which the unfettered *Pickwickians* each and all of them rejoice. The power of comic delineation in such characters as Squeers, Sairey Gamp, Mantalini, Pecksniff, and the rest, is no doubt extraordinary; but the interest even in these is damped by the painful elaboration and total want of skill

with which the story is constructed; and many of the characters are unnatural—odd without being amusing, and grotesque rather than ridiculous. If Mr. Dickens had stood manfully to his trade, which is the caricaturing of real life and manners, and avoided all tragical and hysterical writing, every new work which he produced would have added to his fame. The success of the murder in *Oliver Twist* may probably have operated to divert him from the true line of his business; but there are thousands who can describe a murder so as to thrill your very soul with horror, for one who can construct a "plot" for a novel or a play. In *Household Words* Mr. Dickens is himself again; there are papers in it evidently bearing the mark of the editor and well worthy of his palmiest days.

The humor of Mr. Thackeray is of a far finer and more subtle and at the same time of a less joyous and genial order, than that of Mr. Dickens. The essential difference between them is, that one is a humorist only, the other a humorist and satirist combined. The weapon which Mr. Dickens employs to excite risibility is little more than what is commonly called "fun," and implies none but the most superficial knowledge of the motives of human action; the chief implement used by Mr. Thackeray is the exposure of the littlenesses, meannesses, and vulgarities of his fellow-creatures. The most successful of Mr. Dickens's humorous characters are rarely persons for whom we feel any thing like animosity or contempt. Most of them, however ridiculous, are, so far as they have any characters at all, rather amiable than otherwise. But with Thackeray we laugh and despise or hate at the same time. Dickens will sketch you a Bath footman utterly ridiculous in his pompous mimicry of high life, but so as that your laughter, if slightly tinged with contempt, is in the main good-natured enough. Thackeray will take a London functionary of the same order, and anatomize him with a merciless delight, giving page after page and chapter after chapter to the exposure of all the vulgarity, all the spite, the envy, the pride and servility, the selfishness and meanness which are apt to be found in the worst specimens of the class, at the same time "rendering" (as the painters say) with a forty pre-Raphaelite power all that is most ridiculous in the form of expression and style of spelling

characteristic of it, till we wonder how in one life there can have been time and opportunity for acquiring knowledge so perfect in its kind. There can be no doubt which of these two faculties is the highest, and which in the long run will be most lucrative. Mankind likes amusement, but it has a positive passion for satire. If you make your characters lifelike, and at the same time utterly contemptible and ridiculous, you are sure of a good market for your works; but it is only by real genius that this can be done. Every one, I suppose, meets people such as one reads of in *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis*, and in his secret heart and half unconsciously laughs and sneers at their follies or their vices; but he has no satisfaction in doing so, because not understanding the precise grounds on which he does it, or not being able to express them in a popular and effective manner, he can not communicate with others upon the subject and so obtain their sympathy. The secret of success in a great author is, that he supplies this defect. He points out to the ordinary individual the peculiarities of speech, gesture, and conduct which produced in him the derisive feeling in question, and by treating them as matter for ridicule, both sympathizes himself and enables others to sympathize with him. To do this thoroughly, as Mr. Thackeray does it, is given to few. *Vanity Fair* is a master-work. Neither Thackeray himself nor any one else has done any thing equal to it in its kind. We seem, not to be reading about people, but living among them. It is not imitation, it is creation; it is not fiction, it is fact. Bitter and cynical enough it is; but to accuse a satirist of being bitter and cynical is only to say that he is doing efficiently his proper work, which is that of bringing into scorn and contempt those dispositions and actions which are the reverse of what is noble in human nature. If indeed the satirist attributes to his characters faults or crimes other or greater than those which are found by experience to be incidental to humanity, he grievously errs, and will infallibly fail of success. Becky Sharp and old Sir Pitt Crawley have been occasionally looked upon with suspicion from this point of view; but the verdict of the public was ultimately in their favor. Execrable as they are, they are not unfair pictures of the form which extreme selfishness is apt to take in the masculine and

feminine natures respectively. No doubt that in the exercise of his vocation a writer such as Thackeray ministers to that loathsome mixture of pride and malice which constitutes the delight felt more or less by all in the exposure of the errors and foibles of others; but if this is a reason why such books ought not to be written, it is also a reason against all censure of that which is ignoble and hypocritical and selfish and silly and base. If the tendency of such writing is to foster a censorious, uncharitable spirit, and to make the social world look uglier than it really is, that is an evil effect of it against which both the writer and the reader must jealously guard themselves, and not one which should deter a man from chastising, if he can, with a scorpion-lash, the frivolities and vulgarisms and vices of his age. It is dirty work, and there is a good deal less love than admiration in the feeling which you have towards the man who does it well; nevertheless, if he carefully avoids all *libel* on humanity, and shrinks with horror from any thing like irreverent treatment of that which is really noble and pure and true, he is without doubt a benefactor to mankind.

Of novels proper, or books claiming to be such, there has been since the days of Scott a constantly increasing supply, till imaginary heroes have become much commoner than real ones, and there is a great deal more love in fiction than there is in fact. And this, perhaps, was natural enough. The idea once started, it seems so easy to write a novel. Absolutely all that seems requisite is leisure and pens and paper. Unless you are dull or practical to an inconceivable degree, to make an interesting hero and a "charming" heroine, and group round them a set of accessory characters drawn from your own experience of life, must surely be a labor of love; and when you think of the thrilling incidents you can introduce, and of all the wise and witty and original remarks on men and manners which you will throw in, you feel that success is certain. And yet how many good novels have we—how many even "readable" ones? Our readable novelists, living and writing at the present time, may be counted on our fingers; and our really good novelists, so living and writing, can not be counted at all—for they are not. Positively, so far as I know, there lives not the man who has written a thoroughly good, as distinct

from a "readable" novel, except Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton; and he has been for some time doing his best to neutralize the deed by writing superlatively bad ones. Bulwer, I say, has written a good novel, and that more than once; but it was before he fancied himself a philosopher, and exchanged the worship of truth and beauty for that of The Beautiful and The True. *Pelham* was finely conceived and admirably executed, and the courage and strength of the principal character were thrown into grand relief by his effeminate dandyism. In *Paul Clifford* there was a command of spirit-stirring narration and a dramatic skill which have not often been surpassed; and in *Eugene Aram* the terrible subject—a man of refined education and established character with a murder on his soul—is managed with a power and success that remind us of the Greek tragedians. In *Rienzi* and the *Last Days of Pompeii* poetic language and gorgeous imagery compensated in some degree for want of intrinsic interest and force; but then came the unhappy turn of affairs which gave us the sentimentalism and transcendentalism of *Night and Morning*, *Earnest Maltravers*, and *Alice or the Mysteries*. Of *The Caxtons*, *My Novel*, and *What will He do with It?* what is to be said? Two of them are in a style strenuously, if not very successfully, imitative of Sterne; and all three are read by the public with an avidity illustrative of the stubborn vitality with which a literary reputation once made, will resist the most deadly attacks even of the person to whom it belongs.

Since the "golden prime" of Bulwer's genius it is difficult indeed to find a really good novel. Unless, perhaps, *Cyril Thornton*, I can not think of one which is of masculine authorship. Mr. Disraeli's novels were practical jokes—successful experiments on the bad taste of a not infallible public. Of other "readable" novelists—and be it always remembered that to be readable is no small distinction—Ward is weak and finical, Theodore Hook a clever writer of narrative farce, Harrison Ainsworth an expert manipulator of the *Newgate Calendar*. In later times we have had novels (as, for instance, Warren's *Ten Thousand a Year*) showing power and originality and entitled to rank high among the readables, and one or two which look as if their authors might at some time or other soar into the

thinly-peopled empyrean of "good novels;" but certainly there is not one of these which can hope for immortality.

Deep in the heart of masculine humanity lies a profound contempt for feminine writers generally, and especially for feminine novelists. Lady novelists (it is supposed) must necessarily write silly novels; and certainly general propositions are every day asserted and believed which are founded upon a far less complete induction than that by which this doctrine is sustained. And yet it appears to me that (excluding Scott, who wrote not novels but romances, and excepting Bulwer) the best novels of our century have been written by ladies. Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen led the way. The former is pretty well forgotten now, and I have no desire to revive her memory; but Miss Austen is the idol of a numerous band of enthusiastic devotees. To me this admiration of Miss Austen's novels seems a mystery which must be classed with that of which George Selwyn looked to futurity for a solution—the reason why boots are always made too tight. Take her *Emma* for a specimen. Emma is a young lady about whom, when we have read the book, we have really no distinct idea of any kind, except that she was rather pretty, rather good-natured, rather dutiful, and very prudent. She has an old father, the salient point of whose character is that he talks a good deal about the weather and the wholesomes, all his other qualities being entirely negative; and three lovers, of whom, having prudently rejected first the prig and then the *roué*, she prudently marries the richest and most sensible, whom we are further expected to admire because he did not declare his passion till he saw the stage was clear. The by-play of this exciting plot consists of interminable discussions about such subjects as the weather, or the next county ball, or the conduct of somebody (I think the *roué* lover) in going up to London for a day to have his hair cut. Of course it is conceivable that a novel with such a plot might have been made interesting. If, for instance, the prig had been drawn like the younger Pitt Crawley, or the *roué* like Rawdon, we should have forgiven a great deal. But the prig is only the conventional outline of the character, and the *roué* the mere "walking gentleman" of the play. As to style I find no fault with Miss Austen. She

writes in plain, quiet, harmonious English the dullest stories that ever were conceived. It is not that "thrilling" incidents are required to make a good novel. If the exciting part of the story were eliminated from the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and the incident left as tame as that of Miss Austen, the *Vicar of Wakefield* would, I think, be improved; it would at all events still remain as delightful a book as ever charmed and solaced the soul of man. Since Miss Austen we have had several "readable" lady-novelists; and the best of them, I think, is Mrs. Gore, who is remarkable above all the daughters of Eve for her knowledge of London society, and especially, strange to say, of the habits of London "men about town." I do not know that I ever in my life experienced so great a surprise as in finding that *Cecil* was written by a lady. There are one or two novels by Lady Georgina Fullarton which show power and passion almost enough to lift them above the "readable" order, and gave hopes that she might do something really great, or would have given them, but that her second novel was inferior to her first; and very much the same may be said of Miss Kavanagh, who has given signs of something not unlike real genius and knowledge of her art. The author of the *Hair of Redclyffe* is scarcely to be called a novelist in the ordinary sense of the term; but in her elaborate, minute, and careful pictures of domestic life we have here and there a central or prominent figure as nobly conceived as any which our literature can show.

I said that (excepting Bulwer) the best novelists of our century have been lady-novelists. I go further, and say that the *best novel* of our century has been written by a lady in her teens. If you doubt this, read *Jane Eyre* over again; for of course you have read it once. It is written with the instinctive and consummate power of real commanding genius. Every line is drawn and every touch laid on with the ease and precision of a master-hand. It was no elaborate complication of a skillfully devised story—no gradually and painfully unraveling web of treachery or crime—no phantasmagoria of intricately connected characters fitting ever before the bewildered brain of the unhappy reader—that made this young school-girl immortal. A forlorn governess, whose master falls in love with her, his wife in a



state of hopeless insanity being secreted in his house without the knowledge of any one but himself and one servant, was the material on which she worked. Not a very promising one for feeble or second-rate faculties, but which, in the hands of real genius, was certain of success. Never was the growth of love described with a more subtle knowledge of the workings of a woman's heart—never were terror, pain, remorse, and the fearful conflict of principle with temptation, described with a more sublime yet simple truth. There is but one other modern novel, I think, equal in power to this, in which, indeed, the power is almost Titanic, and the great passions, terribly real and life-like, stalk about and jostle one another in all their naked deformity; and that is written—by whom does the reader think? by another young girl scarcely out of the school-room, a daughter of the same strangely-gifted house. *Wuthering Heights*, considering its authorship, I look upon as the greatest intellectual prodigy that the world has seen. It was not very successful, for it had not the constructive art of *Jane Eyre*. Though there are terrible incidents, "plot" of the story there is none; but as a picture of fierce and strong human nature, utterly untutored and untamed, left to run wild in the gloomy loneliness of a farm on the northern moors, it is marvelous. "Surely," I have heard it said, "there never were such people, at least let us hope not." For myself, I fully believe there *have* been such people, and moreover, that they are drawn from the life: but at all events these characters, "dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love," are such as this young girl knew, by the infallible genius that was in her, might and would exist under certain conditions of life and action. It is a fearful picture, but it is drawn with a deep miraculous knowledge of the human heart.

Of historians, the three whom the world ranks most highly are Hallam, Macaulay, and Carlyle; and these three seem to have been given to us for the purpose of showing in how different ways history may be written. Mr. Hallam, with a style chaste even to prudery, and a judgment impartial almost to a fault; thoughtful, indeed, but thoughtful only about *facts*; treating all actions and events as matters of course neither strange, nor startling, nor affecting, and important only as generating certain

other facts which we call social and political results; so dry and cold that you shrink from contact with him, yet so useful and so sound that you avoid it at your peril. Lord Macaulay, the stately yet impetuous march of whose clear and brilliant narrative, coruscating with well-polished epigram and nicely-poised antithesis, "all clinquant, all in gold," carries you on with it by an irresistible impulse, yet wearies you at last by the very monotony of its elaborate excellence and the studied modulation of its vigorous and ringing tread; Macaulay, with a keen eye for the picturesque, and a large share of that sort of poetic feeling which attained its perfection in Scott, recognizing (like Hallam) the importance of events in their social and political aspect, and also (unlike Hallam) strongly affected by incidents in themselves, provided they are *out of the common way*, but seeing little to wonder at or to weep over in the ordinary course of that sorrowful mystery, the life of man, looking scarcely beyond the surface of things—hating all philosophies except those which minister to material welfare, despising ethics, sneering at metaphysics, barely tolerating creeds, and distributing praise or blame without hesitation and without stint under a strong party bias and from a standard of morality of the simplest and most conventional kind. And Mr. Carlyle—what shall we say of Carlyle?—writing an English exclusively his own, part German, part classical, part colloquial, part poetical—in itself a wonderful creation of genius, startling indeed to Edinburgh reviewers of the "able article" order, and to old ladies who have "no patience with such nonsense," but digging up as it were and bringing to light from the depths of our glorious language a power and a beauty unknown before—valuing events not for the political or social, but for the *human* interest that is in them, and looking upon every action or event however ordinary with intense interest, curiosity, and almost awe, as matter for wonder, laughter, or tears; as "a strange fact, not an unexampled one, for the strangest of all animals is man;" with a humor exuberant enough to rob history of her dignity, and a pathos and earnestness deep enough to restore it to her ten-fold; with a jealous and passionate love and a quick and steady discernment of all that in human action is lovely and true and great, and a graphic power which causes scenes and persons to

live and move before us as they never lived in history till now; with a turn of mind singularly unjudicial, yet a judgment of character eminently impartial because of the marvelous insight which he possesses into the secret chambers of the human heart. No question but of the three Carlyle comes nearest to the ideal of perfect history; and that is because Carlyle is a poet. Poetry, indeed, is not history, nor is history poetry; and yet it is eternally true that, except by a poet, no perfect history can be written. For whatever other faculty she may require besides the poetic, a perception of the true character of events under all the aspects in which they would present themselves to the most perfectly organized human intellect, a perception, that is, of their *poetic value*, is essential to perfect history. And in this respect Mr. Carlyle stands far indeed above Hallam and Macaulay. Instances of this there can be no need to give; for proof of it you have only to open any page of the *French Revolution* or *Frederick the Great*. Take the defense of the Tuileries by the Swiss Guards. The whole scene is brought so vividly before you that you see and almost feel it—the onward surging of the maddened multitude, and the terrible recoil of its foremost thousands as ever and anon a sheet of quick bright flame, followed by a long steady roll, gleams out from the “red Swiss rock” that bars their onset; and if this were all, perhaps Macaulay might have succeeded, not so well, certainly, but (let us say) half as well. But what Lord Macaulay could not have done was to show us, standing at a little distance, a thin pale individual, looking calmly and critically on that scene of chaotic murder and madness, and thinking, in the passionless presence of mind that made Marengo and Austerlitz, that “if they had been properly commanded, the Swiss would have won.” There is no reason to doubt that the individual was there; but only a man who had caught the true historic spirit could have made so much use of him. If any one wishes to obtain some idea of how history ought and also of how it ought not to be written, let him read with the first object Carlyle’s account of the French Revolution and with the second Lamartine’s.

It would appear that to repeat the trick which Boswell performed is not given to mortals, and that only one good biography

was possible for man. Certainly our libraries do little to satisfy the public requirements in this direction; and yet, notwithstanding the encroachments of the utilitarian spirit, and in spite of that loss of individuality which is lamented by Mr. Mill,\* there has been no time when to all appearance people were so interesting to each other. Such biography as can be got is swallowed with avidity; and one small book (the *Memoir of Hedley Vickers*) has had a sale unprecedented in the annals of bibliopoly. The truth is, that to write satisfactorily the life of a man you must either be a Boswell or a genius. Of Boswell, Lord Macaulay says that he was a great writer because he was a fool. The meaning of this is that Boswell’s simple-mindedness, or (as we say) silliness, saved him from the cynicism which is the bane of hero-worship; and his want of that keen sense of the ludicrous from which a higher order of mind is never free, allowed him to record without compunction and in the utmost detail every incident, however trifling, in the life of his idol, as if it was a matter of grave historic importance. The consequence is, that the reader finds before him a vast mass of truthful materials, from which he gradually forms an idea of Johnson. Just idea of Johnson, or indeed any idea at all, except that he was a very large, wise, and wonderful man, who had a perfect right to be out of temper when you contradicted him, Boswell himself had not. A man possessed of the requisite genius, on the other hand, would have discarded an immense number of these details; but yet would have so managed as to give you his own idea (and that would have been a true one) of what Johnson really was in his outer and his inner life, in his moments of weakness and of strength, in appearance and reality, in temper, in gesture, in manner, in cast of countenance, in heart and in soul.

The requisite genius, however, and the requisite absence of genius, which seem to be the only possible conditions of good biography, seem also to be the rarest of all human things. In our time we have several “lives” and “memoirs,” some of them—such as those of Wilberforce and Arnold—of the greatest interest, for they are of men who have left their mark upon the age; conscientious, able, and admira-

\* *Essay on Liberty.*

ble works so far as they go, and entitling their authors to public gratitude. Mr. Carlyle's *Life of Sterling*, indeed, is something more than this, and would seem to show that he has within him the power which could have given us under favorable circumstances something like a perfect, finished biography. But the usual course is by the publication of letters or journals to allow the patient to write his own life, some addition being made from the biographer's own experiences. Valuable and instructive as some of these memoirs are, they do not approach, or even profess to approach, the ideal of biography.

Of books of travel we have enough and to spare. The general opinion seems to be, that whatever else is difficult, this at least is easy. A man has only to keep a note-book on his travels; and if his route has been through a country not thoroughly known to the all but ubiquitous Anglo-Saxon, he can round the sentences when he gets home, and his book (he thinks) is sure to sell. And indeed there seems scarcely any thing of this kind that the public will not buy. If you should happen to be traveling in a new and delightful country with a thoroughly dull, unsympathetic companion, do you care to hear his remarks on the various objects or incidents which are startling, amusing, or delighting you? Not at all; you fall back on your cigar-case and your own reflections. Yet the public will read his book; and so perhaps will you, but only from curiosity to see a refutation of the Lucretian axiom, *Ex nihilo nihil fit*. For me, though traveling is supreme enjoyment, and books of travels are countless, it is rare indeed to be able patiently to read one through. Perhaps the best that ever was written is *Childe Harold*; and unless a man has something (heaven forbid that he should have all) of the Childe Harold spirit in him, he will never do any thing great in this kind. To make such a book interesting, it is above all things necessary that the objects and occurrences should be treated *subjectively*. If your narrative is a mere statement of facts, it may be interesting to the philosopher; but to the general reader it will be dull, though the soil which you have trodden had never felt the foot of man, and the sights which you have seen were of fabulous wonder and beauty. The author of *Edithen* knew this well, and it is the secret of his well-earned success. It was not the facts and

events of his journey, but their effects upon a thoughtful and cultivated English mind, which he made it his business to describe. Of all really good books of travel the same is to be said. In Canon Stanley's *Sinai and Palestine* for instance, we have careful geography, full, minute, and faithful descriptions of place after place, and scene after scene; but it is upon the *point of view from which it is written* — the poetical, or artistic, or religious susceptibilities which it calls into play — that the interest of the book depends. On this account it is that such writers as Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Ellis, laudable and valuable as are their efforts and their works, are (except to the scientific inquirer) such painful and laborious reading. Dr. Livingstone, for instance, treats all his facts as if they were of exactly equal importance, and tells you with the same statistical imperturbability that the thermometer stood at seventy and that he was nearly shaken to death by a lion. I do not mean, of course, that you should always be in a state of rapture; and you can not be too careful, and scarcely too minute, in your statements. What is required is, that whether in describing a view or expatiating on the habits of a tribe, you should have a proper appreciation of the facts with which you deal.

Unquestionably, one of the most remarkable men of this — may we not say of any — age is Mr. Ruskin. He is, if you like, not seldom dogmatic, self-contradictory, conceited, arrogant, and absurd; but he is a great and wonderful writer. He has created a new literature — the literature of art. No one before him had seriously attempted to treat the study of art as that which it really is — a philosophy — the least trodden and the most delightful of all the walks of science. Many before had doubtless felt, but no one before had shown to the world, how entirely and exclusively perfection in art is founded upon *truth*. In fact, Mr. Ruskin, properly speaking, does not teach art at all, but nature. He has done more for art, perhaps, than has ever yet been done by man; but it has been by bringing men in a serious, humble, and teachable spirit to nature, and giving them something like a true idea of that which at best they but dimly apprehended before — how awful and beautiful she is, how full of love and sympathy for man, how majestic, how tender, how holy, and how pure. You

can not draw a tree, (Mr. Ruskin says to you;) and why? not because you have not had, or have not profited by, drawing-lessons on trees, but because you have never had the slightest idea what a tree really is. You may feel, perhaps, that it is beautiful, but you have no notion in what its beauty consists. I will try to give you some notion. I will teach you, as it were, the philosophy of its loveliness and majesty. I will show you the divine purpose that guided every twig and molded every leaf towards a perfect aggregate of harmonious form. I will teach you the *moral* of its wonderful structure—the tender or solemn meaning that lurks in every streak of light, or broods in every depth of shade. When you really love the tree as it ought to be loved, you will have a chance of drawing it, but not till then. There is some possibility of people “learning to draw” in this way, whereas before there was none. Unless drawing is taught on this principle, the only result of teaching will be to make many bad artists who might otherwise have been good ones. In the fulfillment of his glorious mission, Mr. Ruskin has been assisted by a style singularly clear, rich, and powerful. Every inventor of a new philosophy has in some sort to invent a new vocabulary; and Mr. Ruskin’s perfect command of a language surpassing all others, dead or living, except Greek, has enabled him to do this with extraordinary success. That in the detail of his work he is eminently inconsistent there can be no doubt. The first volume of *Modern Painters* is partly intended to prove that the old masters knew nothing about art; and when you have read it, you have a greater veneration of the old masters than ever. The reason is, that Mr. Ruskin’s own principles have improved your taste, and made you admire what he himself professes to despise. He has found out for you some faults in the old masters; but he has also taught you to look at nature in such a way as to see more of all that is admirable in her; and the consequence is that the old masters, who caught the spirit of nature even where they erred in the detail of representation, are more than ever precious in your eyes. In one page Mr. Ruskin will tell you to copy nature leaf by leaf, and grain by grain; in another he will tell you that if you do so you will be quite wrong. In one chapter he will tell you that Turner is above all artists,

past, present, and to come; in another he will tell you that there is no good art but the pre-Raphaelite, which is certainly in some respects the very opposite of Turner. Yet for all this, and for all his arrogance, dogmatism, and egotism, he is one of the most delightful and instructive of writers; and this because it is partly from a zealous love and a bold and uncompromising assertion of what he believes to be truth, that his arrogance and dogmatism arise; for even error, eloquently advocated with the honest conviction that it is truth, is better than truth coldly believed and languidly proclaimed.

*Homeric Studies* by the Right Honorable W. E. Gladstone. There has been no book more noteworthy in this our era. A statesman of the latter days upon the poet of primæval times—a leader in an age of railways, and leading articles, and invitations to dinner, and “having the honor to be,” upon the bard of times when civilization had not yet invented steam-engines and chilled the heart, when there was more of nature and less of “respectability,” when thoughts were greater and dresses smaller, and men walked this earth in wonder and delight at its awful beauty, and left no cards upon each other. It is a grand work, and worthy of the man. What zeal, what industry, what analytical power, what simple majesty of energetic diction—what exhaustless and passionate desire to know! Mr. Gladstone has dived deep into the well of Homeric lore, and has come up, breathless but triumphant, with a complete scheme of the ethics, the politics, the history, the geography, the theology, the sociology of that wonderful age. No doubt many of his positions are open to criticism; but who is there that is ready to enter the lists with him? and is it not rather a reflection on our men of learning, and long vocations, and quiet contemplative snuggeries by the Isis or the Cam, that this man of committee-rooms, and parliamentary divisions, and long speeches, and late hours should have shown them the way over a country which is emphatically their own?

In dealing with the greatest of poets, Mr. Gladstone has avoided one subject, and that is his poetry. That, however, is a subject which nothing short of absolute genius is qualified to handle. To write on Homer the poet a man must be a poet himself.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

## CHARLOTTE FANDAUER'S GHOST.

### I.

THE theater was full. A new singer was expected to take the part of Don Juan. The crowd in the pit surged to and fro like the waves of an unquiet sea; the ladies in the boxes were dressed with unusual magnificence, because in the beginning of the season the court had been in mourning, and to-night, for the first time, had donned its gayest colors. The whole house shone radiant with beautiful women, but the Princess Sophie, on whom every eye was turned, bore away the palm; her dress was of a rare simplicity, and she had apparently left all artificial ornament to the proud dames that surrounded her.

"How bright and happy she looks," observed a stranger to the Russian ambassador by his side, again raising his opera-glass to watch the Princess more narrowly. "I can almost fancy that even at this distance I hear her lively remarks, so expressive are her face, form, and movements!"

"She is indeed beautiful," replied the ambassador.

"And yet to think that the joyous expression of her face is only a mask, which hides a suffering heart! Surely your excellency," he continued, turning to the ambassadress, "can not have been in earnest. You have only told me this romantic episode because you perceived that I felt an interest in yon fairy child."

"My dear Baron, it is indeed too true. She loves, and, more than that, she loves one beneath her in rank. I have it from good authority. Can not you imagine that a princess, who from her youth has breathed nothing but the air of a court, would have sufficient tact to conceal her unhappiness from the world?"

"It is beyond my comprehension," whispered the stranger, as he again looked thoughtfully at the youthful princess.

"But yet," continued the lady, "why should she be melancholy? She does not think that any one is aware of her affections being placed on an unworthy object. Besides, he is not far from her."

"Not far! Pray, madame, point him out to me. Where is he?"

"That is an impossibility. I could not so break my promise to the mistress of the robes. Besides, it would be dangerous."

The last chords of the overture now resounded through the building, and, as they died away, the audience turned their eyes towards the stage, anxiously watching for the appearance of the first singer and actor of the day; but the stranger in the Russian ambassador's box had no ears for Mozart's music, no eyes for the new singer; all his attention was fixed on the beautiful princess. Her attendants were listening, enraptured, to the music, but Sophie's eyes wandered through the house, evidently seeking something. Suddenly she started, a faint blush overspread her cheek, and she drew her chair a little to one side, so that she could command a view of the entrance of the box. Presently the door opened, and admitted a tall, handsome man, who approached the Duchess F., the mother of the Princess.

Sophie played carelessly with her opera-glass, but it was evident to the observant stranger that she was not as indifferent as she wished to appear. The figure of the young man seemed familiar to him, though as yet he saw not his face. The Princess joined in the conversation between her mother and the new-comer, and as the latter turned his head to address her, "Good Heavens! Count Zronievsky!" cried the stranger, so vehemently that he startled the ambassador, whose wife seized him convulsively by the hand, and made him sit down again by her side.

"My dear Baron," said the startled lady, "you have drawn the eyes of the whole house upon us. It is fortunate that the band is playing loudly, or every one would have heard the name you uttered. Surely you know that we do not acknowledge his acquaintance."

"I have not heard a word about it," replied the stranger. "I have only been here three hours; but why do you shun him?"

"You can not be ignorant of the light in which he is regarded by our government," said the ambassador. "He has been exiled, and it is extremely unpleasant to me to find him here, where he seems likely to remain. Having been presented at court, he crosses my path continually; moreover, he occasions me a great deal of trouble, for our government wishes to discover how he manages to live in such style, since all his estates are confiscated. Do you know him, Baron?"

The stranger only heard half that the ambassador said, for he was still attentively watching what was going on in the royal box; he saw Zronievsky's dark fiery eye glance ever and anon at the Princess, while he conversed with her royal mother. When the curtain was drawn up, and Leporello began to pour forth his troubles in song, the Count suddenly disappeared.

"Do you know him, Baron?" whispered the ambassador. "Can you tell me any thing about him?"

"I served with him in the Polish Lancers."

"Indeed! Were you intimate with him? Have you any idea what his resources are?"

"I only saw him when the service brought us together. I know nothing more of him than that he was a brave soldier and a clever officer."

The ambassador let the subject drop here, for he did not wish to awaken his guest's suspicions by questioning him any further about the Count, and the stranger showed no inclination to continue the conversation; he was apparently listening attentively to the opera, but, in reality, his thoughts were far differently occupied. "So your unhappy fate has at last driven you here, poor Zronievsky?" he mentally ejaculated. "In boyhood you dreamt but of assisting Kosciusko, and delivering your fatherland from a foreign yoke. Kosciusko and freedom are now forgotten! In youth all your hopes were centered in the glory and honor of the eagles under which you fought; they are now laid low! Your heart was long insensible to love, and now, in your manhood, you love one so far above you that you must either forget her or perish."

The unhappy fate of his friend, for such had Zronievsky been to him, made the stranger sad and thoughtful; and when the first act of the opera was over, the

ambassador addressed him several times before he received an answer.

"The Duchess has just sent to desire me to present you to her. She remembers your family," said the ambassador.

The stranger was delighted at the prospect of being introduced to the beautiful princess, and, with a beating heart, he followed the ambassador to the royal box.

## II.

THE Duchess received the stranger very graciously, and presented him to her lovely daughter, to whom the name of Larun appeared familiar. She blushed slightly, and said she thought she had heard of him as having formerly served under the French Emperor. The Baron felt sure that none other than Zronievsky could have mentioned him to her, and it was evidently for his sake that she treated him as an old acquaintance.

"You have come just in time to give your opinion in a dispute between me and my daughter," said the Duchess. "Do you not believe that there are mysterious powers in nature, which, if we call them forth unlawfully, will bring us into misery?"

"Dearest mother," said the Princess, "that question is unfair, since, by your way of putting it, you have tried to bias the Baron's mind in your favor. Now, tell me," she added, "supposing that at intervals of several years six tiles had fallen from the roof of a house, and had killed several people, would you ever venture to pass that unlucky habitation?"

"Why not?" answered the Baron; "the mysterious power can only have lain in these particular tiles, and ——"

"Stay," interrupted the Duchess. "Sophie's simile is not quite an appropriate one."

"I will state the case more clearly to the Baron," cried Sophie. "This is a pretty opera-house, and they give us every opera, both old and new, always excepting one, which to me is the most beautiful. I heard it first at a foreign court, and when I returned I petitioned that it might be acted here, but my wish has never been fulfilled, not on account of its difficulty, but for a truly ridiculous reason."

"What is the name of this opera?" asked Baron Larun.

"Othello."

"Othello! that is indeed a chef-d'œuvre. I have never seen an opera that made more impression on me. Desdemona's last song haunted me for days after I had heard it."

"Dearest mother, do you hear what he says? He has visited Petersburg, Berlin, Warsaw, and almost every other capital in Europe, and still thinks thus highly of Othello. We must have it here. Why should they not give me this pleasure, merely because of a silly superstition which no one believes?"

"Sophie, Sophie," cried the Duchess, "there are some circumstances attached to it that make me shudder when I think of them. But we are still speaking to the Baron in riddles. Would you not think it very horrible if Othello were always followed by a fire?"

"Again a simile," said Sophie; "but the tale itself is even still more absurd."

"However, let us suppose that it is a fire that follows the performance of Othello," continued the Duchess. "Fifty years ago, a translation of Shakspeare's tragedy was first given at the theater; every time it was acted this dreadful event happened; it was then forbidden to be played for some years, but when another translation was produced, which surpassed all others, it was tried again, but still with the same lamentable results. After a while it was converted into an opera; and I remember, when it was determined that it should be brought out again in this new form, we laughed and said, that as the unhappy Moor had become musical, he would no longer demand such a sacrifice; but again the same sorrow fell on us, and since that time Othello has been banished from our repertoire. Now, Baron, tell me frankly what you think of our dispute."

"Your highness is quite right," answered Larun, half-seriously and half-ironically, "and, with your permission, I will strengthen your argument by relating to you a story of the same nature which belongs to my own family. I had a maiden aunt who was very agreeable, though rather eccentric. We children called her the feather-aunt, for she always wore large black feathers in her bonnet, and whenever she came to see us, our house was sure to be visited by illness. We joked and laughed about it, but it was of no avail. As soon as the feather-aunt's carriage was seen approaching the castle,

all possible preparations were made for the coming illness: even the doctor was sent for."

"What a droll picture that feather-aunt of yours would make," cried the Princess, laughing. "I think I see her putting her head out of the carriage-window, and the children running away from her as if she had the plague. Why, she was a real living White Lady."

"Pray let us drop the subject," said the Duchess, half-vexed; "we should not speak lightly of things which we can not but believe, though we are unable to explain them; and," she added graciously, "this is certainly the case with Othello; therefore, Baron, you must not hope to see your favorite opera here."

"You shall see it here," whispered Sophie; "for I must hear Desdemona's song once more, even if I myself should be the victim."

"You yourself!" said the alarmed stranger. "I thought the ghost of the Moor was guilty of burning only, not of murder."

"Ah, no!" she whispered, almost inaudibly; "the legend is still more horrible—more appalling."

The conductor at this moment raised his bâton, and the introduction to the second act began. Baron Larun rose and took his leave. He looked round for the ambassador, but he was gone; and while standing in the corridor, undecided whither to proceed, a hand was placed on his shoulder, and, looking round, he saw Count Zronievsky.

### III.

"My gallant Major! My eyes did not then deceive me," cried the Count. "Your face makes me forget the thirteen unhappy years that have passed since last we met, and I am again the joyous Lancer of old. Vive Poniatowsky! vive l'Emp—"

"For Heaven's sake, my dear Count, remember where you are. Why recall the shades of the past? Let the dead rest."

"Rest?" said Zronievsky. "Would that I could rest! Would that I were among the brave Poles who fell by my side! Why am I the only one who can not rest?"

The unhappy man's eyes gleamed darkly, and he tightly compressed his lips. His friend watched him anxiously. Zronievsky was no longer the gay heroic youth

that Larun had formerly seen, cheering on his regiment in the day of battle; his winsome smile had given place to a bitter expression; his eyes, which had looked around proudly and confidently, now seemed filled with mistrust; the hectic flush upon his cheek was only the shadow of what had been in his youth a healthful color, and which had won for him in the saloons of Paris the appellation of the handsome Pole. But even after this great alteration, which time and misfortune had worked, quite enough remained of what he had been to excuse Princess Sophie's infatuation.

"You look at me, Major," he continued, after a short silence, "as if you sought the Zronievsky of other days. Spare yourself the trouble. When times alter, man can not remain the same."

"I do not find you so very much altered. I recognize you immediately. One thing, however, grieves me: you have lost that trustful expression, which was to me one of your principal attractions. Alexander Zronievsky appears even to mistrust me, who has ever been his faithful friend, and who, even now, knows the deepest, dearest thoughts of his heart."

"The thoughts of my heart," said the Count sorrowfully. "I hardly know whether I have a heart or not, save when it beats with anger. What thoughts have you discovered, except those that tell of my unchanged friendship for yourself, Major?"

"You said that your heart only beats with anger. What has the royal child done to vex you?"

The Count turned pale, and, grasping the Major's hand, said: "For Heaven's sake, be silent. I understand you. But how did you learn this? Have you dealings with the devil? I need not ask an honorable man to be silent; one of the gallant Eighth never yet betrayed a comrade."

"You are right, none of the Eighth ever yet betrayed a comrade; but what is to be done if the comrade betrays himself?"

As several persons were approaching, the Count drew his companion towards the staircase, whispering meanwhile: "For Heaven's sake, tell me if any one but yourself suspects us?"

"If you will confide in me, I will tell you all I know."

"Do not torture me thus, Major! I will confess every thing to you, if you will but tell me quickly if any one——"

Major von Larun then related what he had heard from the ambassador.

"And the ambassadress," cried the Count, in an agitated voice.

"She corroborated her husband's story, and, if I mistake not, spoke of the mistress of the robes as her authority."

Zronievsky stood silent and motionless for a few minutes, evidently striving to repress his feelings, and after looking furtively at Larun for some time, he said, in an almost inaudible voice:

"Major, can you lend me a hundred Napoleons?"

The Major was indeed astonished; he had expected that his friend would deplore his unhappy fate, but this sudden change from the romance of his unfortunate love to the necessities of every-day life confounded him.

"I am a fugitive," continued the Count, "and had hoped to find an asylum here. I love, and am beloved, Major—I can not tell you how fervently I am beloved." His eyes filled with tears, but he conquered this momentary weakness, and continued in a firm voice: "It must appear strange to ask this of you at our first meeting after so long a separation, but I blush not to do it, for do you not remember how we fought side by side at Mosaisk?"

"I do indeed remember," said Larun; and his eyes kindled and his cheeks burned at the vision his comrade had called up before him.

"Do you not remember how we rushed upon the Russian battery, how their balls rattled through our ranks, and how the traitor Piolzky ordered the retreat?"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Larun, "and I remember how you shot him through the heart, and when the hussars on the right wavered, you thundered out, 'On, lancers of the Eighth!' and in five minutes the guns were ours."

"Do you remember it?" said the Count sadly. "Well, then, I am now commanding the vanguard; I am in danger, will you not strike one blow for me? En avant, Major! Forward, gallant Lancer! save your comrade."

"I will," cried Larun. The Count grasped his hand and then hurriedly left him.

#### IV.

"Well met, Major," said Count Zronievsky, encountering his friend the follow



ing morning in the street. "I was just coming to ask a favor of you."

"The same that I promised you yesterday?" asked the Major. "Come with me to my hotel, it has been ready for you some time."

"For Heaven's sake, do not talk to me now of money," replied the Count. "I have but just parted from Sophie; I have told her that my love for her is suspected, and that I must fly, since it is impossible to be near her and not speak to her and worship her."

"May I ask what she replied?"

"She is willing to risk all rather than that I should leave her."

"How can you see the Princess privately, and so early?"

"We meet frequently," whispered Zronievsky, "though I dare not tell you where, but I fear that these short but precious interviews can not continue much longer, though I am ever on the watch, and, with your assistance, shall yet escape detection. But let us leave to-morrow with its cares: to-day I will be happy in spite of every thing."

"How am I to serve you," asked the Major, "for I think you said you were looking for me?"

"True! I was coming to see you," he replied, after a few moments spent in thought. "Sophie knows that you are my friend. I have often spoken of you to her, and told her how you saved my life at the passage of the Beresina. Did she not last night mention her wish to have Othello performed here, and did not the Duchess strongly object to its even being talked about, on account of a story which I have forgotten?"

"The Duchess was, indeed, very mysterious about it," said the Major, "and I feel sure that with her consent the Princess's wish will never be accomplished."

"Yet I have at last induced her to withdraw her opposition, by remarking, with a grave air, how glad the embassies are, when there is a dearth of political news, to lay hold of a tale of this kind and to transmit it to their respective courts, as a *chronique scandaleuse*. The Duchess admitted this, and at last, though with a very bad grace, consented to the performance of the opera. As I was leaving, she added that she did not yet give up all hope, for though Othello might be an-

nounced, still it was possible for Desdemona to be taken suddenly ill."

"You managed capitally," cried the Major, laughing. "Fear of the *chronique scandaleuse* has supplanted the fear of ghosts, and the horror of the mysterious powers of nature is, it seems, quite conquered."

"Yes, Sophie is in raptures at the prospect. I am now on my way to the manager of the Opera, to present him with four hundred thalers, so that lack of money may not be a hindrance, and I want you to accompany me."

"But will it not appear singular if you present this money in the Princess's name?"

"Yes; therefore it is supposed to be a collection from various patrons of art, and you are to represent an enthusiastic amateur. The manager lives near. He is an honest old fellow, whom we shall soon win over to our views. Do you see yonder little turreted house?—that is where he resides."

## V.

THE manager of the Opera was a small, thin man, who in his youth had been a celebrated singer; he received the friends with a dignity only disturbed by his dress, which for a man who numbered at least sixty years was peculiar, and proclaimed that he was not dead to the vanities of this world. He wore a black velvet cap, a tight, uncomfortable, fashionably-cut coat, and large loose trowsers. Half-worn-out fur slippers completed this singular costume.

"I have already received her royal highness's commands," replied the manager, as soon as the Count had acquainted him with the object of his visit; "but although it is my greatest pleasure to do the bidding of the Princess, still I must venture to give a few reasons, which I hope will prevent her highness insisting upon my obeying her commands."

"Do you mean to say that you refuse to put this opera on the stage?" cried the Count.

"I certainly shall refuse, if it be possible to do without offending her royal highness, for allowing it to be performed would be an open attempt to murder one of the royal family."

"I should never have thought," answer-

ed the Count, "that a man like yourself could credit such absurdity. In my youth I often heard your celebrated name mentioned with admiration: you were called the prince of singers, and I longed for an opportunity of seeing you. Let me beg you not to lessen the high opinion I had formed of you by giving way to foolish superstition."

The old gentleman was not insensible to this flattery, and a smile passed over his withered features. "You do me too much honor," cried he. "Yes, I was worth something in my time; I had a very tolerable tenor voice, but that is now all gone. Superstition, did you say? I should be ashamed of giving way to it, but you can not talk of superstition where facts speak for themselves."

"Facts!" cried both the friends in a breath.

"Yes, gentlemen; but surely you can not belong either to the town or the neighborhood if you are ignorant of these same facts."

"I heard some extraordinary history about a fire."

"A fire! I wish, indeed, that that were all. A fire can be extinguished, and what has been destroyed by it can be restored; but a death, gentlemen—none can restore the dead."

"But what has that to do with the performance of Othello?"

"It is well known that eight days after Othello is given, one of the royal family dies."

The friends started from their seats. There was something terrible in the old man's prophetic tone. They soon, however, recovered themselves, and laughed at their own fright; but even that did not alter the solemn expression of the old man's face.

"You do not believe me," said he, "but, if you will allow me, I will bring the Chronicles of the Theater for you to look at. These chronicles have been kept for more than a hundred and twenty years."

"Pray let us see them," exclaimed the Count, who was evidently much amused.

The manager shuffled out of the room, but soon reappeared, carrying a large and singular-looking volume, bound in parchment, with brass clasps. He placed an old-fashioned pair of spectacles upon his nose, and, after turning over several leaves, he said to the Count: "We must

begin here." And he read as follows: "A.D. 1740, December 8th. The actress Charlotte Fandauer was suffocated in this theater during Shakspeare's tragedy of Othello; or, the Moor of Venice."

"That is impossible," interrupted the Major, "for Schroeder was the first who introduced this celebrated tragedy into Germany; and, if I mistake not, it was not acted till several years afterwards."

"I beg your pardon," said the old man; "the then reigning duke was a great traveler, and saw it in London. It pleased him so much that he ordered it to be translated, and when he returned it was often given at his request; but the chronicle continues: 'The above-mentioned Charlotte Fandauer acted the part of Desdemona, and was suffocated by means of the coverlet used in the dying scene of the tragedy. May God be gracious to her soul!'"

"The reason for this dreadful murder is supposed to be this," continued the old man: "Charlotte Fandauer was very beautiful, and became the Duke's mistress; but before she thus degraded herself, she exacted a fearful oath, from the Duke, in his own handwriting, that he would never forsake her. In the course of a few months the Duke was tired of the actress, and wished to rid himself of her, but she informed him that a copy of his oath was concealed in every European capital, ready to be published as soon as she gave the order. The Duke was a passionate and cruel man: his anger knew no bounds at this declaration. He tried several times to poison her, but she ate nothing but what she prepared herself. At last he bribed an actor, who took the part of Othello, to suffocate Charlotte Fandauer, when, as Desdemona, she was sleeping in bed. The actor earned his bribe only too well. Charlotte Fandauer never awoke."

"And is this true?" asked the Count, shuddering.

"You may ask any of the old inhabitants of the town, and they will confirm my statement. The murderer was brought to trial, but the Duke suppressed the proceedings against him, took him into his service, and declared that the actress had died in an apoplectic fit. Eight days after, died his only son, a prince of twelve years of age."

"That was mere chance," muttered the Major.

"Call it chance, if you will," replied the manager, turning over some more leaves, "but here it is again. During two years Othello was prohibited, the Duke having naturally taken a dislike to the play; but after that time he was daring enough to command its reproduction. Look, here it is: 'September 28th, 1742—Othello, the Moor of Venice;' and in the margin this note: 'Strange! on the 5th of October Princess Augusta died, just eight days after Othello was acted.' Do you call that chance, gentlemen?"

"Of course I do," said the Major.

The old man turned again to his Chronicles, and read: "February 6th, 1748—Othello, the Moor of Venice;" and here again is written in the same hand, 'Horrible! the Fandauer's ghost is again haunting us: Prince Alexander has just died suddenly, February 14th, exactly eight days after.' The manager here looked inquiringly at his visitors, but they remained silent; so he continued: "'January 16th, 1775—the benefit of Mdle. Köller—Othello, the Moor of Venice. Poor Princess Elizabeth has become the prey of the Fandauer's ghost, January 24th, 1775.'"

"Nonsense!" interrupted the Major. "I allow that chance has gone hand-in-hand with superstition, but can you give me the slightest reason for believing that the deaths you have mentioned were caused by the performance of Othello?"

"That I can not do," said the old man earnestly: "but to employ the words of the great man who gave Othello to the world: 'There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'"

"Shakspeare would never have written that if he had known how much absurdity was beneath it."

"Probably not," replied the manager; "but I have a later example to give to you, one that I myself remember—I mean, the death of the Duke."

"The same Duke who caused the actress to be murdered?" asked the Major.

"The same: Othello had not been given for twenty years, when some members of a foreign court arrived here on a visit. They were much pleased with our company, and one of the royal ladies expressed a great wish to see them act Othello. The Duke consented unwillingly, not on account of the horrible circumstances that had hitherto followed the

performance of this tragedy, for he did not believe them to be in connection, but because he was now old, and the sins and crimes of his youth lay heavy upon his heart; yet he did not like to refuse the lady the gratification of so slight a wish, and Othello was commanded to be given at his country palace. Here it is: 'Othello performed at the H— Palace, October 16th, 1793.'"

"Well, and what followed?" exclaimed the Major impatiently.

"Eight days afterwards the Duke died. October 24th, 1793."

"Impossible!" said Larun, after a short silence. "Let me look at your Chronicles. I do not see the Duke's name mentioned."

"No," said the old man producing another book, "but here is the history of his life; will you examine it for yourselves?"

The Count took it, and read: "Description of the Funeral Obsequies of our Lord and Duke, who died October 24th, 1798."

"You will drive me mad with your foolery. It is chance, and nothing but chance. Pray, have you any more nonsensical histories to relate to us?"

"I could relate many more," answered the manager quietly; "but as you must be tired of the subject, I will content myself with one other event which happened not many years ago. Rossini composed his beautiful opera, Othello, in which he proved, what had till then been doubted, that he was capable of touching the deeper and more tragic feelings of the human breast. The royal family expressed no wish to have it performed here, therefore the company did not study it; but the band played several parts of the opera at concerts, which inspired the public with such a love for the music, and such a curiosity to see the entire opera on our stage, that nothing else was spoken of either in the newspapers, coffee-houses, or in private parties. They thought not of the horrible events which had hitherto followed its performance, but seemed to imagine that Othello, as an opera, was quite another thing. At last the manager (I was still on the boards, and took the part of Othello) received orders to put the opera into rehearsal. The house was full to suffocation; the court and the nobility were all present; the orchestra performed almost impossibilities; the singers left nothing to desire; but when Desde-

mona sang her song to the harp while preparing to seek her couch, a feeling of awe overwhelmed us. It was the same house—the same boards—the same scene in which the dreadful tragedy had been enacted. I must confess that I trembled at the part I was about to take in the mimic murder. I looked anxiously towards the royal box, which contained so many graceful and noble forms. I thought and hoped that the bloodthirsty spirit would be appeased by the beautiful tones which this time accompanied the death of Desdemona. And it appeared as if such were really the case, for five or six days passed, and nothing was said of illness at the palace; people laughed, and said that the music had so disguised the original tragedy, that the ghost could not recognize it. The seventh day also passed over quietly; on the eighth Prince Ferdinand was shot while out hunting.”

“I heard of it,” said the Major, “but it was merely an accident; his companion’s rifle went off, and——”

“Did I say that the ghost itself had killed any of them? I only speak of these facts as inexplicable and mysterious.”

“But have you not invented a fable for our amusement? Where is it stated that the opera was given eight days before the same hunt?”

“Here,” answered the manager, coolly pointing to the chronicle before him.

The Count read: “‘Rossini’s opera of Othello, March 12th.’ And here, on the margin, is written: ‘March 20th, Prince Ferdinand was shot while hunting.’”

The friends gazed silently at one another for a few moments; they wished still to treat it lightly, but the solemn earnestness of the old man, and the singularly fearful coincidence of the events he had related, had made a deeper impression on them than they liked to confess. The Major turned over the leaves of the Chronicles, and hummed a tune to him-

self; the Count rested his head on his hand, and was for several moments lost in thought. At last he rose from his chair, and, turning to the old man, said: “It can not be helped, you must give the opera. The court, the embassies, all know that it is commanded. Here are four hundred thalers, which a few patrons of art have collected, so that Othello may be put upon the stage in the most brilliant manner; you can do what you please with it, even bribe exorcists to lay the ghost, but Othello must be produced.”

“Gentlemen,” said the old man, “it is probable that when I was younger I should have laughed as you now do; but I am old, and have learned to believe that there are things which we must not despise nor utterly reject as impossible. I thank you for your present, which I shall know how to spend worthily; but only in obedience to the strictest commands will Othello be performed in this theater. My God!” continued he mournfully, “if our hearts’ delight, the lovely Princess Sophie, should be the victim.”

“Be silent,” cried the Count, turning pale; “really your mad ideas are infectious. Adieu, and remember, Othello must, under any circumstances, be given; and mind, there are to be no catarrhs, or fevers, or sudden and unexpected obstacles to prevent it; for, by the heavens above us, if there is no Desdemona forthcoming, I will call up the spirit of the Fandauer to take the part herself.”

The old man crossed himself, and walked nervously up and down the room. “What if she should, like the marble statue, now make her appearance?” he exclaimed. “I pray you not to speak thus.”

The Major and Count laughingly bade farewell to the manager, who, in his Florentine cap and tight dress-coat, long served as a target at which to aim their wit.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## WAR IN GENERAL, AND MODERN FRENCH WARS IN PARTICULAR.

WARS, like offenses, will come, and woe (doubtless) to those by whom war cometh. Yet if we look back upon history, it will seem as if wars were the main means by which the civilized world has been brought from swamp and forest and barren waste to its present condition, and man enabled to "replenish the earth," and nations superior in civilization to extend that civilization to inferior peoples. Human strife may be a proof of man's evil nature; but human conflicts on a large scale appear to have answered the same purpose in advancing the social state of mankind, as the physical convulsions and rapacious monsters of the geological epochs in improving the material condition of the globe. Except the Bible, we have no *history* till Herodotus, perhaps till Thucydides; but such glimpses into primeval antiquity as traditions and classical fragments allow, indicate that some form of war was a mode of extending the arts and institutions of more favored nations, as well as of increasing the human race, (which in a narrow line of view it seems the object of war to destroy.) Of the Cyclopeans or Pelasgians nothing is *known*; but from their architectural remains it may be inferred that they were a migrating people, superior in arts to the aborigines they came amongst, and that their visits, however beneficial eventually, were not welcome or peaceable at the beginning. The earliest public records existing relate to Egypt and Assyria; for whatever doubts may be entertained as to the interpretation of their hieroglyphics, buildings and graphic representations remain to speak for themselves. These may not establish the stories of African, European, and Asiatic expeditions even beyond the Indus, which the fragments of antiquity record of Rameses and Sesostris of Egypt, of Ninus and Semiramis of Assyria, and of the mythological Bacchus; but they prove various and extensive conquests. There are no data as to the social results of these expeditions; but it may be fairly

held that the Assyrian empire and its civilization originated in some invasion from Egypt, if there be truth in the chronology and speculations of modern Egyptologists. If the reverse opinion be held, that Egypt was civilized by a superior race from Babylonia or India, the conclusion that that civilization originated in conquest remains the same. Respecting primeval China, there are no definite facts. Ethnologists assert that the aborigines of India were an inferior and degraded race, dispossessed and driven to hill and jungle by an invading people, who originated a form of civilization that was ancient and mature even in the days of Alexander.

As history becomes more certain and fuller, the effects of wars can be more distinctly traced. The conquests of the Persians in Western Asia and in Egypt, the long hostility between Persia and Greece, finally ending in the expeditions of Xenophon and Alexander, produced great effects in the world. They directly enlarged geographical knowledge; they increased the intercommunication of stranger peoples by facilitating locomotion; they stimulated industry and extended commerce; by increasing commodities they added to the enjoyments of mankind, although such enjoyments may not be of the highest order; and finally, by establishing Alexandria, they gave rise to an emporium where the remotest East and West could meet together. But one of the greatest effects of war is to rouse the mind; and it is impossible to suppose that such changes in the rulers, the knowledge, and the habits of mankind were without effect upon the characters of men, modifying the European, (ancient philosophers called it corrupting him,) if they could not strengthen the Asiatic. If no palpably beneficial change was produced in national institutions, it was probably because the peoples and their institutions were grown too effete to benefit by grafting, when the more extensive and important changes

through Alexander's conquests took place.

The conquests of the Romans were more evidently influential upon the world. Indeed, so far as reason can form a judgment, they were absolutely necessary to the formation of society in its present state. The subjugation of Italy was essential to the very existence of Rome. Hannibal's passage of the Alps was a geographical exploration as well as a military operation. The wars of Cæsar in Gaul, and Britain, and beyond the Rhine, procured for the world a definite knowledge of those regions not then attainable by other means; and knowledge attained by hostilities was not in those times a mere barren scientific knowledge, but was followed, like the Greek and Persian wars, by intercommunication of peoples hitherto strangers. The changes produced by Roman dominion in Gaul and Britain were beyond all question an advance in what men agree to call civilization. It is a common remark that the establishment of Roman rule, as a sequence of Roman conquest throughout ancient Europe, was necessary to the establishment of modern European civilization, especially as displayed in the supremacy of the law, local self-government, (by means of municipalities,) regular public administration, and those great public works—as roads and bridges, aqueducts and sewers—which contribute to the business, convenience, or comfort of life. Roman rule might be formal, harsh, and despotic; individual rulers might be corrupt and oppressive; whether the irregular violence of barbarian or of Athenian popular caprice might give rise to fewer evils than the regulated tyranny of Rome, may be a question; and as for human happiness, some philosophers maintain that miseries multiply and enjoyments decline in proportion as civilization advances. There can, however, be no doubt that but for Roman wars of conquest, and the institutions and modes of life Rome enforced upon the conquered, Europe, and consequently the world, would have been something very different to what it is; so different, indeed, as to be utterly inconceivable.

It is impossible to fix the proportion of misery caused by particular wars, as the feeling of the victims, which can only be conjecturally tested, forms a greater element of suffering than the actual inflictions.

If the refinement of the vanquished be measured against the barbarism of the victors, the invasions of the hordes that affected the downfall of the Roman Empire probably produced more wretchedness than any hostilities upon a great scale. Yet to all human appearance these invasions were absolute necessities, not merely if the world was to attain its actual state, but if mankind were to be raised from that corruption which attended the decay of ancient civilization. The moral influence of the conflicts that continually took place during the dark and middle ages is not so obvious as that of the barbarian invasions. Their necessity for the advancement of mankind to their actual condition is clear. The conquests of Charlemagne and of his precursors and successors, the expeditions of the Northmen, the invasion of England by William of Normandy, as well as many of the contests of feudal times, were, if not parts of a design to build up the modern system of Europe, apparently essential to that end. Historical critics differ as to the moral character of the Crusades. Those who have formed their opinions from the philosophers of the last century look upon them as the outbreaks of fanaticism. Some historical critics of the modern school consider them as the result of a sound instinctive fear; and that but for the check they opposed to Islamism, the Mohammedans might have overrun Europe. About the influence of the Crusades on knowledge, commerce, art, and society, there can be no dispute. They enlarged the knowledge of the feudal ages, not only in such tangible matters as the facts of physical geography, but in the productions of nature, the varieties of men, and of customs, characters, and creeds. They extended commerce, especially Italian commerce; thus not only increasing wealth and material comforts, but stimulating industry and improving navigation. The Crusades were also a cause of advancing other useful arts, if indeed they did not produce the revival of the fine arts in Western Europe. The transmission of Eastern tales gave an impulse to popular literature. The general stir to the Western mind was greater from the Crusades than any other event in mediæval history, save the discovery of America and the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope.

It will be distinctly understood that in

all this there is no affirmation (in the sense of Fate or Providence) as to the *necessity* of wars to advance mankind. Neither is it intended to assert that the actual history of man and his present condition were indispensable to the scheme of Divine government, or that even if the present condition of our race were predetermined, it might not have been brought about by other means. Such matters are not meddled with. This, and this alone, is affirmed—that from the first faint glimpses of history in Egypt, or from earlier tradition, up to the decline of feudalism about the middle of the fifteenth century, war was a great, and for a long time apparently the only, means by which man acquired a knowledge of the earth, extended civilization over inferior races, established the art of systematic government as opposed to mere patriarchal or arbitrary rule, and stirred up the general mind to extended enterprise or new ideas; while though very far from being the only element of man's progression, it is an important element.

The principle here indicated as applicable to the ancient, dark, and middle ages, obtains to our day as between advanced and inferior peoples. The occupation of thinly populated regions by settlers of a civilized race—or in other words, modern colonization—is indeed as plainly essential to the spread of man and his arts over the globe, as any conquests of the ancient world, and as plainly warfare. In America for nearly two centuries, and at the Cape up to our own day, undisguised hostilities have been continually waged between the natives and the colonists. In Australia, and in the United States at present, the power of the "pale-faces" may prevent organized resistance to the occupation of the lands, but the settlement is as clearly an affair of force as if the aborigines had been dispossessed of their territories after a defeat; their destruction appears as certain as if they were put to the sword at once. The Jewish settlement of the Holy Land and the earlier conquests of the Mohammedans, have not been noticed, as involving religious questions. The Russian conquests in Asia, those of France in Barbary, and of England in the East, may be passed for the immediate purpose in hand, as their benefits to the human race are not yet certain. A like doubt applies to the devastations of Zinghis Kahn and Tamer-

lane. These last, however, seem to bear upon a proposition which may have some truth in it—that for wars to be distinctly operative in the way spoken of, they must be waged by a superior upon an inferior people. And this idea may lend some countenance to the American notion of their "mission" to "annex" the entire continent.

This idea of superiority and inferiority, either intelligent or moral, receives some support from a survey of European wars since the downfall of feudalism. During the last four hundred years not only does war in Europe appear to have been less of a necessity as regards the material progress of the world than in the earlier ages, but to have produced less tangible results. It is not meant that national conflicts were inoperative. Such important events as great wars can not be without influence upon the peoples by whom they are waged. In some cases conflicts of principle superseded material objects. The revolt of the Netherlands against Philip II., the religious wars of Germany, the civil wars of England, are the leading examples of this kind; and they have each influenced the political, social, and intellectual character of nations in a very high degree. But the material results of wars are here treated of; and no such material changes have followed the European wars under the modern system, (the partition of Poland is an exceptional case altogether,) as ensued from the subjugation of Gaul by Cæsar, or the conquest of England by William the Norman. If the cause of this be investigated it will, apart from the system of the balance of power, seem to originate in the closer approach to equality in arts, arms, and character among the peoples of modern Europe, than existed between such different races as the aborigines of Italy and their Pelasgic or Greek invaders, or the Romans and the Gauls.

And this equality may be dated from the downfall of feudalism, as that may be said to begin about the time of the capture of Constantinople by Mohammed the Second. The fall of the effete Byzantine Empire snapped the last frail link by which living society was connected with the ancient world. Printing as a practical art was completed at nearly the same date; learning was revived; modern languages and literature had awoken, or were awakening to life. Within some fifty

years of that event the Powers of Northern and Western Europe may be said to have assumed their present relative proportions. France was not quite so extensive, but her nationality, position, and comparative power were as established as now. The Low Countries—the present Holland and Belgium—were in their general characteristics much the same as at present, subject to the ever-changing effects of time. In those days there was an Elective Emperor of Germany instead of an hereditary Emperor of Austria; there were many more petty German rulers than at present, and no King of Prussia; but the Germany of that age was substantially the Germany of ours. Spain and Portugal were much as they are, bating the difference between vigorous and aspiring youth, and age prematurely decrepid through vices. There is a difference in the arrangements of the Scandinavian kingdoms; but the great change in the Northern Powers, as elsewhere, is comparative. Indeed, this is the case with all the most important material changes throughout Europe since the fifteenth century. They have been the result of national growths rather than of foreign conquest. Armies have devastated countries and slaughtered myriads, but they have left states and their rulers pretty much as they found them. What results they did produce have been rather moral than physical—rather of the soul than of the body. If a man of the Tudors', or of an after, age were recalled to life, the changes that would chiefly attract or strike him would be the result of invention, of trained and organized industry, of science applied to the arts, and of philosophy and letters, rather than of national and social changes directly produced by war. Holland, for instance, is as rich, perhaps as powerful, as she ever was, if not richer and more powerful. She has not the weight in Europe she once possessed, because other nations have grown faster than she.

To fully develop the idea here advanced by tracing the results of particular wars from the dawn of history to the downfall of feudalism, and comparing them with the similar results of the *European* wars since the rise of the system of the balance of power, would be a curious and not unprofitable labor. It would, however, require a volume—perhaps a large one. The remainder of this suggestive sketch

will be confined to a single point of this great subject. The wars into which a lust of conquest and a love of glory have impelled France will be briefly touched upon, and the trifling results in the form of advantage to the French themselves, that followed the ruthless destruction of so much human life, and the wanton infliction of so much human misery, will be as briefly noted. In thus selecting France, it is not meant to imply that other nations have not engaged in hostilities on slight grounds or with sordid objects. But no nation has been so ready as France to plunge into wars, dazzled by the mirage of glory, or to force them upon other countries, by a restless and immoral ambition. And it will be useful to note how little of substantial gain their wars of ambition have produced to themselves, and how often the glory attained during their progress has vanished ere their close. Secondary wars, as it were arising from the original aggression, will not be taken into the account, though in strictness perhaps they ought to be.

The earliest foreign war of moment in which France engaged after the modern had begun to supersede the feudal system of warfare, was the invasion of Italy by Charles VIII. in 1494. A real motive of the French King was doubtless the love of glory. Charles, for a middle-age monarch, was a scholar. His reading did not extend much further than the exploits of Alexander and Cæsar, but it is said to have smitten him with a desire to emulate those heroes. The first avowed object of the invasion was to obtain the kingdom of Naples. When that was conquered, Charles intended to recapture Constantinople and the Holy Sepulchre, and to reëstablish the kingdom of Jerusalem. His right to attempt these latter enterprises was general, and possessed in common with every Christian man and monarch, according to the opinions of that age. His claim to Naples was founded on the rights of the second Capetian house of Anjou. These claims had originated in adoption; they were merely titular, having never been acknowledged by the Neapolitans, or realized by possession. Sismondi says that Charles derived his rights, such as they were, from a sale or cession to his father, Louis XI.; but he seems to have had some sort of claim through his grandmother, Mary of Anjou. However, a



potentate—least of all a French potentate—bent upon war, is never at a loss for a reason. Italy was invaded; and the outset was as glorious as success without opposition could make it. From the Alps to the confines of Naples all was submission by the Italians, and triumph by the French, Rome herself receiving the French King. On the Neapolitan frontiers, Charles took a couple of small towns, and, according to a common custom of war in those days, massacred the inhabitants. This cruelty, which would have exasperated some peoples to fight to the death, so terrified the Neapolitans that the reigning king resigned, the army succumbed, and the new king “embarked for Ischia.” Sismondi is not prone to undervalue the Italians, but he sums up the first results of the expedition in a sentence. “All the barons his [the Neapolitan king’s] vassals, all the provincial cities, sent deputations to Charles; and the whole kingdom of Naples was conquered without a single battle in its defense.”

Thus far all was in the *veni, vidi, vici*, style of one of the French king’s great models. But like many another sudden success, the reverse came quickly. Moral causes began to operate, and strategical difficulties to embarrass. French license and French disregard of the rights and feelings of others exasperated the people. The King’s original ally, Ludovico, Duke of Milan, and some other Italian Powers, were planning hostilities in the north of Italy; Spain, Austria, and England, appeared to be meditating mischief towards France. Instead of proceeding to Constantinople and Jerusalem, it became necessary to think of getting back to Paris. “Charles,” says the latest English writer on French history, “compensated himself with an increase of rank and dignity for the mournful condition of his affairs. He proclaimed himself Emperor of Constantinople by donation from Andrew Paleologus, King of Jerusalem, and the two Sicilies; and made another solemn entry, [into Naples,] clothed in the emblem of his new dignity. He made a silent exit in eight days after.” His return, with part of his army, was attended with difficulty, but no disgrace. The stubborn resolution of the Swiss, and the fiery spirit of the French, carried the King through all opposition, and the glorious victory of Fornovo, gained over the confederate Italian army, secured his unmo-

lested retreat, and gave the Italians the first taste of “barbarian” valor. In every other point of view the expedition was a failure. Nine months after the King’s retreat, his forces in Naples were compelled to capitulate. Not a trace was left of the French conquest; and France had dissipated the finest army she had yet raised.

Louis XII., “the father of his people,” ascended the throne in 1498, and in the following year invaded Italy. He did not abandon the claims of his predecessor to the throne of Naples—indeed, he called himself King of Naples and Jerusalem; but he advanced a claim through his grandmother to the Duchy of Milan, (Lombardy.) The claim had no valid foundation, as the Duchy was a male inheritance. The invasion, however, took place, and was attended with that striking success which generally accompanies the French at the outset. Louis invaded Lombardy in August, 1499; in October he entered Milan in triumph; and by February, 1500, the license, insolence, and disregard of the rights and feelings of others which the French displayed in Naples a few years earlier, and all over Europe three centuries later, roused the country against them; and Duke Lodovico returning with some soldiers, the people universally rose against the French. Cities whose names another war is rendering familiar—Como, Milan, Parma, and Pavia, opened their gates to Ludovico; Novara capitulated after a short siege. But without allies the Duke could not resist the power of Louis, aided as it was by the treachery of the Swiss. A new French army crossed the Alps; the Swiss in the service of the Duke of Milan, communicated with the Swiss in the army of Louis; with more of policy than chivalry, the French paid the sum the mercenaries demanded, and were permitted by the treacherous troops to arrest Ludovico, Sforza, and others of lesser note. The Duke was sent into France, where he died in captivity; and the Milanese continued for some years subject to France.

Machiavelli has subjected the Italian policy of Louis XII. to a particular examination, and pronounces that he committed “five capital errors.” Yet all these might have been remedied if he had not crowned them by a sixth. One error which the great politician censures more than once was his fault in the invasion

of Naples. An English reader will be more startled at the crime than the blunder. In November, 1500, the French king entered into a treaty with Ferdinand the Catholic of Spain, by which it was stipulated that Louis should invade Naples; that Ferdinand under pretense of assisting the King of Naples, should despatch a Spanish force from the south under Gonsalvo di Cordova, "the great captain;" and that when the two armies met together, instead of fighting, they should shake hands, and divide the kingdom. In the summer of 1501, this treaty, audaciously iniquitous even to laughter, was successfully carried out in its first stage. The parties met, and despoiled the King of Naples. They then began to quarrel about the division of their prey. Negotiations continued for some time. Hostilities followed, and war waged for awhile without much result. On the twenty-first April, 1503, the French, after a glorious struggle, in which Bayard first distinguished himself, were defeated at Seminara. In a week afterwards their army was taken, or rather destroyed, at Cerignola. Not deterred by the loss of one army, Louis dispatched another. This the generalship of the Great Captain delayed for two months in the plains flooded by the Garigliano. When disease had weakened the French forces he crossed the river with his Spaniards, on the twenty-seventh December, 1503, attacked and again destroyed the army of Louis. On the first January, 1504, Gaëta surrendered to Gonsalvo, and Naples was lost to the French.

Unwarned by the result of his iniquitous compact with Ferdinand, Louis, in the same year in which he lost Gaëta, signed another treaty with the Emperor Maximilian, for the partition of the territories of Venice. No action followed this treaty of Blois, but it eventually grew into the well-known League of Cambray, December, 1508. Every body knows what a glorious French success heralded the war that followed. At the battle of Aignadel the French defeated the Venetians, and the territory of the Republic was quickly conquered, or at least overrun, but with no advantage to Louis. The quarrels of the confederates superseded the League of Cambray by the Holy League. Its members were the Pope, from whom it took its name; the Kings of England and Spain; the Swiss

and the Venetians; all combined against Louis, and nominally Maximilian. It gave rise to a campaign as glorious as any that ever distinguished the French arms, followed by results as profitless as usual. The nephew of Louis, Gaston de Foix, overran the North of Italy in two months, striking down two opposing armies in opposite quarters in succession, and terminated his career at the yet famous battle of Ravenna, where twenty thousand lay dead with him upon the field. Byron has commemorated the action in a stanza well known, but which may be quoted for its concluding lines, that point the moral of so many wars of ambition:

"I canter by the spot each afternoon  
Where perished in his fame the hero-boy,  
Who lived too long for men, but died too soon  
For human vanity, the young De Foix!  
A broken pillar, not uncouthly hewn,  
But which neglect is hastening to destroy,  
Records Ravenna's carnage on its face,  
While weeds and ordure rankle round the  
base."

With the battle of Ravenna ended the glory of the French under Louis. Pressed by Spain and England, the king was compelled to withdraw some of his troops from Italy, and revolts soon drove out the remainder. The battle of Ravenna was fought on the 11th April, 1512. In the beginning of June the French evacuated the Milanese; on the 29th, Genoa, conquered some years before, rose and expelled the troops of Louis; all hopes of Naples had long since vanished. "In short," observes Sismondi, "the possessions of France were soon reduced to a few small fortresses in that Italy which the French thought they had subdued." In the following year unsuccessful battles, the hopeless nature of his foreign prospects, and the exhausted state of France, compelled Louis to sue for peace, to obtain which he had to abandon all he had striven for, and promise the Pope to surrender the liberties of the Gallican Church.

Louis XII. died on New Year's Day, 1515, and Francis I. succeeded him. His reign was long considered as an age of chivalric and martial glory; though it is difficult to see why, unless as an illustration of Sallust's idea of the influence of fortune and self-display upon fame. "Sed, profecto, Fortuna in omni re dominatur; ea res cunctas, ex libidine magis quam ex

vero, celebrat obscuratque. Atheniensium res gestæ, sicuti ego æstimo, satis amplæ magnificæque fuere; verum aliquanto minores tamen, quam fama feruntur." The peace which Louis XII. had patched up from necessity and a regard to his people was quickly brought to an end. Francis invaded Italy in the autumn after his accession to the throne, and on the 13th and 14th September the glorious victory of Marignano, the "battle of giants," gave him possession of the Duchy of Milan, with Parma and Placentia, to which he afterwards added Genoa. But in a few years the reverses which seem fated to follow French success began. In May, 1522, the French, under Lescunes, were compelled to capitulate, and evacuate Lombardy; and on the 30th, Genoa was surprised and plundered by the Spaniards. In the autumn of 1523, Bonnivet, Admiral of France, led into Italy another army, which the Fabian tactics of Prospero Colonna delayed for nine months, and then compelled to retreat without a battle. In February, 1525, the disastrous day of Pavia occurred, when the French army was scattered, and the King captured. The treaty of Madrid gave liberty to Francis, but extorted from him, among other things, the surrender of his claims on Italy. That treaty, as we all know, was repudiated by the king as made under compulsion, and the Papal authority confirmed the royal casuistry. Disaster, however, still attended the arms of Francis. In 1527 a French army, under Lautrec, marched upon Naples; but the commander perished of a pestilence, which shortly after reduced the French forces to 4000 effective men; and these attempting to escape, were overtaken and compelled to capitulate. Another French army, under the Count de St. Pol, was surprised in 1529 by the Imperial General, Antonio de Leyva, at Landriano. St. Pol and his principal officers were captured, the army was dispersed, and Genoa, rising in revolt about the same time, recovered its freedom. By "*le traité des dames*," Francis again renounced his claims in Italy. Into a war that ensued towards the close of his reign, Francis was in a measure forced, and the victory of Cerisoles added another day of glory to the French arms; but it was a barren glory. It did not prevent the invasion of France by Charles V. and Henry VIII., or arrest the necessity of a peace in 1544.

Such were the results of fifty years of unprovoked warfare. Naples had been once conquered, Milan twice, and Genoa thrice; great battles had been won and lost; seven French armies had been destroyed or dispersed; the waste of French treasure must have been enormous; indeed the exhausted state of France had more than once compelled a discreditable peace. When all was over not a trace of her conquests remained to France; but she had contrived to aggrandize her enemies. She had given Naples to Spain, and the Milanese to Austria. From the moral point of view, she had destroyed the liberties or more truly the independence of Italy, and without any benefit to herself.

The century that intervened between the death of Francis I., in 1547, and the deaths of Richelieu and Louis XIII. in 1642-43, was not fruitful in French wars of glory. France was too much engaged at home to embark in great foreign enterprises or to interfere arrogantly with other nations. Henry II. certainly was involved in hostilities with Charles V., and the repulse of the Emperor before Metz was a great military triumph; but it was more than counterbalanced by the battle of St. Quentin, the most disastrous day that the French experienced between Pavia and Waterloo, though rendered useless by the hesitating incapacity of Philip II. The degenerated grandchildren of Francis I.—namely, Francis II., Charles IX., and Henry III.—had neither character, power, nor means to engage in such wars as their predecessors. Courtly pageants and pleasures, or more truly disgusting profligacies, the intrigues of courtiers and the quarrels of chiefs, religious persecutions, civil and religious conflicts, particular assassinations, and the massacre of St. Bartholomew, constitute the matter of their reigns. The wars of Henry IV. himself were for the most part intestine. When the justice and vigor of his peaceful rule were terminated by the knife of an assassin in 1610, civil and religious conflicts began again. Throughout this disastrous and disgraceful period France, it is true, was engaged in foreign wars, but they were in a measure wars of necessity, and often, as regarded the interests of the state, wars of treason, being instigated by one of the contending parties to damage the other. And it is curious to observe how these civil wars,

like most other French wars, were devoid of profit to the French people. The three great conflicts of opinion already alluded to, namely, the Revolt of the Netherlands against Philip II., the religious wars of Germany, and the Great Rebellion of England, not only accomplished their immediate purpose, but advanced the principles for which the combatants really took up arms. Few will deny but the cause of what is compendiously termed "civil and religious liberty" was greatly forwarded in each of the three instances. Every one must admit that the main object of the insurgents was attained. It may perhaps be possible to find persons who would maintain that the Dutch were not justified in resisting Philip and Alva. They could not deny that the "rebels" succeeded not merely in throwing off the yoke, but in establishing a national government, civil freedom, and religious toleration. It is difficult to discern what benefit resulted to France from her century of intestine quarrels, or indeed that could have resulted. The Edict of Nantes was a personal gift from Henry IV., or at least a temporary compromise, rescinded by the same uncontrollable "will and pleasure" that granted it. The genius and vigor of Richelieu finally succeeded in crushing the substantial privileges of the French nobility and concentrating in the Crown the whole power of the State; but the triumph did not benefit France, for it overwhelmed her with taxation and plunged her into miseries from which even the consequences of the Revolution of 1789 were a relief. Neither was the triumph of any final advantage to the dynasty or the throne, for it resulted in the destruction of both. Yet it can not be argued with any certainty that the triumph of the noblesse would have benefited the people. A sort of Venetian oligarchy in France, with a nominal king at their head, might not have made the condition of the peasantry worse than it is described as having been during the last century. It is extremely doubtful whether it would have made it any better.

With the exception of some *philosophes*, the reign of Louis XIV. was considered by Frenchmen the most *distingué* in the annals of the world till the great King was eclipsed by the glories of the great Emperor. And a remarkable reign it undoubtedly was. For half a century of its seventy-two years, continued success

attended the King's undertakings abroad and at home. From Condé's first field of Rocroy, won when Louis had just ascended the throne at five years old, till the once famous battles of Steinkirk and Nerwinde, in 1693, when Luxembourg defeated William III., the successes of Louis were almost uniform by land, and considerable, though checkered, by sea—albeit his wars were rarely founded in justice or waged with mercy. The supremacy of *le Grande Monarque* and *le Grande Nation* was established; universal empire was talked of. Philosophers, poets, wits, artists, thronged around the King. Paris and Versailles gave the law to the civilized world, and what is more to the present purpose, the King's wars had enlarged and rounded his dominions and strengthened his frontiers. A little later, and the Pyrenees were removed, in a figure of speech. Yet a little later, and retribution began, and continued to the end. The triumphs of Marlborough and Eugene were more numerous and decisive than any in the first half-century of the great King's reign. If his disasters were not turned into disgraces and carried to more decisive results, it was owing to the treason of Oxford and Bolingbroke. Even as it was, the glories of Louis le Grand had exhausted the country, embarrassed the finances, and laid the foundation, as much as any single epoch can be said to have done so, of the Revolution of 1789, the execution of his descendant, and the expulsion of his race. In a still larger sense it originated an historical tragedy of which the end is not yet visible.

France was at times engaged in wars during the seventy-four years that intervened between the death of Louis XIV., in 1715, and the capture of the Bastille. But they partook of the narrowness and formality of the century. In Europe the enterprise and ambition of the old *régime* really centered, as Carlyle observes in his quaintly forcible style, in Frederick the Great. Fontenoy is the French victory which the most readily suggests itself to the English mind, on account of the English defeat. But none of the battles, at least of the French battles, had the spirit or the glory of those of older or of later days. They were quite counterbalanced by defeat; and in point of solid advantage, more than counterbalanced by the loss of Canada and of the East-Indies, and an increase of that financial distress which

compelled the assemblage of the States-General.

The "glories" of the Republic, the Consulate, and the Empire are familiar to every one. There is no such enchaining historical reading to this generation; there are books of all sorts and sizes to meet the demand, and no wonder; for what exploits, and triumphs, and mutations were crowded into twenty years! More victories than one cares to count; more misery and devastation than man could apprehend, if he gave his life to the labor. The French flag floated triumphantly over every capital in Europe between Moscow and Lisbon; kings were displaced with less ceremony than some men use in discharging lackeys; parvenus were placed on thrones with less precaution than some men take in hiring lackeys. Flanders and Holland were annexed to France; Italy became an appanage; Frenchmen ruled in Spain, Portugal, and parts of Germany; French influence was predominant every where, save where the English flag flew in sign of English dominion. Visions of universal empire that Charlemagne, from want of geographical knowledge, could not dream, and hopes that Louis the Great never entertained, were then realized. "But Nemesis is always on the watch." The retreat from Russia, the battles of Leipsic and Waterloo, and St. Helena at last; the flags of many nations dominating in Paris; armies encamped upon the sacred soil of France; curtailed territories, and material losses, and traditional hatreds, such as we see in Germany, outbalanced in the long run the imperial glories.

The resultless war mania, whose course for three centuries and a half has been briefly indicated, has now recommenced,

if not with the meteor-like rapidity and brilliancy of some older times, at least with a series of hard-won victories and substantial successes. The final conclusion who can tell? The material losses on both sides would probably be nearly equal, but for the *Hungarian* prisoners; the sluggish pertinacity of Austria and her long tenacity of purpose is something wonderful; it may be questioned if the Gallic nature and the French Emperor's position will bear the tedious difficulties and slow delays that seem congenial to the Austrians. The same moral dangers may threaten Napoleon III. that overwhelmed his predecessors; for there is an analogy between the past and the present. It was not altogether French arms and French valor that overcame Naples and Milan at the close of the fifteenth century; they were aided by the popular discontent with the actual rulers, just as the hopes mankind entertained of the French Revolution facilitated the rapid progress of General Bonaparte through Italy some sixty years ago. In the dim haze of the future one thing alone is clear, that if the Emperor of the French can succeed in expelling the Austrians from Italy beyond likelihood of return, he will have an opportunity of raising his character such as has fallen to the lot of few rulers. If, throwing aside selfish purposes and French ambition, he disinterestedly applies himself to establish an orderly freedom in Italy, he will acquire a fame and an influence such as no extent of dominion — already so often gained by his predecessors and so quickly lost — could procure. The murky and troubled past can not be obliterated, but the future may be serene and fair.

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## THE OLD SEA-LION.

THE life of Thomas Earl of Dundonald, G.C.B., Admiral of the Red, and Rear-Admiral of the Fleet, (better known by his victorious name of Lord Cochrane,) has been a romance with a dark prelude; a second volume full of powder-blackened and blood-crimsoned leaves, ends, with a burst of trumpets and a great western halo of glory.

A cruel fate made Cochrane (we must call him by the well-known name) a sea guerilla, fighting the cause of suffering nations, when a better fortune and a more chivalrous age might have crowned him a sea Cæsar or a Charles the Twelfth, without the cracked-brain fate of that frantic Swede, who was born struggling, and died gnashing his teeth and with his hand on his sword. He who might have shared the sepulchral honor of Nelson in St. Paul's or have earned a dark chamber in the Abbey, has fought the fight of a mere partisan, and will go to his quiet death like any other inglorious paid-off admiral who figures at watering-places, airs himself daily on the marine parade, or frets over the naval debates in the sunny sea-side library.

But we must go back and turn over that sunburnt page of the old Sea Lion's life when exulting Freedom saw him help to consolidate the independence of Chili and the liberation of Peru.

We give a brief history of Cochrane's daring services during this war, to show France from what a dreadful enemy happy peace preserved her fleets. If there had been war, what Englishman could ever have sufficiently regretted the vile political intrigue and injustice that sent such a dashing Murat of the sea to fritter away his life in shelling small South-America forts—injustice that might have made of a worse man another Themistocles. Shame! that the combining mind and the iron courage should have been wasted in butchering hand-to-hand fights, with Mars and Saturn ever in baneful conjunction over his head.

In 1817 Don José Alvarez, a Chilean government agent, persuaded Lord Cochrane to bring a war-steamer, then on the stocks, to Valparaiso, (the sailors called it *Walloperazor*;) and to organize a naval force to free Chili from the Spanish yoke, and to sweep the Spaniards from the Pacific. The brave seaman, almost heart-broken by his unjust degradation, and expelled from the British navy, accepted the invitation, and with his usual fiery impetuosity decided not to wait for the lingering steamer, but at once, with Lady Cochrane and his two children, to embark for the seat of war.

He found the sky dark and thunderous with coming danger, threatening the young Republic. The angry Spaniards menaced Valparaiso by sea, and holding all the South Continent from Conception to Chiloe, were organizing the painted tribes of Indians to bear down on Chili with fire and sword. The Court of Madrid, too, was urging its sluggish workmen at Cadiz and Carthage to fit out fresh vessels to strengthen the Pacific squadron and crush the smaller ships of their rebellious colony. On his arrival at Valparaiso, Cochrane met General O'Higgins, son of a patriot Irish officer in the Spanish service, just elected Supreme Director in gratitude for a recent victory over the Royalists. Every where there was an instinct of success. Brave Admiral Blanco Encalada had just brought in his victorious squadron with a captured Spanish frigate, The Maria Isabel, towing, with drooping flag, in his wake. Every day there were fetes and bell-clashing, and noisy powder firing; till the stern Englishman, longing for business, cried out: "General O'Higgins, I came here to fight not to feast."

The man with the wounded heart, turning his back on unkind England, and coming to life again (as it were) under the soft, healing balsam of all this hospitality and welcome, made an oath he would end his days in Chili; but God willed it otherwise, and the prayer, he "demittit in

aures." The very day a government commission appointed him naval commander-in-chief, a more meditative, worldly, and less sanguine man than Cochrane might have seen incurable mischief brewing. A Spaniard is a Spaniard whether he call himself Royalist or Patriot. Such is a Spaniard's pride. Help Spain and you are his enemy even if you met side by side in heaven. A Spaniard would rather die and be trod to mud than be helped by a foreigner, and have to recognize that help, to own it, and be grateful for it. The Spaniards have not yet forgiven us driving the French out of Spain, and never will in this world. Envy began to sow every where her invisible mildewing sporules. Mutinies broke out. Some caballing English and American officers persuaded the Spaniards (not difficult to convince) that it was disgraceful to see Spaniards commanded by a foreigner; to see Republicans lorded over by an exiled English nobleman—in fact, their cry was: "Two commodores, and no Cochrane!"

Away broke the fleet at last, with all these unseen barnacles sticking poisonously and banefully to the ship's coppers. Away over the blue dancing waves, like a pack of beagles eager for the covert; white sails straining out tight and sunny; flags struggling out in rippling ribbons; boastwains' silver pipes piping; clear stout voices calling out the soundings as the fleet thread the harbor shallows, and the jagged shark-snouts of the reefs.

A singular occurrence attended the weighing anchor. Lady Cochrane had come from Santiago to Valparaiso, to see Lord Cochrane off, and had just parted with tears and claspings, and gone ashore in the last boat. She had reached her house, and was listening, half out of window, to the last gun summoning all hands, sternly and imperatively for the last time on board, when she saw her little boy (only five) mounted on the epauleted shoulders of the first-lieutenant, waving his cap and shouting to the excited mob, "Viva la Patria," being hurried down to the beach. Before she could cry out or interfere, the little hero who had insisted on going with his father, was put in the boat and pulled off to the flag-ship, then under weigh. Lord Cochrane finding no help for it, never looking back when he once put his hand to the plow, took him on; and the boy being without clothes, except those he had on, he had him rigged

in canvas by the delighted foremast men, the sailmaker being his tailor.

Once at sea, on his own element, Cochrane, who united the dash of Hannibal with the patience of Fabius, determined to make a swoop at Callao, during the revelry of the Carnival, to try and cut out the Antonia treasure-ship, a galleon bound for Cadiz, in the very teeth of all the guarding forts, with their one hundred and sixty guns, and in the face of two frigates, a corvette, three brigs of war, a schooner, twenty-eight gun-boats, and six heavily armed merchantmen, with a total of three-hundred and fifty cannon. This soldier of fortune—no buccaneer, but fighting for the cause he loved—resolved on a daring stratagem. Two American ships were expected at Callao. To mimic these, the O'Higgins and Lantaro frigates were to put on American colors, leaving the other ships hid out of sight behind San Lorenzo; they would then send a boat ashore with dispatches, and make a dash and cut out the frigates. Cochrane was always a sort of winged tiger, and this was to be one of his swooping leaps.

Unluckily, accident baffled the scheme, and the genius then tried to patch it up and retrieve it. A nine days' Peruvian fog set in, and sent the vessels groping about, timid and uncertain of every movement. Some salutes, in honor of the Callao viceroy, who was inspecting the batteries, also misled them. The ships hearing the firing, and supposing an engagement had commenced, bore down to aid each other, when lo! puff went away the fog for a moment, and they discovered themselves floundering about no whither, and a Spanish gun-boat, equally surprised, close to them. They captured this, and now the mask fell from them. The viceroy, in his itinerant brig, scuttled to shore; the garrison lit their matches, and stood to their guns, and the crews of the men-of-war were beat to quarters. Now to retreat, of course? No. That was not Cochrane's manner. He knew that to produce moral effect is as useful as to win a victory; he knew that daring frightens, and that the man who first frightens the other and dazzles his eye is always the conqueror.

Cochrane was going to inflict a flesh wound on the Spaniard just as a warning. The wind falling light he did not dare to lay his flag-ship or the Lantaro alongside the Spanish frigates as he longed to do,

so he anchored with springs on his cables abreast of the dark-huddled mass of shipping that spread in a double crescent of fire outside the forts. A dead calm followed, and Cochrane bore for two hours a plunging fire from the batteries, but at last silenced and "chewed up" the north angle of the chief fort. Just then a breeze arose, and the English weighed anchor, standing to and fro out from and before the forts, listening to their fire, and asking them questions in flaming telegraphs. The San Martin and Chacchuco, afraid or unable, had never come within fire; Captain Guise of the Lantaro being wounded, his ship sheered off, and there Cochrane stood alone, a perfect St. Sebastian, exposed to all the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

Reluctantly as a lion at bay he withdrew unpursued to the island of St. Lorenzo, three miles from the forts, having been for hours under the fire of more than two hundred guns. When the fog cleared away, and the bragging Spaniards found that they had been fighting, not the whole Chilean squadron, but only one rebellious, dogged vessel, they were quite chop-fallen, and instantly dismantled their war-ships, forming a double boom across the anchorage as a turnpike gate that could not be passed, conferring on the dreadful stranger the name of "El Diablo."

Every being that came within the orbit of Cochrane's influence seemed to change into a hero. Such is the effect of living with a brave man, who proves to you that he despises and laughs at death. What great roads are open to the man who throws away all such fear. He then becomes a god, only without his immortality.

The hero's son had a narrow escape in this his first engagement. When the pounding began, Lord Cochrane had locked his boy in the after-cabin; but the boy wanting to see the fun, like a true cub of the old Sea Lion, wormed through the quarter-gallery window, and joined him on deck, refusing to go down again. There he stood in his miniature midshipman's uniform that the sailors had made for him, handing powder-tins up and down to the gunners as they worked, their faces red as fire, their arms black to the elbows. Presently a bounding round shot tore off the head of a marine next him, and squirted his brains in the child's face. For a moment Lord Cochrane

thought the lad was killed, and stood, telescope in hand, spell-bound in agony, but in an instant the boy ran into his arms, crying, "I am not hurt, papa; the shot did not touch me. Jack says, the ball is not made that can kill mamma's boy;" and although ordered below and carried screaming to the cabin, he prayed to remain, and was finally allowed to stand on the deck during the whole action.

A few days after, three of Cochrane's launches took possession of the island of San Lorenzo, and released thirty-eight Chileans who had been enslaved there eight years. They had been kept at daily work under a military guard, and slept at night in an unwholesome filthy shed, where they were each of them chained at sunset by one leg to a long iron bar. In some cases the prisoners, to whom the Spaniards had evinced their usual cruelty, had their ankles cut to the bleeding bone by these dreadful manacles, which the slightest lining would have rendered equally safe, and yet quite innocuous. The next step of Cochrane towards victory was to establish a laboratory on the island of St. Lorenzo, where explosion vessels could be packed and stuffed. The first effort to use these floating mines was unsuccessful; a shot struck the bomb-ship, and it instantly foundered—luckily for the Spaniards. The second and third attacks with mortar-boats and rocket-rafts were equally useless. One raft blew up and injured thirteen men and an officer. The Spanish prisoners employed to fill the rocket-tubes had secretly mixed sawdust and even dung with the powder; so that with the bad solder employed, and sticks of the wrong wood, the missiles were more deadly to Cochrane's men than to the Spaniards. Twenty men were put *hors de combat*; one brave hopeful young officer cut in two, and all the result was that the Spaniards kept close to the shore—doubled the boom and improved in their firing; as for the last floating mine they fired at it with red-hot shot, so that it had to be abandoned—blowing up, hurting no one. After an unlucky attack on Pasco, where two hundred thousand gallons of spirits were staved on the beach, to prevent the men mutinying, Cochrane made a swoop on Valdivia, a place of great strength, approached by a difficult channel, and crossed by fires from opposite batteries.



There were fifteen forts, a shore almost unapproachable from the surf, and a fortified island commanding the channel entrance. Cochrane with two vessels disguised as Spaniards, anchored before a fort, and requesting a pilot, the Spaniard replying with some suspicion told them to send a boat on shore; Cochrane answered that their boats had all been washed away during the passage round Cape Horn. Unfortunately for this story, a boat that had been concealed under the lee of the vessel at that moment drifted astern. The guns instantly opened, one shot killing two men and another passing through both sides of the Chilean brig *Intrepido*. Instantly, as if propelled from a gun, two launches and a gig, the first boat containing the undaunted Major Miller and forty-four marines, pushed for the landing-place, and reserving fire drove the Spaniards before them with the point of the bayonet. At the first fire of the enemy the cockswain fell back wounded, and Major Miller, iron all through, taking the helm, felt a ball pass through his hat, and graze the crown of his head. In less than an hour three hundred men had won a footing on the Valdivian shore. But still the forts were to be captured, and the first of the series could only be approached by a precipitous path where but one man could pass at a time; the fort itself inaccessible but by a ladder which the enemy had already drawn up. Directly it was dark, Cochrane, who never slept, arranged the attack, led by a Spaniard prisoner, the Chileans cheering and firing into the air, to show that they trusted to the silent bayonet alone, the bayonets that, like shillelahs, "never miss fire." The enemy in the dark fired, but hit no one. In the mean time, under cover of this noise, Ensign Vidal got in round the neglected side of the fort, tore up some palisades, filled up the ditch, formed under cover of some trees and suddenly appearing through a volley, put the Spaniards to flight; the Chileans bayoneted them by dozens, driving them from fort to fort to the last castle, which they also took; the enemy plunged headlong into the forest, or escaped in boats; one hundred were bayoneted and one hundred taken prisoners. The assailants lost only seven men killed, and had nineteen wounded. Sudden night attacks are generally successful, for the darkness enforces unity on

the attackers, and strikes a panic in the assailed.

Meanwhile Cochrane's vessels were all to pieces. The *Intrepido*, neglecting sounding, grounded on a bank, was bilged by the surf, and finally became a wreck. The *O'Higgins*, crippled by a storm, was put ashore to prevent her foundering. The little schooner, the *Montzeuma*, was all that was left. Luckily the Spaniards, after plundering Valdivia, fled, leaving stores and magazines of immense value.

But now the *coup de grace* was to be struck. Cochrane, with a daring that seemed to calmer people little short of madness, resolved to cut out the *Esmeralda* frigate, which had on board a million dollars, from under the forts of Callao, believing that, if successful, the surrender of the capital would follow. This vessel was guarded by three hundred cannon, and was crowded by sailors and marines, who slept every night at quarters. She was, moreover, built up with a strong force, by armed blockships, and a flock of twenty-seven gun-boats, with chain moorings, so that no ship could even approach her. It seemed to be an enterprise more fit for St. George or Amadis of Gaul, than a modern admiral, in such a dragon-guarded inclosure had this treasure been deposited.

On the evening of the fifth of November, Cochrane announced to his delighted men his intention of striking the enemy a mortal blow, and requested all who would volunteer for the night attack to come forward, as he himself would lead the onslaught. At once every marine and seaman in the three ships stepped forward. Cochrane chose one hundred and sixty seamen and marines, who, after dark, dressed in white, with a blue band round their arms, descended into the fourteen boats, each man armed with cutlass and pistol. The Spaniards had been thrown off their guard by the clever ruse of all the ships being sent out of the bay, as if in pursuit of some vessels in the offing. At ten o'clock, the boats in two divisions, moved on with muffled oars; Cochrane led, enjoining the strict use of cutlasses. Just at midnight they neared the small opening to the boom, and were all but surprised by the vigilance of a patrolling guard-boat, on which Cochrane's launch stumbled. The challenge was given, upon which, the *Lion* rowing alongside, put a

pistol to the Spaniard's head, and in a low hoarse voice, threatened him with instant death if he gave the least alarm. No reply was made. They pushed on, and the frigate was boarded in several parts simultaneously; Captains Guise and Crosby met Lord Cochrane midway on the quarter-deck. The after-part of the vessel had to be carried sword in hand. The sentries asleep at their quarters were all cloven down. The cutlasses struck hot and fast. Still the Spaniards, furious and awakening, fought savagely and hard; they retreated in an angry clump to the fore-castle, and it was not till the third charge that they were overpowered. Then the fighting broke out like a prairie flame again on the quarter-deck, where the Spanish marines fell to a man, the remaining sailors leaping down into the hold or overboard to escape slaughter.

But Cochrane, in this storm of steel, did not altogether escape. On boarding the ship by the mainchains, a blow from the butt-end of a sentry's musket hurled him back into the boat, where he fell on a thole-pin, which went into his back, near the spine, causing him subsequent years of suffering: instantly leaping up, Cochrane reascended the vessel's side, and when on deck was shot through the thigh, but tying a handkerchief tightly round the wound he managed, though with difficulty, to direct the victory to a close.

The struggle lasted a quarter of an hour, and cost the Spaniards one hundred and sixty men, and the English and Chilians only eleven lives. Every detail of the attack was executed with mechanical promptitude. One party had been ordered to seize the tops; directly Cochrane got on deck, he hailed the foretop and was instantly answered by his own men.

The uproar of this attack soon alarmed the garrison, who, running to their guns, opened fire on the frigate, injuring their own vessel, and killing and wounding their own men. Luckily there were in the harbor an American frigate—the Macedonian, and the British frigate Hyperion. In case of a night-attack these ships were to hoist peculiar lights as signals. On seeing these the Esmeralda ran up the same, so as to divide the fortress's fire and confuse the Spaniards. The neutral vessels finding themselves struck, cut their cables, and moved away, while Captain Guise seeing Cochrane disabled below,

disobeyed his orders, let go the Esmeralda's cable, instead of cutting adrift all the surrounding vessels, capturing and burning all they could. The unlucky captain contended that the English had broken into the spirit-room, and that the Chilians were disorganized by their discovering the Esmeralda had no treasure, but she was ready for sea, and carried two years' stores. The treasure-ship escaped.

The neutral vessels behaved very differently. The American Macedonian ship's sentinel did not hail the vessel; and the officer, in an undertone, wished Cochrane success. As for the English Hyperion, the captain cast loose his guns with their tom-pions out, as if Cochrane had been a pirate; and a midshipman, who clapped his hands to see the English clear the fore-castle, was ordered angrily below. The same captain, too, had hailed Cochrane's boats, when crossing, to lead to their discovery.

At Callao the morning after this scene, the Spaniards, in cruel retaliation, murdered a whole boat's crew of the American ship.

And what was the result of these great lion-hearted services? The consolidation of Chilian's independence, the subsequent liberation of Peru: words—shouts—applause. Stupid clamor—nothing else—all he got, but words, was, at the end of thirty years, the miserable pittance of £6000 in full of all claims, incurring a counter-balancing loss of three times £6000 by litigation about the legal seizure of vessels during the war.

Nor were his Brazilian services much better repaid. Lord Cochrane, by naval force alone, wholly unaided by military coöperation, organized a Brazilian navy, and drove from the eastern shores of South-America all Portuguese armaments. As in Chili, all share in captured vessels was refused him. He was after his victories dismissed from the service, and at the end of thirty years grudgingly paid only one half the simple interest of the amount stipulated in his patents.

For years the fear of these base governments disowning his debts kept Dundonald silent. Now, eighty-three years old, he feels free to die exposing their ingratitude. Lord Cochrane not unjustly claims for himself some national thanks for having increased the South-American trade of England. Before the freedom of Chili and Peru, the Spaniards and Portuguese

monopolized nearly all that trade, which is now wide open to British enterprise.

The termination of this long series of South-American intrigues is thus described by Lord Cochrane himself in his recently published narrative. He says:

"Being at the time on board the flagship I knew nothing of this proclamation; but as the squadron had not been paid their twelve months' wages, nor the 50,000 dollars promised by General San Martin, I went on shore on the fourth of August to make the demand on behalf of the squadron, the seamen having served their time. Being ignorant of the self-imposed title which General San Martin had assumed, I frankly asked him to devise some means for defraying these payments.

"I forbear personally to relate what passed at this interview; but as my secretary was present, and on his return to England published an account thereof, which is in every respect substantially true, I will give it in his words:

"On the following morning, August fourth, Lord Cochrane, uninformed of the change which had taken place in the title of San Martin, visited the palace, and began to beg of the General-in-Chief to propose some means for the payment of the foreign seamen, who had served their time, and fulfilled their contract. To this San Martin answered, that he would never pay the Chilean squadron unless it was sold to Peru, and then the payment should be considered part of the purchase-money. To this Lord Cochrane replied that "by such a transaction the squadron of Chili would be transferred to Peru by merely paying what was due to the officers and crews for services done to that state!" San Martin knit his brows, and turning to his two ministers, Garcia and Monteagudo, ordered them to retire, to which his Lordship objected, stating, that as he was not master of the Spanish language, he wished them to remain as interpreters, fearful that some expression not rightly understood might be considered offensive. San Martin now turned round to the Admiral and said: "Are you aware, my Lord, that I am Protector of Peru?" "No," said his Lordship. "I ordered my secretaries to inform you of it," returned San Martin. "That is now unnecessary, for you have personally informed me," said his Lordship. "I hope that the friendship which has existed between San Martin and myself will continue to exist between the Protector of Peru and myself." San Martin then rubbing his hands, said: "I have only to say that I am Protector of Peru."

"The manner in which this last sentence was expressed roused the Admiral, who, advancing, said: "Then it becomes me as senior officer of Chili, and consequently the representative of the nation, to request the fulfillment of all the promises made to Chili and the squadron; but first—and principally—the squadron." San Martin returned: "Chili! Chili! I will never pay a single real to Chili. As to the squadron,

you may take it when you please, and go where you choose; a couple of schooners are quite enough for me."

"On hearing this, Garcia left the room, and Monteagudo walked to the balcony. San Martin paced the room for a short time, and turning to his Lordship, said: "Forget, my Lord, what is past." The Admiral replied, "I will when I can," and immediately left the place.

"His Lordship was now undeceived by the man himself; the repeated reports he had heard of his past conduct crowded on his imagination; and knowing what might be attempted from what had been already done, his Lordship agreed with me that his life was not safe ashore. He, therefore, immediately took horse, rode to Boca Negra, and went on board his frigate." \*

Cochrane's services along the coasts of Spain, during the Peninsular war are as well known as his Achilles' daring in the Basque Roads, and his generous exertions in Athens against the Turks. Perhaps his most chivalrous act was in April, 1827, when he repaired to the camp of the Greek general, Karaïskaki at Eleusis, the old town of the festival of Ceres, opposite to the island of Salamis. The chiefs met in a ruined temple of Jupiter. There, within a green silk tent, captured formerly from a Turkish seraskier, surrounded by palikari, Lord Cochrane presented the Greeks with a sacred blue silk banner, while rewards were offered for feats of valor.

All this while the Greek garison in the Necropolis was in danger of famine. 200 had died of thirst, and only 300 out of 5000 souls were capable of bearing arms. Cochrane and the Greek chief determined before advancing to their relief, to storm the monastery of St. Spiridon, situated at the extremity of the Piræus. Eight brigs of war first entered the harbor and expelled the Turks from their square entrenchments, and then the Hellas frigate, moored broadside on, and, with the attendant brigs, opened a shattering fire. But the Turks refused to surrender, and twice fired on a flag of truce. Still, with 10,000 enemies baying round them, and pent up in a heap of ruins, with a perpetual and unceasing rain of fire falling on them day and night, these brave fanatics would not surrender, though without food and without hope.

\* *Twenty Years' Residence in South-America*, • by W. B. STEVENSON, Secretary to Lord Cochrane, Vice-Admiral of Chili, etc., etc., 1825.

At last, using a stratagem, and trusting to having bribed some Greek chieftains, the Turks offered to yield, and the fire ceased. Suddenly rallying every sound man, they made a rush from the monastery through the Grecian camp, like mad wild bulls, to a post of their countrymen on a distant hill. For a moment the Greeks remained immovable, aghast; but when the Turks had swept down some two hundred yards of the road, the palikari shot down 190 of them. The ruins presented a charnel-house scene. The Greeks dug up all the dead Turks they could find, for the sake of their arms and robes. There were the burnt bones of horses the starving men had eaten, putrifying bodies, and wounded men of rank groaning, not for themselves, but for the dead. Splintered yataghans, broken muskets, burst guns, and blood-stained bandages lay around.

Of Cochrane's heroic Basque Roads exploit, the best account is one little known, furnished by one of his own officers. The narrator says:

"Our fire-ships were sent in, each conducted by a lieutenant and five men; the ships were sixteen in number, and some very heavy. When they got in, the French ships cut and slipped, and nine sail of the line got on shore on the isle of Aix, and the next morning we discovered them; the fire-ships having done little good, the small crafts and frigates were ordered in to attempt to destroy them. The place where they lay was like Portsmouth harbor, under the fire of the two batteries, each of which had three tiers of guns, of twenty-nine each, all heavy metal; the navigation to get at them was very difficult, in some places there being only four fathoms of water. Just as we were sitting down to dinner on board the *Revenge*, our signal was made to go in and assist the gun and mortar vessels; our ship was cleared for action in fifteen minutes, and in half an hour we were alongside of three sail-of-the-line, when we opened a dreadful cannonade on them, which continued for an hour and a quarter, when the *Warsaw*, a fine 80-gun ship and the *Aquilon*, struck to us. We were now in a very critical state ourselves, being in only five fathoms water, which was ebbing very fast. The batteries on shore having got our length, struck us almost every shot for the last quarter of an hour. Luckily, a breeze springing up, we got off into deeper water and out of reach of their guns, when we anchored again, and sent our boats to take out the prisoners, and set them on fire about seven P.M. At nine they were all in flames, and at two in the morning they blew up with a tremendous explosion. The French set fire to the *Tonniere*, and the *Imperieuse* to the

*Calcutta*. Three other ships-of-the-line were on shore, very much mauled by the frigates and boom-ships; some of them were on their beam-ends, and but little chance of getting off again. The captain of the *Warsaw* was on board our ship. He said they were bound out to relieve Martinique with troops and provisions. I went on board his ship after she struck, and the decks were strewn with dead and dying—a most dreadful slaughter. We also lost several killed and wounded, and our ship was much cut up in sails and rigging.

"Lord Cochrane caused about 1500 barrels of gunpowder to be started into puncheons, which were placed end upwards; upon the tops of these were placed between 800 and 400 shells, charged with fuses; and again, among and upon these were between 2000 and 3000 hand grenades. The puncheons were fastened to each other by cables wound round them, and jammed together with wedges, and moistened sand was rammed down between these casks, so as to render the whole, from stem to stern, as solid as possible, that the resistance might render the explosion the more violent.

"In this tremendous instrument of destruction Lord Cochrane committed himself, with only one lieutenant and four seamen; and after the boom was broken his lordship proceeded with this explosion-ship towards the enemy's line—let it be recollected that at this moment the batteries on shore were provided with furnaces to fire red-hot shot, and then his lordship's danger in this enterprise may be properly conceived.

"The wind blew a gale and the tide ran three knots an hour. When the blue lights of the fire-ships were discovered, one of the enemy's line made the signal for fire-ships, which being also a blue light, the enemy fell into great confusion, firing upon her with very injurious effect, and directly cut their cables.

"When Lord Cochrane had conducted his explosion-ship as near as was possible, the enemy having taken the alarm, he ordered his brave little crew into the boat, and followed them, after putting fire to the fuse, which was calculated to give them fifteen minutes to get out of reach of the explosion. However, in consequence of the wind getting very high, the fuse burnt too quickly, so that with the most violent exertion against wind and tide this intrepid little party was six minutes nearer than they calculated to be at the time when the most tremendous explosion that human art ever contrived took place, followed by the bursting at once in the air of nearly 400 shells and 3000 hand-grenades, pouring down a shower of cast metal in every direction! But, fortunately, our second Nelson was spared, the boat having reached by unparalleled exertion only just beyond the extent of destruction. Unhappily, this effort to escape cost the life of the brave lieutenant, whom his noble captain saw die in the boat, partly under fatigue and partly drowned with waves that continually broke over them. Two of the four sailors were also

so nearly exhausted that their recovery was for some time despaired of.

"The repetition of his explosions was so dreaded by the enemy, that they apprehended an equal destruction in every fire-ship, and immediately crowding all sail ran before the wind and tide so fast that the fire-ships, though at first very near, could not overtake them before they were high and dry on shore, except three seventy-fours, besides the Calcutta, which were afterwards engaged, taken, and burned.

"Lord Cochrane now turned his attention to rescue the vanquished from the devouring elements; and in bringing away the people of the Ville de Varsovie he would not allow even a dog to be abandoned, but took the crying little favorite up into his arms and brought it away. But a still greater instance of goodness was dis-

played in his humanity to a captain of a French seventy-four, who came to deliver his sword to Lord Cochrane, and lamented that all he had in the world was about to be destroyed by the conflagration of his ship. His lordship instantly got into the boat with him and pushed off to assist his prisoner in retrieving some valuable loss; but in passing by a seventy-four which was on fire, her loaded guns began to go off, a shot from which killed the French captain by Lord Cochrane's side, and so damaged the boat that she filled, and the rest of the party were nearly drowned."

When Cochrane dies, the Black Sea of death will, indeed, receive another of England's OLD SEA-LIONS.

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From the Eclectic Review.

## ROMAN CATHOLICISM IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

THIS affair of Popery is "no new-erected business," to use the words of John Bunyan with reference to Vanity Fair, "but a thing of ancient standing." It is older than the oldest man now living. It is older than the oldest kingdom now on the earth. It was set up before a stone had been laid in that city, which has been vainly and somewhat impiously styled "Eternal." Its origin goes back to a remoter antiquity, even, than that of the long-perished kingdoms of Nineveh and Babylon. It preceded, as it has survived these kingdoms. While they were still young, it was comparatively old; though it did not in those days bear the same name, and had not become the perfectly-developed and fully-organized system which it is in these latter times. In truth, Popery is about as old as the world itself; for, as there has ever been but one Gospel on the earth, so there has ever been but one Idolatry on the earth. And as the system of Truth traces its beginnings to Eden, and in its progress downwards to modern times has passed through various and successive dispensations, or developments, as the phrase now is—rising ever higher and higher, from the symboli-

cal and the typical to the spiritual and the real: so the system of Error, which too had its rise in the earliest times, has passed through successive developments, displaying itself to the world in ever-increasing breadth and ever-growing stature, till, from the comparatively simple and rude system of early times, it came to be that terrible combination of political and spiritual power, of physical and moral force, unmatched in complication and cunning, and unrivaled in bold, defiant, and imperious power, which stands revealed in these latter days. The two systems have advanced by analogous stages. Nearly coeval in birth, they have been nearly contemporaneous in their grand epochs of development and progress.

Idolatry has reached its perfected development in the Papacy. The reader may start, and may hesitate to acquiesce in a conclusion that appears to conflict with all his previous ideas respecting Popery. He has been accustomed to hear it spoken of, and he himself has always thought of it, as a sort of corrupt Christianity—as not belonging to the family of the *idolatries* at all—as standing separate and apart from Paganism, as

much so nearly as Christianity itself. Yet, no: it is the lineal descendant of old Paganism. It has Pagan blood in its veins, and is itself a genuine Pagan. Popery is the matured Paganism of early times. The stripling of eastern lands has grown to manhood in the Popery of European kingdoms, and, like other full-grown persons, it is the rightful heir of all the possessions of its ancestors. It inherits their fraud, their deceit, their truculence, their insufferable pride, their insatiable ambition, their love for the mysterious, their hatred of light — nay, their very crimes, with the vengeance due to these crimes—all have descended as a hoarded inheritance to the Papacy.

The thoroughly Pagan lineage of the Papacy it were not difficult to trace; but to do so at any length would lead us away from our subject proper. Nevertheless, we may devote a few minutes to the matter. A few rapid strokes will suggest, though they can not trace the line. In Chaldea, then, beside the original seat of the human family, idolatry arose. There it was the worship of the **GRAND** and the **SUBLIME**. Lifting his eyes to heaven, yet fearing to enter it and appear before the Eternal Majesty, man saw outside of it no unmeet representative of His glory; "his heart was secretly enticed" to pay homage to the sun as he looked down from his noontide height — or the moon, as she walked in brightness through the midnight firmament. Idolatry next traveled westward into Greece, and there it became the worship of **BEAUTY** and **PASSION**. All lovely things in nature, and all the passions of the human soul, were deified. By this step idolatry, as it were, came down from heaven to earth — from the celestial bodies to earthly forms; and the sensuous clime, which suggested this form of idolatry, supplied in abundance the fitting deities. The landscape abounded in forms of loveliness; its hills and valleys were perfect in their contour and voluptuous in their grace, and the race that inhabited them was ardent, susceptible, and passionate. Principles became persons — impulses appeared divinities: wherever the Greek saw a lovely form, or a powerful emotion, there he saw a god, and knelt in fervent worship. They became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened. The subtlety and creative power of their genius misled them, seducing them into the worship of

the creature rather than the Creator, "who is blessed for evermore."

But empire moved westward, and idolatry accompanied it: for it has ever been fain to entwine itself around power. Idolatry has ever planted its seat near to where authority had planted hers. An alliance founded on reciprocal benefits has ever existed betwixt the two; the throne reflecting additional prestige on the altar, and the altar lending additional sanctions to the commands of the throne. Quitting Olympus, idolatry now fixed its abode on the Capitol, and there it became the worship of **ORDER** and **GOVERNMENT** — but an order and government that took the form of conquest and subjugation. The race was getting older, and therefore soberer and more practical. Dismissing the idealistic creations of the Greek, the Roman betook himself to the more substantial acquisition of dominion. His gods were like himself, (as ever happens to fallen and unrenowned man,) they were martial, ferocious, sanguinary. They reveled, in the heavens, in the same battles and contests for dominion, which man, after their example, carried on, in a very diminutive scale as compared with theirs, on earth. But in Rome idolatry had lost the poetic coloring, the garb of beauty and grace which it wore in Greece; it had become a grosser thing, it tended more earthwards: in due time it imbruted and demoralized the Roman, as it had previously emasculated the Greek, and then the Roman empire fell. The Goths rushed in; and these hardy sons of the North, fresh from their native forests, wrested from hands now palsied with superstition and vice, the scepter of the world. But though the empire of Rome fell, the empire of idolatry did not fall. On the ruins of Pagan Rome, stood up Papal Rome. It was the body only, the political framework, which the swords of the Goths had slain: the spirit still lived. The same idolatrous spirit which had possessed old Rome crept back again into the new political organization. The Roman empire was never thoroughly Christianized. It is, indeed, true that there existed in it numerous churches which held the faith in sincerity and truth, and it is also true that genuine believers, sound in knowledge and holy in life, were scattered here in little companies, there in large bodies, all over the empire, but Christianity seems

never to have universally or thoroughly pervaded the masses of the people. And when the Goths overspread the empire matters became worse. The new-comers were received into the church without instruction, or any adequate initiation into the truths of the Gospel. They were baptized in the majority of cases, though retaining their Pagan beliefs and their Pagan practices. Here was a soil favorable in the highest degree for the revival of the old idolatry. It did revive: the same earthly, groveling, debasing worship of the creature, the same sensuous and polluting worship whose cradle had been rocked by the astrologers and star-gazers of Chaldea, whose youth had been passed amid the olive-groves, and the temples of voluptuous Greece, and whose manhood had been reached amid the stern contests and martial sounds of Imperial Rome revived anew. Only the sorceress, no longer young—like her prototype Jezebel, strove to hide her withered charms, by decking herself with Christian ornaments. Her Pagan lineage, however, could not be concealed; her instincts and propensities, which could not be changed, broke forth and betrayed her. Hating Christianity, as Paganism hated the one true religion of old, she expelled it to the extremities of the empire. The old rites were restored; the old festivals were reenacted; the flowers, the incensings, the lustral water, the very gods but with new names; in short, every thing down to the very vestments returned, and had an old Pagan risen from the tomb, he would not once have suspected that any change had taken place. And now the identity of modern Popery and ancient Paganism has been completed and openly proclaimed in the decree of the "Immaculate Conception." That dogma is the proof—plain, manifest, and unanswerable—that the worship of Rome is a system of creature-worship—an idolatry which, though associated with the Christian name, wears it only as a mask. It invests Mary with the attributes of divinity, and it places her as the supreme, and almost the sole object of worship on the altars of Romanism.

This amazing vitality with which idolatry is endowed, may well seem strange. It lives on through all changes. Dynasties go down to dust; kingdoms and nations pass away; but this system appears to defy death. Entombed, as men believe, it returns from the grave to occupy

its old place, and assert its old dominion over the world. In one sense, this is strange; in another, it is not: for has it not as its parent one who never dies, even "the dragon, that old serpent?"

This terrible system, exiled for a while by the blessed Reformation, has come back again to Britain, and is clamoring for restoration to its ancient place and power. From Italy, now a land of dungeons; from Spain, now a land of brigands and beggars; from France, where a grim tyranny sits watching a sullen and infidel anarchy, the Papacy comes seeking permission to tread our free shore. As it has ever done, so now, it veils its hostile and criminal designs under the most plausible and innocent professions—the demon strives to transform itself into an angel of light. "From me," it says, "your liberty, your literature, your commerce, your property have nothing to fear. All will I leave untouched. Only let me pitch my tent and dwell among you after the old fashion. I come not as the enemy, but as the friend of your constitution. I come not as the enemy, but as the friend of your sovereign. I protest I will not encroach, no not by a hair's breadth, upon your rights, civil or religious. I will defend liberty not less resolutely than yourselves." So speaks the deceiver, and the rulers of our land have guilelessly listened.

Since the year 1829, the era of Catholic emancipation, Romanism has been making steady and great progress in Britain. Since that period every thing that has transpired has helped it onward—the even poise of political parties, the rise and the fall of ministries, revolutions abroad—events the most opposite—have all worked together as if fate had decreed that this system should rise once more to its old ascendancy among us. At the same time it becomes us to remember that this progress of Romanism is far indeed from being the result of mere desultory efforts on the part of its friends, or of intermittent and random sallies on Protestantism. It has been pushed forward according to a settled plan, contrived with a skill as masterly as it has been steadily and successfully prosecuted. The first and initial step was to select a little band of young devotees, of whom Cardinal Wiseman was one, and to send them to Rome to be thoroughly trained for their glorious work, as they accounted

it, of bringing the British isles once more within the sacred inclosure of the true fold. Cardinal Wiseman has confessed as much in his *Recollections of the Four Last Popes*. Completing their studies under the keen eye and skillful hand of the Jesuits at the Collegio Romano, they returned to Britain, and became the pioneers in the work of Romanizing our country. Measures were taken to prepare a larger band of workmen. Maynooth and other Popish colleges were erected, and ultimately endowed. The great fountain-heads of influence in England were next laid hold upon — the Colleges and the Church. Certain chairs in the University of Oxford were filled with Romanizing priests, who thus enjoyed admirable opportunities of infusing their poisonous tenets into the minds of the youth who were to fill in after-life the parliament, the Church, the army. Other embryo Romanists found admission into the pulpits of the Anglican Establishment, and originated the same movement inside the ecclesiastical pale which others were carrying on outside. Next the Press was worked. The *Tracts for the Times* began to appear, in which, under a fair guise of candor, unction, and spirituality, the seminal principles of Popery were advocated with great plausibility, with not a little literary power, and much logical acumen. The poison was imbibed unconsciously by vast numbers, and did its work. Perversions began to take place in the ranks of the Anglican Clergy; and the list of *clerical* seceders to Rome was speedily swelled to hundreds. Not a few of the nobility, large numbers of the aristocracy, and even the middle classes, followed the clergy in the abandonment of their faith. The consequence has been a transference of no little social prestige, and great political power, and vast pecuniary resources to the Church of Rome in Britain. It is not the wont of that Church to leave advantages unimproved. These acquisitions were made the stepping-stones to higher. The Romanists demanded that the Statute-Book should be purged of all laws inimical to the dominancy of their sect. The Statute-Book was purged. The Church of Rome next demanded grants for her schools and reformatories. They were given. She demanded paid chaplaincies for her priests in the army. The chaplaincies were conceded. She demanded the same thing in jails. It was

granted. Her clamor grew louder with every new concession. The more that men strove to gratify her, though at the expense of their own rights and liberties, the louder grew her outcry of oppression and wrong, and in exact proportion as Protestant submissiveness increased and Protestant grants were multiplied, Romish arrogance grew the more intolerable, and Romish demands the more numerous. And now what is the position of matters? Her priests, chapels, and flocks are rapidly multiplying in every part of the land. Monasteries, nunneries, and reformatories are springing up. A network of confraternities is being spread over the country. The ties betwixt the Catholics in Britain and their co-religionists on the continent of Europe are being drawn closer. The Papal aggression which found them insulated in a sort, and so far simply a British sect, constituted them a compact and marshaled body, and recognized their standing as a distinct politico-ecclesiastical community, by placing them under a foreign code, the Canon Law, and subjecting them to a foreign prince, Cardinal Wiseman. Henceforward the Church of Rome in Britain knows no authority, obeys no impulse, and prosecutes no enterprise, save the authority that resides in the Vatican, and the impulses that are propagated from thence. To crown all, this body, so separate and distinct in its character, its organization, and its aims from all around it—this body which tells us that it knows no king but the Pope, and that it obeys no law but Canon Law, which forms one body with Papists abroad, and whose train-bands are spread over all the kingdom, under the name of bishops, priests, brothers of St. Vincent de Paul, sisters of mercy, friars, nuns, schoolmasters — this body, we say, is now replenished from the British Treasury, with an annual endowment in the shape of grants, which of late have been steadily rising, and now amount to a prodigious sum. The least reflective, if he but give himself to the consideration of the matter, must see that the Church of Rome in Britain has attained a position of solid power; that the danger thence arising to the peace and liberty of the country is a truly formidable one. In our opinion the attempt to dislodge that Church from her position will be found to involve one of two things—the surrender of all endowments by the Protestant bodies, or a civil war.



Let us take a survey of the past progress and present position of Romanism in Britain. We beg that our readers may not be frightened at the array of figures which it now becomes our duty to put before them. Statistics can not be made as fascinating as rhetoric, but they are not less important, and may even be more startling and impressive. We hold they are so in this case. Let the reader patiently ponder what each figure we are now to place before him imports; let him reflect that it represents a power working at the foundations of the Constitution and seeking its overthrow, and he will find our pages still full of significance. Let us first look at the machinery with which the Church of Rome is working in Britain. And first, as regards the number of her chapels. In the year 1780, there were only two hundred Popish chapels in England. In 1829, the year of the Catholic Emancipation Act, they had increased to three hundred and ninety-four. It appears, from the *Catholic Directory* of the present year, that the number of Popish chapels in England and Wales, in 1858, was seven hundred and forty-nine; and in Scotland, one hundred and seventy-seven; giving a total in Great Britain of nine hundred and twenty-six. This is a body numerically as large as the Free Church of Scotland, nearly as large as the Established Church of Scotland; or, we should say, larger, if we compare the public functionaries of the two churches. It is instructive, too, to look at the rate of increase. Starting from the year 1780, when the number of Popish chapels in England was two hundred, we find that in the first fifty years thereafter, the additions were one hundred and ninety-four; whereas, in the next thirty years, that is, from 1829 to 1859, the additions are not less than four hundred and seventy-seven. Thus, with steady and ever-accelerating steps, is Rome advancing to the position of a national establishment.

Let us look next at the rapid increase and present numbers of Romish ecclesiastics. The number of priests in Great Britain in 1829, was four hundred and seventy-seven; in 1858, their number, including bishops and priests unattached, was twelve hundred and twenty-two, being an increase of seven hundred and forty-five. Thus it appears, that during the last thirty years, Popish chapels in Great Britain have more than doubled; and that the

priests have increased threefold. In 1829 there were no monasteries in Great Britain; now there are thirty-four monasteries, although, by the Catholic Emancipation Act, such are illegal. In 1829 there were no nunneries in Great Britain; now there are not fewer than one hundred and ten. In 1829 there were no Popish colleges in Great Britain; now there are eleven—of which number ten are in England and one is in Scotland. No despicable progress this, since 1829. Where, then, there was but one chapel, there are now two; where, then, there was but one priest, there are now three: while the monasteries, nunneries, and colleges, are all clear gain.

Schools are another important arm of the force with which Rome is operating on Great Britain: let us look next at these. They may be divided into two classes, *Reformatories* and *Common Schools*. Reformatories date no further back than 1854: they were established in the hope of reclaiming the outcast juvenile population of our great cities, and grants in their behalf were solicited and obtained from Government. The Roman Catholic Church, taking into account that she owned the great mass of this class of the population, saw clearly that her advantage would lie in establishing Reformatories, and claiming Government money in their behalf. Her Reformatories amount to somewhere about a score. A sentence of the magistrate consigns the young delinquent for years, it may be, to these places. The teachers in them are monks, priests, and nuns. Instead of Reformatories, therefore, they are simply nurseries of Popery, and, by consequence, of crime. For the most part, to these Reformatories large tracts of land are attached, which the inmates cultivate; and it is a very moderate calculation to say that the proceeds of their labor suffice to carry on the Reformatory, thus leaving the Government money free for the support of conventual establishments, which almost always exist in connection with these Reformatories.

Let us turn next to Common Schools in connection with the Church of Rome in Great Britain. The Committee of Education have been as liberal as indiscriminate in their grants in aid of these schools, and the consequence is, that Popish schools have rapidly increased of late years. The Parliamentary Report for 1857-8 shows that the number of such schools are as

follows: In England, two hundred and forty-one; in Wales, five; in Scotland, twenty-six; making in all, two hundred and seventy-two. The number of Popish teachers, as appears from the Minutes of Privy Council on Education, is as follows: Male teachers, three hundred and seven; female, five hundred and forty-three; making a total of eight hundred and fifty: to which are to be added three Popish inspectors. The number of scholars attending these schools, as appears from the Inspectors' Returns, is — male, seventeen thousand and thirty-three; female, nineteen thousand six hundred and one: making a total of thirty-six thousand six hundred and thirty-four youths being trained in Popish schools. To complete this view of the Romish agency now vigorously at work in England, Scotland, and Wales, we must add seventy-three Popish chaplains in the army in Great Britain.

But in estimating the extent and power of the Popish machinery in the country, we ought not to confine our view to this side of St. George's Channel. We must look across at Ireland. The Church there is one with the Church here. The bonds between the Romanists of the two countries are strengthening every day. They have one head: they have one object, on which all their efforts are made to converge — and that is the overthrow of Protestantism. The late elections have shown with what decisive effect the Popery of Ireland can act upon the policy of statesmen and the fortunes of political parties. It can make or unmake ministries; and, to a large extent, mold at will the policy and destinies of the country. The position of the Church of Rome in Ireland is, therefore, an element that enters most deeply into the consideration of our subject. The number of chapels in Ireland is two thousand two hundred and eighty-four; giving a total of Popish chapels in Great Britain and Ireland of three thousand two hundred and ten. The number of priests in Ireland is two thousand nine hundred and twenty-five; giving a total of priests in Great Britain and Ireland of four thousand one hundred and forty-seven. The number of Popish schools in Ireland receiving grants from Government is four thousand two hundred and fifty-one; making a total of Popish schools in Great Britain and Ireland (exclusive of private schools) of four thousand five hundred and twenty-three.

The number of Popish teachers in Ireland is six thousand and forty-eight; making a total of Popish teachers in Great Britain and Ireland of six thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight. In Ireland there are thirty-one Romish colleges, two hundred and twenty convents and nunneries, one hundred and eleven monasteries, thirty-six chaplains in the army, one hundred and thirty chaplains in Poor-Law Unions, and fifty-six chaplains in various prisons and asylums. Let us look at Dublin alone. The "Christian Doctrine Confraternities" of that city have under them sixteen hundred and forty-two teachers and twenty thousand four hundred and thirty pupils. There are besides, in and near Dublin, forty nunneries, with six hundred and thirty-nine "religieuses," besides chaplains and prioresses, having under them seven thousand five hundred pupils; and all in addition to the National Schools, under the control of priests and Popish teachers. How vast and pervasive the Popish Propaganda in this one city! What must be the state of the whole country!

Who can survey this vast and powerful machinery but with feelings of astonishment and alarm! Here is a complete equipment of chapels, colleges, schools, convents, monasteries, erected avowedly, not only for changing the faith, but for subjugating the independence of the country. This apparatus is directed by a cardinal, archbishops, bishops, priests, monks, nuns, Jesuits, schoolmasters, and a host of emissaries under various designations. Such is the army entrenched in the land in Rome's behalf, and such is the instrumentality it possesses for carrying on the war. That war goes vigorously and successfully forward. Not for a day are operations intermitted. Now Rome is seen working in the light, but more frequently in the dark. Every week she is sending forth her publications to seduce the unwary and destroy the simple and ignorant. She is training the youth by thousands in her schools; she is corrupting the principles and lowering the virtue of the people, and propagating vice, pauperism, and crime. She is distracting our national councils, and partly by threats and partly by cajoleries, she is coercing our statesmen into a line of policy hostile to the home interests of the country, and dangerous to its foreign relations. She is banding her members in secret societies

to the hazard of the public peace; and is inoculating them with sentiments inimical to the rest of the community and the government of the country. She is working quietly, patiently, laboriously, and most hopefully, in a view of a not now distant time, when her numbers and position shall entitle her to demand, *first*, that she shall be made one of the established churches in Britain, and *next*, that she shall be declared the established church in Britain. These two things attained, the last and convincing step will soon follow: she will then seize upon the government of the country.

It were bad enough did such a state of things exist independently of Protestants, in spite of our efforts to the contrary. It were bad enough had Romanism got this footing of influence and power in the country solely in virtue of its own energy and resources. But this is far from being the case. We have opened the citadel of our constitution to this army of invaders; and not only so, we have pensioned and supported it. It is our money that maintains the war. Not only have we been apathetic and indifferent, which in such a cause were culpability enough, but we have conspired against ourselves by subsidizing the enemy. Without British gold lavishly and criminally bestowed, there would have been no such array as we now behold in Britain, of chapels, schools, nunneries, and monasteries, and no such army of bishops, priests, monks, and Jesuits. Within these few years back grants to Popish agents and Popish institutions have suddenly mounted up from hundreds to thousands, from thousands to tens of thousands, and from tens of thousands to hundreds of thousands. Nor is there the least likelihood that the grants will stop where they are. They are still rising. The Popish clamor is as loud as ever: the disposition to concession among statesmen is as great as ever, and to what yet more portentous amount these grants may rise, no one can say. It is here that our guilt and our infatuation lie, that we are courting our own undoing, and forging with our own hands the weapons meant for our destruction. Let us go a little into particulars.

From Parliamentary returns, and from the careful and very accurate statistics compiled and published by the Scottish Reformation Society, it appears that the Church of Rome in Great Britain is in

the annual receipt of endowments from the British Government to the following amount: For schools in Great Britain, £36,314 7s. 3d.; for schools in Ireland, £102,842 18s. 9d.; for College of Maynooth, £30,000; for chaplains in the army, at home and abroad, £7229; for 186 chaplains, at £50 each, in workhouses, prisons, and asylums in Ireland, £9300; for 6075 Douay Bibles to the army, £451 10s. 2d.; for 700 Popish prayer-books, (*The Garden of the Soul*), £27 13s.; making a total of £186,165 9s. 2d. And to these are to be added sundry grants which are made by our Government to priests and schools in India, in Australia, and other colonies, as well as at home, the exact amount of which can not be ascertained. Taking these into account, we feel that we can not be in error when we say that the sum given annually by the British Government for the support of Popery, can not be less than Two HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS.

Our attention is solicited not only to the fact of these grants, and their truly formidable amount, but also to their portentous rate of increase. This vast Popish endowment is the growth of a few years; it has sprung up with the rapidity of the prophet's gourd; and should the same rate of progress be maintained for a few years to come—and why should it not?—what will be the position of the Romish Church in Britain? It will be that of an established church so far as money goes. Already it nearly equals, in point of endowment, the Established Presbyterian Church, it will then far surpass it; and as regards the wealth of its revenues, and the number of its priests and dignitaries, it will have become the rival of the Anglican Establishment. Let us take, for example, the Popish appointments in the army, and see how both chaplains and salaries have multiplied of late years. In 1854, the number of Popish chaplains in the army, stationed in Great Britain, was twenty-four; and the amount paid as salaries £744. In 1855 the number of chaplains was twenty-three, and the amount of salaries £897. In 1856 the number of chaplains was thirty-seven, and the sum paid £1486. It will be observed that betwixt 1854 and 1856, the salaries to Popish army chaplains had doubled. But the increase of chaplains and salaries did not stop with the year 1856: it went on; and now we find, from the last Par-

liamentary Return, that for 1858, the number of Popish chaplains is seventy-three; and the aggregate of their salaries (including the pay of nineteen commissioned chaplains) £4938. The result presents us with this very formidable fact—namely, that during the past four years, the Popish chaplains in the army have increased three-fold, and their salaries nearly seven-fold. Not to weary our readers with details, and to state all under this head in a single sentence—in the whole British army at home and abroad we had in 1853 a band of seventy-nine Popish chaplains, while in 1858 the number had risen to 145. And as regards the money paid for the valuable commodity of their instructions, we gave in the former year £750; whereas in 1858 we gave no less a sum than £7229—that is, the sum paid in the latter year was nearly ten times greater than that paid in the former year; so prodigious is the growth of the grants. Equally rapid and startling has been the increase in the grants to Popish schools. The sum is already portentously large, (in Great Britain £36,000; in Ireland £100,000 in round numbers,) and has by no means reached its limit. It is larger this year than it was the last; it will be larger the year after than it is this year; and the year after that it will be larger still. In short, limits to its increase there are none. Popish avariciousness will continue to beg, and Protestant indifferencism will continue to give.

We call on all to ponder these facts. We call on every man who thinks that the Revolution of 1688 was a blessing, and that the rights and privileges it conferred on the nation ought to be maintained, to ponder these facts. They will show him that what was done then is in course of being undone; that the victory it cost us so long a struggle to win, is being insidiously snatched from us; that our rights are being frittered away; and that a course has been entered upon which can have no other termination than that of national humiliation and disaster. We call on every man who values his Protestantism, and regards it as the palladium of our liberties and the source of all that ennobles our country, to ponder these facts. They exhibit a line of policy which goes to the overthrow of the Constitution of the country, the destruction of its liberties, and the demoralization of its people.

We protest against this policy as unconstitutional. It is directly in the face of the fundamental principle which we solemnly adopted as a nation at the Revolution. That principle was that the Constitution should be Protestant. What did that mean as a *political dogma*? It meant that the Pope was not to have jurisdiction or power in the country. And we accordingly proceeded to bring into harmony with this principle the framework of our Government. We declared that no one but a Protestant could occupy our throne, and that no one but a Protestant should have the making of our laws. The Nonconformists of this country have abetted the change in the Constitution which annulled the latter disability, on the ground which they have ever maintained, that no religious opinion *should* interfere with the enjoyment of political rights. But while, on this broad ground, and in honor of a principle which is most sacred to them, they have thus, in recent years, contended honestly for their Romanist fellow-countrymen, they must *now* protest, when they find the public money, of which they do not partake, *lavished* so abundantly upon the establishment of a system which they conceive to be not only a portentous religious falsehood, but a political curse. The Nonconformists number more than half the population of *Great Britain*, and they demand to know why privileges should be conferred, and money given, to this religious body, whose principles are so hostile to the free institutions of our country, while they neither ask nor receive such honors, or subsidy, in support of their churches? Why should their money be nefariously appropriated to uphold a creed which they believe to be damnable in its delusions and obnoxious to their own and the country's interests? They object to the support of one religious establishment, as an injustice not only to themselves, but to that *truth* which it professes to conserve. Now, they are urged by every recollection of their history, and every principle of their faith, to arouse themselves to uproot the young and malignant sapling which threatens, with such prodigious growth, to overshadow the land with a most deadly umbrage; and protect their country not from a *second religious* establishment, but from a second establishment which will establish irreligion and idolatry in its subtlest

and its strongest form. If they have fought with Roman Catholics, though detesting their religion, for *their* political liberty, they must now, and with most decisive vigor, fight against them on behalf of their own. Will they endure another burden in support of others' creeds, especially the Papists' ? Is their magnanimity so great, or their spirit so supine ?

The evil principle involved in the establishment of religion is now brought into most painful prominence, and we trust will be seen by many who hitherto have been blind to it. It is argued, if soldiers must have religious instruction and consolation, the Catholic soldiers must have it from their own priests ; and, therefore, the Government must send and pay them. So of our jails ; and now the cry is likewise raised for our workhouses. It is that deduction "therefore" which Nonconformists pronounce a "*non sequitur*," and demand that it shall not be put into force ; and, where it has been, that it shall be rescinded as wrong in logic and fatal in policy. For any dullard may see that, by this reasoning, you must support lamas for your Buddhist, and gurus for your Brahmin soldiers ; and if the Government provide religious instruction and consolation for those in jails, workhouses, reformatories, etc., according to the peculiar persuasion of each individual, a mighty host of spiritual directors will be required !

While, however, this general question of establishments is in debate, Nonconformists may render illustrious service to their country, as they have done before, and save the constitution from the plague of a Romish establishment, by requiring that the Catholics be treated as themselves, and refusing to bear fresh burdens of taxation for subsidies to them, which they scorn to receive.

There is one lesson, great above most others, which the Reformation teaches, in connection with the very question we are discussing. A glance over the Europe of three centuries ago shows us that to whatever height the Reformation attained in any of its countries, if it did not carry the governing power with it, it failed to render itself permanent. Of this France is a striking illustration. At one period, the one half, if not the majority of the nation, was on the side of the Reformation ; but it failed to carry the throne with it, and so France fell back again into

Popery. Britain is a not less striking illustration on the other side. We were never able to make the Reformation stable and permanent in this country till the reigning family had become really Protestant. The Court and the Parliament evinced an incurable tendency to lapse in Romanism, and did so on more than one occasion, dragging the nation back with them. It cost us a struggle of one hundred and fifty years to reform the throne, and we were able to do this only at the Revolution. Since the Revolution, the Reformation has been stable in Britain. But now we begin to discover strong symptoms of a disposition to lapse back into Romanism ; and why ? because the governing power has changed its policy. Though from very different causes, it is substantially the policy of JAMES. It is the very same anti-national, time-serving, truckling course which landed the country in all the humiliations, disasters, and disgrace, from which we were happily rescued by the opportune appearance of the Prince of Orange on our shores. The same course will to a certainty conduct to the same issue.

We protest against this course as fitted to forfeit the favor of Heaven. What an ennobling spectacle do the Protestant nations exhibit, as contrasted with the Popish States of Europe ; and especially Britain, the head of the Reformation, as compared with continental countries. Blessed with peace, enriched with commerce, adorned with art and industry, the abode of liberty and letters, and crowned with social and domestic virtue, our country rises a sublime monument, in the midst of the earth, of the value of Protestantism ; while Italy and other Popish lands, ravaged by war, torn by faction, scourged by ignorance and vice, and a prey to all the evils of beggary and slavery, lift an equally emphatic protest in the face of the world against the Papacy. Shall we reject that with which God has so wisely connected his blessing, and shall we choose that which he has so visibly and awfully branded with his curse ? What, in that case, can we expect but that we shall be forsaken of Heaven ?

We protest against the policy, which the facts we have stated indicate, because it is demoralizing the country. There can be no dispute here that Popery is *false*. We as a nation (our statesmen

included) profess to believe that Popery is idolatry. But can that which is *false* benefit any one? The plea of our rulers is that it can, and that therefore they are justified in giving annually £200,000 to have it taught throughout the nation. We say nothing here of the innate absurdity of believing in the efficacy of falsehood; we simply deny their assertion. We say Popery can not possibly benefit any human being. Nay, its effect is destructive: and, in proof, we appeal to the state of every nation where it exists, and to the state of our own nation, to the extent to which it exists. It is a wrong done the Papist. Let him, if he likes, support his own religion, but let us not volunteer to uphold for him a religion which we believe robs him of truth and sinks him into a condition of mental slavery and social degradation. It is a wrong done the Protestant; because it burdens him with taxes demanded by the very poverty and crime the Popery propagated by the State has caused. The £200,000 annually given by our Government in support of Popery is not only wasted, it is accomplishing great positive mischief. It is lowering the intelligence of the country, deteriorating its morals, weakening its industry, and endangering its peace. We protest against their policy as a gross and monstrous perversion of the very first end of their office, which is to diffuse through the nation what is true and wholesome, not what is false and noxious.

We call on every lover of his country to bestir himself. The matter is urgent: the evil is great. It is growing from one day to another, and from one year to another. It will be more difficult to remedy to-morrow than it is to-day: and more difficult the day after to remedy than to-morrow. We shall have more Popish colleges endowed, more Popish chaplains appointed: we shall soon see a priest in every ship of war, a chaplain in every regiment of the line, and in whose hands will the power of the army and navy then be? We shall soon see the Popish Church established in Ireland, and the Act of Settlement set aside, preparatory to a Popish Advent, provided the country keep quiet. "A little further, and then we shall stop," say the Government. So have they said from the beginning. What a delusion! The attempt they are now making is as foolish as it is criminal. They are attempting to satisfy an avariciousness that is literally insatiable, and gratify a lust for power that will never be content till it results in full and uncontrolled dominion. What the Papist wants is Britain: not a part of it, but the whole. He wants the sovereignty of the Queen, that he may give it to his Holy Father, the Pope: he wants the revenues of our religious establishments, that he may give them to his bishops: he wants the estates of our nobles that he may endow them with his monasteries and convents: he wants our *Magna Charta*, that he may make a bonfire of it.

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## MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

WE present in this number of the *ECLECTIC* a beautiful portrait-print of this world-renowned lady. Her name, her character, her misfortunes, her beauty, and accomplishments, her sad and terrible destiny, the tears on her cheek, and on her hand, seemingly almost as fresh as if they had just fallen from her weeping eyes, the near approach of the final hour, the night before her execution, will awaken emotions of sympathy in the heart of the reader,

and perhaps cause the crystal fountains to spring a leak at the contemplation of that face and form which was once called to suffer such fearful agonies of mind and body. The exquisite artistic skill of Mr. Sartain is here strikingly displayed, as usual. We place before the reader a biographical sketch of the leading events of her life as a matter of historic interest, though many volumes have been written concerning her.

Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, was born on the seventh of December, 1542. She was the third child of King James V. of Scotland, by his wife Mary of Lorraine, daughter of the Duke of Guise, who had previously borne her husband two sons, both whom died in infancy. A report prevailed that Mary too was not likely to live; but being unswaddled by her nurse at the desire of her anxious mother, in presence of the English ambassador, the latter wrote to his court that she was as goodly a child as he had seen of her age. At the time of her birth her father lay sick in the palace of Falkland; and in the course of a few days after he expired, at the early age of thirty, his death being hastened by distress of mind occasioned by the defeats which his nobles had sustained at Fala and Solway Moss. James was naturally a person of considerable energy and vigor both of mind and body, but previous to his death he fell into a state of listlessness and despondency, and after his decease it was found that he had made no provision for the care of the infant princess, or for the administration of the government. The ambitious Beatoun seized this opportunity, and producing a testament which he pretended was that of the late King, immediately assumed the office and title of regent. The fraud was soon discovered; but by the haste and imprudence of the regent Arran and Henry VIII. of England, who wished a marriage agreed to between his son and the young Queen, Beatoun regained his influence in the country; and on the ninth of September, 1543, Mary was crowned by the archbishop, who was also immediately afterwards appointed lord high chancellor of the kingdom. He had even the address to win over the regent Arran to his views, both political and religious; and thus the French or Roman Catholic party obtained the ascendancy. The first two years of Mary's life was spent at Linlithgow, in the royal palace of which she was born; she was then removed to Stirling Castle; and when the disputes of parties in the country rendered this a somewhat dangerous residence, she was carried to Inchmahome, a sequestered island in the Lake of Monteith, where she remained about two years. In the mean time a treaty of marriage had been concluded between her and the Dauphin Francis; and in terms of the treaty it was resolved she should be sent into France to be educated at the

French court, until the nuptials could be solemnized. Accordingly in the fifth year of her age she was taken to Dumbarton, where she was put on board the French fleet; and setting sail towards the end of July, 1548, she was, after a tempestuous voyage, landed on the fourteenth of August at Brest, whence she proceeded by easy stages to the palace at St. Germaine-en-Laye.

Soon after her arrival at her destination Mary was placed with the French King's own daughters in one of the first convents of the kingdom, where she made rapid progress in the acquisition of the literature and accomplishments of the age. She did not however remain long in this situation, being soon carried to the court, which, as Robertson observes, was one of the politest but most corrupt in Europe. Here Mary became the envy of her sex, surpassing the most accomplished in the elegance and fluency of her language, the grace and liveliness of her movements, and the charm of her whole manner and behavior. The youthful Francis, to whom she was betrothed, and was soon to be united in wedlock, was about her own age, and they had been play-mates from early years: there appears also to have grown up a mutual affection between them; but the dauphin had little of her vivacity, and was altogether considerably her inferior both in mental endowments and personal appearance. The marriage, which took place on the twenty-fourth of April, 1558, was celebrated with great pomp, the vaulted roof of the cathedral ringing with the shouts and congratulations of the assembled multitude.

The solemnities being over, the married pair retired to one of their princely retreats for the summer; but that season was hardly gone when, a vacancy having occurred on the throne of England by the death of Queen Mary, claims were put forth on behalf of the Queen of Scots through her grandmother, who was eldest daughter of King Henry VII. of England; and notwithstanding that Elizabeth had ascended the throne, and was, like her sister Mary, (both daughters of King Henry VIII.,) queen both "de facto" and by the declaration of the parliament of England, yet this claim for the Scottish princess was made and continued to be urged with great pertinacity by her ambitious uncles the princes of Lorraine. On every occasion on which the dauphin and dau-

phiness appeared in public, they were ostentatiously greeted as the king and queen of England; the English arms were engraved upon their plate, embroidered on their banners, and painted on their furniture; and Mary's own favorite device at the time was, the two crowns of France and Scotland, with the motto "*Aliamque moratur*," meaning that of England. Henri II. died in July, 1559, and in September of the same year Francis was solemnly crowned at Rheims. Mary was now at the height of her splendor; it was doomed however to be only of short continuance. In June, 1560, her mother died; and in December of the same year, her husband, who had been wasting away for some months, expired. By this latter event Catherine de' Medici rose again into power in the French court, and Mary, who did not relish being second where she had been the first, immediately determined on quitting France and returning to her native country. The Queen of England however interposed; and as Mary would not abandon all claim to the English throne, refused to grant her a free passage. Mary notwithstanding resolved to go, and at length, after repeated delays, still lingering on the soil where fortune had smiled upon her, she reached Calais. Here she bade adieu to her attendants, and sailed for Scotland; but as long as the French coast remained in view, she continued involuntarily to exclaim: "Farewell, France! Farewell, beloved country!" She landed at Leith on the nineteenth of August, 1561, in the nineteenth year of her age, and after an absence from Scotland of nearly thirteen years. She was now, in the language of Robertson, "a stranger to her subjects, without experience, without allies, and almost without a friend."

A great change had taken place in Scotland since Mary was last in the country. The Roman Catholic religion was then supreme; and under the direction of Cardinal Beaton the Romish clergy displayed a fierceness of intolerance which seemed to aim at nothing short of the utter extirpation of every seed of dissent and reform. The same causes however which gave strength to the ecclesiastics gave strength also, though more slowly, to the great body of the people; and at length, after the repeated losses of Flodden and Fala, and Solway Moss and Pinkey—which, by the fall of nearly the whole

lay nobility and leading men of the kingdom, brought all classes within the influence of public events—the energies, physical and mental, of the entire nation were drawn out, and under the guidance of the reformer Knox expended themselves with the fury of awakened indignation upon the whole fabric of the ancient religion. The work of destruction was just completed, and the Presbyterian government established on the ruins of the Roman Catholic, when Mary returned to her native land. She knew little of all this, and had been taught in France to abhor Protestant opinions: her habits and sentiments were therefore utterly at variance with those of her subjects; and, nurtured in the lap of ease, she was wholly unprepared for the shock which was inevitably to result from her being thrown among them.

Accordingly the very first Sunday after her arrival she commanded a solemn mass to be celebrated in the chapel of the palace; and, as might have been expected, an uproar ensued, the servants of the chapel were insulted and abused, and had not some of the lay nobility of the Protestant party interposed, the riot might have become general. The next Sunday Knox preached a violent sermon against idolatry, and in his discourse he took occasion to say that a single mass was, in his estimation, more to be feared than ten thousand armed men. Upon this, Mary sent for the reformer, desiring to have an interview with him. The interview took place, as well as one or two subsequent ones from a like cause; but the only result was to exhibit the parties more plainly at variance with each other. In one of these fruitless conferences the young queen was bathed in tears before his stern rebukes. Her youth, however, her beauty and accomplishments, and her affability, interested many in her favor; and as she had from the first continued the government in the hands of the Protestants, the general peace of the country remained unbroken.

A remarkable proof of the popular favor with which the young queen was regarded, appeared in the circumstances attending her marriage with Darnley. Various proposals had been made to her from different quarters; but at length she gave up all thoughts of a foreign alliance, and her affections became fixed on her cousin Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, the youthful



heir of the noble house of Lennox, to whom she was united on Sunday, the twenty-ninth of July, 1565, the ceremony of marriage being performed in the chapel of Holyrood-house, according to the rites of the Romish Church. Whether the Queen had any right to choose a husband without consent of parliament, was in that age, as Robertson observes, a matter of some dispute; but that she had no right to confer upon him, by her private authority, the title and dignity of king, or by a simple proclamation invest him with the character of a sovereign, was beyond all doubt: yet so entirely did she possess the favorable regard of the nation, that notwithstanding the clamors of the malcontents, her conduct in this respect produced no symptom of general dissatisfaction. The Queen's marriage was however particularly obnoxious to Queen Elizabeth, whose jealous eye had never been withdrawn from her rival. Knox also did not look favorably on it. Nevertheless the current of popular opinion ran decidedly in Mary's favor, and it was even remarked that the prosperous situation of her affairs began to work some change in favor of her religion.

This popularity, however, was the result of adventitious circumstances only. There existed no real sympathy of opinion between Mary and the great body of her people; and whatever led to the manifestation of her religious sentiments dissolved in the same degree the fascination which her youth and accomplishments had created. It is in this way we may account for the assistance given to Darnley in the assassination of Rizzio—an attendant on Mary, who seems to have come in place of Chatelard. The latter was a French poet who sailed in Mary's retinue when she came over from the Continent; and having gained the Queen's attention by his poetical effusions, he proceeded, in the indulgence of a foolish attachment for her, to a boldness and audacity of behavior which demanded at last the interposition of the law, and he was condemned and executed. Rizzio, a Piedmontese by birth, came to Edinburgh in the train of the ambassador from Savoy, a year or so before Chatelard's execution. He was skilled in music, had a polished and ready wit, and like Chatelard, wrote with ease in French and Italian. His first employment at court was in his character of a musician; but Mary soon advanced him

to be her French secretary; and in this situation he was conceived to possess an influence over the Queen which was equally hateful to Darnley and the Reformers, though on very different grounds. Both therefore concurred in the destruction of the obnoxious favorite, and he was assassinated accordingly. Darnley afterwards disclaimed all concern in the conspiracy; but it was plain the Queen did not believe and would not forgive him; and having but few qualities to secure her regard, her growing contempt of him terminated in disgust. In the mean time the well-known Earl of Bothwell was rapidly advancing in the Queen's favor, and at length in open defiance of all decency, no business was concluded, no grace bestowed, without his assent and participation. Meanwhile also Mary bore a son to Darnley; and after great preparations for the event, the baptism of the young prince was performed according to the rites of the Romish Church. Darnley himself was soon after seized with the small-pox, or some dangerous distemper, the nature and cause of which are not very clear. He was at Glasgow when he was taken ill, having retired thither to his father somewhat hastily and unexpectedly. Mary was not with him, nor did she visit him for a fortnight. After a short stay they returned to Edinburgh together, when Darnley was lodged, not in the palace of Holyrood, as heretofore, but in the house of the Kirk of Field, a mansion standing by itself in an open and solitary part of the town. Ten days after, the house was blown up by gunpowder, and Darnley and his servants buried in the ruins. That Mary knew of the intended murder is not certain, and different views of the circumstances have been taken by different historians. The author of the horrid deed was Bothwell, and the public voice was unanimous in his reprobation. Bothwell was brought before the privy-council for the crime; but the shortness of the notice prevented Lennox, his accuser, from appearing. The trial nevertheless proceeded, or rather the verdict and sentence; for, without a single witness being examined, Bothwell was acquitted. After this mockery of a trial he was not only continued in all his influence and employments, but he actually attained the great end which he had in view by the perpetration of the foul act. This was no other than to marry the Queen herself, which he

did in three months after his murder of her husband; having in the interval met the Queen, and carried her off a prisoner to his castle of Dunbar, and also raised a process of divorce against the Lady Bothwell, his wife, on the ground of consanguinity, and got a decree in the cause just nine days before the marriage. Before the marriage, also, Mary created Bothwell Duke of Orkney; and the marriage itself was solemnized at Holyroodhouse by Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, according to the forms both of the Romish and Protestant religions.

Public indignation could no longer be restrained. The nobles rose against Bothwell and Mary, who fled before an armed and indignant people from fortress to fortress. At length, after they had collected some followers, a pitched battle near Carberry Hill was about to ensue, when Mary abandoned Bothwell, and threw herself on the mercy of her subjects. They conducted her first to Edinburgh, and thence to the castle of Lochleven, where, as she still persisted to regard Bothwell as her husband, it was determined she should at once abdicate in favor of the prince her son James. Instruments of abdication to that effect were accordingly prepared, and she was at last constrained to affix her signature to them; upon which the prince was solemnly crowned at Stirling, twenty-ninth of July, 1567, when little more than a year old. Mary continued a prisoner at Lochleven; but by the aid of friends, in less than twelve months she effected her escape, and collected a considerable army. The battle of Langside ensued, where she was completely routed; upon which she fled towards Galloway, and thence passed into England. Elizabeth refused her an audience, but declared her readiness to act as umpire between her and her subjects. Mary would not yield to this, or consent to be regarded in any other light than as Queen of Scotland. The consequence was, that Elizabeth continued to detain Mary as a captive till the end of the year 1586—a period of about nineteen years—when she was accused of being accessory to Babington's conspiracy against the Queen of England. To try this accusation a commission was appointed by Elizabeth, but Mary at first refused in a very decided manner to acknowledge its jurisdiction. Deluded, however, by the pretext that she would thus vindicate her

character, Mary consented to be tried. The commission accordingly proceeded: Mary was condemned, and, on Wednesday, the eighth of February, 1587, beheaded at Fotheringay castle, in the forty-fifth year of her age. She died professing the religion in which she had been brought up, and to her adherence to which almost as much as to her own misconduct many of her miseries may be traced.

In the interval between her trial and execution James made considerable efforts to save the life of his mother, though it is said that his ambassador to the English court was among the most urgent instigators of her execution; and after her death James gave utterance to some loud denunciations of what he termed the insult that had been offered to him, but he was easily pacified, and the amity previously existing between the English and Scottish courts remained unbroken.

#### EXECUTION OF MARY STUART.

The following graphic sketch will give to the reader's mind a vivid impression of the closing scene, viewed in connection with the portrait in this number of the *ECLECTIC*. It is from the pen of M. de Lamartine, whose latest literary manner is strikingly exemplified in his life of the Queen of Scots, written by him in English and recently published in London. It is admirably romantic, and in no part more so than in this description of the execution:

She arrived in the hall of death. Pale, but unflinching, she contemplated the dismal preparations. There lay the block and the ax. There stood the executioner and his assistant. All were clothed in mourning. On the floor was scattered the sawdust which was to soak her blood, and in a dark corner lay the bier which was to be her last prison. It was nine o'clock when the Queen appeared in the funeral hall. Fletcher, Dean of Peterborough, and certain privileged persons, to the number of more than two hundred, were assembled. The hall was hung with black cloth; the scaffold, which was elevated about two feet and a half above the ground, was covered with black frieze of Lancaster; the arm chair, in which Mary was to sit, the footstool on which she was to kneel, the block on which her head was to be laid, were covered with black velvet.

The Queen was clothed in mourning like the hall and as the ensigns of punishment. Her black velvet robe, with its high collar and hanging sleeves, was bordered with ermine. Her mantle, lined with marten sable, was of satin, with pearl buttons, and a long train. A chain of sweet-smelling beads, to which was attached a scapulary, and beneath that a golden cross, fell upon her bosom. Two rosaries were suspended to her girdle, and a long veil of white lace which in some measure softened this costume of a widow and of a condemned criminal, was thrown around her. . . .

Arrived on the scaffold, Mary seated herself in the chair provided for her, with her face towards the spectators. The Dean of Peterborough, in ecclesiastical costume, sat on the right of the Queen, with a black velvet footstool before him. The Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury were seated like him on the right, but upon larger chairs. On the other side of the Queen stood the Sheriff Andrews, with white wand. In front of Mary were seen the executioner and his assistant, distinguishable by their vestments, of black velvet, with red crape round the left arm. Behind the Queen's chair, ranged by the wall, wept her attendants and maidens. In the body of the hall, the nobles and citizens from the neighboring counties were guarded by the musketeers of Sir Amyas Paulet and Sir Drew Drury. Beyond the balustrade was the bar of the tribunal. The sentence was read; the Queen protested against it in the name of royalty and of innocence, but accepted death for the sake of her faith. She then knelt down before the block, and the executioner proceeded to remove her veil. She repelled him by a gesture, and turning towards the Earls with a blush on her forehead, "I am not accustomed," she said, "to be undressed before so numerous a company, and by the hands of such grooms of the chamber." She then called Jane Kennedy and Elizabeth Curle, who took off her mantle, her veil, her chains, cross and scapulary. On their touching her robe, the Queen told them to unloose the corsage, and fold down the ermine collar, so as to leave her neck bare for the ax. Her maidens weepingly yielded her these last services. Melvil and the three other attendants wept and lamented, and Mary placed her finger on her lips to signify that they should be silent. . . .

She then arranged the handkerchief embroidered with thistles of gold, with which her eyes had been covered by Jane Kennedy. Thrice she kissed the crucifix, each time repeating: "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit." She knelt anew, and leant her head on that block which was already scored with deep marks; and in this solemn attitude she again recited some verses from the Psalms. The executioner interrupted her at the third verse by a blow of the ax, but its trembling stroke only grazed her neck; she groaned slightly, and the second blow separated the head from the body. The executioner held it up at the window, within sight of all, proclaiming aloud, according to usage: "So perish the enemies of our Queen!"

The Queen's maids of honor and attendants enshrouded the body, and claimed it, in order that it should be sent to France; but these relics of their tenderness and faith were pitilessly refused. Elizabeth having thus mercilessly sacrificed the life of her whom she had so long and so unjustly retained in hopeless captivity, now added the most flagrant duplicity to her cruelty. Denying, with many oaths, all intention of having her own warrant carried into execution, she attempted to throw the entire odium on those who in reality had acted as her blind and devoted agents. This policy of the English Queen was unsuccessful, however; posterity has with clear voice proclaimed her guilty of the blood of her royal sister, and the sanguinary stain will ever remain ineffaceable from the character of that otherwise great sovereign.

If we regard Mary Stuart in the light of her charms, her talents, her magical influence over all men who approached her, she may be called the Sappho of the sixteenth century. All that was not love in her soul was poetry; her verses, like those of Ronsard, her worshiper and teacher, possess a Greek softness combined with a quaint simplicity; they are written with tears, and even after the lapse of so many years, retain something of the warmth of her sighs.

If we judge her by her life, she is the Scottish Semiramis; casting herself, before the eyes of all Europe, into the arms of the assassin of her husband, and thus giving to the people she had thrown into civil war a coronation of murder for a lesson of morality. . . .

In fine, if she be judged by her death—comparable in its majesty, its piety, and its courage, to the most heroic and the holiest sacrifices of the primitive martyrs—the horror and aversion with which she had been regarded, change at last to pity, esteem, and admiration. As long as there was no expiation she remained a criminal; by expiation she became a victim. In her history, blood seems to be washed out by blood; the guilt of her former years flows as it were from her veins, with the crimson stream; we do not absolve, we sympathize; our pity is not absolution, but rather approaches to love; we try to find excuses for her conduct in the ferocious and dissolute manners of the age; in that education, depraved, sanguinary, and fanatical, which she received at the Court of the Valois; in her youth, her beauty, her love. We are constrained to say with M. Dargaud—to whom we feel deeply indebted for the researches which have guided us—"we judge not—we only relate."

#### PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF MARY.

That Mary possessed the "fatal gift" of incomparable personal beauty is proved, not merely by the somewhat hyperbolic portraits of contemporary poets, but by the universal testimony of history and tradition. Many portraits of her, some of which are no doubt authentic, still exist, and these give us the impression of a lovely face, with aquiline, or rather Grecian nose, soft but firm mouth, full chin, expressive eyes under high-arched eyebrows—the whole countenance bearing an impress of combined dignity and sweetness. This impression is fully corroborated by poets and annalists of the time. The gallant and spirituel Brantôme thus describes her: "*Clad à la sauvage*, in the barbaric dress of the wild people of her country, even then she appeared a goddess in a mortal body. And, the more to set the world on fire, (*pour embraser le monde*,) she had the perfection of a most sweet and beautiful voice, and sang well, according her voice to the lute, which she touched spiritedly with those beautifully-shaped fingers, which were in no wise inferior to those of Aurora." Nor were her mental accomplishments inferior to her personal charms, for the gay writer thus proceeds: "At the age of fourteen

she sustained a thesis publicly in the hall of the Louvre, and in Latin, maintaining that it was becoming in women to acquire learning, (think what a rare and admirable thing this was!) and was more eloquent than if even France had been the country of her birth."

M. Dargaud, in his excellent *Histoire de Marie Stuart*, thus describes Mary's personal appearance at the age of nineteen:

"Her form was tall, flexible, animated, easy in every movement. Her forehead was high and rounded, giving her an air of lofty dignity, combined with intelligence and courage; her ears were small; she had the aristocratic aquiline nose of the Guises, and her beautiful cheeks, in their mingled red and white, gave evidence of the mixed blood of Lorraine and Scotland; her eyelashes were long, overshadowing brown eyes of a humid but passionate transparency, softened by finely traced and arched eyebrows; her smile was brilliant as a sunbeam; her hair was fair, and often worn without ornament; her face was oval, and her features mobile—passing suddenly from an expression of severity to one of enjoyment. The Graces dwelt there, and also resolute and deep passions; her voice was sweet and penetrating; her conversation full of vigor and imagination. Even in Scotch tartan," adds our author, with pardonable nationality, "she was charming, but when dressed in the French, Spanish, or Italian fashion, she was adorable!"

We shall only add one more panegyric, and from the pen of an English author—Carte—in whose History of England we find the following portrait of Mary in her later years, during her captivity:

"Every part of her body was so justly proportioned, and so exquisitely framed, that people, lost in admiration of each, were apt to imagine she was something more than human; a majestic air, mixed with sweetness, sate upon her brow, and all the graces in nature conspired to set off her person, adding to her matchless beauty a charm that was irresistible. Every motion, gesture, and action, accompanied with a manner too delicate to be described, struck all beholders, and every one was won by the sweetness of her nature, the affability of her reception, the obligingness of her carriage, and the charms of her conversation."

From Chambers's Journal.

## THE WILL OF PETER THE GREAT.\*

### PRELIMINARY CONSIDERATIONS.†

IN the name of the Most Holy and Indivisible Trinity, we, Peter the First, Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, etc., to all our descendants and successors to the throne and government of the Russian nation:

God, from whom we derive our existence, and to whom we owe our crown, having constantly enlightened us by his Spirit, and sustained us by his divine help, allows me to look on the Russian people as called upon hereafter to *hold sway over Europe!* My reason for thus thinking is, that the European nations have mostly reached a state of old age, bordering on imbecility, or they are rapidly approaching it: naturally, then, they will be *easily* and *indubitably* conquered by a people strong in youth and vigor, especially when this latter shall have attained its full strength and power. I look on the future invasion of the eastern and western countries by the north, as a periodical movement, ordained by Providence, who in like manner *regenerated* the Roman nation by barbarian invasions. These emigrations of men from the north are as the reflux of the Nile, which, at certain periods, comes to fertilize the impoverished lands of Egypt by its deposit. I found Russia as a *rivulet*, I leave it a *river*: my successors will make of it a *large sea*, destined to fertilize the impoverished lands of Europe; and its waters

will overflow, in spite of opposing dams, erected by weak hands, if our descendants only know how to direct its course. This is the reason I leave them the following instructions. I give these countries to their watchfulness and care, as Moses gave the Tables of the Law to the Jewish people.

I. Keep the Russian nation in a STATE OF CONTINUAL WAR, so as to have the soldier always under arms, and ready for action, excepting when the finances of the state will not allow of it. Keep up the forces; choose the best moment for attack. By these means you will be ready for war even in the time of peace. This is for the interest of the future aggrandisement of Russia.

II. Endeavor, by every possible means, to bring in, from the neighboring civilized countries of Europe, officers in times of war, and learned men in times of peace, thus giving the Russian people the advantages enjoyed by other countries, without allowing them to lose any of their own self-respect.

III. On every occasion take\* a part in the affairs and quarrels of Europe; above all, in those of Germany, which country being the nearest, more immediately concerns us.

IV. *Divide* Poland, by exciting civil discord there; win over the nobility by bribery; *corrupt the diets*, so as to have influence in the election of kings; get partisans into office—protect them;† bring

\* Deposited in the archives of the palace of Peterhof, near St. Petersburg.

† This authentic document (the supreme foundation and law of Russian politics since the time of Peter I.) was confidentially deposited in the hands of the Abbé de Bernis, Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1757; and also in those of Louis XV. See the *Memoirs of the Chevalier d'Eon*, t. i. p. 170. A copy is also to be found in the diplomatic archives of the French empire, and a transcript of this appears in the volume, *Politique de la Russie en Orient par Victor Moryugo*, from which our translation is taken.

\* "To steal and to lie," said Bulharyn, one of the best Russian writers, "are the two auxiliary verbs of our language." Certainly Peter I. has made good use of them in his will, adding now and then the verbs, to *extend*, to *advance*, to *divide*, to *share*, to *dominate*, to *subdue*, to *corrupt*, etc.

† Stanislaus Poniatowski, lover of Catharine II., and last King of Poland, was elected by the influence of the Princes Augustus and Michael Czartoryski, his parents being declared partisans of Russia.

to sojourn there the Muscovite troops, until such time as they can be permanently established there. If the neighboring powers start difficulties, appease them, for a time, by parceling out the country, *until you can retake in detail all that has been ceded.*

V. *Take as much as you can from Sweden*; and cause yourselves to be attacked by her, *so as to have a pretext for subduing her.* To accomplish this, sever Denmark from Sweden, and Sweden from Denmark, carefully keeping up their rivalries.

VI. *Always choose* as wives for the Russian princes, German princesses, so as to increase family alliances, to draw mutual interests closer, and by *propagating our principles in Germany*, to enlist her in our cause.

VII. England requiring us for her navy, and she being the only power that can aid in the development of ours, seek a commercial alliance with her, in preference to any other. Exchange our wood and the productions of our land for her gold, and establish between her merchants, her sailors, and ours, a continual intercourse: this will aid in perfecting the Russian fleet for navigation and commerce.

VIII. *Extend* your possessions towards the north, along the Baltic; and *towards the south, by the Black Sea.*

IX. *Approach as near as possible to Constantinople and its outskirts.* HE WHO SHALL REIGN THERE WILL BE THE TRUE SOVEREIGN OF THE WORLD. Consequently, be continually at war—sometimes with the Turks, sometimes with Persia. Establish dockyards on the Black Sea; get entire possession of it by degrees, also of the Baltic Sea; *this being necessary to the accomplishment of the plan.* Hasten the decline of Persia; penetrate to the Persian Gulf; reestablish, if possible, the ancient commerce of the Levant through Syria, and *make your way to the Indies*—they are the emporium of the world. Once there, you can do without the gold of England.

X. Seek, and carefully keep up an alliance with Austria; acquiesce, apparently, in her ideas of dominating over Germany; at the same time, clandestinely exciting against her the jealousy of the neighboring provinces. Endeavor that the aid of Russia should be called for by one and the other, so that, by exercising a kind of guardianship over the country,

you prepare a way for governing hereafter.

XI. Give the House of Austria an interest for joining in banishing the Turks from Europe; defraud her of her share of the booty, at the conquest of Constantinople, either by raising a war for her with the ancient states of Europe, or by giving her a portion which you will *take back at a future period.*

XII. Attach to yourselves, and assemble around you, all the united Greeks, as also the disunited or schismatics, which are scattered either in Hungary, Turkey, or the south of Poland. Make yourselves their centers, their chief support, and lay the foundation for universal supremacy by establishing a kind of royalty or sacerdotal government; the Slavonic Greeks will be so many friends that you will have scattered amongst your enemies.

XIII. Sweden severed, Persia and Turkey conquered, Poland subjugated, our armies reunited, the Black and the Baltic seas guarded by our vessels, you must make propositions separately and discreetly—first to the court of Versailles, then to that of Vienna, to share with them the empire of the universe.

If one of them accept—and it can not be otherwise, so as you flatter their pride and ambition—make use of it to crush the other; then crush, in its turn, the surviving one, by engaging with it in a death-struggle, the issue of which can not be doubtful, Russia possessing already all the east and a great part of Europe!

XIV. If—which is not likely—both refuse the *propositions of Russia*, you must manage to raise quarrels for them, and make them exhaust one another; then, profiting by a decisive moment, Russia will bring down her assembled troops on Germany; at the same time, two considerable fleets will set out—the one from the Sea of Azov, the other from the port of Archangel—loaded with Asiatic hordes, under the convoy of the armed fleets from the Black Sea and the Baltic. Advancing by the Mediterranean and the Atlantic Ocean, they will invade France on one side, whilst Germany will already have been invaded on the other. These countries conquered, the rest of Europe will easily pass under the yoke, without striking a single blow.

XV. Thus Europe can and ought to be subdued.

PETER I.,

AUTOCRAT OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.

From the London Times.

## THE PAPAL CIRCULAR.

THE Sovereign Pontiff has appealed to Europe in a diplomatic note. The manifesto is not quite in the Hildebrand vein. It no longer thunders, and threatens, and hurls excommunications, and awakens sleeping claims. But, if its tone is less haughty, its purport is not less that of the unchanging and unchangeable policy of the Holy Sec. It claims all things and it recedes from nothing. It accepts no responsibility, and it renounces no atom of power. It is like the cry of a weak and wounded beast of prey. It complains of the interference of stronger powers with the gratification of its instincts; but it bears no remorse for the past, and no promise for the future. In such a document we might have expected some broad view of the Pope's position as the head of the Catholic Church. The circumstances of the moment are such as to invite a serious comment. The honorary presidency of the new Italian Confederation has just been offered to the acceptance of Pio Nono. Desolation reigns at Perugia, and the half-heretical Switzers of the Papal Guard are yet red-handed from the slaughter of the orthodox subjects of the great Father of Christendom. Austria and France may be supposed to be meditating a retreat from the abnormal position which they have so long held in the States of the Church. An opportunity has offered for exchanging a small material sovereignty for a great moral empire, and under the guidance of a bold and enlightened man the Poppedom, which now for the tenth time appears to be in the crisis of its fate, might have come forth revived, and stronger than ever it has been in these modern days. This manifesto, however, tells us that no such dreams as once passed over the mind of Pius IX. in the days of his manhood, ever now recur to him in his obstinate and unpitying old age. He makes no apology for the massacres committed by his troops; he gives out no hope to his ill-ruled people. He satisfies himself by a

solemn protest against all interference with the continuance of his weary and wasting system of tyranny, and he invokes the assistance and protection of all the great European Powers to enable him to do what he likes with his own.

The Pope appears at this moment to be very sick — more sick than the Turk was ever when Nicholas thought it time to take out administration to his effects. He has no strength whatever in his own body. Weak and tottering, he sometimes leans upon one strong man and sometimes upon another. Austria has held him up in the Legations, France has kept him upright at Rome, the Swiss have spread the terror of his name in the unwarlike towns. To all human foresight he seems on the brink of dissolution, and we should expect to see the crazy old bark go down in deep water if we did not remember how often before the same crisis has appeared at hand, and how wonderfully the water-logged and dismantled hull has got into port again. It is wonderful, and at the same time pitiable, to mark the senile and impotent tenacity with which this old man clings to his right to do wrong at a moment when the whole system seems ready to perish. If France and Austria were to retire there would be an end at once and forever to the States of the Church. Unless the Pope receives very different assurances from those which Europe has received, France and Austria must appear to him very little disposed to be at the expense and odium of supporting a great European scandal, which can only be upheld by their assistance. If there be any reality in the project of an Italian Confederation, it must mean a confederation of Italian sovereigns, advised by Italian statesmen, and protected by Italian soldiers. In that case the accomplishment of the treaty of Villafranca must clear Italy of all foreign soldiers, and must leave Pius Nono face to face with the Italian nation. Yet it is this moment that the Pope chooses to claim for him-

self all the rights of a neutral power, and to protest against Sardinia in that she has distributed fire-arms to the insurgents and volunteers, and has introduced cannon into the revolted provinces "to encourage the audacity of the disturbers of order." If Sardinia has done aught to enable the citizens of the Roman States to defend themselves against the Papal mercenaries, it may afford good reason for the displeasure of the Pope against her, but it can be no reason for the document which we publish to-day. So long as the Roman government exists only by permission of France and Austria, that government has no right to be considered as a sovereign state. The same powers which protect have a right to dictate, and, if they should choose, for reasons of their own, to delegate the exercise of that right to any other power, they are quite at liberty to do so. The dismantling of Ferrara, of which the Pope complains, is the best, if not the only course open to the inhabitants of that city under existing circumstances. There, as at Piacenza, the Austrians extended the fortifications in defiance of the stipulations of the treaties; they have now retreated, and the fortifications being of no use, unless to harbor the mercenaries of the Pope, the inhabitants are wisely destroying them. Why should this have the astonishing effect of "filling the soul of the Holy Father with bitterness, and provoking in him a lively and just indignation?" Surely, he does not now once again pretend to amuse Europe with the foolish fable that he and his mercenaries are able to hold either Ferrara or any other city of the Roman States in the absence of General Goyon and his garrison? It was absurd enough at any moment to imagine that, in a war which was avowedly undertaken to change the destiny of Italy, the Roman States could remain neuter; but it is still more ridiculous to talk of neutrality while the whole country is more or less occupied by foreign troops.

We can quite appreciate the difficulty of France and Austria in this matter. No person is more unreasonable to deal with

than a man who is ready to stand still and be a martyr, but who makes it a point of conscience to continue to martyrize others. Pio Nono can not, in his conscience prevent that cloud of ecclesiastical locusts from devouring the Roman people, and he can not withdraw his countenance from the kidnapping of Jews and the sack and pillage of Italian cities; but Pio Nono is quite content to die upon the steps of the Vatican if either Napoleon III. or Francis Joseph should wish to put him to death. They may break him, but they shall not bend him. They may "demand from the Pope indispensable reforms in his states," but he will refuse to do any thing except to submit to death or exile — edifying the Catholic world with the exhibition of a Pope persecuted by the two eldest sons of the Church. Now, of course, this is precisely what no one wishes to do. No one out of Rome has any desire to injure a hair of the head of this obstinate old man. But so long as the French remain to protect him he will, by his ecclesiastics and his bravos, drain the country and destroy the people; and, if the French go away, the people, exasperated beyond all moderation, will probably expel him. This is the dilemma. Perhaps the solution may be found in the formation of a confederate Italian army, which may be strong enough to be guided by moderate counsels, and may be trusted to repress any violent reaction when the foreign troops are withdrawn. But, however this may be, the present position of France in Rome is too humiliating to be long endured by a high-spirited and civilized nation, whose sympathies, when properly touched, seldom fail to be excited by unmerited oppression. The Emperor must be anxious to find some way out of this most aggravating difficulty; and every lay Frenchman would in his heart be glad to see the Roman garrison in Paris, and all Roman questions left to be settled between the Pope and his people. How it may end no man can foresee, but, in every event, we have great cause to congratulate ourselves that we Englishmen have no art or part in this matter.



From Tait's Magazine.

## MOTHERS OF GREAT MEN, OR MIDDLE-CLASS MEN.

THAT maternal influence has much to do in the formation of man's character is an established fact. As a general rule, great men have had good mothers. It has been said, that the intellectual qualities are inherited from the mother. The assertion is questionable. It were more reasonable to look for its explanation in the necessary influence of the early maternal training. The influence of woman—the maternal being one branch of it—is seen in families—classes—nations. Let the women of a country be underrated, the men, in time, become degraded. Experience proves the saying. Among the Christian countries of the earth, woman occupies her proper position, while in those which hold a different creed, she is considered little but a puppet for man's pleasure. In Turkey, woman is little better than any animal. In China, she is a painted and stunted doll—in India, her condition is abominable; one whole class being born, bred, and assigned to immorality of life; "caste" has placed them in it; "caste" keeps them in the filth of guilt, which, in their eyes, can scarcely be considered moral guilt; their mothers wallowed in the same before them—their daughters will follow the precedent after them, for the potent law of caste—the Eastern curse—has so decreed, and woman dares not say "No!" to its damning voice.

Englishwomen are considered human beings in their own land, and that is saying something. Englishmen do consider that women have souls—they positively concede that to them; although perhaps, some of these lords of the creation would deny it, if they could.

The Chinaman says his wife has no soul; so he shuts her up in his house, and lets her deck her corpulent person with her finery, and pinch her stunted feet, and plait her little scrap of hair; and, as to her mind, it is sent out to grass in its infancy, and never brought home again to be rubbed down, and groomed, and put

into harness. The intellect of Englishwomen is cultivated, and, being cultivated, the owners are taught and expected to make a good use of it—some of them do, many of them don't.

Englishwomen are allowed all lawful liberty and influence; it is to their own cost if they abuse the one; their own fault, if they fail to gain the other.

Englishwomen are not allowed to have a direct voice in the legislation of the country. The men, if they were, would need to be hard of hearing, for, with all due respect be it said, women are wondrously loquacious—they can talk, if they can't do much else. The greatest skeptic in female accomplishments and endowments would never deny the volubility of women. Start any subject—a new gown—a bad servant—the little peccadillo of Mrs. So-and-so, who once lived in Such-and-such place—a royal marriage, or a pauper burial-ground—any and every thing women will talk about.

But women are not parliamentary, or their favorite topics are not, and that comes to the same thing; and therefore, crinoline is very properly excluded from the syndical assembly of England.

Yet, although woman's tongue can not be heard in the House, that very active member may exert its persuasive eloquence at home; and there, if her compound contain the proper proportions of good sense, good judgment, and information, with good temper, to lay down the law—for man does like to be bamboozled with good temper—she may exert what the Yankees would call "a pretty considerable influence;" and thus, perhaps, after all, get a little share in the government of the country.

One woman's voice is heard in the august assembly, of course; although, perhaps, after all, it is only an echo—a very clear and musical one, too—of the gruff tones of her ministers.

"As the twig is bent, so will it grow." That is the text; we proceed to the expo-

sition. According to the nursery influence which the mother exerts, will the boy be either good or bad; that is the rule—exceptions prove the rule. There are many exceptions to the above, but they don't, as we see the matter, exactly seem to furnish the proof. We think the rule would have been better established without the "exceptions." However, as an old wiseacre whose words are often quoted has positively affirmed that "exceptions *do* prove a rule," and as we are particularly anxious to prove ours, we echo his assertion, not so much from conviction, but because, like many another, we take up the argument blindfold, as it seems to suit our purpose, and stand to it, right or wrong—giving our own private opinion, however, to satisfy that unfashionable old lady—Dame Conscience.

*Revenons à nos moutons.* The twig grows as it is bent. In the botanical gardens of Edinburgh may be seen several trees, of most grotesque and ugly growth, some with their branches stretched over an horizontal frame, and looking like a verdant leafy slab; others trained fan-like, or in some other fantastic mode, quite against nature, certainly.

Now, of course, all these experiments are for scientific purposes; but the gardeners just do to their plants what watchful mothers do to their children—as far as human means go, be it observed: they bend each yielding twig, and fasten it as it is to remain, and the twig grows that shape; so that, when the bark has hardened, it can not be bent out of it again, without difficulty and danger of breaking.

The mother, too, bends each twig of the infant mind, until, like the distorted tree, it takes a permanent distorted shape. Bad mothers—unwise, injudicious mothers do that; only they differ from the gardener in this particular. He acts with and for a special purpose; they act with and for *no* special purpose; and it is that very fact which makes them bend the human sapling into an unsightly shape.

The mother is the gardener of the nursery. She may twist the little budding mind into the most ugly form, or she may train it to beauty and utility.

Maternal influence is very potent; it is more strongly exercised in the middling classes, than in either the upper or the lower, for the following reason: that the mothers of the middling classes are more with their children, give them more of

their personal care and superintendence than either the rank above or below them does. And wherefore? Because—shades of aristocracy, rise not in judgment on us—because the habits of St. James's and Whitechapel approach more nearly to each other than at first sight appears; and those habits materially interfere with and impede the discharge of the mother's duties.

An old and respected gentleman, who is no longer in this world, used to say: "The vices of St. Giles's and St. James's are *the same!*" He, good gentleman, lived in the era of St. Giles's profligacy, before tradesmen were called in for its purification; he was a good authority in such matters, having been a court sawbones; and he said those words; but even if he didn't, he isn't here to contradict us, so we put them down to him. We, of a modern date, however, remove our scene from St. Giles's to Whitechapel, and proceed to contrast the goings on there with those of St. James's. We take only the little mild defalcations, leaving those of heavier weight to be brought forward and discussed by that ugly old woman to whom we have before referred—only, she won't have much chance of making herself heard, for she seems to be pretty nearly silenced in both Whitechapel and St. James's.

What is the end and aim of the whirl of gayety of St. James's, or of the reckless debauchery—gayety in rags instead of diamonds—of Whitechapel? Excitement! The purpose of the highborn votary of fashion, and the low-born flaunting Jezebel, is the same—excitement! to kill time, and thought, and care! to feed on vanity and folly—vice. God forgive both! The parallel seems harsh and unjust to one; but it is the truth, and will be seen to be so when the gloss of this false world has worn away, and Truth holds up her mirror, and shows every soul its own face, and not that of its neighbors. So there is one point gained, and the two extremes proved to bear an analogy.

Poverty is a hard task-master—so is wealth. The poverty of Whitechapel drives the miserable mother from her offspring. She goes to her work—her children are left to the streets and the gutter; perhaps a child, scarce older than themselves, is left as their guardian against the danger of the one, the filth of the

other. At any rate, they are left—for the mother is driven by necessity away. Wealth is an inexorable tyrant. The wealthy denizen of St. James's goes from her offspring to her *work*—the work of morning calls and evening amusements; the visits, and the dressings and assemblies. Her children are left to their nurseries, their carriages, and attendants—the latter being, probably, in moral worth, not one whit better than the poor outcasts of Whitechapel. But whether the better or not, the result remains the same—the children are deprived of the mother's care—and that is the second point of resemblance between St. James's and Whitechapel. The mother of St. James's passes her nights in rooms where, *if* there be no vice, perchance there may be little worth. The mother of Whitechapel goes to the gin palace, where the devil keeps his revelry in another manner. Gild a lump of clay, it will seem precious ore. Wash off the gilding, 'tis nothing but clay again.

The mother's influence, then, is most generally and powerfully exercised among the middling classes; and from that class almost all our most celebrated men have sprung; and not only ours, but those of other countries. We are proud of our middling classes—the infantry—the rank and file of society—the workers and the winners, too, of every battle. The officers are all very well in their way—they look very pretty gentlemen in their gay uniforms. Besides, men must have leaders; and here we may just say, for the credit of the middling classes, that the uniform looks as well on them as on their *bettors* (?); and, perhaps, if "merit" were the commander-in-chief of her Majesty's forces, she might find plenty of men not in the rank and file of society, but in the veritable rank and file of the British army, capable of saving us from the great blunders of the Crimea, and the little blunders of India—such as allowing a handful of English infantry, *unsupported by cavalry or artillery*—to charge four thousand Sepoys, who were furthermore defended by six heavy cannon!

But we have nothing to do with military heroes now. Our business is with civilians, and, therefore like the man who made his fortune by "minding his own business," we'll attend to ours and make—not our fortune—but our statement! not so pleasant a result as a fortune, by

the by. A man of the middling classes now sits on the Imperial throne of France; and whatever his vices or his virtues, he is an excellent governor for his country. England placed at the head of her Indian army a man of the middling classes; he was innocent of the little military blunder to which we have alluded, but instrumental in its reparation; his operations have been successful.

But a question arises. Where does the middle class begin or end? That subject is worn threadbare by discussion; no one yet has been able to fix the boundaries. However, for present purposes, we take the line of demarcation, letting it reach to nobility at one end, and penury at the other. The ground is large, but none too large for the use we mean to make of it. We want a wide field for our crop. We recapitulate our assertions. Maternal influence is beneficial when properly exercised, and potent where exercised at all—whether for good or ill.

Among the middling classes are the most faithful mothers to be found; from that class the greatest number of celebrated men have been drawn; and that looks pretty much as if the world were under obligations to the mothers of these men, as if the influence of the mother had been the mainspring of the future greatness.

We go now for example to the top of the tree, and commence with one who, centuries since, ruled the kingdom; one whose character has been oftentimes questioned, and whose fame is undoubted. We allude to the Lord Protector of England, Oliver Cromwell. Robert Cromwell, the father of the Protector, was the younger son of Sir Henry Cromwell, whom Queen Elizabeth knighted in 1563. The elder brother had squandered his father's property, and Robert, in consequence, had nothing but a small estate in Huntingdonshire. In 1591 he married Elizabeth Steward. The fifth child of this marriage was Oliver, born in 1599. He was educated at the Free Grammar School of Huntingdon, kept by Dr. Baird, a most severe and unrelenting man, who probably instilled into the little Oliver some of those iron-sided notions for which he afterwards became conspicuous. He was a resolute, self-willed boy, capable of great study, but not much inclined to it. Before he was seventeen he was removed from the care of Mr. Baird, and sent to

Sydney Sussex College, Cambridge. His father died soon after, leaving Oliver to the care of his mother. The character of this lady is thus given by Forster, in his *Life of Cromwell*.\*

"An interesting person, indeed, was this mother of Oliver Cromwell—a woman with the glorious faculty of self-help when other assistance failed her; ready for the demands of fortune in its extremest adverse time; of spirit and energy equal to her mildness and patience; who, with the labor of her own hands, gave dowries to five daughters, sufficient to marry them into families as honorable, but more wealthy, than their own; whose single pride was honesty, and whose passion, love; who preserved in the gorgeous palace at Whitehall the simple tastes that distinguished her in the brewery at Huntingdon."

The latter sentence requires a few words. The father of the Protector has been called "a brewer," but this is open to dispute. There seems great doubt as to whether he was by *trade* a brewer, or whether, rather, he did not take up the malt and hops as an economical expedient of farming. Probably this was the case; and it may be that an increasing young family, and the expenses they brought with them, may have induced him to make a profit from the manufacture by positive sale; hence his imputed trade of brewer. That his pecuniary means were very much straitened we gather from the economical practices of the family.

But to return to the mother of Oliver, the evidence to whose character we find traced throughout the career of her son.

"Her only care amidst all her splendor," says Forster, "was for the safety of her beloved son in his dangerous eminence; finally, whose closing wish, when that anxious care had outgrown her strength, accorded with her whole modest and tender history—for it implored a simple burial in some country churchyard, rather than those ill-suited trappings of state and ceremony wherewith she feared, and with reason feared, that His Highness the Lord Protector of England, would have her carried to some royal tomb."

Such was the character of Mrs. Cromwell, and, making all allowance for the difference between the temperament of man and woman, and also the adventitious circumstances of the life of each, we shall trace a close resemblance between that

of the parent and the child. The same indomitable energy existed in both: the power of "self-help;" the faculty of taking opportunity by the forelock, and turning it to the best account; and last, not least, the strangely independent will are equally observable in both.

There was the mother's influence conspicuous. If Mrs. Cromwell had passed her mornings in bed, and her evenings in a ball-room, it is extremely probable that her son would, to a certain extent, have emulated her example; and while inheriting the same qualities, would have had them warped, like the trees in the Botanical Gardens, to an unnatural form.

We now go to another regal potentate, who, born in an inferior position, raised himself to the dignity he for a time held.

Napoleon Bonaparte, than whom the world never saw a more wonderful example of a self-crowned monarch, was essentially a man of the middling classes. His birth and early history are too well-known to need recapitulation. The character of his mother has not been so generally mentioned. One work, *The Mothers of Great Men*, by Mrs. Ellis, throws light on this subject.

Letitia Ramolini, the mother of Napoleon, was a native of Ajaccio, in the island of Corsica. She was celebrated for her extreme beauty, and was married to Charles Bonaparte when only sixteen years of age. The country, at the present marriage, was in an unsettled and warlike state. The young wife—

"Appears to have acted the part of a fearless heroine, so far as to follow her husband in his dangerous journeys—riding by his side, and sharing all the perils which at that time endangered the property and the lives of all who took part in the public affairs of the island. With a fine constitution of body, she possessed a firm, undaunted soul, always daring to do what her strong will, or her sense of duty, prompted; and not only exemplifying in her own person those high virtues which belonged to magnanimity, but enforcing, by a rigid and almost Spartan discipline, the same virtues in others."

This character partly resembles that of the captive of St. Helena, in the day of his power. Like the mother of Cromwell, Letitia Bonaparte was left a widow, and had the whole care of her children thrown upon her. Charles Bonaparte died in 1785, leaving his widow, at the "age of

\* Cabinet Cyclopædia, vol. lxxxi. page 8.

thirty-five, with five sons and three daughters, her children having been thirteen in all." During the life-time of her husband, her authority over them had been undisputed; he never interfered. "I had to be on the alert," said Napoleon, in speaking of his boyhood—

"Our mother would have repressed my warlike humor; she would not have put up with my caprices. Her tenderness was joined with severity; she punished, rewarded—all alike; the good, the bad, nothing escaped her. She did, indeed, watch over us with a solicitude unexampled. Every low sentiment, every ungenerous affection, was discarded, discouraged; she suffered nothing but what was grand and elevated to take root in our youthful understandings. She abhorred falsehood, was provoked by disobedience; she passed over none of our faults."

Here, then, we have examples of two men of the middling classes, who have respectively risen to the highest position in the state.

Next in order to monarchs—and Cromwell, although not positively meaning the crown, still bore all the authority of the monarch, while Napoleon assumed its external distinctions also—come statesmen; a brilliant army! almost inexhaustible in its bright array, and drawn from the mediocracy. The Commons of the present day furnish plenty of examples, for the names of Cobden, Bright, Disraeli, Bulwer, and twenty others, start up at once. A few years back, we had Peel—the son and grandson of a cotton-spinner; and George Canning, who, losing his father when he was only one year old, was brought up by his uncle, Mr. Stratford Canning, a merchant of London. In a work, entitled *Poets and Statesmen*, by William Dowling, we have the following interesting remark:

"Mrs. Canning, through the influence of Queen Charlotte, was introduced by Garrick to the stage as a profession, and she subsequently married Reddish the actor. Meanwhile, her son George had become the associate of actors of a low class, from which influence he was rescued by Moody, the comedian, who stated the boy's case to Mr. Stratford Canning, and thus opened the road by which he advanced to power and fame."

Here, again, was the mother's influence at work: her tastes were becoming his, her companions also his, when, fortunately for him, he was removed from her and them.

George Canning's education began at Hyde Abbey School, near Winchester. He next (in his thirteenth year) went to Eton, where he distinguished himself, and took a prominent part in the management of a weekly periodical called the *Microcosm*, published at Windsor. This was three years after his entrance at Eton, consequently he was sixteen years of age. At seventeen, he was entered as a student at Christ Church, Oxford, where he also gained academical honors. His Latin poem on the *Pilgrimage to Mecca—Iter ad Meccam*—was considered his *chef d'œuvre*. After years of public life, and political success, he was made Premier on April 12th, 1827.

Still going back for a few years, we come to Edmund Burke, the son of an Irish attorney, in good practice. His birth took place either in 1730 or 1728, biographers being disagreed on this point. His mother is described as a woman of strong mind, cultivated understanding, and fervent piety. The boy showing symptoms of a consumptive tendency, his mother kept him at home during his childhood, and instructed him herself. Until he was twelve years old, his Latin master was none other than a village schoolmaster, y'clept O'Halloran, who always would have it that he had bestowed on the future statesman the rudiments of his greatness. In his twelfth year, he went to the classical school of Baltimore, in the county of Kildare, kept by a Quaker, of the name of Shackleton.

In 1743, he entered Trinity College, Dublin, and became a "scholar of the house" in 1746. He took his degree of B.A. in 1748; that of M.A. in 1751; and he was made LL.D. in 1791. But long before that he had quitted Dublin for London, being intended for the bar, and entered as a student of the Middle Temple in 1747.

Among all the statesmen drawn from the middling classes, none have attained a more prominent position than Warren Hastings, Governor-General of India. This distinguished man was born in 1732. Lord Macaulay has given the following account of his childhood:

"He was sent early to the village school of Daysford, in Worcestershire, where he learned his lessons on the same bench with the sons of the peasantry; nor did any thing in his garb or his fare indicate that his life was to take a widely different course from that of the young

rustics with whom he played. But no cloud could overcast the dawn of so much genius and so much ambition. The very plowmen observed, and long remembered, how kindly little Warren took to his book. When he was eight years old, he went up to London, and was sent to a school at Newington, where he was well taught but ill fed. He always attributed the smallness of his stature to the hardness and scanty fare of this seminary. At ten he was removed to Westminster School. Vining Bourne was one of the masters. Churchill, Colman, Lloyd, Cumberland, Cowper, were among the students. Warren was distinguished among his comrades as an excellent swimmer, boatman, and scholar. At fourteen he was first in the examination for the foundation. His name, in gilded letters, on the walls of the dormitory, still attests his victory over many elder compeers. He staid two years longer at the school, and was looking forward to a studentship at Christchurch, when he was removed from Westminster to fill a writership obtained for him in the service of the East-India Company. He passed a few months at a commercial academy, to study arithmetic and book-keeping, and in January, 1750, a few days after he had completed his seventeenth year, he sailed for Bengal, and arrived at his destination in the October following."

And that boy rose to be the governor of fifty millions of Asiatics; "but," says Lord Macaulay, "when his long public life, so singularly checkered with good and evil, with glory and obloquy, had at length closed forever, it was to Daysford he retired to die."

Pages might be filled with the names of those statesmen who have carved out a distinguished position for themselves. Men of noble birth have occupied the same; but to the credit of the former, it must be remembered, that rank and wealth are wonderful stepping-stones to the approbation of the world; and that, using them with tact, any man of common parts may win the smile of society, while genius and mental superiority, of a high degree, are required to push through poverty and

disadvantages of every kind, to the position which the great in birth hold naturally.

It is one thing to look at these struggles with the sentimental eye of fiction, but quite another to have them brought tangibly before us. There is a crushing effect in poverty. In the train of evils it brings with it; the meannesses, the anxieties, the cares; the irritating effect on the mind, is apt to nip genius—to freeze the tender plant. In the well-furnished, well-lit room of him whose pecuniary means are certain, whose position in life is as certain, who has all the blessings of life around him, it were easy, one would fancy, for the mind to attain that equanimity and calm repose which should be so favorable to the growth of genius. Turn to the abode of him who has to work his own way in life. His room is uncomfortable, his mind in the same state as his room; bills accumulate, while a remittance becomes an apocryphal idea; perhaps his dinner is a matter of uncertainty, and the threadbare condition of his coat a source of deep disquietude—for he must keep a decent exterior—must not sink in appearance below the respectability of the middle classes. He may be married; so much the worse if that be the case; there are more backs to clothe, more mouths to feed, more anxious beating hearts to soothe. And that, more or less, is just the picture of the early struggle of hundreds whose names have become finger-posts in the world's history. Yet, such a state appears inimical to the growth of excellence. However, it is sometimes only in appearance; for poverty (not penury) gives the stimulus to genius, and bids it rear its noble head, and look proudly at the world, while the golden weight of affluence may enervate, crush, and destroy the glorious germ.

## LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

**GERMANY.** By Madame the BARONESS DE STAËL-HOLSTEIN. With Notes and Appendices. By O. W. WIGHT, A.M. In two volumes. Pages 408 and 437. New-York: Derby & Jackson, 119 Nassau street. 1859.

Volume I. contains twenty-four chapters. - Volume II. contains forty chapters with Appendices. The authoress of these volumes was one of the most remarkable women of the age in which she lived. Her talents, her genius, her learning, and her masculine endowments, were unsurpassed by any female writer. She was almost the only woman whose talents and influence Napoleon I. feared and hated, and hence she was an exile from France by his order. This work on Germany is a great achievement of a great mind. It may be regarded as Madame de Staël's most elaborate performance. The first volume presents Germany and the manners of the Germans, with their literature and arts. The language is rich in thought, and abounds with sentiments of sterling good sense. It is a book to be read, to be studied, and digested. Its perusal will add mental wealth to the reader's mind.

Volume II. proceeds with the subject of Literature and the Arts, and then enters the domain of Philosophy and Ethics, passing on into the regions of Religion and Enthusiasm. All along these avenues the gifted authoress gathers up gems and treasures of thought with which to enrich her work. Great value is added to the work by the Notes and Appendices of the Editor, Mr. Wight. The enterprising publishers present the volumes in a neat and tasteful dress, attractive to the eye. We commend this valuable work to the lovers of choice reading.

**SHELLEY MEMORIALS:** From authentic sources. Edited by Lady SHELLEY. To which is added an Essay on Christianity, by PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY: Now first printed. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1859.

THE lady editor of these Memorials justly claims for her book greater accuracy, fidelity and justice to the memory, character, and talents of the gifted poet. His life, and the checkered incidents which are scattered along his track, partake a good deal of the romantic, made up of light and shade, and not a little of the emotional. The friends and admirers of Shelley will be gratified to find in this volume a better portraiture of the character and writings of this gifted man, than has appeared in previous books concerning him. The publishers, as usual, have performed their part, in so tastefully laying it before the public.

**RHYMES OF TWENTY YEARS.** A Collection of Poems. By HENRY MORFORD, Associate-Editor of the New-York Leader. Forming a handsome 12mo volume of 220 pages, with a portrait on steel, will be ready about the 15th of August. H. Dexter & Co., Publishers, No. 113 Nassau street.

**C. JULIUS CÆSAR'S COMMENTARIES ON THE GALLIC WAR:** Elucidated by English notes, critical and explanatory. And illustrated by maps, plans of the battles, views, and a Lexicon of all the words contained in the text. By N. C. BROOKS, A.M., President of the Baltimore College. First edition. New-York: Published by A. S. Barnes & Burr. 1859.

THIS is the neatest and best edition illustrated of Cæsar's Commentaries we have seen. The notes, maps, and battle-plans add immensely to the value and interest of the student of this old Roman classic. The books of this publishing-house of A. S. Barnes & Co. are always valuable and well got up in a neat and tasteful dress. The student of Latin will learn that foundation language a great deal easier out of such a book as this than from one got up after the old fashion.

**THE POETICAL WORKS OF JAMES GATES PERCIVAL:** with a Biographical Sketch. In two vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1859.

THIS is a beautiful cabinet edition, so neatly robed in blue and gold, in the characteristic style of the publishers, which will almost make one in love with poetry to examine them. We are gratified to see the poetic gems of this man of genius, whom we long knew personally, presented to the lovers of poetry in a form so neat and attractive. But beautiful as the outside is, the inside is better. Percival was a genuine poet. He was born a poet. Let all lovers of poetry buy these volumes, and drink luxuriously at their crystal fountains.

**IDYLLS OF THE KING.** By ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L., Poet-Laureate. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1859.

THE contents are: Enid, Vivien, Elaine, Guinevere. All the admirers of this celebrated poet will be glad to know that this work is published by these gentlemen, so that they can procure it, and feast upon its poetic luxuries.

**THE WHITE MOUNTAIN GUIDE-BOOK.** Published at Concord, New-Hampshire, by EDSON C. EASTMAN. 1859.

ALL travelers to that most interesting region about the White Mountains should have this best of guide-books, to tell them what they can see, and what they will wish to remember, about those colossal mountain-peaks and glens.

**THE ILLUSTRATED PILGRIM ALMANAC.** 1860. Published in aid of the Monument Fund. Boston: A. Williams & Company, 100 Washington street. No. 1. Price, 25 cents. This is the neatest Almanac of modern times, which we have seen. Its historical value, portraits, scenes, and sketches, ought to secure it a place in thousands of families.

CASTLEREAGH, Talleyrand, Matternich, and Nesselrode once upon a time organized a Holy Alliance, and a Bonaparte died on an island rock! France was then the victim.

Now a Bonaparte, some fifty years later, step by step, is organizing another Holy Alliance. Stuttgart first, Villafranca next; possibly follows, demurely, Berlin. Who is now the victim? The cloud in the sky already is bigger than the hand! Smiles succeed frowns, and a typhoon is born in an hour!

The same impenetrable mystery surrounds the Emperor. The same implacable silence. The same fascinating, melancholy smile.

For twelve long years, with Catholic devotion, he has kept a terrible secret. He has gathered a world's audience to hear him think. Philip and the first Bonaparte disposed of courts, crowns, cabinets, camps, and churches as of the titular dignitaries of a chessboard. Another people's Emperor is making similar plans. No one individual since Adam's schoolboy days has elevated himself so far above other Emperors; so exalted by created fortune as to arouse the jealousy of sleeping nations into fear! Never on world's record was such moderation—such judgment—such unheard-of proceedings. When the world said peace, Napoleon made war. When the world said war, Napoleon made peace. The Emperor's almost supernatural genius has galvanized me into a Bonapartist; yet he must pardon me for writing what I think.

PORTRAIT OF HUMBOLDT.—The "Memoriam" of this renowned man, in this number of the *ECLECTIC*, will furnish the reader with a brief outline sketch of his eventful and very useful life. In connection with this "Memoriam" we are desirous of gratifying our readers with a well-executed and accurate portrait of this great man, whose name and fame as a Traveler, as a Philosopher, as a man of Science and vast mental acquirements, are known in all civilized lands. We have had his portrait reengraved in a good degree, to accompany his "Memoriam," to embellish further this number of the *ECLECTIC*, and add interest to the mind of the reader as he gazes upon the features of the venerable man now no longer a denizen of time.

METEOROLOGY. — M. Coulvier-Gravier has at length published his *Recherches sur les Météores, et sur les Lois qui les régissent*. The volume contains the fruit of fifty years of study, the attention of its author having been directed to the subject from his infancy by his mother, who loved to regard meteorological phenomena as eminently "declaring the glory of God." The volume treats of every branch of the subject, and contains plates of comets, halos, shooting stars rainbows, lightning, etc. M. Coulvier-Gravier was greatly encouraged and aided by the late M. F. Arago, the astronomer.

VERTICAL PHOTOGRAPHY. — M. Richbourg, a French artist, now engaged at St. Petersburg in photographing monuments, works of art, palaces, etc., for M. Gauthier's *Treasures of Art in Ancient and Modern Russia*, has succeeded in obtaining, vertically, representations of the interiors of cupolas, vaults, etc. He has thus been enabled to produce, for the first time, a copy of the immense composition painted by the Russian artist Bruloff on the dome of St. Isaac at St. Petersburg. — *La Lumière*.

CURIOUS WAY OF RECEIVING A FORTUNE.—A worthy gentleman of Rouen is at present receiving a fortune which came to him by the drawing of a cork, in the following curious manner: Obligated by the state of his health, last summer, to change the air, he went to the sea shore at Villiers-sur-Mor, near Tronville, and walking on the beach he noticed that a lad, who was also promenading there with his father, had found a sealed bottle among the seaweed. The father bade the child "throw away the dirty thing, and not to be soiling his fingers;" upon which the invalid picked up the cast-away bottle and took it with him to his lodgings. The cork drawn, the bottle was found to contain a written document, properly signed, and dated on board a vessel which had sprung a leak and was about to sink. It ran thus: "About to perish, I commend my soul to God. I hereby constitute the finder of this will, inclosed in a bottle, my sole heir. My fortune, most laboriously acquired, amounts to nearly 350,000 francs and the small house in which I have resided at Valparaiso. This tenement I wish converted into a chapel, and that a mass may be said there once a month for the repose of my soul. The fortune will be found deposited with M——, notary, of Paris, to whom, from time to time, it has been transmitted me. Pray for me. Signed——"

ACCELERATION OF THE MOON'S MEAN MOTION.—In the last number of the *Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society* appears an able account of the present state of the controversy on this subject by the Rev. R. Main, the President. The acceleration of the moon's mean motion was known to the celebrated Dr. Halley in 1695; was written upon by Dunthorne in 1749; and during the last fifty years has occupied the attention of Laplace, Airy, Adams, and other great astronomers. The present controversy relates to the amount of the coefficient of the acceleration. The old coefficient is supported by Plana, Pantecoulaut, and Hansen, and impugned by Adams and Delaunay. Mr. Main refers to many papers on the subject in the *Comptes Rendus*, *Philosophical Transactions*, and elsewhere. His *résumé* will be found exceedingly useful to persons interested in this profound question.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—An account of the income and expenditure of the British Museum for the financial year ended March 31, 1859; of the estimated charges of the expenses for the year ended March 31, 1860, and sum necessary to discharge the same; number of persons admitted, and progress of arrangement, etc., has been published. The expenditure for the past year amounted to £73,500, including an item of £496 for publishing "cuneiform inscriptions," and there was a balance in hand on the 31st of March of £25,241. Salaries figure for £35,004, house-expenses for £3253, purchases and acquisitions for £19,830, bookbinding, cabinets, etc., for £13,116, and printing catalogues making casts, etc., for £1717. The net amount of the estimated expenditure for the year 1859-60 is £77,425. Last year 519,563 persons were admitted to view the general collections, against 621,034 in 1857, 361,714 in 1855.

INTELLIGENCE from St. Petersburg gives details of the solemn inauguration of a monument to the Emperor Nicholas, on the 25th ult. The monument consists of an equestrian statue in bronze, from the studio of Baron Klodt.





# Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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OCTOBER, 1859.

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From the Westminster Review.

## WHAT KNOWLEDGE IS OF MOST WORTH.\*

It has been truly remarked that, in order of time, decoration precedes dress. Before yet he thinks of protecting himself against the weather, the savage bestows much care on the painting of his skin. Among people who submit to great physical suffering that they may have themselves handsomely tattooed, extremes of temperature are borne with but little attempt at mitigation. Humboldt tells us that an Orinoco Indian, though quite regardless of bodily comfort, will yet labor for a fortnight to purchase pigment wherewith to make himself admired; and that the same woman who would not hesitate to leave her hut without a fragment of clothing on, would not dare to commit

such a breach of decorum as to go out unpainted. Voyagers uniformly find that colored beads and trinkets are much more prized by wild tribes than are calicoes or broadcloths. And the anecdotes we have of the ways in which, when shirts and coats are given, they turn them to some ludicrous display, show how completely the idea of ornament predominates over that of use. Indeed, the facts of aboriginal life seem to indicate that dress is developed out of decorations. And when we remember that even among ourselves most think more about the fineness of the fabric than its warmth, and more about the cut than the convenience — when we see that the function is still in great measure subordinated to the appearance — we have further reason for inferring such an origin.

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\* *Lectures on Education* delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain. London. 1855.

It is not a little remarkable that the like relations hold with the mind. Among mental as among bodily acquisitions, the ornamental comes before the useful. Not only in times past, but almost as much in our own era, that knowledge which conduces to personal well-being has been postponed to that which brings applause. In the Greek schools, music, poetry, rhetoric, and a philosophy, which, until Socrates taught, had but little bearing upon action, were the dominant subjects; while knowledge aiding the arts of life had a very subordinate place. And in our own universities and schools at the present moment the like antithesis holds. We are guilty of something like a platitude when we say that throughout his after-career, a boy, in nine cases out of ten, applies his Latin and Greek to no practical purposes. The remark is trite that in his shop or his office, in managing his estate or his family, in playing his part as director of a bank or a railway, he is very little aided by this knowledge he took so many years to acquire; so little, that generally the greater part of it drops out of his memory; and if he occasionally vents a Latin quotation, or alludes to some Greek myth, it is less to throw light on the topic in hand than for the sake of effect. If we inquire what is the real motive for giving boys a classical education, we find it to be simply conformity to public opinion. Men dress their children's minds as they do their bodies, in the prevailing fashion. As the Orinoco Indian puts on his paint before leaving his hut, not with a view to any direct benefit, but because he would be ashamed to be seen without it; so, a boy's drilling in Latin and Greek is insisted on, not because of their intrinsic value, but that he may not be disgraced by being found ignorant of them—that he may have "the education of a gentleman"—the badge marking a certain social position, and bringing a consequent respect.

This parallel is still more clearly displayed in the case of the other sex. In the treatment of both mind and body, the decorative element has continued to predominate in a greater degree among women than among men. Originally, personal adornment occupied the attention of both sexes equally. In these latter days of civilization, however, we see that in the dress of men the regard for appearance has in a considerable degree yielded

to the regard for comfort; while in their education the useful has of late been trenching on the ornamental. In neither direction has this change gone so far with women. The wearing of ear-rings, finger-rings, bracelets; the elaborate dressings of the hair; the still occasional use of paint; the immense labor bestowed in making habiliments sufficiently attractive; and the great discomfort that will be submitted to for the sake of conformity; show how greatly, in the attiring of women, the desire of approbation overrides the desire for warmth and convenience. And similarly in their education, the immense preponderance of "accomplishments" proves how here, too, use is subordinated to display. Dancing, deportment, the piano, singing, drawing—what a large space do these occupy? If you ask why Italian and German are learnt, you will find that, under all the sham reasons given, the real reason is, that a knowledge of those tongues is thought lady-like. It is not that the books written in them may be utilized, which they scarcely ever are; but that Italian and German songs may be sung, and that the extent of attainment may bring whispered admiration. The births, deaths, and marriages of kings, and other like historic trivialities, are committed to memory, not because of any benefits that can possibly result from knowing them; but because society considers them parts of a good education—because the absence of such knowledge may bring the contempt of others. When we have named reading, writing, spelling, grammar, arithmetic, and sewing, we have named about all the things a girl is taught with a positive view to their direct uses in life; and even some of these have more reference to the good opinion of others than to immediate personal welfare.

Thoroughly to realize the truth that with the mind as with the body the ornamental precedes the useful, it is needful to glance at its rationale. This lies in the facts that, from the far past down even to the present, social needs have subordinate individual needs, and that the chief social need has been the control of individuals. It is not, as we commonly suppose, that there are no governments but those of monarchs, and parliaments, and constituted authorities. These acknowledged governments are supplemented by other unacknowledged ones, that grow up in all circles, in which every man or woman strives

to be king or queen or lesser dignitary. To get above some and be revered by them, and to propitiate those who are above us, is the universal struggle in which the chief energies of life are expended. By the accumulation of wealth, by style of living, by beauty of dress, by display of knowledge or intellect, each tries to subjugate others; and so aids in weaving that ramified network of restraints by which society is kept in order. It is not the savage chief only, who, in formidable war-paint, with scalps at his belt, aims to strike awe into his inferiors; it is not only the belle who, by elaborate toilet, polished manners, and numerous accomplishments, strives to "make conquests;" but the scholar, the historian, the philosopher, use their acquirements to the same end. We are none of us content with quietly unfolding our own individualities to the full in all directions; but have a restless craving to impress our individualities upon others, and in some way subordinate them. And this it is which determines the character of our education. Not what knowledge is of most real worth, is the consideration; but what will bring most applause, honor, respect — what will most conduce to social position and influence — what will be most imposing. As, throughout life, not what we are, but what we shall be thought, is the question; so in education the question is, not the intrinsic value of knowledge, so much as its extrinsic effects on others. And this being our dominant idea, direct utility is scarcely more considered than by the barbarian when filing his teeth and staining his nails.

If there needs any further evidence of the rude, undeveloped character of our education, we have it in the fact that the comparative worths of different kinds of knowledge have been as yet scarcely even discussed — much less discussed in a scientific way with definite results. Not only is it that no standard of relative values has yet been agreed upon; but the existence of any such standard has not been conceived in any clear manner. And not only is it that the existence of any such standard has not been clearly conceived; but the need for it seems to have been scarcely even felt. Men read books on this topic, and attend lectures on that; decide that their children shall be instructed in these branches of knowledge, and shall not be instructed in those; and all under

the guidance of mere fashion, or liking, or prejudice; without ever considering the enormous importance of determining in some rational way what things are really most worth learning. It is true that in all circles we have occasional remarks on the importance of this or the other order of information. But whether the degree of its importance justifies the expenditure of the time needed to acquire it; and whether there are not things of more importance to which the time might be better devoted; are queries which if raised at all, are disposed of quite summarily, according to personal predilections. It is true also, that from time to time, we hear revived the standing controversy respecting the comparative merits of classics and mathematics. Not only, however, is this controversy carried on in an empirical manner, with no reference to an ascertained criterion; but the question at issue is totally insignificant when compared with the general question of which it is part. To suppose that deciding whether a mathematical or a classical education is the best, is deciding what is the proper *curriculum*, is much the same thing as to suppose that the whole of dietetics lies in determining whether or not bread is more nutritive than potatoes! .

The question which we contend is of such transcendent moment, is, not whether such or such knowledge is of worth, but what is its *relative* worth? When they have named certain advantages which a given course of study has secured them, persons are apt to assume that they have justified themselves: quite forgetting that the adequateness of the advantages is the point to be judged. There is, perhaps, not a subject to which men devote attention that has not *some* value. A year diligently spent in getting up heraldry, would very possibly give a little further insight into ancient manners and morals, and into the origin of names. Any one who should learn the distances between all the towns in England, might, in the course of his life, find one or two of the thousand facts he had acquired of some slight service when arranging a journey. Gathering together all the small gossip of a country, profitless occupation as it would be, might yet occasionally help to establish some useful fact — say, a good example of hereditary transmission. But in these cases, every one would admit that there was no proportion between the

required labor and the probable benefit. No one would tolerate the proposal to devote some years of a boy's time to getting such information, at the cost of much more valuable information which he might else have got. And if here the test of relative value is appealed to and held conclusive, then should it be appealed to and held conclusive throughout. Had we time to master all subjects we need not be particular. To quote the old song:

"Could a man be secure  
That his days would endure  
As of old, for a thousand long years,  
What things might he know!  
What deeds might he do!  
And all without hurry or care."

"But we that have but span-long lives" must ever bear in mind our limited time for acquisition. And remembering how narrowly this time is limited, not only by the shortness of life but also still more by the business of life, we ought to be especially solicitous to employ what time we have to the greatest advantage. Before devoting years to some subject which fashion or fancy suggests, it is surely important to weigh with great care the worth of the results, as compared with the worth of various alternative results which the same years might bring if otherwise applied.

In education, then, this is the question of questions, which it is high time we discussed in some methodic way. The first in importance, though the last to be considered, is the problem—how to decide among the conflicting claims of various subjects on our attention. Before there can be a rational *curriculum*, we must settle which things it most concerns us to know; or, to use a word of Bacon's, now unfortunately obsolete—we must determine the relative values of knowledges.

To this end, a measure of value is the first requisite. And happily, respecting the true measure of value, as expressed in general terms, there can be no dispute. Every one, in contending for the worth of any particular order of information, does so by showing its bearing upon some part of life. In reply to the question, "Of what use is it?" the mathematician, linguist, naturalist, or philosopher, explains the way in which his learning beneficially influences action—saves from evil or secures good—conduces to happiness.

When the teacher of writing has pointed out how great an aid writing is to success in business—that is, to the obtainment of sustenance—that is, to satisfactory living; he is held to have proved his case. And when the collector of dead facts (say a numismatist) fails to make clear any appreciable effects which these facts can produce on human welfare, he is obliged to admit that they are comparatively valueless. All then, either directly or by implication, appeal to this as the ultimate test.

How to live? that is the essential question for us. Not how to live in the mere material sense only, but in the widest sense. The general problem which comprehends every special problem, is—the right ruling of conduct in all directions under all circumstances. In what way to treat the body; in what way to treat the mind; in what way to manage our affairs; in what way to bring up a family; in what way to behave as a citizen; in what way to utilize all those sources of happiness which nature supplies—how to use all our faculties to the greatest advantage of ourselves and others—how to live completely? And this being the great thing needful for us to learn, is, by consequence, the great thing which education has to teach. To prepare us for complete living is the function which education has to discharge; and the only rational mode of judging of any educational course is, to judge in what degree it discharges its function.

This test, never used in its entirety, but rarely even partially used, used then to a very small extent, and in a vague, half-conscious way, has to be applied consciously, methodically, and throughout all cases. It behooves us to set before ourselves, and ever to keep clearly in view, complete living as the end to be achieved; so that in bringing up our children we may choose subjects and methods of instruction with deliberate reference to this end. Not only ought we to cease from the mere unthinking adoption of the current fashion in education, which has no better warrant than any other fashion; but we must also rise above that rude, empirical style of judging displayed by those more intelligent people who do bestow some care in overseeing the cultivation of their children's minds. It must not suffice simply to *think* that such or such information will be useful in after

life, or that this kind of knowledge is of more practical value than that; but we must seek out some process of estimating their respective values, so that as far as possible we may positively *know* which are most deserving of attention.

Doubtless the task is difficult—perhaps never to be more than approximately achieved. But, considering the vastness of the interests at stake, its difficulty is no reason for pusillanimously passing it by; but rather for devoting every energy to its mastery. And if we only proceed systematically, we may very soon get at results of no small moment.

Our first step must obviously be to classify, in the order of their importance, the leading kinds of activity which constitute human life. They may be naturally arranged into: 1. Those activities which directly administer to self-preservation; 2. Those activities which, by securing the necessities of life, indirectly minister to self-preservation; 3. Those activities which have for their end the rearing and discipline of offspring; 4. Those activities which are involved in the maintenance of proper social and political relations; 5. Those miscellaneous activities which make up the leisure part of life, devoted to the gratification of the tastes and feelings.

That these stand in something like their true order of subordination, it needs no long consideration to show. The actions and precautions by which, from moment to moment, we secure personal safety, must clearly take precedence of all others. Could there be a man, ignorant as an infant of all surrounding objects and movements, or how to guide himself among them, he would pretty certainly lose his life the first time he went into the street: notwithstanding any amount of learning he might have on other matters. And as entire ignorance in all other directions would be less promptly fatal than entire ignorance in this direction, it must be admitted that knowledge immediately conducive to self-preservation is of primary importance.

That next after direct self-preservation comes the indirect self-preservation which consists in acquiring the means of living, none will question. That a man's industrial functions must be considered before his parental ones, is manifest; from the fact that, speaking generally, the discharge of the parental functions is made possible only by the previous discharge of

the industrial ones. The power of self-maintenance necessarily preceding the power of maintaining offspring, it follows that knowledge needful for self-maintenance has stronger claims than knowledge needful for family welfare—is second in value to none save knowledge needful for immediate self-preservation.

As the family comes before the State in order of time—as the bringing up of children is possible before the State exists, or when it has ceased to be, whereas the State is rendered possible only by the bringing up of children; it follows that the duties of the parent demand closer attention than those of the citizen. Or, to use a further argument—since the goodness of a society ultimately depends on the nature of its citizens; and since the nature of its citizens is more modifiable by early training than by any thing else; we must conclude that the welfare of the family underlies the welfare of society. And hence knowledge directly conducing to the first, must take precedence of knowledge directly conducing to the last.

Those various forms of pleasurable occupation which fill up the leisure left by graver occupations—the enjoyments of music, poetry, painting, etc.—manifestly imply a preëxisting society. Not only is a considerable development of them impossible without a long-established social union; but their very subject-matter consists in great part of social sentiments and sympathies. Not only does society supply the conditions to their growth; but also the ideas and sentiments they express. And, consequently, that part of human conduct which constitutes good citizenship is of more moment than that which goes out in accomplishments or exercise of the tastes; and, in education, preparation for the one must rank before preparation for the other.

Such then, we repeat, is something like the rational order of subordination: That education which prepares for direct self-preservation; that which prepares for indirect self-preservation; that which prepares for parenthood; that which prepares for citizenship; that which prepares for the miscellaneous refinements of life. We do not mean to say that these divisions are definitely separable. We do not deny that they are intricately entangled with each other in such way that there can be no training for any that is

not in some measure a training for all. Nor do we question that of each division there are portions more important than certain portions of the preceding divisions: that, for instance, a man of much skill in business, but little other faculty, may fall further below the standard of complete living than one of but moderate power of acquiring money but great judgment as a parent; of that exhaustive information bearing on right social action, joined with entire want of general culture in literature and the fine arts, is less desirable than a more moderate share of the one joined with some of the other. But, after making all qualifications, there still remain these broadly marked divisions; and it still continues substantially true that these divisions subordinate one another in the foregoing order, because the corresponding divisions of life make one another *possible* in that order.

Of course the ideal of education is—complete preparation in all these divisions. But failing this ideal, as in our phase of civilization every one must do more or less, the aim should be to maintain a *due proportion* between the degrees of preparation in each. Not exhaustive cultivation in any one, supremely important though it may be—not even an exclusive attention to the two, three, or four divisions of greatest importance; but an attention to all—greatest where the value is greatest, less where the value is less, least where the value is least. For the average man (not to forget the cases in which peculiar aptitude for some one department of knowledge rightly makes that one the bread-winning occupation)—for the average man, we say, the desideratum is a training that approaches nearest to perfection in the things which most subserve complete living, and falls more and more below perfection in the things that have more and more remote bearings on complete living.

In regulating education by this standard, there are some general considerations that should be ever present to us. The worth of any kind of culture, as aiding complete living, may be either necessary or more or less contingent. There is knowledge of intrinsic value; knowledge of quasi-intrinsic value; and knowledge of conventional value. Such facts as that sensations of numbness and tingling commonly precede paralysis, that the resistance of water to a body moving through

it varies as the square of the velocity, that chlorine is a disinfectant—these, and the truths of Science in general, are of intrinsic value: they will bear on human conduct ten thousand years hence as they do now. The extra knowledge of our own language, which is given by an acquaintance with Latin and Greek, may be considered to have a value that is quasi-intrinsic: it must exist for us and for other races whose languages owe much to these sources; but will last only as long as our languages last. While that kind of information which, in our schools, usurps the name History—the mere tissue of names, and dates, and dead unmeaning events—has a conventional value only: it has not the remotest bearing upon any of our actions; and is of use only for the avoidance of those unpleasant criticisms which current opinion passes upon its absence. Of course, as those facts which concern all mankind throughout all time must be held of greater moment than those which concern only a portion of them during a limited era, and of far greater moment than those which concern only a portion of them during the continuance of a fashion; it follows that in a rational estimate, knowledge of intrinsic worth must, other things equal, take precedence of knowledge that is of quasi-intrinsic or conventional worth.

One further preliminary. Acquirement of every kind has two values—value as *knowledge* and value as *discipline*. Besides its use for guidance in conduct, the acquisition of each order of facts has also its use as mental exercise; and its effects as a preparative for complete living have to be considered under both these heads.

These, then, are the general ideas with which we must set out in discussing a *curriculum*: Life as divided into several kinds of activity of successively decreasing importance; the worth of each order of facts as regulating these several kinds of activity, intrinsically, quasi-intrinsically, and conventionally; and their regulative influences estimated both as knowledge and discipline.

Happily that all-important part of education which goes to secure direct self-preservation, is in great part already provided for. Too momentous to be left to our blundering, Nature takes it into her own hands. While yet in its nurse's arms, the infant, by hiding its face and

crying at the sight of a stranger, shows the dawning instinct to attain safety by flying from that which is unknown and may be dangerous; and when it can walk, the terror it manifests if an unfamiliar dog comes near, or the screams with which it runs to its mother after any startling sight or sound, shows this instinct further developed. Moreover, knowledge subserving direct self-preservation is that which it is chiefly busied in acquiring from hour to hour. How to balance its body; how to control its movements so as to avoid collisions; what objects are hard, and will hurt if struck; what objects are heavy, and injure if they fall on the limbs; which things will bear the weight of the body, and which not; the pains inflicted by fire, by missiles, by sharp instruments—these, and various other pieces of information needful for the avoidance of death or accident, if it is ever learning. And when, a few years later, the energies go out in running, climbing, and jumping, in games of strength and games of skill, we see in all these actions by which the muscles are developed, the perceptions sharpened, and the judgment quickened, a preparation for the safe conduct of the body among surrounding objects and movements; and for meeting those greater dangers that occasionally occur in the lives of all. Being thus, as we say, so well cared for by Nature, this fundamental education needs comparatively little care from us. What we are chiefly called upon to see, is, that there shall be free scope for gaining this experience, and receiving this discipline—that there shall be no such thwarting of Nature as that by which stupid school-mistresses commonly prevent the girls in their charge from the spontaneous physical activities they would indulge in; and so render them comparatively incapable of taking care of themselves in circumstances of peril.

This, however, is by no means all that is comprehended in the education that prepares for direct self-preservation. Besides guarding the body against mechanical damage or destruction, it has to be guarded against injury from other causes—against the disease and death that follow breaches of physiologic law. For complete living it is necessary, not only that sudden annihilations of life shall be warded off; but also that there shall be escaped the incapacities and the slow an-

nihilation which unwise habits entail. As, without health and energy, the industrial, the parental, the social, and all other activities become more or less impossible; it is clear that this secondary kind of direct self-preservation is only less important than the primary kind; and that knowledge tending to secure it should rank very high.

It is true that here, too, guidance is in some measure ready supplied. By our various physical sensations and desires, Nature has insured a tolerable conformity to the chief requirements. Fortunately for us, want of food, great heat, extreme cold, produce promptings too peremptory to be disregarded. And would men habitually obey these and all like promptings when less strong, comparatively few evils would arise. If fatigue of body or brain were in every case followed by desistance; if the oppression produced by a close atmosphere always led to ventilation; if there were no eating without hunger, or drinking without thirst; then would the system be but seldom out of working order. But so profound an ignorance is there of the laws of life, that men do not even know that their sensations are their natural guides, and (when not rendered morbid by long-continued disobedience) their trustworthy guides. Nay, not only are they mostly ignorant of this truth, but they actually deny it when propounded to them. Judging from various prevalent ascetic doctrines, the current belief would seem to be that our sensations exist not for our guidance, but for our misguidance; and should be thwarted as much as possible. So that though, to speak teleologically, Nature has provided efficient safeguards, to health, lack of knowledge makes them in a great measure useless.

If any one doubts the importance of an acquaintance with the fundamental principles of physiology as a means to complete living, let him look around and see how many men and women he can find in middle or later life who are thoroughly well. Occasionally only do we meet with an example of vigorous health continued to old age; hourly do we meet with examples of acute disorder, chronic ailment, general debility, premature decrepitude. Scarcely is there one to whom you put the question, who has not, in the course of his life, brought upon himself illnesses which a little knowledge would have saved him

from. Here is a case of heart disease consequent on a rheumatic fever that followed reckless exposure. There is a case of eyes spoiled for life by over-study. Yesterday the account was of one whose long-enduring lameness was brought on by continuing, spite of the pain, to use a knee after it had been slightly injured. And to-day we are told of another who has had to lie by for years, because he did not know that the palpitation he suffered from resulted from over-taxed brain. Now we hear of an irremediable injury that followed some silly feat of strength; and, again, of a constitution that has never recovered from the effects of excessive work needlessly undertaken. While on all sides we see the perpetual minor ailments which accompany feebleness. Not to dwell on the actual pain, the weariness, the gloom, the waste of time and money thus entailed, only consider how greatly ill-health hinders the discharge of all duties—makes business often impossible, and always more difficult; produces an irritability fatal to the right management of children; puts the functions of citizenship out of the question; and makes amusement a bore. Is it not clear that the physical sins—partly our forefathers' and partly our own—which produce this ill-health, deduct more from complete living than any thing else? and to a great extent make life a failure and a burden instead of a benefaction and a pleasure?

To all which add the fact, that life, besides being thus immensely deteriorated, is also cut short. It is not true, as we commonly suppose, that a disorder or disease from which we have recovered leaves us as before. No disturbance of the normal course of the functions can pass away and leave things exactly as they were. In all cases a permanent damage is done—not immediately appreciable, it may be, but still there; and along with other such items which Nature in her strict account-keeping never drops, will tell against us to the inevitable shortening of our days. Through the accumulation of small injuries it is that constitutions are commonly undermined, and break down long before their time. And if we call to mind how far the average duration of life falls below the possible duration, we see how immense is the loss. When, to the numerous partial deductions which bad health entails, we add this great final deduction, it results that ordinarily more than one half of life is thrown away.

Hence, knowledge which subserves direct self-preservation by preventing this loss of health, is of primary importance. We do not contend that possession of such knowledge would by any means wholly remedy the evil. For it is clear that in our present phase of civilization men's necessities often compel them to transgress. And it is further clear that, even in the absence of such compulsion, their inclinations would frequently lead them, spite of their knowledge, to sacrifice future good to present gratification. But we do contend that the right knowledge impressed in the right way would effect much; and we further contend that as the laws of health must be recognized before they can be fully conformed to, the imparting of such knowledge must precede a more rational living—come when that may. We infer that as vigorous health and its accompanying high spirits are larger elements of happiness than any other things whatever, the teaching how to maintain them is a teaching that yields in moment to no other whatever. And therefore we assert that such a course of physiology as is needful for the comprehension of its general truths, and their bearings on daily conduct, is an all-essential part of a rational education.

Strange that the assertion should need making! Stranger still that it should need defending! Yet are there not a few by whom such a proposition will be received with something approaching to derision. Men who would blush if caught saying Iphigénia instead of Iphigenia, or would resent as an insult any imputation of ignorance respecting the fabled labors of a fabled demi-god, show not the slightest shame in confessing that they do not know where the Eustachian tubes are, what are the actions of the spinal chord, what is the normal rate of pulsation, or how the lungs are inflated. While anxious that their sons should be well up in the superstitions of two thousand years ago, they care not that they should be taught any thing about the structure and functions of their own bodies—nay, would even disapprove such instruction. So overwhelming is the influence of established routine! So terribly in our education does the ornamental override the useful!

We need not insist on the value of that knowledge which aids in direct self-preservation by facilitating the gaining of a live-



lihood. This is admitted by all; and, indeed, by the mass is perhaps too exclusively regarded as the end of education. But while every one is ready to indorse the abstract proposition that instruction fitting youths for the business of life is of high importance, or even to consider it of supreme importance; yet scarcely any inquire what instruction will so fit them. It is true that reading, writing, and arithmetic are taught with an intelligent appreciation of their uses; but when we have said this we have said nearly all. While the great bulk of what else is acquired has no bearing on the industrial activities, an immensity of information that has a direct bearing on the industrial activities is entirely passed over.

For, leaving out only some very small classes, what are all men employed in? They are employed in the production, preparation, and distribution of commodities. And on what does efficiency in the production, preparation, and distribution of commodities depend? It depends on the use of methods fitted to the respective natures of these commodities; it depends on an adequate knowledge of their physical, chemical, or vital properties, as the case may be; that is, it depends on Science. This order of knowledge, which is in great part ignored in our school courses, is the order of knowledge underlying the right performance of all those processes by which civilized life is made possible. Undeniable as is this truth, and thrust upon us as it is at every turn, there seems to be no living consciousness of it; its very familiarity makes it unregarded. To give due weight to our argument, we must, therefore, realize this truth to the reader by a rapid review of the facts.

For all the higher arts of construction, some acquaintance with mathematics is indispensable. The village carpenter, who, lacking rational instruction, lays out his work by empirical rules learnt in his apprenticeship, equally with the builder of a Britannia Bridge, makes hourly reference to the laws of quantitative relations. The surveyor on whose survey the land is purchased; the architect in designing a mansion to be built on it; the builder in preparing his estimates; his foreman in laying out the foundations; the masons in cutting the stones; and the various artisans who put up the fittings; are all guided by geometrical truths. Railway making is regulated from beginning to end by mathema-

tics: alike in the preparation of plans and sections; in staking out the line; in the mensuration of cuttings and embankments; in the designing, estimating, and building of bridges, culverts, viaducts, tunnels, stations. And similarly with the harbors, docks, piers, and various engineering and architectural works that fringe the coasts and overspread the face of the country; as well as the mines that run underneath it. Out of geometry, too, as applied to astronomy, the art of navigation has grown; and so, by this science, has been made possible that enormous foreign commerce which supports a large part of our population, and supplies us with many necessities and most of our luxuries. And nowadays even the farmer, for the correct laying out of his drains, has recourse to the level—that is, to geometrical principles. When from those divisions of mathematics which deal with *space* and *number*, some small smattering of which is given in schools, we turn to that other division which deals with *force*, of which even a smattering is scarcely ever given, we meet with another large class of activities which this science provides over. On the application of rational mechanics depends the success of nearly all modern manufacture. The properties of the lever, the wheel and axle, etc., are involved in every machine—every machine is a solidified mechanical theorem; and to machinery in these times we owe nearly all production. Trace the history of the breakfast-roll. The soil out of which it came was drained with machine-made tiles; the surface was turned over by a machine; the seed was put in by a machine; the wheat was reaped, thrashed, and winnowed by machines; by machinery it was ground and bolted; and had the flour been sent to Gosport, it might have been made into biscuits by a machine. Look round the room in which you sit. If modern, probably the bricks in its walls were machine-made; by machinery the flooring was sawn and planed, the mantel-shelf sawn and polished, the paper-hangings made and printed; the veneer on the table, the turned legs of the chairs, the carpet, the curtains, are all products of machinery. And your clothing—plain, figured, or printed—is it not wholly woven, nay perhaps even sewed, by machinery? And the volume you are reading—are not its leaves fabricated by one machine and covered with

these words by another? Add to which that for the means of distribution over both land and sea, we are similarly indebted. And then let it be remembered that according as the principles of mechanics are well or ill used to these ends, comes success or failure — individual and national. The engineer who misapplies his formulæ for the strength of materials, builds a bridge that breaks down. The manufacturer whose apparatus is badly devised can not compete with another whose apparatus wastes less in friction and inertia. The ship-builder adhering to the old model, is outsailed by one who builds on the mechanically-justified wave-line principle. And as the ability of a nation to hold its own against other nations depends on the skilled activity of its units, we see that on such knowledge may turn the national fate. Judge then the worth of mathematics.

Pass next to physics. Joined with mathematics, it has given us the steam-engine, which does the work of millions of laborers. That section of physics which deals with the laws of heat, has taught us how to economize fuel in our various industries; how to increase the produce of our smelting furnaces by substituting the hot for the cold blast; how to ventilate our mines; how to prevent explosions by using the safety-lamp; and, through the thermometer, how to regulate innumerable processes. That division which has the phenomena of light for its subject, gives eyes to the old and the myopic; aids through the microscope in detecting diseases and adulterations; and by improved lighthouses prevents shipwrecks. Researches in electricity and magnetism have saved incalculable life and property by the compass; have subserved sundry arts by the electrotpe; and now, in the telegraph, have supplied us with the agency by which for the future all mercantile transactions will be regulated, political intercourse carried on, and perhaps national quarrels often avoided. While in the details of indoor life, from the improved kitchen-range up to the stereoscope on the drawing-room table, the applications of advanced physics underlie our comforts and gratifications.

Still more numerous are the bearings of chemistry on those activities by which men obtain the means of living. The bleacher, the dyer, the calico-printer, are severally occupied in processes that are well or ill

done according as they do or do not conform to chemical laws. The economical reduction from their ores of copper, tin, zinc, lead, silver, iron, are in a great measure questions of chemistry. Sugar-refining, gas-making, soap-boiling, gunpowder manufacture are operations all partly chemical; as are also those by which are produced glass and porcelain. Whether the distiller's wort stops at the alcoholic fermentation or passes into the acetous, is a chemical question on which hangs his profit or loss; and the brewer, if his business is sufficiently large, finds it pay to keep a chemist on his premises. Glance through a work on technology, and it becomes at once apparent that there is now scarcely any process in the arts or manufactures over some part of which chemistry does not preside. And then, lastly, we come to the fact that in these times, agriculture, to be profitably carried on, must have like guidance. The analysis of manures and soils; their adaptations to each other; the use of gypsum or other substance for fixing ammonia; the utilization of coprolites; the production of artificial manures — all these are boons of chemistry which it behoves the farmer to acquaint himself with. Be it in the lucifer match, or in disinfected sewage, or in photographs — in bread made without fermentation, or perfumes extracted from refuse, we may perceive that chemistry affects all our industries; and that, by consequence, knowledge of it concerns every one who is directly or indirectly connected with our industries.

And then the science of life — biology: does not this, too, bear fundamentally upon these processes of indirect self-preservation? With what we ordinarily call manufactures, it has, indeed, little connection; but with the all-essential manufacture — that of food — it is inseparably connected. As agriculture must conform its methods to the phenomena of vegetable and animal life, it follows necessarily that the science of these phenomena is the rational basis of agriculture. Various biological truths have indeed been empirically established and acted upon by farmers while yet there has been no conception of them as science: such as that particular manures are suited to particular plants; that crops of certain kinds unfit the soil for other crops; that horses can not do good work on poor food; that such and such diseases of cattle and sheep

are caused by such and such conditions. These, and the every-day knowledge which the agriculturist gains by experience respecting the right management of plants and animals, constitute his stock of biological facts; on the largeness of which greatly depends his success. And as these biological facts, scanty, indefinite, rudimentary, though they are, aid him so essentially; judge what must be the value to him of such facts when they become positive, definite, and exhaustive. Indeed, even now we may see the benefits that rational biology is conferring on him. The truth that the production of animal heat implies waste of substance, and that, therefore, preventing loss of heat prevents the need for extra food—a purely theoretical conclusion—now guides the fattening of cattle: it is found that by keeping cattle warm, fodder is saved. Similarly with respect to variety of food. The experiments of physiologists have shown that not only is change of diet beneficial, but that digestion is facilitated by a mixture of ingredients in each meal: both which truths are now influencing cattle-feeding. The discovery that a disorder known as “the staggers,” of which many thousands of sheep have died annually, is caused by an entozoon which presses on the brain; and that if the creature is extracted through the softened place in the skull which marks its position, the sheep usually recovers, is another debt which agriculture owes to biology. When we observe the marked contrast between our farming and farming on the Continent, and remember that this contrast is mainly due to the far greater influence science has had upon farming here than there; and when we see how, daily, competition is making the adoption of scientific methods more general and necessary; we shall rightly infer that very soon, agricultural success in England will be impossible without a competent knowledge of animal and vegetable physiology.

Yet one more science have we to note as bearing directly on industrial success—the Science of Society. Without knowing it men who daily look at the state of the money-market, glance over prices current, discuss the probable crops of corn, cotton, sugar, wool, silk, weigh the chances of war, and from all those data decide on their mercantile operations are students of social science: empirical and blundering students it may be; but still

students who gain the prizes or are plucked of their profits, according as they do or do not reach the right conclusion. Not only the manufacturer and the merchant must guide their transactions by calculations of supply and demand, based on numerous facts and tacitly recognizing sundry general principles of social action; but even the retailer must do the like: his prosperity very greatly depending upon the correctness of his judgments respecting the future wholesale prices and the future rates of consumption. Manifestly, all who take part in the entangled commercial activities of a community are vitally interested in understanding the laws according to which those activities vary.

Thus, to all such as are occupied in the production, exchange, or distribution of commodities, acquaintance with science in some of its departments, is of fundamental importance. Whoever is immediately or remotely implicated in any form of industry (and few are not) has a direct interest in understanding something of the mathematical, physical, and chemical properties of things; perhaps, also, has a direct interest in biology; and certainly has in sociology. Whether he does or does not succeed well in that indirect self-preservation which we call getting a good livelihood, depends in a great degree on his knowledge of one or more of these sciences: not, it may be, a rational knowledge; but still a knowledge, though empirical. For what we call learning a business, really implies learning the science involved in it; though not perhaps under the name of science. And hence a grounding in science is of great importance, both because it prepares for all this, and because rational knowledge has an immense superiority over empirical knowledge. Moreover, not only is it that scientific culture is requisite for each, that he may understand the *how* and the *why* of the things and processes with which he is concerned as maker or distributor; but it is often of much moment that he should understand the *how* and the *why* of various other things and processes. In this age of joint-stock undertakings, nearly every man above the laborer is interested as capitalist in some other occupation than his own; and, as thus interested, his profit or loss often depends on his knowledge of the sciences bearing on this other occupation. Here is a mine, in the sinking of which

many shareholders ruined themselves from not knowing that a certain fossil belonged to the old red sandstone, below which no coal is found. Not many years ago, twenty thousand pounds were lost in the prosecution of a scheme for collecting the alcohol that distills from bread in baking: all which would have been saved to the subscribers, had they known that less than a hundredth part by weight of the flour is changed in fermentation. Numerous attempts have been made to construct electric-magnetic engines, in the hope of superseding steam; but had those who supplied the money, understood the general law of the correlation and equivalence of forces, they might have had better balances at their bankers. Daily are men induced to aid in carrying out inventions which a mere tyro in science could show to be futile. Scarcely a locality but has its histories of fortunes thrown away over some impossible project.

And if already the loss from want of science is so frequent and so great, still greater and more frequent will it be to those who hereafter lack science. Just as fast as productive processes become more scientific, which competition will inevitably make them do; and just as fast as joint-stock undertakings spread, which they certainly will; so fast will scientific knowledge grow necessary to every one.

That which our school-courses leave almost entirely out, we thus find to be that which most nearly concerns the business of life. All our industries would cease, were it not for that information which men begin to acquire as they best may after their education is said to be finished. And were it not for this information, that has been from age to age accumulated and spread by unofficial means, these industries would never have existed. Had there been no teaching but such as is given in our public schools, England would now be what it was in feudal times. That increasing acquaintance with the laws of phenomena which has through successive ages enabled us to subjugate Nature to our needs, and in these days gives the common laborer comforts which a few centuries ago kings could not purchase, is scarcely in any degree owed to the appointed means of instructing our youth. The vital knowledge—that by which we have grown as a nation to what we are, and which now underlies our whole existence, is a knowledge that has

got itself taught in nooks and corners; while the ordained agencies for teaching have been mumbling little else but dead formulas.

We now come to the third great division of human activities—a division for which no preparation whatever is made. If by some strange chance not a vestige of us descended to the remote future, save a pile of our school-books or some college examination papers, we may imagine how puzzled an antiquary of the period would be on finding in them no indication that the learners were ever likely to be parents. “This must have been the *curriculum* for their celibates,” we may fancy him concluding. “I perceive here an elaborate preparation for many things: especially for reading the books of extinct nations and of coëxisting nations, (from which indeed it seems clear that these people had very little worth reading in their own tongue;) but I find no reference whatever to the bringing up of children. They could not have been so absurd as to omit all training for this gravest of responsibilities. Evidently then, this was the school course of one of their monastic orders.”

Seriously, is it not an astonishing fact, that though on the treatment of offspring depend their lives or deaths, and their moral welfare or ruin; yet not one word of instruction on the treatment of offspring is ever given to those who will hereafter be parents? Is it not monstrous that the fate of a new generation should be left to the chances of unreasoning custom, impulse, fancy—joined with the suggestions of ignorant nurses and the prejudiced counsel of grandmothers? If a merchant commenced business without any knowledge of arithmetic and book-keeping, we should exclaim at his folly, and look for disastrous consequences. Or if, before studying anatomy, a man set up as surgical operator, we should wonder at his audacity and pity his patients. But that parents should begin the difficult task of rearing children without ever having given a thought to the principles—physical, moral, or intellectual—which ought to guide them, excites neither surprise at the actors nor pity for their victims.

To tens of thousands that are killed, add hundreds of thousands that survive with feeble constitutions, and millions that grow up with constitutions not so strong as they should be; and you will

have some idea of the curse inflicted on their offspring by parents ignorant of the laws of life. Do but consider for a moment that the regimen to which children are subject is hourly telling upon them to their life-long injury or benefit; and that there are twenty ways of going wrong to one way of going right; and you will get some idea of the enormous mischief that is almost every where inflicted by the thoughtless, haphazard system in common use. Is it decided that a boy shall be clothed in some flimsy short dress, and be allowed to go playing about with limbs reddened by cold? The decision will tell on his whole future existence—either in illnesses, or in stunted growth, or in deficient energy; or in a maturity less vigorous than it ought to have been, and consequent hindrances to success and happiness. Are children doomed to a monotonous dietary, or a dietary that is deficient in nutritiveness? Their ultimate physical power and their efficiency as men and women, will inevitably be more or less diminished by it. Are they forbidden vociferous play, or (being too ill-clothed to bear exposure) are they kept in-doors in cold weather? They are certain to fall below that measure of health and strength to which they would else have attained. When sons and daughters grow up sickly and feeble, parents commonly regard the event as a misfortune—as a visitation of Providence. Thinking after the prevalent chaotic fashion, they assume that these evils come without causes; or that the causes are supernatural. Nothing of the kind. In some cases the causes are doubtless inherited; but in most cases foolish regulations are the causes. Very generally, parents themselves are responsible for all this pain, this debility, this depression, this misery. They have undertaken to control the lives of their offspring from hour to hour; with cruel carelessness they have neglected to learn any thing about these vital processes which they are unceasingly affecting by their commands and prohibitions; in utter ignorance of the simplest physiologic laws, they have been year by year undermining the constitutions of their children; and have so inflicted disease and premature death, not only on them but on their descendants.

Equally great are the ignorance and the consequent injury, when we turn from

physical training to moral training. Consider the young mother and her nursery legislation. But a few years ago she was at school, where her memory was crammed with words, and names, and dates, and her reflective faculties scarcely in the slightest degree exercised—where not one idea was given her respecting the methods of dealing with the opening mind of childhood; and where her discipline did not in the least fit her for thinking out methods of her own. The intervening years have been passed in practicing music, in fancy-work, in novel-reading, and in party-going: no thought having yet been given to the grave responsibilities of maternity; and scarcely any of that solid intellectual culture obtained which would be some preparation for such responsibilities. And now see her with an unfolding human character committed to her charge—see her profoundly ignorant of the phenomena with which she has to deal, undertaking to do that which can be done but imperfectly, even with the aid of the profoundest knowledge. She knows nothing about the nature of the emotions, their order of evolution, their functions, or where use ends and abuse begins. She is under the impression that some of the feelings are wholly bad, which is not true of any one of them; and that others are good, however far they may be carried, which is also not true of any one of them. And then, ignorant as she is of that with which she has to deal, she is equally ignorant of the effects that will be produced on it by this or that treatment. What can be more inevitable than the disastrous results we see hourly arising? Lacking knowledge of mental phenomena, with their causes and consequences, her interference is frequently more mischievous than absolute passivity would have been. This and that kind of action, which are quite normal and beneficial, she perpetually thwarts; and so diminishes the child's happiness and profit, injures its temper and her own, and produces estrangement. Deeds which she thinks it desirable to encourage, she gets performed by threats and bribes, or by exciting a desire for applause: considering little what the inward motive may be, so long as the outward conduct conforms: and thus cultivating hypocrisy, and fear, and selfishness, in place of good feeling. While insisting on truthfulness, she constantly sets an

example of untruth, by threatening penalties which she does not inflict. While inculcating self-control, she hourly visits on her little ones angry scoldings for acts that do not call for them. She has not the remotest idea that in the nursery, as in the world, that alone is the truly salutary discipline which visits on all conduct, good and bad, the natural consequences—the consequences, pleasurable or painful, which in the nature of things such conduct tends to bring. Being thus without theoretic guidance, and quite incapable of guiding herself by tracing the mental processes going on in her children, her rule is impulsive, inconsistent, mischievous, often in the highest degree; and would indeed be generally ruinous, were it not that the overwhelming tendency of the growing mind to assume the moral type of the race, usually subordinates all minor influences.

And then the culture of the intellect—is not this, too, mismanaged in a similar manner? Grant that the phenomena of intelligence conform to laws; grant that the evolution of intelligence in a child also conforms to laws; and it follows inevitably that education can be rightly guided only by a knowledge of these laws. To suppose that you can properly regulate this process of forming and accumulating ideas, without understanding the nature of the process, is absurd. How widely, then, must teaching as it is, differ from teaching as it should be; when hardly any parents, and but few teachers, know any thing about psychology. As might be expected, the system is grievously at fault, alike in matter and in manner. While the right class of facts is withheld, the wrong class is forcibly administered in the wrong way and in the wrong order. With that common limited idea of education which confines it to knowledge gained from books, parents thrust primers into the hands of their little ones years too soon, to their great injury. Not recognizing the truth that the function of books is supplementary—that they form an indirect means to knowledge when direct means fail—a means of seeing through other men what you can not see for yourself; they are eager to give second-hand facts in place of first-hand facts. Not perceiving the enormous value of that spontaneous education which goes on in early years—not perceiving that a child's restless observation, instead

of being ignored or checked, should be diligently administered to, and made as accurate and complete as possible; they insist on occupying its eyes and thoughts with things that are, for the time being, incomprehensible and repugnant. Possessed by a superstition which worships the symbols of knowledge instead of the knowledge itself, they do not see that only when his acquaintance with the objects and processes of the household, the streets, and the fields, is becoming tolerably exhaustive—only then should a child be introduced to the new sources of information which books supply: and this, not only because immediate cognition is of far greater value than mediate cognition; but also, because the words contained in books can be rightly interpreted into ideas, only in proportion to the antecedent experience of things. Observe next, that this formal instruction, far too soon commenced, is carried on with but little reference to the laws of mental development. Intellectual progress is of necessity from the concrete to the abstract. But regardless of this, highly abstract subjects, such as grammar, which should come quite late, are begun quite early. Political geography, dead and uninteresting to a child, and which should be an appendage of sociological studies, is commenced betimes; while physical geography, comprehensible and comparatively attractive to a child, is in a great part passed over. Nearly every subject dealt with is arranged in abnormal order: definitions, and rules, and principles being put first, instead of being disclosed, as they are in the order of nature, through the study of cases. And then, pervading the whole, is the vicious system of rote learning—a system of sacrificing the spirit to the letter. See the results. What with perceptions unnaturally dulled by early thwarting, and a coerced attention to books—what with the mental confusion produced by teaching subjects before they can be understood, and in each of them giving generalizations before the facts of which these are the generalizations—what with making the pupil a mere passive recipient of others' ideas, and not in the least leading him to be an active inquirer or self-instructor—and what with taxing the faculties to excess; there are very few minds that become as efficient as they might be. Examinations being once passed, books are laid aside; the greater

part of what has been acquired, being unorganized, soon drops out of recollection; what remains is mostly inert—the art of applying knowledge not having been cultivated; and there is but little power either of accurate observation or independent thinking. To all which add, that while much of the information gained is of relatively small value, an immense mass of information of transcendent value is entirely passed over.

Thus we find the facts to be such as might have been inferred *a priori*. The training of children—physical, moral, and intellectual—is dreadfully defective. And in great measure it is so, because parents are devoid of that knowledge by which this training can alone be rightly guided. What is to be expected when one of the most intricate of problems is undertaken by those who have given scarcely a thought to the principles on which its solution depends? For shoe-making or house-building, for the management of a ship or a locomotive engine, a long apprenticeship is needful. Is it, then, that the unfolding of a human being in body and mind, is so comparatively simple a process, that any one may superintend and regulate it with no preparation whatever? If not—if the process is with one exception more complex than any in Nature, and the task of administering to it one of surpassing difficulty; is it not madness to make no provision for such a task? Better sacrifice accomplishments than omit this all-essential instruction. When a father, acting on false dogmas adopted without examination, has alienated his sons, driven them into rebellion by his harsh treatment, ruined them, and made himself miserable; he might reflect that the study of Ethology would have been worth pursuing, even at the cost of knowing nothing about *Æschylus*. When a mother is mourning over a first-born that has sunk under the sequelæ of scarlet-fever—when perhaps a candid medical man has confirmed her suspicion that her child would have recovered had not its system been enfeebled by over-study—when she is prostrate under the pangs of combined grief and remorse; it is but a small consolation that she can read Dante in the original.

Thus we see that for regulating the third great division of human activities, a knowledge of the laws of life is the one thing needful. Some acquaintance with the first principles of physiology and the

elementary truths of psychology is indispensable for the right bringing up of children. We doubt not that this assertion will by many be read with a smile. That parents in general should be expected to acquire a knowledge of subjects so abstruse, will seem to them an absurdity. And if we proposed that an exhaustive knowledge of these subjects should be obtained by all fathers and mothers, the absurdity would indeed be glaring enough. But we do not. General principles only, accompanied by such detailed illustrations as may be needed to make them understood, would suffice. And these might be readily taught—if not rationally, then dogmatically. Be this as it may, however, here are the indisputable facts: that the development of children in mind and body rigorously obeys certain laws; that unless these laws are in some degree conformed to by parents, death is inevitable; that unless they are in a great degree conformed to, there must result physical and mental defects; and that only when they are completely conformed to, can a perfect maturity be reached. Judge, then, whether all who may one day be parents, should not strive with some anxiety to learn what these laws are.

From the parental functions let us pass now to the functions of the citizen. We have here to inquire what knowledge best fits a man for the discharge of these functions. It can not be alleged, as in the last case, that the need for knowledge fitting him for these functions is wholly overlooked; for our school courses contain certain studies which, nominally at least, bear upon political and social duties. Of these the only one that occupies a prominent place is History.

But, as already more than once hinted, the historic information commonly given is almost valueless for purposes of guidance. Scarcely any of the facts set down in our school histories, and very few even of those contained in the more elaborate works written for adults, give any clue to the right principles of political action. The biographies of monarchs (and our children commonly learn little else) throw scarcely any light upon the science of society. Familiarity with court intrigues, plots, usurpations, or the like, and with all the personalities accompanying them, aids very little in elucidating the principles on which national welfare depends. We read

of some squabble for power, that it led to a pitched battle; that such and such were the names of the generals and their leading subordinates; that they had each so many thousand infantry and cavalry, and so many cannon; that they arranged their forces in this and that order; that they maneuvered, attacked, and fell back in certain ways; that at this part of the day such disasters were sustained, and at that such advantages gained; that in one particular movement some leading officer fell, while in another a certain regiment was decimated; that after all the changing fortunes of the fight, the victory was gained by this or that army; and that so many were killed and wounded on each side, and so many captured by the conquerors. And, now, out of the accumulated details which make up the narrative, say which it is that helps you in deciding on your conduct as a citizen. Supposing even that you had diligently read, not only *The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World*, but accounts of all other battles that history mentions; how much more judicious would your vote be at the next election? "But these are facts—interesting facts," you say. Without doubt they are facts, (such, at least, as are not wholly or partially fictions;) and to many they may be interesting facts. But this by no means implies that they are valuable. Factitious or morbid opinion often gives seeming value to things that have scarcely any. A tulipomaniac will not part with a choice bulb for its weight in gold. To another man an ugly piece of cracked old china seems his most desirable possession. And there are those who give high prices for the relics of celebrated murderers. Will it be contended that these tastes are any measures of value in the things that gratify them? If not, then it must be admitted that the liking felt for certain classes of historical facts is no proof of their worth; and that we must test their worth as we test the worth of other facts, by asking to what uses they are applicable. Were some one to tell you that your neighbor's cat kittened yesterday, you would say the information was worthless. Fact though it might be, you would say it was an utterly useless fact—a fact that could in no way influence your actions in life—a fact that would not help you in learning how to live completely. Well, apply the same test to the great mass of historical facts, and you will get the same result.

They are facts from which no conclusions can be drawn—*unorganizable facts*; and therefore facts which can be of no service in establishing principles of conduct, which is the chief use of facts. Read them, if you like, for amusement; but do not flatter yourself they are instructive.

That which constitutes History, properly so called, is in great part omitted from works on the subject. Only of late years have historians commenced giving us, in any considerable quantity, the truly valuable information. As in past ages the king was every thing and the people nothing; so, in past histories, the doings of the king fill the entire picture, to which the national life forms but an obscure background. While only now, when the welfare of nations rather than of rulers is becoming the dominant idea, are historians beginning to occupy themselves with the phenomena of social progress. That which it really concerns us to know, is the natural history of society. We want all facts which help us to understand how a nation has grown and organized itself. Among these, let us of course have an account of its government; with as little as may be of gossip about the men who officered it, and as much as possible about the structure, principles, methods, prejudices, corruptions, etc., which it exhibited: and let this account not only include the nature and actions of the central government, but also those of local governments, down to the minutest ramifications. Let us of course also have a parallel description of the ecclesiastical government—its organization, its conduct, its power, its relations to the State: and accompanying this, the ceremonial, creed, and religious ideas—not only those nominally believed, but those really believed and acted upon. Let us at the same time be informed of the control exercised by class over class, as displayed in all social observances—in titles, salutations, and forms of address. Let us know, too, what were all the other customs which regulated the popular life out of doors and indoors: including those which concern the relations of the sexes, and the relations of parents to children. The superstitions, also, from the more important myths down to the charms in common use, should be indicated. Next should come a delineation of the industrial system: showing to what extent the division of labor was carried; how trades were regu-



lated, whether by caste, guilds, or otherwise; what was the connection between employers and employed; what were the agencies for distributing commodities; what were the means of communication; what was the circulating medium. Accompanying all which should come an account of the industrial arts technically considered: stating the processes in use, and the quality of the products. Further, the intellectual condition of the nation in its various grades should be depicted: not only with respect to the kind and amount of education, but with respect to the progress made in science, and the prevailing manner of thinking. The degree of æsthetic culture, as displayed in architecture, sculpture, painting, dress, music, poetry, and fiction, should be described. Nor should there be omitted a sketch of the daily lives of the people—their food, their homes, and their amusements. And lastly, to connect the whole, should be exhibited the morals, theoretical and practical, of all classes: as indicated in their laws, habits, proverbs, deeds. All these facts, given with as much brevity as consists with clearness and accuracy, should be so grouped and arranged that they may be comprehended in their *ensemble*; and thus may be contemplated as mutually dependent parts of one great whole. The aim should be so to present them that we may readily trace the *consensus* subsisting among them; with the view of learning what social phenomena coëxist with what others. And then the corresponding delineations of succeeding ages should be so managed as to show us, as clearly as may be, how each belief, institution, custom, and arrangement was modified; and how the *consensus* of preceding structures and functions was developed into the *consensus* of succeeding ones. Such alone is the kind of information respecting past times, which can be of service to the citizen for the regulation of his conduct. The only history that is of practical value, is what may be called Descriptive Sociology. And the highest office which the historian can discharge, is that of so narrating the lives of nations, as to furnish materials for a Comparative Sociology; and for the subsequent determination of the ultimate laws to which social phenomena conform.

But now mark, that even supposing an adequate stock of this truly valuable historical knowledge has been acquired, it is

of comparatively little use without the key. And the key is to be found only in Science. Without an acquaintance with the general truths of biology and psychology, rational interpretation of social phenomena is impossible. Only in proportion as men obtain a certain rude, empirical knowledge of human nature, are they enabled to understand even the simplest facts of social life: as, for instance, the relation between supply and demand. And if not even the most elementary truths of sociology can be reached until some knowledge is obtained of how men generally think, feel, and act under given circumstances; then it is manifest that there can be nothing like a wide comprehension of sociology, unless through a competent knowledge of man in all his faculties, bodily and mental. Consider the matter in the abstract, and this conclusion is self-evident. Thus: Society is made up of individuals; all that is done in society is done by the combined actions of individuals; and therefore, in individual actions only can be found the solutions of social phenomena. But the actions of individuals depend on the laws of their natures; and their actions can not be understood until these laws are understood. These laws, however, when reduced to their simplest expression, are found to depend on the laws of body and mind in general. Hence it necessarily follows, that biology and psychology are indispensable as interpreters of sociology. Or, to state the conclusion still more simply: All social phenomena are phenomena of life—are the most complex manifestations of life—are ultimately dependent on the laws of life—and can be understood only when the laws of life are understood. Thus, then, we see that for the regulation of this fourth division of human activities, we are, as before, dependent on Science. Of the knowledge commonly imparted in educational courses, very little is of any service in guiding a man in his conduct as a citizen. Only a small part of the history he reads is of practical value; and of this small part he is not prepared to make proper use. He commonly lacks not only the materials for, but the very conception of, descriptive sociology; and he also lacks that knowledge of the organic sciences, without which even descriptive sociology can give him but little aid.

And now we come to that remaining

division of human life which includes the relaxations, pleasures, and amusements filling leisure hours. After considering what training best fits for self-preservation, for the obtainment of sustenance, for the discharge of parental duties, and for the regulation of social and political conduct; we have now to consider what training best fits for the miscellaneous ends not included in these—for the enjoyments of Nature, of Literature, and of the Fine Arts, in all their forms. Postponing them as we do to things that bear more vitally upon human welfare; and bringing every thing, as we have, to the test of actual value; it will perhaps be inferred that we are inclined to slight these less essential things. No greater mistake could be made, however. We yield to none in the value we attach to æsthetic culture and its pleasures. Without painting, sculpture, music, poetry, and the emotions produced by natural beauty of every kind, life would lose half its charm. So far from thinking that the training and gratification of the tastes are unimportant, we believe the time will come when they will occupy a much larger share of human life than now. When the forces of Nature have been fully conquered to man's use—when the means of production have been brought to perfection—when labor has been economized to the highest degree—when education has been so systematized that a preparation for the more essential activities may be made with comparative rapidity—and when, consequently, there is a great increase of spare time; then will the poetry, both of Art and Nature, rightly fill a large space in the minds of all.

But it is one thing to admit that æsthetic culture is in a high degree conducive to human happiness; and another thing to admit that it is a fundamental requisite to human happiness. However important it may be, it must yield precedence to those kinds of culture which bear more directly upon the duties of life. As before hinted, literature and the fine arts are made possible by those activities which make individual and social life possible; and manifestly that which is made possible, must be postponed to that which makes it possible. A florist cultivates a plant for the sake of its flower; and regards the roots and leaves as of value, chiefly because they are instrumental in producing the flower. But while, as an ultimate product, the flower is the thing to which

every thing else is subordinate; the florist very well knows that the root and leaves are intrinsically of greater importance; because on them the evolution of the flower depends. He bestows every care in rearing a healthy plant; and knows it would be folly if, in his anxiety to obtain the flower, he were to neglect the plant. Similarly in the case before us. Architecture, sculpture, painting, music, poetry, etc., may be truly called the efflorescence of civilized life. But even supposing them to be of such transcendent worth as to subordinate the civilized life out of which they grow, (which can hardly be asserted,) it will still be admitted that the production of a healthy civilized life must be the first consideration; and that the knowledge conducing to this must occupy the highest place.

And here we see most distinctly the vice of our educational system. It neglects the plant for the sake of the flower. In anxiety for elegance, it forgets substance. While it gives no knowledge conducive to self-preservation—while of knowledge that facilitates gaining livelihood it gives but the rudiments, and leaves the greater part to be picked up any how in after life—while for the discharge of parental functions it makes not the slightest provision—and while for the duties of citizenship it prepares by imparting a mass of facts, most of which are irrelevant, and the rest without a key; it is diligent in teaching every thing that adds to refinement, polish, *éclat*. However fully we may admit that extensive acquaintance with modern languages is a valuable accomplishment, which, through reading, conversation, and travel, aids in giving a certain finish, it by no means follows that this result is rightly purchased at the cost of that vitally important knowledge sacrificed to it. Supposing it true that classical education conduces to elegance and correctness of style; it can not be said that elegance and correctness of style are comparable in importance to a familiarity with the principles that should guide the rearing of children. Grant that the taste may be greatly improved by reading all the poetry written in extinct languages; yet it is not to be inferred that such improvement of taste is equivalent in value to an acquaintance with the laws of health. Accomplishments, the fine arts, *belles lettres*, and all these things which, as we

may, constitute the efflorescence of civilization, should be wholly subordinate to that knowledge and discipline on which civilization rests. *As they occupy the leisure part of life, so should they occupy the leisure part of education.*

Recognizing thus the true position of æsthetics, and holding that while the cultivation of them should form a part of education from its commencement, such cultivation should be subsidiary; we have now to inquire what knowledge is of most use to this end—what knowledge best fits for this remaining sphere of activity. To this question the answer is still the same as heretofore. Unexpected as the assertion may be, it is nevertheless true, that the highest Art of every kind is based upon Science—that without Science there can be neither perfect production nor full appreciation. Science, in that limited technical acceptance current in society, may not have been possessed by many artists of high repute; but acute observers as they have been, they have always possessed a stock of those empirical generalizations which constitute science in its lowest phase; and they have habitually fallen far below perfection, partly because their generalizations were comparatively few and inaccurate. That science necessarily underlies the fine arts, becomes manifest, *a priori*, when we remember that art-products are all more or less representative of objective or subjective phenomena; that they can be true only in proportion as they conform to the laws of these phenomena; and that, before they can thus conform, the artist must know what these laws are. That this *a priori* conclusion tallies with experience we shall soon see.

Youths preparing for the practice of sculpture, have to acquaint themselves with the bones and muscles of the human frame in their distribution, attachments, and movements. This is a portion of science; and it has been found needful to impart it for the prevention of those many errors which sculptors who do not possess it, commit. For the prevention of other mistakes, a knowledge of mechanical principles is requisite; and such knowledge not being usually possessed, grave mechanical mistakes are frequently made. Take an instance. For the stability of a figure it is needful that the perpendicular from the center of gravity—"the line of direction," as it is called—should fall within

the base of support; and hence it happens, that when a man assumes the attitude known as "standing at ease," in which one leg is straightened and the other relaxed, the line of direction falls within the foot of the straightened leg. But sculptors, unfamiliar with the theory of equilibrium, not uncommonly so represent this attitude, that the line of direction falls midway between the feet. Ignorance of the laws of momentum leads to analogous errors: as witness the admired Discobolus, which, as it is posed, must inevitably fall forward the moment the quoit is delivered.

In painting, the necessity for scientific knowledge, empirical if not rational, is still more conspicuous. In what consists the grotesqueness of Chinese pictures, unless in their utter disregard of the laws of appearances—in their absurd linear perspective, and their want of aerial perspective? In what are the drawings of a child so faulty, if not in a similar absence of truth—an absence arising, in great part, from ignorance of the way in which the aspects of things vary with the conditions? Do but remember the books and lectures by which students are instructed; or consider the criticisms of Ruskin; or look at the doings of the Pre-Raphaelites; and you will see that progress in painting implies increasing knowledge of how effects in Nature are produced. The most diligent observation, if not aided by science, fails to preserve from error. Every painter will indorse the assertion that unless it is known what appearances must exist under given circumstances, they often will not be perceived; and to know what appearances must exist, is, in so far, to understand the science of appearances. From want of science Mr. J. Lewis, careful painter as he is, casts the shadow of a lattice-window in sharply-defined lines upon an opposite wall; which he would not have done, had he been familiar with the phenomena of the penumbra. From want of science, Mr. Rosetti, catching sight of a peculiar iridescence displayed by certain hairy surfaces under particular lights, (an iridescence caused by the refraction, and perhaps in part by the diffraction, of light in passing the hairs,) commits the error of showing this iridescence on surfaces and in positions where it could not occur.

To say that music, too, has need of

scientific aid will seem still more surprising. Yet it is demonstrable that music is but an idealization of the natural language of emotion; and that consequently, music must be good or bad according as it conforms to the laws of this natural language. The various inflections of voice which accompany feelings of different kinds and intensities, have been shown to be the germs out of which music is developed. It has been further shown that these inflections and cadences are not accidental or arbitrary; but that they are determined by certain general principles of vital action; and that their expressiveness depends on this. Whence it follows that musical phrases, and the melodies built of them, can be effective only when they are in harmony with these general principles. It is difficult here properly to illustrate this position. But perhaps it will suffice to instance the swarms of worthless ballads that infest drawing-rooms, as compositions which science would forbid. They sin against science by setting to music ideas that are not emotional enough to prompt musical expression; and they also sin against science by using musical phrases that have no natural relation to the ideas expressed: even where these are emotional. They are bad because they are untrue. And to say they are untrue, is to say they are unscientific.

Even in poetry the same thing holds. Like music, poetry has its root in those natural modes of expression which accompany deep feeling. Its rhythm, its strong and numerous metaphors, its hyperboles, its violent inversions, are simply exaggerations of the traits of excited speech. To be good, therefore, poetry must pay respect to those laws of nervous action which excited speech obeys. In intensifying and combining the traits of excited speech, it must have due regard to proportion—must not use its appliances without restriction; but, where the ideas are least emotional, must use the forms of poetical expression sparingly; must use them more freely as the emotion rises; and must carry them all to their greatest extent, only where the emotion reaches a climax. The entire contravention of these principles results in bombast or doggerel. The insufficient respect for them is seen in didactic poetry. And it is because they are rarely fully obeyed, that we have so much poetry that is in-artistic.

Not only is it that the artist, of whatever kind, can not produce a truthful work without he understands the laws of the phenomena he represents; but it is that he must also understand how the minds of spectators or listeners will be affected by the several peculiarities of his work—a question in psychology. What impression any given art-product generates, manifestly depends upon the mental natures of those to whom it is presented; and as all mental natures have certain general principles in common, there must result certain corresponding general principles on which alone art-products can be successfully framed. These general principles can not be fully understood and applied, unless the artist sees how they follow from the laws of mind. To ask whether the composition of a picture is good, is really to ask how the perceptions and feelings of observers will be affected by it. To ask whether a drama is well constructed, is to ask whether its situations are so arranged as duly to consult the power of attention of an audience, and duly to avoid overtaxing any one class of feelings. Equally in arranging the leading divisions of a poem or fiction, and in combining the words of a single sentence, the goodness of the effect depends upon the skill with which the mental energies and susceptibilities of the reader are economized. Every artist in the course of his education and after-life, accumulates a stock of maxims by which his practice is regulated. Trace such maxims to their roots, and you find they inevitably lead you down to psychological principles. And only when the artist rationally understands these psychological principles, and their various corollaries, can he work in harmony with them.

We do not for a moment believe that science will make an artist. While we contend that the leading laws both of objective and subjective phenomena must be understood by him, we by no means contend that knowledge of such laws will serve in place of natural perception. Not only the poet, but also the artist of every type, is born, not made. What we assert is, that innate faculty alone will not suffice; but must have the aid of organized knowledge. Intuition will do much, but it will not do all. Only when Genius is married to Science can the highest results be produced.

As we have above asserted, Science is

necessary not only for the most successful production, but also for the full appreciation, of the fine arts. In what consists the greater ability of a man than of a child to perceive the beauties of a picture; unless it is in his more extended knowledge of those truths in nature or life which the picture renders? How happens the cultivated gentleman to enjoy a fine poem so much more than a boor does; if it is not because his wider acquaintance with objects and actions enables him to see in the poem much that the boor can not see? And if, as is here so obvious, there must be some familiarity with the things represented, before the representation can be appreciated; then the representation can be completely appreciated, only in proportion as the things represented are completely understood. The fact is, that every additional truth which a work of art expresses, gives an additional pleasure to the percipient mind—a pleasure that is missed by those ignorant of this truth. The more realities an artist embodies in any given amount of work, the more faculties does he appeal to; the more numerous associated ideas does he suggest; the more gratification does he afford. But to receive this gratification the spectator, listener, or reader, must know the realities which the artist has indicated; and to know these realities is to know so much science.

And now let us not overlook the further great fact, that not only does science underlie sculpture, painting, music, poetry, but that science is itself poetic. The current opinion that science and poetry are opposed is a delusion. It is doubtless true that as states of consciousness, cognition and emotion tend to exclude each other. And it is doubtless also true that an extreme activity of the reflective powers tends to deaden the feelings; while an extreme activity of the feelings tends to deaden the reflective powers: in which sense, indeed, all orders of activity are antagonistic to each other. But it is not true that the facts of science are unpoetical; or that the cultivation of science is necessarily unfriendly to the exercise of imagination or the love of the beautiful. On the contrary, science opens up realms of poetry where to the unscientific all is a blank. Those engaged in scientific researches constantly show us that they realize not less vividly, but more vividly, than others, the poetry of their subjects.

Whoever will dip into Hugh Miller's works on geology, or read Mr. Lewes's *Sea-side Studies*, will perceive that science excites poetry rather than extinguishes it. And whoever will contemplate the life of Goethe will see that the poet and the man of science can coëxist in equal activity. Is it not, indeed, an absurd and almost a sacrilegious belief that the more a man studies Nature the less he reveres it? Think you that a drop of water, which to the vulgar eye is but a drop of water, loses any thing in the eye of the physicist who knows that its elements are held together by a force which, if suddenly liberated, would produce a flash of lightning? Think you that what is carelessly looked upon by the uninitiated as a mere snow-flake, does not suggest higher associations to one who has seen through a microscope the wondrously varied and elegant forms of snow-crystals? Think you that the rounded rock marked with parallel scratches calls up as much poetry in an ignorant mind as in the mind of a geologist, who knows that over this rock a glacier slid a million years ago? The truth is, that those who have never entered upon scientific pursuits know not a tithe of the poetry by which they are surrounded. Whoever has not in youth collected plants and insects, knows not half the halo of interest which lanes and hedge-rows can assume. Whoever has not sought for fossils, has little idea of the poetical associations that surround the places where imbedded treasures were found. Whoever at the sea-side has not had a microscope and aquarium, has yet to learn what the highest pleasures of the sea-side are. Sad, indeed, is it to see how men occupy themselves with trivialities, and are indifferent to the grandest phenomena—care not to understand the architecture of the Heavens, but are deeply interested in some contemptible controversy about the intrigues of Mary Queen of Scots!—are learnedly critical over a Greek ode, and pass by without a glance that grand epic written by the finger of God upon the strata of the Earth!

We find, then, that even for this remaining division of human activities, scientific culture is the proper preparation. We find that æsthetics in general are necessarily based upon scientific principles; and can be pursued with complete success only through an acquaintance

with these principles. We find that for the criticism and due appreciation of works of art, a knowledge of the constitution of things, or in other words, a knowledge of science, is requisite. And we not only find that science is the handmaid to all forms of art and poetry, but that, rightly regarded, science is itself poetic.

Thus far our question has been, the worth of knowledge of this or that kind for purposes of guidance. We have now to judge the relative values of different kinds of knowledge for purposes of discipline. This division of our subject we are obliged to treat with comparative brevity; and happily, no very lengthened treatment of it is needed. Having found what is best for the one end, we have by implication found what is best for the other. We may be quite sure that the acquirement of those classes of facts which are most useful for regulating conduct, involves a mental exercise best fitted for strengthening the faculties. It would be utterly contrary to the beautiful economy of Nature, if one kind of culture were needed for the gaining of information and another kind were needed as a mental gymnastic. Every where throughout creation we find faculties developed through the performance of those functions which it is their office to perform; not through the performance of artificial exercises devised to fit them for these functions. The Red Indian acquires the swiftness and agility which makes him a successful hunter, by the actual pursuit of animals; and by the miscellaneous activities of his life, he gains a better balance of physical powers than gymnastics ever give. That skill in tracking enemies and prey which he has reached by long practice, implies a subtlety of perception far exceeding any thing produced by artificial training. And similarly throughout. From the Bushman, whose eye, which being habitually employed in identifying distant objects that are to be pursued or fled from, has acquired a quite telescopic range, to the accountant whose daily practice enables him to add up several columns of figures simultaneously, we find that the highest power of a faculty results from the discharge of those duties which the conditions of life require it to discharge. And we may be certain, *a priori*, that the same law holds throughout education. The education of most value for

guidance, must at the same time be the education of most value for discipline. Let us consider the evidence.

One advantage claimed for that devotion to language-learning which forms so prominent a feature in the ordinary *curriculum*, is, that the memory is thereby strengthened. And it is apparently assumed that this is an advantage peculiar to the study of words. But the truth is, that the sciences afford far wider fields for the exercise of memory. It is no slight task to remember all the facts ascertained respecting our solar system; much more to remember all that is known concerning the structure of our galaxy. The new compounds which chemistry daily accumulates, are so numerous that few, save professors, know the names of them all; and to recollect the atomic constitutions and affinities of all these compounds, is scarcely possible without making chemistry the occupation of life. In the enormous mass of phenomena presented by the earth's crust, and in the still more enormous mass of phenomena presented by the fossils it contains, there is matter which it takes the geological student years of application to master. In each leading division of physics—sound, heat, light, electricity—the facts are numerous enough to alarm any one proposing to learn them all. And when we pass to the organic sciences, the effort of memory required becomes still greater. In human anatomy alone, the quantity of detail is so great, that the young surgeon has commonly to get it up half-a-dozen times before he can permanently retain it. The number of species of plants which botanists distinguish, amounts to some 320,000; while the varied forms of animal life with which the zoologist deals, are estimated at some two millions. So vast is the accumulation of facts which men of science have before them, that only by dividing and subdividing their labors can they deal with it. To a complete knowledge of his own division, each adds but a general knowledge of the rest. Surely, then, science, cultivated even to a very moderate extent, affords adequate exercise for memory. To say the very least, it involves quite as good a training for this faculty as language does.

But now mark that while for the training of mere memory, science is as good as, if not better than, language; it has an immense superiority in the kind of memo-

ry it cultivates. In the acquirement of a language, the connections of ideas to be established in the mind correspond to facts that are in a great measure accidental; whereas, in the acquirement of science, the connections of ideas to be established in the mind correspond to facts that are mostly necessary. It is true that the relations of words to their meaning is in one sense natural, and that the genesis of these relations may be traced back a certain distance; though very rarely to the beginning, (to which let us add the remark that the laws of this genesis form a branch of mental science—the science of philology.) But since it will not be contended that in the acquisition of languages, as ordinarily carried on, these natural relations between words and their meanings are habitually traced, and the laws regulating them explained; it must be admitted that they are commonly learned as fortuitous relations. On the other hand, the relations which science presents are causal relations; and, when properly taught, are understood as such. Instead of being practically accidental, they are necessary; and as such, give exercise to the reasoning faculties. While language familiarizes with non-rational relations, science familiarizes with rational relations. While the one exercises memory only, the other exercises both memory and understanding.

Observe next that a great superiority of science over language as a means of discipline, is, that it cultivates the judgment. As, in a lecture on mental education delivered at the Royal Institution, Professor Faraday well remarks, the most common intellectual fault is deficiency of judgment. He contends that “society, speaking generally, is not only ignorant as respects education of the judgment, but is also ignorant of its ignorance.” And the cause to which he ascribes this state is want of scientific culture. The truth of his conclusion is obvious. Correct judgment with regard to all surrounding things, events, and consequences, becomes possible only through knowledge of the way in which surrounding phenomena depend on each other. No extent of acquaintance with the meanings of words, can give the power of forming correct inferences respecting causes and effects. The constant habit of drawing conclusions from data, and then of verifying those conclusions by observation and experiment, can alone give the

power of judging correctly. And that it necessitates this habit is one of the immense advantages of science.

Not only, however, for intellectual discipline is science the best; but also for *moral* discipline. The learning of languages tends, if any thing, further to increase the already undue respect for authority. Such and such are the meanings of these words, says the teacher or the dictionary. So and so is the rule in this case, says the grammar. By the pupil these dicta are received as unquestionable. His constant attitude of mind is that of submission to dogmatic teaching. And a necessary result is a tendency to accept without inquiry whatever is established. Quite opposite in the attitude of mind generated by the cultivation of science. By science constant appeal is made to individual reason. Its truths are not accepted upon authority alone; but all are at liberty to test them—nay, in many cases, the pupil is required to think out his own conclusions. Every step in a scientific investigation is submitted to his judgment. He is not asked to admit it without seeing it to be true. And the trust in his own powers thus produced, is further increased by the constancy with which Nature justifies his conclusions when they are correctly drawn. From all which there flows that independence which is a most valuable element in character. Nor is this the only moral benefit bequeathed by scientific culture. When carried on, as it should always be, as much as possible under the form of independent research, it exercises perseverance and sincerity. As says Professor Tyndall of inductive inquiry, “it requires patient industry, and an humble and conscientious acceptance of what Nature reveals. The first condition of success is an honest receptivity and a willingness to abandon all preconceived notions, however cherished, if they be found to contradict the truth. Believe me, a self-renunciation which has something noble in it, and of which the world never hears, is often enacted in the private experience of the true votary of science.”

Lastly we have to assert—and the assertion will, we doubt not, cause extreme surprise—that the discipline of science is superior to that of our ordinary education, because of the *religious* culture that it gives. Of course we do not here use the

words scientific and religious in their ordinary limited acceptations; but in their widest and highest acceptations. Doubtless, to the superstitions that pass under the name of religion, science is antagonistic; but not to the essential religion which these superstitions merely hide. Doubtless, too, in much of the science that is current, there is a pervading spirit of irreligion; but not in that true science which has passed beyond the superficial into the profound.

"True science and true religion," says Professor Huxley at the close of a recent course of lectures, "are twin sisters, and the separation of either from the other is sure to prove the death of both. Science prospers exactly in proportion as it is religious; and religion flourishes in exact proportion to the scientific depth and firmness of its basis. The great deeds of philosophers have been less the fruit of their intellect than of the direction of that intellect by an eminently religious tone of mind. Truth has yielded herself rather to their patience, their love, their single-heartedness, and their self-denial, than to their logical acumen."

So far from science being irreligious, as many think, it is the neglect of science that is irreligious—it is the refusal to study the surrounding creation that is irreligious. Take a humble simile. Suppose a writer were daily saluted with praises couched in superlative language. Suppose the wisdom, the grandeur, the beauty of his works, were the constant topics of the eulogies addressed to him. Suppose those who unceasingly uttered these eulogies on his works were content with looking at the outsides of them; and had never opened them, much less tried to understand them. What value should we put upon their praises? What should we think of their sincerity? Yet, comparing small things to great, such is the conduct of mankind in general, in reference to the Universe and its Cause. Nay, it is worse. Not only do they pass by without study, these things which they daily proclaim to be so wonderful; but very frequently they condemn as mere triflers those who give time to the observation of Nature—they actually scorn those who show any active interest in these marvels. We repeat, then, that not science, but the neglect of science, is irreligious. Devotion to science, is a tacit worship—a tacit recognition of worth in the things studied; and by implication in their Cause. It is not a mere lip homage, but a homage expressed in actions—not a

mere professed respect, but a respect proved by the sacrifice of time, thought, and labor.

Nor is it thus only that true science is essentially religious. It is religious, too, inasmuch as it generates a profound respect for, and an implicit faith in, those uniform laws which underlie all things. By accumulated experiences the man of science acquires a thorough belief in the unchanging relations of phenomena—in the invariable connection of cause and consequence—in the necessity of good or evil results. Instead of the rewards and punishments of traditional belief, which men vaguely hope they may gain, or escape, spite of their disobedience; he finds that there are rewards and punishments in the ordained constitution of things, and that the evil results of disobedience are inevitable. He sees that the laws to which we must submit are not only inexorable but beneficent. He sees that in virtue of these laws, the progress of things is ever towards a greater perfection and a higher happiness. Hence he is led constantly to insist on these laws, and is indignant when men disregard them. And thus does he, by asserting the eternal principles of things, and the necessity of conforming to them, prove himself intrinsically religious.

To all which add the further religious aspect of science, that it alone can give us true conceptions of ourselves and our relation to the mysteries of existence. At the same time that it shows us all which can be known, it shows us the limits beyond which we can know nothing. Not by dogmatic assertion does it teach the impossibility of comprehending the ultimate cause of things; but it leads us clearly to recognize this impossibility by bringing us in every direction to boundaries we can not cross. It realizes to us in a way which nothing else can, the littleness of human intelligence in the face of that which transcends human intelligence. While towards the traditions and authorities of men its attitude may be proud, before the impenetrable mystery of things its attitude is humble—a true pride and a true humility. Only the sincere man of science (and by this title we do not mean the mere calculator of distances, or analyzer of compounds, or labeler of species; but him who through lower truths seeks higher, and eventually the highest)—only the genuine man of science, we say, can truly know how utterly beyond, not only hu-



man knowledge, but human conception, is the Universal Power of which Nature, and Life, and Thought are manifestations.

We conclude, then, that for discipline, as well as for guidance, science is of chiefest value. In all its effects, learning the meanings of things, is better than learning the meanings of words. Whether for intellectual, moral, or religious training, the study of surrounding phenomena is immensely superior to the study of grammars and lexicons.

Thus to the question with which we set out—What knowledge is of most worth?—the uniform reply is—Science. This is the verdict on all the counts. For direct self-preservation, or the maintenance of life and health, the all-important knowledge is—Science. For that indirect self-preservation which we call gaining a livelihood, the knowledge of greatest value is—Science. For the due discharge of parental functions, the proper guidance is to be found only in—Science. For that interpretation of national life, past and present, without which the citizen can not rightly regulate his conduct, the indispensable key is—Science. Alike for the most perfect production and highest enjoyment of art in all its forms, the needful preparation is still—Science. And for purposes of discipline—intellectual, moral, religious—the most efficient study is, once more—Science. The question which at first seemed so perplexed, has become, in the course of our inquiry, comparatively simple. We have not to estimate the degrees of importance of different orders of human activity, and different studies as severally fitting us for them; since we find that the study of Science, in its most comprehensive meaning, is the best preparation for all these orders of activity. We have not to decide between the claims of knowledge of great though conventional value, and knowledge of less though intrinsic value; seeing that the knowledge which we find to be of most value in all other respects, is intrinsically most valuable; its worth is not dependent upon opinion, but is as fixed as is the relation of man to the surrounding world. Necessary and eternal as are its truths, all Science concerns all mankind for all time. Equally at present, and in the remotest future, must it be of incalculable importance for the regulation of their conduct, that men should understand the science of

life, physical, mental, and social; and that they should understand all other science as a key to the science of life.

And yet the knowledge which is of such transcendent value is that which, in our age of boasted education, receives the least attention. While this which we call civilization could never have arisen had it not been for science; science forms scarcely an appreciable element in what men consider civilized training. Though to the progress of science we owe it, that millions find support where once there was food only for thousands; yet of these millions but a few thousands pay any respect to that which has made their existence possible. Though this increasing knowledge of the properties and relations of things has not only enabled wandering tribes to grow into populous nations, but has given to the countless members of those populous nations comforts and pleasures which their few naked ancestors never even conceived, or could have believed; yet is this kind of knowledge only now receiving a grudging recognition in our highest educational institutions. To the slowly growing acquaintance with the uniform coexistences and sequences of phenomena—to the establishment of invariable laws, we owe our emancipation from the grossest superstitions. But for science we should be still worshipping fetishes; or, with hecatombs of victims, propitiating diabolical deities. And yet this science, which, in place of the most degrading conceptions of things, has given us some insight into the grandeurs of creation, is written against in our theologies and frowned upon from our pulpits.

Paraphrasing an Eastern fable, we may say that in the family of knowledges, Science is the household drudge, who, in obscurity, hides unrecognized perfections. To her has been committed all the work; by her skill, intelligence, and devotion, have all the conveniences and gratifications been obtained; and while ceaselessly occupied in ministering to the rest, she has been kept in the background, that her haughty sisters might flaunt their fripperies in the eyes of the world. The parallel holds yet further. For we are fast coming to the *dénouement*, when the positions will be changed; and while these haughty sisters sink into merited neglect, Science, proclaimed as highest alike in worth and beauty, will reign supreme.

From the London Review.

## THE TEUTONIC TRIBES IN ENGLAND;

OR THE GREAT CRADLE OF ENGLISHMEN.\*

WE can never approach that period of our history which now opens on us without plaintive feeling. We have been bereaved. One who has given us a deeper insight into the principles and institutions of Saxon life than any of his fellows, has fallen in the midst of his work, and left us in grief, once more to prove how strangely our joy in real gains sometimes melts into sorrow over blasted hopes. The volumes which Mr. Kemble lived to publish form one of the richest boons which ever called forth the gratitude of those who wish to understand the history of a great people; and therefore our disappointment and mournfulness are the deeper at the fact, that his pen had scarcely inscribed the promise of further light upon the laws, commerce, science, literature, and homes of Saxon England, ere it was dropped forever; leaving none to use it as he could, or to save us from realizing the truth of the saying, "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." Mr. Kemble, in his first book, opens the principles on which Teutonic settlements were formed in England. In attempting this, his difficulties were great; but it is instructive to see how an unflinching and patient spirit overcame them one after another. Where contemporary records had but little to say of the emigrants' early fortunes, and where there were but few means of tracing the development of their original plans, the writer gathers up facts from the history of their kindred, collects such fragments of old institutions as still bear the mark of a primitive age, and have not entirely lost their distinctive influence; and, examining these in connection with the natural movements of social life in every time and place, he brings up, by a truly philosophical process, the real elements of that system which rose on the ruins of Romanized Britain. In the second book, these principles are seen unfolding themselves through the historic period, of which we have a sufficiency of written memorial. Here we may watch the slow growth of the kingly power, and measure the gradual accumulation of royal rights. The formation of the English Court and household is well drawn. The original county authorities and courts are called up. The old foundations of our popular government are cleared out for our inspection. A chapter on "The Towns" affords some most interesting details, and most beautiful sketches of truly restored life. The hostile claims of religious parties who have kept up strife over the history of Christian Saxondom are calmly and admirably balanced; while those who feel an interest in modern poor-laws may find much that is curious and suggestive in the provisions for an overplus population, in those days when legislation was in its youthful vigor and simplicity. We rose from the perusal of these chapters confirmed in the impression that the change from the Saxon to the Norman style of social life was gradual and slow. "Few things in history," says our author, "when carefully investigated, do really prove to have been done in a hurry. Sudden revolutions are much less common than we are apt to suppose, and fewer links than we imagine are wanting in the great chain of causes and effects. Could we place ourselves above the exaggerations of partisans, who hold it a point of honor to prove certain events to be indiscriminately right or indiscriminately wrong, we should probably find that the course of human affairs had been one steady and gradual progression; the reputation of individual men would perhaps be shorn of part of its lustre; and though we should lose some of the satisfaction of hero-wor-

\* Continued from page 83.

ship, we might more readily admit the constant action of a superintending Providence, operating without caprice through very common and every-day channels." Mr. Kemble seems to have been singularly qualified for the work on which he had entered in his two volumes. The structure of his mind, the range of his studies, and, not least, his habitual mode of using his material, all combine to inspire his readers with confidence; and while we follow him in his researches, we get to feel ourselves under safe guidance, and learn to repose in the certainty as well as beauty of the results. His predecessor in this department of literature, Sir Francis Palgrave, who still continues to regale us with his utterances on Norman history, fails, we think, to inspire so deep a trust. He is perhaps more brilliant than Kemble, but not so accurate. Had we no other means of judging, we might be powerfully swayed by the voice of such an authority as Hallam, who, though, according to common phrase, dead, will live as long as our language lives, as the confidential companion of all who love truthful history. The venerable historian, for instance, sometimes detected Sir Francis shifting his opinions between his first and second volume; and quietly remarks: "I can not assent; the second thoughts of my learned friend I like less than the first." Indeed, the mode of composition which Hallam's friend adopts, on his own showing, would scarcely bespeak our entire confidence, as it tends to make an author's pages racy and pleasant at the occasional sacrifice of exactness. At every stage of the work, the *History of Normandy and England*, it appears, "has been spoken; that is to say, written down by dictation, and transcribed from dictation. The author therefore appears somewhat in the character of a lecturer who prints his lectures as they have been repeated under his direction. He trusts he shall obtain the indulgence granted to those whose position he assumes." For our own part, we can not make the historian any such allowance.\*

\* It is hardly fair that this learned and esteemed author should weave up into the text of his recent volumes such references to his *Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth* as make the reader feel that some acquaintance with that work is very important, if not necessary, to a full understanding of the subject before him; while it is well known that the pages referred to have been

Mr. Kemble's accuracy reminds us of Hallam, with whom he generally agrees. Like him, he appears to "write on oath." He excels, however, in the art of restoring old forms, and has the greater power to aid us in realizing the true life of early times. The writer on *The Middle Ages* deals with his material in a way which makes us think of a scientific geologist who identifies the bones of an extinct race, and refits them so as to demonstrate their distinctive character and class; but our younger author was more like Miller, who could clothe the dry bones and make them live, and call up before us the very scenes of that world which the strange generation peopled. We could have wished that Mr. Kemble's wide acquaintance and close familiarity with Latin authorities had exerted less influence on his style, which, to our taste, sometimes departs too far from that pure and transparent standard which his own Anglo-Saxon people would call classic. This is seen particularly when he indulges his philosophical bent. If he attempts to sketch Saxon homesteads or market-towns, he always succeeds; for he becomes more Saxon in his speech, and there is a freshness and a clear beauty about his pictures which the truly English soul must always relish. We are sure, therefore, that his pen need not have run at any time into a style which, though supposed by some to be best adapted for expressing fine shades of meaning, most frequently leaves the reader in doubt as to what the writer means. Our author's deepest reasoning and reflections might have found expression in a style quite akin to the genius of the Anglo-Saxon tongue. One who writes on the Saxons in a Saxon style is always in good taste, and pays the highest compliment to his theme. It is true that the Saxon is not the only element of the England language; Keltic, Roman, Norse, and Romance, are woven here and there into the rich but substantial fabric; and in this we glory as much as our favorite Camden; indeed, we will adopt his strain:

long out of print, and that a single copy can scarcely be found. Now surely if a writer, and especially such a writer, thinks and tells his readers that the full benefit of his later works can not be enjoyed without some knowledge of his earlier productions, he ought either to run the risk of repeating himself for the public good, or afford proper means of reference by keeping an edition of his advertised books in the market.

"Whereas our tongue is mixed, it is no disgrace. The Italian is pleasant, but without sinewes, as a still fleeting water. The French delicate, but even nice as a woman, scarce daring to open her lippes, for fear of marring her countenance. The Spanish majesticall, but fulsome, running too much on the *o*, and terrible like the Divell in a play. The Dutch manlike, but withall very harsh, as one ready at every word to picke a quarrell. Now we, in borrowing from them, give the strength of consonants to the Italian; the full sound of words to the French; the variety of terminations to the Spanish; and the mollifying or more vowels to the Dutch; and so, like bees, we gather the honey of their good properties, and leave the dregs to themselves. And thus when substantialnesse combineth with delightfulness, fulnesse with finesse, seemliness with portliness, and currentnesse with staydnesse, how can the language which consisteth of all these sound other than full of all sweetness?" The Englishman may well be proud of his language; which, while it opens such literary riches to the world, ever reminds him of his family connection with those from whose speech it derives its greatest strength. We are inclined to be jealous of the lordship of Greek and Latin. Can it be possible to forget that the Anglo-Saxon is the immediate and most plentiful source of all that gives distinctive power to our national expression? Five eighths of our words are from that origin. To that our English owes its force, not only as to the number of words which it furnishes, but also as to the character and importance of those words, and their influence on grammatical forms. Here we find words to mark most of the objects of sense; those which make up our table-talk and way-side chat; all which express our brightest and most lively thoughts, our dearest relations, our deepest and most tender feelings. Our language of business in the shop, the market, the street, the farm, and in every-day life; our proverbs, our favorite jokes; indeed, every thing in our tongue which fastens most certainly on the mind and most surely touches the heart, we owe to the Anglo-Saxon. With the help of other languages we may form a brilliant style; but it is often like the sun-beam of winter, when compared with the equally sparkling, but warm, summer-light beauty of

our native speech. Englishmen never fairly speak their own language without proving themselves akin to those emigrants who took possession of Britain in the fifth century of the Christian era.

These emigrants settled on the ground which they seized on certain fixed principles, which had been acted upon by their race from the earliest known period of their history. Two points were never lost sight of—possession of land, and distinction of rank. These mutually influenced each other; and respect was had to them in all private and public arrangements. In the division of land, it seems to have been provided, that each knot of householders forming a community should hold a certain portion of land; each freeman fixing his homestead on his individual lot, which he cultivated on fixed understood conditions. As armed bands they had taken possession, and as such they divided the spoil. They had been enrolled on the field as families—one secret of their resistless force—and as families they continued to occupy the soil. Each kindred was drawn up under an officer, whom they followed in war, and under whom they settled within their allotments. The partition of land would be peaceably effected by the joint authority of the leaders; and all parties would agree to enter quietly on the duties and rights of their new property. We never try to realize the transactions of that time without finding ourselves carried off in thought to the scenes of Joshua's administration in Canaan. Not that the Teutonic tribes crossed the Chanael, as the Israelites did the bed of Jordan, in an unbroken, overwhelming mass; but rather in distinct detachments at various intervals, moving in various directions over the country, under many commanders, meeting with fortunes as different perhaps as their dialects, customs, and by-laws. Here, they would be clearing the forest; there, entering on fields made ready for their plow; now stretching along the valley immediately beneath the water-shed; and now covering the rich soil of the plains which had been rescued from the surrounding marsh. By and by, the armed colonists fall into the habits, and sustain the character, of quiet farmers; and the whole country is covered with communities, in principle distinct from one another, but each holding its members together by the closest ties. Then England

was agricultural rather than commercial; and her population was in no case strongly centralized. There was a gradual change in the character of the people. They had enough to hush their restlessness. Their limits for the present seemed sufficiently wide. The habits and feelings which had swayed them as adventurers of desperate fortunes, began to lose their power; and, apparently content with the conquest they had made, they set themselves to the peaceful task of keeping each man his own little fenced spot, where he might rear his children and make himself a name. Each kindred, or association of families, settled in its own *Marc*, a term which has a deep interest for the student of our social history. The term might be applied to the political body composed of the freemen who were associated within a given space; or to the continuous signs which distinguished the limits of their territory; or to the territory itself, as marked out or defined. Here then is the plot on which a greater or lesser number of freemen and their households fix their homesteads for purposes of cultivation, and for the sake of mutual profit and protection. It comprised both arable and pasture, in proportion to the number of settlers; and as they had no affection for "the tents of Shem," and were above the gipsy-like habits of the Scythian, their *Marc* would soon have its houses, villages, and, in some cases, its fortress or castle. Its frontier was protected by a sacred forest or marsh. A large portion would be *Fole-land*, where all had the right of common; while the arable was subdivided into individual estates, known as *Hids* or *Alods*. The possession of land entered so deeply into the constitution of Anglo-Saxon society, that the revolutions of centuries have failed to destroy entirely the traces of early allodial division. Until a very recent period, our ancestral history was written on the face of the country, our fields were chronicles. That which formed the distinctive beauty of English landscape was the standing and faithful record of early Teutonic proprietary. But alas, alike for beauty and memorial! in many districts, hedge-row and copse are fast melting before the influence of model farming and capital; and we are losing our familiar clue to that state of things which prevailed in the palmy days of pure Anglo-Saxon life. Old land-marks are broken down. Little portions

are gathered up into great estates; agricultural interests are centralized around fewer points; and masses are brought into more entire dependence on the representatives of money-power.

Some nooks yet remain, however, in which we may move amidst untouched relics of a former social condition. It is a fact as interesting as it is curious, that in the Orkneys, where the old Norse customs have had so little interruption, and where the kindred of the old Saxons is still represented, there is much that would help us to realize the days when England was parceled out in hids of thirty acres or thereabouts, cultivated each by the family of its freeman or *ceorl*. "The permanency of the population," says the late Hugh Miller, "is mightily in favor of old use and wont, as the land is almost entirely divided amongst a class of men called *Pickie* or petty *Lairds*, each plowing his own fields, and reaping his own crops, much in the same manner as their great-grandfathers did in the days of Earl Patrick; and such is the respect which they entertain for their hereditary beliefs, that many of them are said still to cast a lingering look, not unmixed with reverence, on certain spots held sacred by their Scandinavian ancestors." In many parts of England, nothing is left to show what once was, but the local names which, though meaningless to many who now swarm on the soil, are recognized by the aid of early charters and deeds as the patronymics which distinguished ancient *marcs*. Nor would it be difficult, in some neighborhoods, to pace the bounds not only of *marcs*, but of individual *alods*, where the settled habitations of our forefathers are still marked as *-hams*, *-tuns*, *-worths*, and *-stedes*; while *-den*, *-holt*, *-wood*, *-hurst*, and *-fald*, show us the site of the forest where the swine fed, or the outlying pastures where the cattle ran. A study of such old land-marks must always be interesting to Englishmen, while their national welfare is so dependent on the soil. It is possible for those who live within great centers of modern activity, to forget that the trade and commerce which have been so marvelously developed in later times, form only one feature of the nation's greatness. Our social and political structure owes more even now to the possession and cultivation of land, in which the larger part of our population

has the deepest interest, and in the encouragement or depression of which our continued existence as a prosperous people is deeply involved. Indeed, should any circumstances melt away the sympathy between town and country, or any political changes result in the subordination of landed interests to those of mere manufacturing districts or commercial classes, as if these were the only sources of political power, England would soon lose all that has rendered her distinctive; and however notorious she might become for some things, her true old national glory would be lost. So says history, our divinely sanctioned teacher.

But let us pass from the landed interests to the social ranks of Saxon times. It is not our intention to enter into the complications peculiar to the later days of the period; complications arising under the difficulties of growing population, or springing up beneath the widening power of the crown, or resulting partly, perhaps, from the influence of the Church. We keep to the original division of Saxon freemen into *earl* and *ceorl*, "gentle and simple." The chief, or king, with whose accumulating rights we become familiar in the course of Saxon history, was one of the people, but the first in rank, at the top of the social scale. As one of the people, he was called *Theóden* from *Theód*, "the people;" as of highest birth, his name was *Cýning*, from *Cyn*, "race;" he was the representative, the impersonation, the embodiment of the race. As the commander of the *Dryht*, or household troops, he was known as *Dryhten*; and as head of the first household in the realm, he was emphatically *Hláford*, "bread dispenser;" his Queen being *seo Hlæfdige*, "the lady." The next class below was that of the *earl*, the noble, who, in addition to his own privileges, enjoyed every right of freemen in the fullest degree, as he belonged to the highest order. Then came the main body of the state, the class of *ceorls*. Nothing more strikingly marks the relative position of these classes than the relative amount of their *wergýld*, or life-price, on which the peaceful settlement of feud was based. A sum, to be paid in money or in kind, was fixed on the life of every freeman. The amounts differed in the several kingdoms, and changed, probably, with the variations in the value of life and property; but generally they

stood in the relation of fifty, twelve, and six. "As it is obvious," remarks Mr. Kemble, "that the simple *wergýld* of the freeman is the original unit in the computation, we have a strong argument, were any needed, that that class formed the real basis and original foundation of all Teutonic society." Around the *ceorl*, then, very deep interest gathers; and we confess to a strong liking to one who had so much to do with our strength and life as a people. Perhaps no man ever had more just notions of what is truly distinctive in English character than Oliver Goldsmith. A studied historical accuracy will be found under the graceful charms of his style more frequently than at first might be supposed. His are not fancy portraits, but family likenesses; not daubs, but breathing, speaking, acting, really companionable pictures. Nor were his scenes and sketches random creations of his own imagination; they were taken from nature, so that they are true to ancient as well as modern life. His forms are typical; they seem made to show those ancestral features which are mysteriously reproduced in the family line from age to age; and are, for the most part, so correctly drawn, as to be verified by the antiquarian critic at a glance. His Farmer Flamborough, for instance, is the type of a class which, in his time, represented the *ceorlische* rank of freemen in young Saxondom. "The place of our retreat," says the amiable old vicar, "was a little neighborhood consisting of farmers, who tilled their own grounds. As they had almost all the conveniences of life within themselves, they seldom visited towns or cities in search of superfluity. Remote from the polite, they still retained the primeval simplicity of manners; and frugal by habit, they scarcely knew that temperance was a virtue. They wrought with cheerfulness on days of labor; but observed festivals as intervals of idleness and pleasure. They kept up the Christmas Carol, sent true-love knots on Valentine morning, ate pancakes on Shrovetide, showed their wit on the first of April, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas Eve." The foundation of this interesting class was formed in England in the fifth century; and was made up of elements brought from the forests and marshes of Germany. The exemplar of our Flamboroughs was the *ceorl*. Not the rude, surly, ill-bred niggard, who passes with

us under the name of "churl;" although some, as Kemble complains, have unfairly lowered the *ceorlsche* standard until it has been all but churlish. In doing this, however, they have been unconsciously influenced, it may be, by the altered signification of the word. We hope they have not pleaded inspired authority, and doggedly maintained their own doctrine at the expense of their forefathers' honor, by repeating to themselves: "The vile person shall no more be called liberal, nor the churl said to be bountiful." Whatever the *ceorl* was not, he was the freeman; man, erect, free, open, and generous. *Frigman*, *Frihals*, "free-neck," the hand of a master has never bent his neck. He was a *wæpened*-man. He carried arms as the signs of his freedom. Long hair was the ornamental token of his rank, as he walked over his estate of between thirty and forty acres; or performed his domestic and civil duties; or exercised his right by voting in the *Marc-môt*, or assembly of his fellow markmen. He had originally a voice in the election of his chief; could share in the celebration of public religious rights, and take a part in passing or executing laws. Pledged to obey the law, he was free under its protection. At home he was a kind of patriarch; the lord and parent of his free alod. Around his dwelling were the cots of his poor dependents. They work in his fields, with his aid, and under his oversight. Beneath his countenance they nestle; and out of his store they are fed, and clothed, and paid. "On the up-land and in the forests they tend his sheep, oxen, or swine; look after the horses; or within the circuit of his homestead produce such simple manufactures as the necessities of the household require. The spinner and weaver, the glover and shoe-maker, the carpenter and smith, are all parts of his family. The butter and cheese, bread and bacon, are prepared at home. The beer is brewed and the honey collected by the household;" and those who helped to store their master's larder, took their proper share in the daily consumption. We have often thought we could realize this social condition while wandering among the unpretending homesteads of that border-land where Devon joins the north-east of Cornwall; and where the utmost settlements of the West Saxons are still to be found marked as *-worths*, with the

family name prefixed. How often has it been our joy to share the hospitality of the *ceorl*, when his table has been surrounded by his entire household: wife, children, and dependents! There has been but little change in the style of cookery since the days of Egbert. The honey still supplied the luscious mead, the northern wine. For a time we thought there must have been an improvement in brewing, as they had learnt to make distinctions in the quality of ales; a mild ale being the ordinary drink, while the extra glass, on grand occasions, was filled with something brighter; but an extract from a deed dated 852, given by Mr. Kemble, reveals the curious fact, that malt liquors are distinguished in Devon now just as they were in the days of Ethelwolf. "Twenty hides of land at Sempringham were leased by Peterborough to Wulfred for two lives," on a rent charge in kind to the abbot. Among other things there were to be "fifteen mittan of bright ale, and fifteen of mild ale." Another of the all but unchanged features of *ceorlsche* life has at times amused us. "I am come to look at the clock, mistress," said a laborer, as he entered the farm-house where we sat by the open hearth: the man belonged to the homestead; but he proceeded to dissect the clock. While thus employed, he said to the good wife, "How is the cow to-day? The physic I gave her did her good, I reckon?" and then, almost in the same breath, he told us that he had just now drawn a tooth for one of the girls. Not till then had we observed that he was mending the clock with an old pair of surgical forceps. This may serve to indicate, at all events, that there are circumstances under which society may retain its primitive manners for generations, and remain many centuries without a step toward a division of labor. And after all, we should scarcely like to be left without some social nook, where the necessities of daily life press people's strength and skill into their own service, and constrain them to help themselves. Genius, perhaps, is more widely diffused in such society than where scientific division of labor leaves the mass in growing conformity to the machines which they drive, or by which they are driven.

Nothing more clearly shows the former importance of the *ceorl's* social position than the remarkable institutions called

*Gylds*, or Tithings, and Hundreds. The name of "England's darling," Alfred, has been associated with this system; but it is of much earlier origin. "The object of the *gylds* or tithings was, that each man should be a pledge or surety as well to his fellow-man as to the state for the maintenance of the public peace; that he should enjoy protection for life, honor, and property himself, and be compelled to respect the life, honor, and property of others; that he should have a fixed and settled dwelling where he could be found when required, where the public dues could be levied, and the public services be demanded of him; lastly, that if guilty of actions that compromised the public weal, or touched upon the rights and well-being of others, there might be persons especially appointed to bring him to justice; and, if injured by others, supporters to pursue his claim and exact compensation for his wrong. All these points seem to have been very well secured by the establishment of the tithings, to whom the community looked as responsible for the conduct of every individual comprised within them; and, coupled with the family obligations, which still remained in force in particular cases, they amply answered the purpose of a mutual guarantee between all classes of men. It stands to reason that this system applied only to the really free. It was the form of the original compact between the independent members of an independent community. And it is evident that better means could hardly have been devised in a state of society where population was not very widely dispersed, and where property hardly existed, save in land and almost equally unmanageable cattle. The summary jurisdiction of our police magistrates, our recognizances, and bail, and binding over to keep the peace, are developments rendered necessary by our altered circumstances; but they are nevertheless institutions of the same nature as those on which our forefathers relied. The establishment of our County Courts, in which justice goes forth from man to man, and without original writ from the crown, is another step toward the ancient principle of our jurisprudence in the old Hundred." These *gylds* were composed chiefly of *ceorls*, so that, simple as were the manners of that class, though their mode of life was in some sense rude, they

were truly the "free and independent electors" of the *mare* and *scir*, the real "yeomanry," the "freemen" of old England. And, if we are to judge from the impression which, as a class, they have left on the political, social, and domestic character of the nation, they must have been marked by strong sense, courage, generosity, honest purpose, moral dignity and power, as well as pure family feeling, such as we fear are very far from being the virtues of those whom some modern constitution-mongers would introduce as specimens of English "freemen." The "freemen" or "electors" of some theorists seem to be a variety as indefinable as the races of Isaac Taylor's spiritual world. "The analogies of the visible world," says that philosopher, when trying to account for the noises in the elder Wesley's rectory at Epworth, "favor the supposition, that there are around us, not cognizable by our senses, orders or species of all grades, and some, perhaps, not more intelligent than apes or than pigs. That these species have no liberty, ordinarily, to infringe upon the world is manifest; nevertheless, chances or mischances may, in long cycles of time, throw some over their boundary, and give them an hour's leave to disport themselves among things palpable." Verily, the "chances or mischances" of political life may, in some reforming cycle of our history, "throw over their boundary" some strange and uncouth *ceorls* to "disport themselves among things palpable." Seriously, however, we fear for some classes of our population, that the true qualifications of freemen, such as our fathers were, will have to be learnt under the hard discipline of a second feudalism, whose symbols are capital and mill, instead of castle and sword.

The first principles of Teutonic life were worked out with most consistency and freedom during the first hundred years after the settlement of the German tribes in this Island. During that time, the two classes of freemen, *earl* and *ceorl*, preserved their integrity most entire; the *ceorl* rising by industry and prosperous seasons to the rank of a gentleman more frequently than he sank into the condition of a *theow* or slave through crime, misfortune, or caprice. The introduction of Christianity marks the period of growing power on the part of the crown. Perhaps the influence of the



Church favored that growth. As royalty enlarged its claims and widened the range of its power, many social changes began, which issued in submission to the feudal form of government. The changes were comparatively slow. Freedom, however, was held tenaciously by the *ceorls* class, and, indeed, lingered among them in attenuated form until its faint life was trodden out by the Norman and his companions. The conscientious Hallam sums the evidence, which he had fairly examined, and pronounces as to our favorite *ceorls*, that, at the worst, "there were *ceorls* with land of their own, and *ceorls* without land of their own; *ceorls* who might commend themselves to what lord they pleased, and *ceorls* who could not quit the land on which they lived, owing various services to the lord of the manor, but always freemen, and capable of becoming gentlemen." The process of social change at this period of our country's history is not obscure. The principle of allotment on which the freemen originally settled was scarcely capable of withstanding the pressure of a rapidly increasing population. Households were at first planted, each on its own estate; but as the families increased, a surplus population had to be provided for; the younger branches of each house must find room and means of existence. This became increasingly difficult, and the weight of the difficulty necessitated great alterations in the relative condition of classes. From the beginning each *marc* had its *earl*, who might be considered in some cases as a petty king or chief. When several *marcs* became united, they formed a *gá* or *scír*; each of these had, by and by, its *ealdorman*, and his deputy, the *scír gerefu*, or sheriff. Several *scírs* would form a kingdom, having its *cyning* or king. In all these, however, law was supreme; and each class was governed on fixed principles, such as belonged to a free people. At length, an institution which Tacitus mentions as peculiar to the race during its earlier history, became largely developed. This was the *comitatus*. A king, or, in some cases, even an *earl*, might surround himself with armed and noble retainers, whom he would attract by his liberality or his civil or military fame. These he fed at his own table, and lodged under his own roof. They performed certain duties in his household, and, in fact, were sworn to

his service, in peace and in war, and were his companions and defenders to the death. Deeply interesting cases are recorded, in which they have faithfully sacrificed themselves rather than survive their prince; and, in one instance, at least, we know of a *comes* who rushed between his king and the assassin, and saved his patron's life by the loss of his own. The Saxon name for a member of this body was *gesith*, from *sith*, a "journey," literally denoting one who accompanies another. His function and position, however, led to another title, that of *thegn* or thane, strictly, a "servant or minister," and "noble only when the service of royalty had shed a light upon dependence and imperfect freedom." From the relation between the prince and the *gesith* is derived the title of the former, *hláford*, "lord, bread-giver." The *gesith* had nothing, therefore, but by gift or charity from his lord. The notion of freedom in his case was lost; it was replaced by the doubtful motive of honor or of station. At length, perchance, he would get possession of land, the gift of the king, parcelled out probably from the *folc-land* or common, over which the prince began to exercise the right of might. Still the *gesith* was not free. His land could not be held like the original *alod* of the free *ceorl*. In course of time it became more honorable to be the unfree chattel of a prince than the poor free cultivator of the soil. It was the ambition of a young man to be a *comes*. Here, then, a refuge was open for those who could find no settlement on the land in any other way. And as this noble body-guard increased, and became powerful, forming, in fact, the nucleus of a standing army, their favor was naturally courted even by the free *marc-men*. Many entire *marcs* would even place themselves under their armed protection, and yield to their influence, and allow them to assume a kind of leadership, which in its relation to the liberties of the protected party was, perhaps, analogous to the silent sway of a modern nobleman, who is known to keep a look-out upon the registration of electors. Thus in return for freedom the *gesith* secured a certain maintenance, the chance of royal favor, a brilliant kind of life and adventure, with all its train of pillage, feasts, triumphs, and court life. The use of common land led to their fixed possession of it; and as royal favor

concentrated upon them, they formed the groundwork of the royal household of modern days. The old hereditary noble as well as the landed freeman sank in the scale of honor, and the *gesith* rose with the claims and power of his royal chief. Those offices which had already passed from the election of freemen to the gift of the crown were now conferred upon him, and *caldorman*, duke, *gerefa*, judge, and even bishops were at length selected from the ranks of the *comitatus*. Finally, the nobles by birth themselves were drawn into the ever-widening whirlpool. From time to time the freemen, feeling that the old landmarks of their order were disappearing, and finding it increasingly difficult, even amidst ceaseless toil, to gather up the necessary supplies, yielded sullenly to the yoke which they could no longer avoid, and commended themselves, as they said, to the protection of a lord; until, a complete change having come over public opinion, and social relations having consequently shifted, a new order of things was brought about; so that the honors and security of service became more highly esteemed and earnestly sought than a needy and unsafe freedom. The *alods*, the possession of which was once the glory of *ceorlsche* life, were at last surrendered to be taken back as *bóc-land*, or perhaps even as *læn-land*, lands held "on chief," or on condition of some service under a lord-ship whose shadow offered safety, and whose wealth promised to make life more easy. "Towards the closing period of the Anglo-Saxon polity," says Mr. Kemble, "I should imagine, that nearly every acre of land in England had become *bóc-land*; and that as, in consequence of this, there was no more room for the expansion of a free population, the condition of the freemen became depressed, while the estates of the lords increased in number and extent. In this way the *ceorls* or free cultivators gradually vanished, yielding to the ever-growing force of the noble class, accepting a dependent position upon their *bóc-land*, and standing to right in their courts, instead of their own old county *gemótas*; while the lords themselves ran riot, dealt with their once free neighbors at their own discretion, and filled the land with civil dissension, which not even the terrors of foreign invasion could still. Nothing can be more clear than that the universal breaking up of society in the

time of Ethelred had its source in the ruin of the old free organization of the country. The success of Swegen and Cnut, and even of William the Norman, had much deeper causes than the mere gain or loss of one or more battles. A nation never falls till "the citadel of its moral being" has been betrayed and become untenable. Northern invasions will not account for the state of brigandage which Ethelred and his *witan* deplore in so many of their laws. The ruin of the free cultivators and the overgrowth of the lords are much more likely causes. At the same time it is even conceivable that, but for the invasions of the ninth and tenth centuries, the result might have come more suddenly. The sword and the torch, plague, pestilence, and famine, are very effectual checks to the growth of population, and sufficient for a long time to adjust the balance between the land and those it has to feed."

It may be supposed that, as the process of centralization went on, and landed property was gathered up into large estates under the powerful few, the *ceorlsche* privileges of the old *marc-mót* would dwindle, and soon leave nothing but a name. The action of the *scir-mót*, however continued up to a later period. In the reign of Æthelstán, among other cases, the *gemót* in Kent met to receive a report of law enacted by the King and his *witan*; and to express their approval, and give a pledge of obedience, on the great principle of Teutonic legislation, that laws are enacted by the King, and put in force with the consent of the people. The meeting replied to the King: "Dearest! thy bishops of Kent and all the thanes of Kentshire, earls and *ceorls*, return thanks to thee, dearest lord, for what thou hast been pleased to ordain respecting our peace, and to inquire and consult concerning our advantage, since great was the need thereof for us all, both rich and poor. And this we have taken in hand with all the diligence we could, by the aid of those *witan* whom thou didst send unto us." A century after this, the practice was kept up; for Cnut writes to the *gemót* in Kent: "Cnut, the King, sends friendly greeting to Archbishop Lyfing, Bishop Godwine, Abbot Ælfmar, Æthelwine the sheriff, Æthelric, and all my thanes, both earls and *ceorls*."

It is in the *Witena Gemót*, the great council of the nation, that we find the

most important check on the growing influence of the crown; and though it was not strictly an elected body, it may be viewed as the ground-work of a Parliament, and as taking a deep share in the formation of our more perfectly balanced constitution. In the absence of a strict definition of this council, and from the occasional introduction of the queen, lady abbesses, priests, deacons, and even the commonalty, it may be inferred that while its leading members came by royal summons, it had been gradually shaping itself into this more compact form, in which it represented the earlier *folc-mót*. It is easily conceived that the claims of home would have increasing power over the scattered population of freemen, and incline them to remain among the stuff, and attend to their business, rather than incur the labor and expense of frequent journeys to the gathering-place of the people. The task of minding politics would be restricted to those who had more leisure, means, and inclination for such pursuits. And though they were thus quietly helping to damage the position of their class, they were wiser, after all, than those who violate the obligations of domestic life, while they fiercely clamor for political power, which they have neither wisdom nor virtue enough to wield for good. The dignitaries of the Church, the ealdorman, *geréfa*, and the *thanes*, seem to have composed the *Witena Gemót*. The people, however, who were in the neighborhood, perhaps collected in arms during the sitting, were allowed to attend, if they thought it worth while, and even to express themselves in shouts. A charter of *Æthelstan's* records a meeting at Abingdon, where a grant was made to the abbey; and when the bishops and abbots present solemnly excommunicated any one who should disturb the grant, the people cried: "So be it! so be it! Amen!" The powers of the *witan* were large. In general, they had a voice in consultation; a right to consider any public act which could be authorized by the King. They deliberated upon new laws; held joint authority with the King in enacting them; could form alliances, make treaties of peace, and settle their terms; might elect a king, and depose a sovereign, if his government was not conducted for the good of the people. The King and *witan* conjointly appointed bishops, levied taxes

for the public service, and raised land and sea forces when called for. The *witan* could regulate Church affairs, appoint fasts and festivals, and decide upon the levy and expenditure of ecclesiastical revenue. They had the power to recommend, agree to, and guarantee grants of land, and might permit the conversion of *folc-land* into *bóc-land*, or otherwise. The lands of offenders and intestates could be declared by them to be forfeit to the crown; while they might act generally as a supreme court of justice both in civil and criminal causes. It is interesting to be able to trace the business order of this remarkable body. The *Witena*, on a royal summons, joined the King at one of his villas at Christmas or Easter; when ceremony, business, and festive pleasure divided their time. When special business required their attendance, notice was given by royal message appointing the time and place of meeting. The session was always begun with Divine service, and a formal profession of attachment to the Catholic faith. The King then laid his proposals before them, and, after discussion, they were accepted, modified, or laid aside. The *reeves* attended sometimes, perhaps, with other commissioned officers, carried the chapters into the several counties, and took a *wed* or pledge from the assembled freemen, that they would abide by the law. The possession and exercise of rights like these must at times have given the *Witena* great advantage over the prince; while they could not fail to hasten that accumulation of aristocratic power, beneath which the people lost much of their social vigor, and by whose disproportionate weight one joint of the constitution after another was made to give way. Still the life of the Saxon people, though "cast down," was "not destroyed." The national character must have had wondrous elasticity. Like a master-mind it bore up under fearful pressure, and, in spite of circumstances, left its undying impress on our political forms, our laws, our language, and our national taste. And that the social breadth and liberty of old Saxondom did not rest on wrong principles, is evident from the fact, that the leading features of its institutions have outlived all intervening changes, and now form the living characteristics of every thing which we love as distinctively English.

The physical character of the race was

remarkable. It prepared them for a noble career. Their broad hips and chest, thick-boned, well-shaped limbs, strong heels and ankles, with large feet bearing up a tall, muscular form, and a singularly well-balanced temperament, marked them as fit for ceaseless activity and long endurance. Though children of the East, they were soon acclimated in the forests and marshes of Germany; live under the Italian sun; learn to be at home on the sands and around the salt pools and lakes of Jutland. Then they live on the ocean as if the sea had given them birth; and indeed seem to defy alike the tropics and the poles. Their mental type is equally distinct. The English Teuton has accurate, rather than quick, perception; comparative slowness, but depth and penetration of mind. His wit may not be brilliant, but he is acute. He values independence more than equality of condition or rank. He is clean, cautious, provident, and reserved; hospitable, though not sociable on a large scale; conservative in his bent; has a distinguished respect for woman; is sincere and placable, and has a spirit of enterprise and daring. The fine balance of their character strikes us as especially worthy of notice in the Anglo-Saxons. The versatility of their genius is perhaps equal to that of any other race; but, unlike some others, they unite with it a large amount of native common sense. They can turn their hand to any thing, but somehow always find a solid reason for their variations. The rash and impassioned Kelt will bring his wit into play at the expense of the Teuton, or condemn him as too grave and phlegmatic; but he only seems to be so to those whose warmth is not tempered, as in his case, with an awkward modesty. He has warmth, but it is so regulated as to render him notorious for steady determination and great passive courage. There is enough of nationality to render his loyalty proverbial; and yet there is a liberality so unsuspecting, that those who do not understand him have laughed at his simpleness, or ridiculed his credulity. His manliness is like his favorite oak; but there is enough of the gentle to make him tenderly alive to the weakness which craves his protection.

But it is their family virtue and domestic habits which ever recommend the Teuton tribes to our hearts. "The German house was a holy thing; the bond of

marriage a sacred and symbolic engagement. Woman was holy even above man. In the depths of their forests the stern warriors had assigned to her a station which nothing but that deep feeling could have rendered possible. This was the sacred sex, believed to be in nearer communion with divinity than man." And during the palmy days of the Saxon dynasty in this island, the lady was fond of indicating her dignity by her personal appearance. Her graceful form was rendered more elegant by her violet-colored under-vest of fine linen, and her scarlet tunic with full skirts and wide sleeves and hood, both striped or faced with silk. Her hair curled over her open forehead. Gold crescents adorned her neck; jewels sparkled on her fingers and arms; while red leather formed the decoration of her feet. Perhaps Saxon ladies became too partial to rich and gaudy colors, and might sometimes try to improve their complexion by the use of stibium. Woman, however, as an individual, was thought to be a being of a higher nature, though her chosen and dearest sphere was the private circle of her family, in which, as a member of the state, she was represented by her husband, upon whom nature had placed the happy burden of her support, and the joyful duty of acting as her guardian. She was the acknowledged bond of social life. While she was honored, children were taught obedience, and the family was thus kept in affectionate and enlightened obedience to the state. Saxon society, then, was made up of families maintaining their sacred rites, and living in neighborly union. Each freeman, the husband of a free woman who shared his toils, soothed his cares, and managed his house, became the founder of a family, and sent out through the spreading branches of his lineage the virtuous influence of domestic chastity and order. The Roman State, burdened in its last days with the vicious fruit of a false civilization, had lost the power of recovering itself, because it had ceased to cherish the idea of family or pure domestic life. There was an end of sound morality, both in private and public. The world, Britain not excepted, had become the home of complicated vice, and was ripe for the judgments which, under a just and merciful Providence, were at once to punish iniquity and renovate the scene. The influx of the German tribes infused new life

into the corrupt system. The strangers brought with them the principle of man's dignity as a member of the family; and, with their deepest feelings enlisted on behalf of this principle, they were prepared to become the founders of permanent Christian states, and were themselves the wonder of the philosophers and theologians of Rome, Africa, and Greece; examples, indeed, held up to the degenerate races whom they had subdued. Among those who were so distinguished by domestic principles and feelings, we might expect to find that generosity which, in the more full development of Teutonic character, and under the sacred influence of Christianity, became a remarkable characteristic of the race. Most of the pictures of bloody extermination and un-mixed cruelty which we find in the traditional literature of conquered nations were, perhaps, overdrawn. So it is, probably, with the sketches left by those whose ancestors suffered from the inroads of the Teutons on British soil. But, after all, the mass of the people at the time of the invasion, accustomed to Roman domination or the tyranny of native princes, were not likely to suffer much by a change of masters. True, they had, in many cases, to come down to the grade of serfdom; but, considering all the circumstances, their condition was comparatively fair and easy, and would be rendered hard in those instances only where unsuccessful efforts were made to regain their lost advantage. Some of the earliest laws show that Britons might enter the privileged class; old charters give dignified places to names which must have been Keltic; and the personal appearance of our peasantry, in many parts of England, still indicates a quiet intermingling of the conquered and the ruling race. In some cases, no doubt, the conquerors would appear to be hard enough; but

they were not without kind dispositions. Their institutions bear marks of benevolence; and now that those institutions have ripened into maturity, England shows an example of generosity and kind-heartedness, which, if equaled, has never been surpassed by any people, ancient or modern. The character of the race has answered to its name, Teutonic; the derivation of which points at generous and active life; and such life may be traced in the civil, domestic, literary, and religious history of Germany; while it is found in every scene which England has peopled during her eventful career. "That which ought most to recommend the race," says Montesquieu, "is, that they afforded the great resource to the liberty of Europe; that is, to all the liberty that is among men. Jornandes, the Goth, calls the north of Europe 'the forge of mankind;' I should rather call it the forge of those instruments which broke the fetters manufactured in the *south*. It was there those valiant nations were bred, who left their native climes to destroy tyrants and liberate slaves; and to teach men, that, nature having made them equal, no reason could be assigned for their becoming dependent but their mutual happiness." In short, wherever these tribes appeared, liberty prevailed. They thought and acted for themselves. They were free, and loved the language of freedom. And England, above all countries, has reason to be grateful to her ancestors; while she feels proud that she is now free to enjoy and to do all the good to which Christian benevolence prompts her soul. England is one of the most favored homes of the now widely spread family of Teutons; and we live to see the future destinies of our lineage sketched upon the widest and noblest continents of the earth.

From the London Review.

## THE POEMS OF FREILIGRATH.\*

POETRY is not one of the progressive arts. In the course of a single generation, and that one of the earliest in a nation's history, it will often attain to a power and excellence which no future efforts may surpass; and the accumulation of one age is so far from proving an assistance and a benefit to the next, that it rather enfeebles its successor, inducing it to place a false reliance upon resources not at its command, and acting as a stimulant to extravagance of effort only to produce poverty and perishableness of result. As a general rule, poetry may be said to be passing through three processes which everlastingly repeat themselves. First is the rough period when intellect and fancy are sufficiently awakened to strive vainly with the obstacles of undeveloped language. Then the era of triumphant genius, which makes all the materials around it flexible to its will, and of its own instinct lights upon the combinations and the laws which insure lasting success. Then follows the age of merely imitative effort, when men strive rather to be something like that which their predecessors had been than to rival them in new fields. Soon people find out the way of producing something which looks so like the originals bequeathed to them, as to pass current for a material combining equal excellence with the advantages of far greater ease and cheapness of manufacture. This goes on until the imitative invention has been run to utter exhaustion, until production becomes so easy that every one can produce; and then the natural effect takes place. The reaction sets in with a sudden stopping and stagnating; and at last new forces break away into a fresh path of their own, and a new era of genius begins, to be imitated, and to pass away, as before.

English poetry has passed through several of these rotations, as Greek and Latin had done, until they rolled away into the past altogether. German poetry has lived long enough to go through one such process of revolution, the closing period of which is our own age. From its rough, struggling youth, it bloomed up to a sudden and splendid maturity in the era of Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, Lessing, and Herder. Poetry then seemed to become an art made invitingly easy. It was difficult, indeed to achieve in a new direction what any one of these men had done in his own; but fatally easy to produce endless verses which looked and sounded very like Schiller's or Goethe's, and which, considering their greater cheapness of production, might, in the eyes of many, seem quite as good as the original article. Then we have Tieck, Matthiessen, Salis, Lenau, and numbers of others. Passion is not there; but does not sentiment supply its place? Pathos is gone; but maudlinism draws probably more tears, and touches its mark more easily. Deep appreciation of the human heart and manly energy of creative power have passed away; but we have in their stead readier sources of popular sympathy—craving, diseased self-examination and hectic egotism. At the present moment this class of poetry may be said to have had its day. German literature has reached the pause—the quiescent or stagnant era; and, when time enough shall have gone over to allow new forces to gather, we may look for a fresh and healthy issue in a new direction.

Where, however, there is native force of genius at all, literature does not in any era settle down into utter stagnation and inanity. Compared with the glorious days of its first prime, Germany may now, indeed, seem poor of poetic genius. But even in our own days she has had men who possessed rich and far-reaching fancy, if not the very highest range of imagination; men whose strength, if not of the greatest, was at least their

\* 1. *Gedichte von Ferdinand Freiligrath*. Achtezehnte Auflage. Stuttgart und Augsburg. 1857.

2. *Zwischen den Garden*. 1849.

3. *Neuere politische und sociale Gedichte*. 1851. Etc., etc.

own, unborrowed from external stimulant; whose path, if it does not pretend to scale the highest peak, has, at least, not been trodden down by the feet of forerunners. We are not inclined to range Uhland—although the noble old minstrel still lives and looks upon the earth—among this class. Uhland belongs to the greater era which has passed away; and, although not indeed the foremost, or even among the foremost, of that age, his genius yet gave him a distinctive place in it. But of our own age peculiarly, and having no connection other than our own with the great Weimarian era, there are men who have produced clear, fresh, and sweet streams of song, which deserve, and must have, an unfading memory in literature. One of the most remarkable of these, in every respect, is the poet to whom we desire to call attention in the present paper.

Most of the great men who made Germany a name and a power in literature, had been laid in earth before Ferdinand Freiligrath began to write; although his poetic career commenced at a very early age, and seems to have closed after a very short period of creative activity. He belongs wholly to our own age, and now, in presence at least, to our own country. He is one of the many eminent men whom collision of political opinion with established government has driven from their native land, to be swallowed up in the noise and business of London. Freiligrath was born in 1810, at Detmold in Northern Germany; and is not, therefore, by any means beyond the borders of the poetic years, although, so far as we know, he has not for a long time added any thing to his celebrity. He is one of the few men who have combined an active commercial life with high poetic production. The main part of his career has been passed in counting-houses, in Germany, in Amsterdam, and, of late, in our own metropolis. He was a very young man when his poems began to create a stir in Germany; and the generous recognition and appreciation of eminent literary friends helped to spread his reputation. Chamisso and Schwab, both celebrated in German poetry—the former, however, best known in England by his legend of *Peter Schlemyl*—were among the first to point out his rising claims. Chamisso wrote of him, in 1836, as “inferior to none in peculiarity, originality,

strength, and fulness of the poetic element;” and declared him to be one who “by the sheer force of his poetic genius compelled, unsupported by factitious aid, that attention which he merited.” Unfortunately, perhaps, for the quiet development of his powers, Freiligrath devoted his genius to political objects. The pro-Russian tendencies of the Prussian government, the retrogressive policy which began to manifest itself, the censorship of the press, and some peculiar grievances of which the people of Rhenish Prussia complained; these and other grounds supported Freiligrath in entering upon the path of political contention. He had for some time enjoyed a pension from the Prussian King, who was rather fond of patronizing men of genius; but he flung the gift away, published a volume of political poems which had been some time before secretly printed, became the mark for a prosecution, and had to quit Germany. This was in 1844. For a short time he lived in Belgium and in Switzerland; but, in 1846, found a home in London. In 1848 he returned to Germany, agitated for a while, and fought bravely with dashing political poems; but was imprisoned again, brought to trial, acquitted indeed, but still a mark for such annoyance and threatened persecution, that it was not believed either useful or prudent for him to remain longer in his native country. He, therefore, settled in London, as the manager of a banking-house, and is not likely, we presume, again to leave England. Thus much of a brief outline may convey all that it imports the general reader to know of the career of a man whose life is yet in its prime. We have no intention of writing a detailed biographical notice of one who follows his daily occupations within a few hundred yards of our own publishing office; and only intend to invite our readers to consider the productions, not the personality, of the poet. They who are not acquainted with the former will find themselves well repaid if they follow up the track which we shall suggest to them. Englishmen have so large and varied a current literature of their own, that general readers may be excused if their attention requires to be especially directed to some eminent foreign writers. Moreover, although many of Freiligrath's poems have been translated in stray periodicals, no collection of

them has ever appeared in English. In the specimens which we select, we shall use our own version; having no convenient means of obtaining any other, even where others exist. The poems are of three classes: the miscellaneous, the political poems, and the translations. On the second depended, perhaps, the most important events of the author's life, and a wide part of his present reputation; but we have no doubt that his fame, as a poet, will, when the memory of recent events has faded, entirely rest on the miscellaneous pieces. To this class, then, of the works of Freiligrath we shall most exclusively apply ourselves.

The miscellaneous poems are contained in a small volume some three hundred pages in extent, less than many a prolific writer will contribute to a magazine in a twelvemonth; yet this little volume contains as many evidences of fresh and luxuriant fancy, of vivid picture-power, of deep and sensitive impressibility by the aspects and the influences of silent, outward nature, and of all that can make a true poet, short of the very highest class alone, as any of the present day, English poet or foreign, can show. No taint of the recent weaknesses of German literature clings to it. Egotism, morbid self-exposure, exhausting subjectiveness, and effeminate bewailings—these have no place in the manly verse of Freiligrath. On the other hand, no writer we know of is more healthily free from the artistic vice of the popular English ballad of the present day, which makes poetry only a mechanical jingle of versified moral maxims, and holds itself up to be judged by the directness of its practical scraps of wisdom. Freiligrath is thoroughly original; sometimes, it must be owned, even to extravagance, in his peculiar love of nature. He does not, like Wordsworth, delight in the hills and streams of a plain country landscape. He does not, like Thomson, express a prim, well-regulated joy in the fair lawn and the trim grove, the sheep bathing in the stream, and the sly glimpse of an Arcadian nymph preparing to do the like. He does not, like Walter Scott, find pleasure in the gray ruin, and the moonlight streaming upon abbey arch and donjon keep; nor, like Byron, does he love nature only because he can make her his unresisting *confidante*, and fly to her company when out of humor with every other. Freiligrath loves

nature the more as her greatness swallows up all thought of his own personality. The grand, the stern, the lonely, even the savage and the awful forms of nature, find the closest and the dearest place in his imagination. We have said "his imagination," because we believe the scenes he most delights to sing of do not live in his memory. We believe he has never seen the sun shine in its own tropic regions; and yet these are the regions over which the fancy of the poet most lovingly hovers. The lion-land, the desert-sands, the palm-tree, the jungle, the cane-swamp, the lair of the panther, the Sahara caravan—these are the objects which animate him to a full enthusiasm. His Oriental passion is the most ardent, the most unfeigned, and the most vivid in its expression, exhibited by any poet or prose writer we know. We can not believe he only speaks the language of poetic affectation, when he declares at the close of one of his songs—

"I linger on a northern strand,  
The North is crafty, cold, and slow;  
I would I sang in the desert sand,  
Leaning on my saddle-bow!"

It is not, indeed, a supremely difficult task to produce a professedly Eastern poem which shall have a certain imitation of Oriental luxuriance, and keep a close adherence to Oriental metaphor. We have many examples to prove that this can be done by many hands in a style far above the mere bulbul and gazelle rubbish of annuals and small magazines. Goethe's *West-Eastern Divan*, Thomas Moore's *Lalla Rookh*, Rückert's Eastern poems, and many others, are evidences of this skill carried to a very high degree. But no one of these remarkable and celebrated productions, however some of them may excel Freiligrath's poems in other respects, can compare with his in the reality of the feeling, in the verisimilitude, in the genuine spirit and soul of the East, which belong to them. The very air of the desert or the palm-grove seems to be exhaled from some of them. It is difficult to conceive a writer adopting such subjects, singing the glories and the wonders of lands he has never seen, filling his productions with the breath of an atmosphere he has never inhaled, without suspecting him of some assumed poetic eccentricity. But in none of his Eastern or Desert poems can we detect the slightest hint of affectation. Indeed, the few only in-



stances where he seems to us to be declining into this kind of weakness, are, where he attempts something of Northern sentiment and German balladist emotion. Freiligrath writes as if he were a genuine child of the sun. The beams of the East have wakened more music in this western singer than ever they drew from the fabled harp of Memnon. Any other effort at Eastern description in poetry seems cold, pale, and sunless, when placed side by side with some of these glowing verses. Hands browned by tropic rays have labored at descriptions which are unreal and lack-lustrous compared with some of these poems, whose author never saw a palm-tree on its own soil, or heard the roar of the lion among his own whirling sands. It is not probable that Freiligrath at present really yearns for a desert-life, and a release from the routine dulness of the North, with all the fervor of a younger day; or that even in that younger day the longing was quite as impassioned as the verse. But the enthusiasm was far too warm and full of force to resemble any thing assumed in very wantonness. Poets do not succeed best, notwithstanding Waller's ingenious compliment, in what they do not believe. They succeed best, like all other artists and workers of whatever class, proportionately to their strength, in that on which their belief is strongest, and their feelings are most earnest. Freiligrath's Orientalism is, therefore, not an affectation, but an emotion, an idiosyncrasy. It is not merely in the broad and artistically conventional features of tropic scenery that the peculiarity of his genius finds expression. Minute and picturesque details are seized with keenness which almost suggests direct observation, and thrown in with such a skill as to give a meaning and an

effect far beyond the copy-drawing which an ordinary hand might produce. We see the crocodile peering from the stream to inhale the faint air of coolness which evening brings; we know that the distant crash through the trees tells of the elephant's unwieldy path; we mark where the desert-sand has been furrowed by the lion's shaggy tail which has just trailed across it; we observe the burst water-skin, and the fragments of dress left on the brambles by the wayfarers of the caravan. Freiligrath is one of the most essentially picturesque poets who has lived for many years. We do not mean to claim the highest praise for a poet when we style him picturesque. Lessing has settled that question long since. A poet may stand among the very highest of the highest rank, and yet furnish few direct subjects for painters; a painter may be among the greatest of artists, and yet suggest few felicitous inspirations to a poet. But to the merit, such as it is, of being eminently suggestive of direct subjects from which a painter may copy, Freiligrath is entitled beyond any living poet of whom we know. His poems are really all pictures; the Eastern and Desert ballads peculiarly so. No example perhaps can serve much better than the following verses from the poem entitled *Mirage*. The opening, which we omit, gracefully and fancifully shows us the harbor of Venice all decked with flags and sails; and a gondola, in which our own *Othello* and *Desdemona* are seated. Like all true German poets, Freiligrath loves Shakspeare with a fervent love. *Desdemona* begs of her wooer for a description of his own land, from whence the ostrich feather came which droops over his brow; and the Moor thus begins:—

—————"Behold, the desert's burning sand!  
The camping-places greet thee of the tribes from whence my sires arose:  
Lo, in her widow's garb, sun-branded, on thine eyes Sahara glows!

"Who last rode through the lion-land? The print of hoof and claw is here;  
The caravan of Timbuctoo,—still on the horizon gleams the spear,—  
And streaming flags, and through the dust the Emir's purple honor-dress,  
And the camel's head o'ertops the throng of march with solemn stateliness.

"Onward, in closed-up ranks, they ride where blend together sand and cloud;  
Behold, the distance swallows them already in a sulphurous shroud;  
But thou canst follow easily the track of the departing host,  
For gleaming through the sands we find from time to time what they have lost!

"And first, a hideous milestone! see a dromedary lying dead,  
A bald-necked vulture pair have lighted on the fallen creature's head;

Yon costly turban, in their haste to seize their meal, they little heed,  
'T was a young Arab lost it as he galloped on with reckless speed.

"And there see fluttering scraps of housings, round the tamarisk's thorny bough,  
Besides a water-skin rent through, all dusty and exhausted now;  
Who 's he that spurns the gaping thing with passionate curse and quivering lid?  
It is the dark-haired Sheik from out the land of Biledulgerid!

"He closed the rear, his horse fell down, exhausted, he was left behind;  
She is his favorite wife who gasping round his waist her arms has twined;  
When late he raised her on his steed, how flashed the eyes of his adored,  
And now he trails her through the waste as from a girdle trails a sword!

"The torrid sand at midnight furrowed by the lion's shaggy tail,  
It swept by the expiring woman's raven tresses as they trail;  
It gathers in her flow of hair; it scorches up her dewy lips;  
Its flints are reddened by the blood that from her wounded ankles drips!

"Now even the Emir fails, he reels with seething blood and fiery pains!  
His eyeballs glare, and fiercely throb his forehead's azure-gleaming veins;  
He stoops, and with one last hot kiss the Fezzan girl to life recalls,  
Then, suddenly, with furious curse upon the unsheltering sand he falls!

"But she looks slowly, wondering up, 'Thou sleep'st, my lord, awake, behold!  
The sky which seemed just now of brass is clothed in steel, so pure and cold!  
Where is the Desert's yellow glare?—a pure, bright light my vision cheers:  
It is a glitter like the sea, whose waves are breaking round Algiers!

"It gleams and ripples like a stream, it cools me with its freshening smile,  
It sparkles like a mighty mirror,—wake, perhaps it is the Nile!  
Yet, no,—we surely traveled south,—it must be, then, the Senegal?  
Or O, perchance it is the sea, whose surges yonder heave and fall!

"No matter,—it is water,—come, see I have cast my cloak away,  
Awake, my lord, and let us hasten, and our scorching thirst allay;  
A freshening bath, a cooling draught, new life through our poor limbs will send,  
And yonder, where those towers rise, our pilgrimage perhaps will end!

"I see the flaunting crimson banners over the gray portals set,  
The lances on the ramparts gleaming, lofty dome and minaret;  
I see the masts of noble vessels tossing yonder in the bay,  
I see the pilgrims thronging to bazaar and caravanseraï!

"My loved one, wake! The evening comes, my tongue is parching, let us haste.'  
He raised his eyes, and hoarsely groaned, 'It is the Mirage of the waste!  
A juggle, worse than the Simoom, the evil demon's mocking prank.'  
He ceased, the vision disappeared, upon his corse the woman sank!"

Although Freiligrath elaborates the components of scenes and groups, so that a painter might take his pencil, transfer them, one by one, to canvass, and so produce a picture, it will nevertheless be perceived that he does not transgress Lessing's famous law, which assigns space to the painter, and time to the poet, as their respective domains. In other words,

he does not describe objects in themselves and their own details; but only some act of motion or event which includes them, and of itself suggests their nature and appearance. Yet the pencil of Lewis is hardly more realizing of the forms of desert life. Fanciful, picturesque, and not without at least a gleam of pathos, is *The Traveller's Vision*:—

"It was midway in the Desert, we were camping on the ground,  
And my Bedouins lay sleeping by the unsaddled horses round;  
In the distance, towards the Nile, the moonlight fell on mountain cones,  
In the floating sands around us lay dead camels' bleaching bones.

"I was sleepless; of my saddle a rude pillow I had made,  
And my knapsack, stuffed with store of drying dates, beneath it laid;

With my caftan's ample folds I covered me from feet to ears,  
Near me lay my naked sabre, with my rifle and my spears.

"Heavy silence,—only sometimes crackled up the sinking flame;  
Only sometimes, o'er my head, a wandering vulture croaking came;  
Only sometimes, in his sleep, a courser stamped upon the sand,  
Or a dreaming follower groaned, and grasped his weapon in his hand.

"Suddenly the earth was shaken; dun and heavy shade was cast  
O'er the moonlight; desert beasts, in wild affright, came rushing past;  
The horses plunged and reared; our guide, to grasp his flag, half waking, ran,—  
His arm sank nerveless, and he faltered, 'Sir, the Spectre caravan!'

"Yes, they come! The ghastly drivers, with their camels, first are seen;  
Lolling in their lofty saddles, veil-less, graceful women lean;  
And, beside them, wander maidens bearing pitchers, like Rebecca  
At the fountain; riders follow; they rush by us, on to Mecca!

"More, and more yet! Who can count them? Has the line no ending, then?  
Horror! even the scattered bones rise up, as camels, once again!  
The swarthy sand, that, whirling, swept in darkling masses through the plains,  
Is changed to shapes of swarthy men, who lead the camels by the reins!

"T is the night when all who in that sandy sea their death have met,  
And whose storm-tossed ashes cling, perhaps, around our tongues even yet;  
Whose withered skulls our horses' hoofs perchance have trampled down to-day;  
Arise, and form a pilgrim army, at the Holy Shrine to pray!

"Ever more; and now the last have scarcely passed us on the track,  
When, behold, the first already come with slackened bridles back;  
From Cape Verde to Babelmandeb's Straits the train has swept along,  
Ere my startled horse had time to break away his halter's thong!

"Stand, and hold your plunging horses! Each man by his saddle keep!  
Tremble not, as at the lion tremble frightened wandering sheep!  
Let them touch you even with their long talaes as they fly,  
Call on Allah! and the spectre-train will pass you harmless by!

"Wait until the morning breeze around your turban-feather waves,  
Morning wind and morning red will give them to their desert graves;  
All these pilgrims of the night will turn to ashes with the day.  
See! 't is dawning now, my horse encouraged greets it with a neigh!"

The metre of these poems is so characteristic that we have retained it, although is not very familiar to English ears.

Not merely the poetic features of eastern and tropic nature delight our somewhat eccentric poet,—not merely the banana and the palm, the oasis, the Bequain, the whirling sand-pillars, and the spectral pilgrims. He takes a wild joy in the ruder and the fiercer elements sometimes. He finds something worthy of poetic commemoration in the legends of African warfare and its attendant deeds and ceremonial triumphs on the banks of the Congo: he wanders by the kraal of the Hottentot: he listens to the squalls which high rave and shriek around the Cape of Storms, and the moaning surges which pass the shivers of the wreck ashore on Madagascar. The roar of the lonely lion echoing across the waste, even to Lake

Mareotis and the tombs of the Pharaohs; the funereal rites of the Dschagga King, who lies dead upon his copper shield; the flight of the tortured giraffe across the moonlit desert with the fangs of his enemy in his flesh,—these are the themes which filled the brain of this most singular of poets, in the intervals of business, snatched from counting-house occupation, in prosaic and routine-pursuing Amsterdam. Those who feel curious to read some of the wildest and fiercest specimens of this class, may turn to the *Lion's Ride*, *African Homage*, *By the Congo*, and many others which we need not name. It would be almost superfluous to say that such a fancy as this sometimes runs away with its owner into the wilds of extravagance: sometimes even precipitates him into the abyss of mere horror and hideousness. Early in his poetic career

Chamisso warned him of such an imminent danger. But all Freiligrath's poems do not breathe a tropic air; and it must be said that many of his ballads have much of softness and sweetness, many an exquisite touch of vague pathos,—gleams of deep sympathy with the very soul of nature, rare in their visitings to any one, and all unutterable to any but the true poet. Freiligrath loves the sea and its shore almost as much as he loves the East. Probably no man familiar from boyhood, as most Englishmen now are, with the sight and sound of the sea, can appreciate its wonderful and mysterious influence upon him who, reared like Freiligrath in a far inland town, comes in full youth to look upon salt waves, and "the ribbed sea-sand," for the first time. He is peculiarly gentle and full of exquisite poetic glimpses, when he sings of the great mystic sea. He is skillful in pathos of a peculiar kind; not deep or passionate, but gleaming in stray flashes, touching because of its unexpected tenderness, and almost always arising out of some effect produced by external nature. No man, indeed, who loves the face of the world, can avoid feeling and submitting to the unspeakable pathos of silent nature. Living nature is cheering, animating, invigorating,—inanimate nature, gentle, subduing, pathetic. You can not watch the flying clouds, or the waves upon the beach, and feel wholly joyous; you can not eye the leap of a trout, or follow a flight of pigeons, and be sad. Freiligrath understands this well. In his poems of the class we are now about to introduce, as in the sequence of human emotions, the interruption of anything living and moving breaks the flow of sad thought, and the mind revives into sympathetic activity. The closing lines of the gentle, delicious, dreamy *Sand Songs* will afford an instance. The reader who has to content himself with our translation, must endeavor to imagine the indefinite charm of expression, the untransferable grace of language and of melody, which even far better qualified translators must fail in their effort to render.

## I.

"I SING not of the desert-sand  
Where savage herds in contest meet;  
I mean the grains that on the strand  
Are crumbling now beneath my feet."

"For that is but a breathing curse,  
The Desert's restless, wandering ghost,  
Beneath whose death-shroud man and horse  
Camel and driver, all are lost.

"Cool and fresh the sea-sand lies,  
Furrowed and wet with ocean's brine;  
A ready table, whither flies  
The sea-mew's brood on fish to dine.

## II.

"Inward from ocean blows the breeze,  
The sands are tossed, the sea-weeds roll  
On fickle, changing sands like these  
Wild floating thoughts must fill the soul  
Flying before the wind and flood,  
The whirling sands each other chase:  
So flies and strays my restless mood,  
And holds to no abiding place.

## III.

"What a mysterious region this is!  
I understand its changes not—  
One moment dashing ships to pieces,  
The next a peaceful anchoring spot;  
The wearied raven it revives,  
And parches up the sea-worm's tongue;  
The gasping fish of life deprives,  
And feeds the sea-mew's hungry young.  
Men too there are would turn away  
From such a shore with wearied air,  
While I could linger all the day  
Building ships and bridges there!

## IV.

"A barren, thinly grass-grown steep  
Behind shuts in my landward view:  
No matter—gazing on the deep,  
My thoughts and glances back are few.  
"I only know here rolls the sea,  
Tossing its foam-sparks all around,  
And hill and wood and plain for me  
Are all in yonder ocean drowned!  
"This strip of sand, so small and brown,  
Seems now the only earthly thing:  
I wander lonely up and down  
Like an uncrowned and banished King.  
"I scarce can comprehend it now  
That once through inland woods I strode,  
Or lay upon the mountain's brow,  
Or over plains of heather rode.  
"All rest in ocean: there as well  
Repose my hopes, my longing years:  
As on the shore the surges swell,  
Thus swell upon my lids the tears!

## V.

"Am I not like a flood whose spring  
From the far mountain forest gushes,  
Through lands and hamlets wandering,  
At last to meet the ocean rushes?

"O that I were! in manhood's day  
Greeting the noble roar of seas,  
While in eternal youth still play  
Life's springs among the sacred trees!

## VL

"High above me float  
Three sea-mews, dull and slow—  
I need not lift my eyes,  
I know the way they go!

"For on the glowing sands  
That in the sunshine lie,  
With far outstretching wings  
Their darkening shadows fly;

"And a single feather falls  
Downward in their flight,  
That I of the ocean sands  
And the flying birds may write!"

One of the legends which are common to many nations has given Freiligrath a subject for a poem of singular and delicate beauty. The tale of a city magically sunk under a sea or a lake, has haunted literature since the *Arabian Nights*, and even among the prosaic Hollanders has found a holding-place. No one needs to be reminded of Thomas Moore's exquisite ballad of *Lough Neagh*, and the "round towers of other days" shining beneath its waves. The following embodiment of the story by the poet whom we are at present illustrating, has a peculiar, gentle, undefined melancholy, enhanced to an indescribable degree by the measure of the original, which ripples slowly like the quiet waves beneath whose crystal the lost city lies enshrined.

"I float all alone on the silent tide:  
No wavelet breaks; it is glassy and slow:  
On the sands, in its solemn and mystic pride,  
Shines the old Sunken City below.

"In the olden days of which legends tell,  
A King once banished his infant child;  
She strayed far over the hills to dwell  
With seven dwarfs in the forest wild.

"But a poison, mixed by her mother's hand,  
Soon robbed of life the poor little maid;  
And her tiny companions, a faithful band,  
In a crystal coffin her body laid.

"There in her gleaming snow-white dress,  
Crowned with flowers, the maiden lay;  
There in unfading loveliness,  
And her mourners gazed on her all the day.

"In thy crystal coffin thou liest as well,  
A bright-robed corse, O lost Julin;  
And far through the waves' transparent swell,  
Thy palaces rise in their mystic sheen!

"There rise thy towers gloomy and hoar,  
Silently telling their mournful tale;  
There are thy walls with their arching door,  
And the stained church-windows glimmering pale.

"Silent all in its mournful pride—  
No pleasure, no sport, no hurrying feet;  
And shoals of fishes uninjured glide  
Through deserted market and soundless street.

"With vacant and glassy eyes they stare  
In through the windows and open doors;  
On the spell-bound dwellers within they glare,  
Asleep and mute on their marble floors!

"I will sink below—I will yet renew  
The life, the splendor by spells oppress—  
I will break the death-dream of enchantment  
through,  
With a single breath from this living breast!

"The field, the mart shall be filled with men,  
The pillared halls shed their festive gleam;  
Ye maidens, open your eyes again,  
And tell of your long and pleasant dream!

"Down below! No further he rows;  
Lifeless and slack sink arms and feet—  
Over his head the waters close,  
He descends the Sunken City to greet!

"He lives in the dwellings of days gone by,  
Lit by the crystal and amber rays;  
Their olden glories around him lie,  
Above the fisherman chants his lays!"

Some of Freiligrath's ballads have more distinct and living themes. A few are dedicated to a noble subject, which might well have animated the heart of a poet and an earnest lover of liberty. Living in Holland, Freiligrath could not but be aroused to feeling by the memorials around him of the gallant struggle which made the name of Dutchman heroic, despite his national and proverbial apathy, at one period of history. The noble resistance which the Hollanders made to their Spanish oppressors might well have given themes to many minstrels, although poets have not sung as many ballads in its honor as they have dedicated to subjects far less chivalrous and inspiring. Conspicuous among the events of the Dutch rebellion are the deeds of that gallant band, the *Gueux*, whose title, first a nickname conferred in scorn, was soon hailed as a word of honor by friends, and struck as much fear to the hearts of foes as the name of Roundhead in the days of Cromwell in England, or that of *Sans Culotte* in those of Dumouriez in France. Freiligrath has produced three or four

picturesque and striking ballads in honor of that brave Beggar band. One is entitled *A Gueux Watch*, and is a spirited picture, purposely somewhat roughened, of a night passed in jovial preparation for a march by a body of the patriots in a hostel near Rotterdam. None of the ballads of Béranger is more vivid in its outlines and colors. We see the rough, bearded rebels sturdily drinking their patriotic toasts, and throwing up their caps at the name of William of Orange, which one of their band roars out in a song; we hear their chorus echoed by the freezing sentry, who peeps in at the window, with his mantle round his ears to keep off the snow; we follow them with eyes and ears, while, like genuine Dutchmen, they argue and harangue about the Cause; we note the growl that follows Alva's hated name; we observe the hostess and her lasses with gold-foil ornaments in their hair, moving as busily as some of Burns's gude-wives among the carousing company. A healthier, manlier ballad it would not be easy to find in any literature. Another of the Gueux ballads, *Lieve Heere*, commemorates, in a few dashing verses, a bold, self-sacrificing piece of Dutch courage (not in the popular sense of that equivocal phrase) performed during the protracted siege by the Spaniards of Ziericksee. Somewhat of a sadder note, and indeed of a ghastlier shade, is found in *The Water Gueux*.

"The North Sea vomits high  
A corse upon the sand;  
A fisher sees it lie,  
And hurries to the strand.

"The blood and brine he presses  
From the scarf around the dead;  
He opens wide the corselet,  
Lifts the beaver off the head;

"The beaver with its feather,  
Its crescent and its crest;  
The sea-sand clots the motto,  
'Rather Turk than Priest!'

"Why open wide the corselet,  
And bear him high on land?  
No more shall sword or rudder  
Touch that knightly hand!

"'Twas when he clutched the bulwark,  
To board the ship of Spain,  
The stroke of a seaman's hatchet  
Cleft his wrist in twain.

"He fell—the deep received him,  
With its sullen, greeting roar;  
Here, with the wrist yet bleeding,  
It flings him on the shore!

"High on the coast of Zealand  
The gallant corse is tossed;  
The hand a fair, sad woman  
Finds upon Friesland's coast.

"An anchor, black and rusty,  
And wet with ocean spray,  
Stands there to mark the distance  
The tide swells every day.

"She leans on it and watches,  
If upon ocean gleams  
A white sail or a pennon;  
Like marble hope she seems.

"Lo, where the hand comes floating,  
As if her own to meet;  
The cold and rigid fingers  
Touch her very feet!

"On one white finger gleaming  
A stone of ruby sheen;  
A falcon and a lion  
Engraved thereon are seen:

. . . . .

The dusk of evening gathers,  
I can not see her face.

"I see not if the tear-drops  
Full in her dark eyes stand;  
But I see that from the shingle,  
She trembling lifts the hand.

"The bleeding relic folding  
In her veil, along the slope  
Of the shore, she wanders homeward;—  
No more like marble Hope!"

We need hardly remind our readers that the motto and the figures on the ring are of historic meaning.

Poems such as these are all the more attractive because they denote an amount of human interest not common, it must be owned, in the works of Freiligrath. He has given as strong proof as any man in our day could reasonably give, that he felt no indifference to the social and political concerns of this world, and of his own country in particular; but a reader who judged of the poet's character by three-fourths of the contents of this volume, could scarcely conjecture that the author felt the slightest interest in anything which was not sea, shore, forest, or tropic desert. A poet more entirely "objective" never sang. His own ident-

ity is almost invariably kept wholly out of sight—a rare merit among modern German poets. All his materials are without him; are, in fact, a painter's materials. Scarcely any one of the passions or life-incidents which have given the greater part of modern poetry to the world, has ever afforded him a subject. He has won his celebrity and produced his poems with scarcely any reference—certainly with none which is not brief and passing—to the emotions produced by love, hate, grief, jealousy, hope, despair, parting, or death. Where he has touched such themes, he has shown that he can give expression to manly and natural feeling in a poet's words. Two simple and touching poems occur at once to us. One is *The German Emigrants*, a quietly pathetic description of the embarkation of some poor exiles, such as in the emigrant season troop the streets of London and Liverpool, from the poet's native land for the backwoods of America. The

second, *The Death of the Leader*, describes the burial far out at sea of the venerable guide and patriarch of the emigrants, who conducted them on their raft-journey down the Neckar to the Rhine, and along the Rhine to the seaport where they embarked; and who, upon a dim, gray, dismal day of mist, is laid with tears and prayers in his ocean-bed. One or two poems have a peculiar and personal interest. Such is that which is fancifully entitled *Odysseus*, and which is a lament over the fate of the gifted and eminent Count Platen, author of the *Abbassides*, the *Grave in Bucento*, and other well known poems, and who met a lonely and melancholy death by fever in Syracuse. The poem opens with a description of a Greek vessel bearing the name of the wandering hero of the Odyssey upon its prow, which attracts the poet's attention, and sets him musing upon the scenes and seas it has passed. He thus glides into his subject:—

“I can make a herald of this island King,  
Yes, Odysseus, thou my greeting to a dead man's ear shalt bring!  
Where Trinacria's shores are rising brightly from the southern wave,  
There, not far from where the Cyclops dwelt of old, thou'lt find a grave!  
Flowers shed their incense round it—branches ever greenly cover it—  
Thou wilt find it soon, Odysseus, and thy pennants will stream over it!  
There—ye in the rigging hear it, sunburnt cheeks and flashing eyes!  
To that grave my greetings go, for there a German poet lies!  
May he slumber peaceful ever in his tomb among the trees—  
Ye, who caught his song's last breathing, be his guards, Abbassides!  
With the ringing of your sabres, ye, great Abbas' warrior-sons,  
Let the shepherds of Theocritus blend their flutes' most soothing tones!  
May he slumber calmly there, to whom that early grave belongs—  
Silent sleeps he in the south—the north is ringing with his songs!  
Could he but know it! Could he hear my mourning tones across the sea!  
O catch them up, and bear them hence, ye flapping sails, to Sicily!  
Let them murmur on the shore—in softened breath their sounds repeating—  
The exile to the exile speaks, even to the dead a welcome greeting!  
Swell again, and tell me when, returning with the west wind blowing,  
If as an eternal wreath a laurel on that grave is growing!”

Like all true poets of modern ages, Freiligrath appreciates and loves the language and the poetry of the Bible. His works teem with allusions to the sacred writings. The *Picture Bible*, the poem composed in the cathedral at Cologne; the quaint, wild verses entitled *Leviathan*; the beautiful, picturesque, and affecting *Nebo*; and many others, evidence the veneration and the love with which the poet clung to the associations of early Scripture training. From the last mentioned poem the following verses are selected:

“And then to heaven were lifted  
The pious hands of age,  
To beg a speedy ending  
Of their long pilgrimage;  
And cimeters were whetted  
With bold and nervous hand,  
To fight for the green meadows  
Of the promised fatherland;  
“The land which seemed to wait them  
Beyond, across the stream,  
A smiling, heavenly garden,  
Where plenty's blessings teem;  
In fancy oft they saw it,  
Through weary desert-sand;  
And now it lies before them,  
The milk-and-honey land!”

" 'Canaan,' they shout exulting  
From out their vale of rest;  
By a steep path their leader  
Toils up the mountain's breast;  
Thick fall upon his shoulders  
His locks of snowy white,  
From Moses' brow are streaming  
Twin rays of golden light!

" And when he reached the summit,  
By long and slow ascent,  
With eager eyes and trembling  
To gaze below he bent;  
There shone the plains where Plenty  
And Peace are ever shed,  
Which he may gaze on longing,  
Which he shall never tread!

" There lay the sunny meadows,  
Where corn and vines are growing;  
There were the swarming bee-hives,  
The cattle for the plowing;  
There silver threads of water  
Through emerald pastures ran—  
The heritage of Juda,  
From Beersheba to Dan!

" Yes, I have lived to see thee!  
Now death may freely come—  
Lord, shed thy breath upon me,  
And call thy servant home!"  
Lo, where the Lord approaches  
On clouds all fringed with light,  
To bear the leader upwards  
From the pilgrim-people's sight!

" To die upon a mountain,  
O what a glorious end!  
When clouds are tinged with purple,  
As morning's rays ascend;  
Beneath the world's hoarse murmur,  
The forest, field, and stream—  
Above, through opening portals  
The heavenly splendors beam!"

A more ambitious effort is suggested by some fragments of what appears to have been intended for a lengthened poem, and which is the only indication Freiligrath has given of a desire to test his capacity for such an elaborate production. The fragment of which we speak is entitled *The Emigrant Poet*. Freiligrath at one time contemplated settling in the New World; and some of his hopes and plans, under the influence of that resolution, probably gave birth to these verses. Disappointed love or ambition, or both, have driven the hero of this poem from his native Germany; and he buries himself in the yet uncleared forests of Canada. Some of the descriptions of winter, and of the opening of spring, are extremely vivid, and full of beauty and reality—

thus indicating that the picturesque fancy of the author did not chill and congeal when wandering under northern skies, and over northern snows:

" In such a workshop labor is but light,  
The forest sparkles in the morning's glance;  
The bushes all in diamond crust are bright,  
And every fir-tree gleams a rigid lance:

" The giant mountain-peaks confront the sky;  
The quiet plains with teeming life are filled;  
Across the river where the snow-drifts lie,  
His little house I see the beaver build:

" Antlers are stirring in the thickets round;  
To lick the freshening snow the bison  
stoops;  
The fawn's light tread rings through the  
frozen ground,  
Above the trees the whirring heath-cock  
swoops.

" The bright-eyed lynx comes boldly from his  
hole;  
Far through the firs the elk's loud hoofs  
are ringing—  
I hammer at my work, while in my soul  
New songs arise—but who will hear me  
singing?"

The poet does kindly homage to some of his brethren:

" At evening up the steepest heights I stray,  
Alone, save with my love and with my pain;  
The mighty lakes below me far away,  
And there I lift full many a heart-felt strain.

" The dear old melodies of other days,  
Songs I have sung with friends a hundred  
times,  
Oft in these depths of foreign woods I raise,  
Which ne'er before have echoed German  
rhymes.

" The peak I lay on trembled to my voice,  
And gave it back in chorus loud and long.  
How did the rustling forest boughs rejoice  
To hear the notes of Ludwig Uhland's song!

" The deer pricked up their antlers on the  
plains,  
As far above them on the height I sang;  
As Kerner's, Schwab's, and Körner's glorious  
strains,  
And Arndt's and Schenkendorff's, in echoes  
rang!

" O sadly to the wanderer came the tone  
Of home-songs here! An Orpheus in the  
brakes  
I stood—with others' music, not my own;  
Around me danced not stones, but forest  
snakes!"

The exile hunts the bison, and the elk,  
and muses like another Jacques over a



dying deer. He has loved, and he laments his lost love in verses which have much pathos, and form the nearest approach to sentiment in the whole of the volume. The end is in keeping with the sadness which prevails through the poem. We learn from the watch-fire talk of an Indian band that the poet is dead, and has been laid, at his own request, where his face may turn eastward, even in death, to the land he loved and was never to see more.

We must bound our *excerpta* within reasonable limits. Many other poems, such as the *Dead in the Sea*, *The Dweller in the Forest*, *The Sword-cutter of Damascus*, and others, tempt us, but their claims must be resisted.

As yet, we have given scarcely any thing but praise to the contents of this little volume. Many of them, however, deserve other judgment. The poet has, as we have said already, a strong tendency towards the extravagant and the horrible; and another inclination, scarcely less repelling to natural and simple taste, towards the fantastic. The graceful fancy displayed in *Amphitrite* and *The Flowers' Revenge*, degenerates into such poor conceits as that which closes *The Frog-Queen*. The ardent imagination of the Desert poems wantons into the extravagance and hideousness of *Anno Domini*, and the revolting horrors of *Scipio*. In the first of these, the poet indulges his fantasy in describing the final fate of our earth, which, according to him, is to be trailed along at the tail of some avenging comet, through unknown spaces and by nameless planet-fires, as Brunhault, in early French history, was dragged, by order of the second Clotaire, at the heels of a wild horse through the icy waters of the Marne and among the camp-fires of Chalons.

It is scarcely necessary to our present purpose to enter upon any consideration of the political ballads upon whose publication so much which was personally important to the poet turned. In all, save earnest feeling, they seem to us far inferior to his miscellaneous poems. Despite Fletcher of Saltoun, and his incessantly quoted maxim, it may be reasonably doubted whether the poet's art is on the whole, at least in modern days, a very valuable political instrument. When Uhland became a member of a German council, Goethe wrote with great truth, "I fear the politician will absorb the poet."

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Suabia possesses men in plenty who are well informed, well intentioned, clever, and eloquent enough to be members of a council; but she has only one poet of the stamp of Uhland." A noble engine to stir up a people to war or to resistance of oppression poetry may be, and has been occasionally, in every age from the days of Tyrtæus to the days of Körner; but it is a very different thing to make it the organ of strictly political opinions, and to produce leading articles in verse. The feeling which impels a poet to devote his genius to forward what he believes a great political cause deserves honor: but it is doubtful whether any such cause has thus been truly served, and it is tolerably certain that poems so produced have rarely secured for themselves a permanent vitality. Some men have been fashioned by nature for war-poets, and some for love-poets; but we doubt whether nature ever sent out a born political poet. The fame of Freiligrath at least must depend upon those poems which had no purpose, political or patriotic, to serve. His political ballads, although just those for which he is naturally most admired by large classes of his own countrymen, seem to us among the only productions bearing his name which Time has destined for that wallet wherein he carries scraps for oblivion.

Freiligrath has been a laborious translator from English, French, Italian, and Spanish. Most poets of late years begin as translators, and we believe Freiligrath's earliest publication was his version of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*. He has translated from Byron, Shelley, Coleridge—encountering even the *Ancient Mariner*, and succeeding, save in one or two passages, with singular accuracy as well as fluency—Burns, Campbell, Moore, Scott, Charles Lamb, Felicia Hemans, Southey, Tennyson, and others. He has displayed a wonderful facility in rendering gracefully almost the literal meaning of his authors, and a peculiar and enviable skill in mastering and reproducing their precise forms of metre.

This is not a day of great poets. No country in the world probably has any man now living and writing whose lyric fame is destined to go on to all posterity, as that of many in the past era will, spreading and growing broader as it descends deeper down in time. England, France, Germany, Italy, have no world-poet singing now. It would be idle to

claim any such place for Ferdinand Freiligrath. The highest honor we can assign to him is to say that, on the whole, we believe him not inferior in many important elements of the poetic to any contemporary; and, in some peculiar characteristics, superior to all. He has a vividness and a realizing power of fancy wholly his own, in which no other living writer we know of can be likened to him. He is probably the most picturesque poet of our age. We have shown that he is not possessed of well controlled and equally sustained power. Side by side with some brilliant, glowing piece of fancy, which makes the reader doubt whether nature had not gifted the poet with a range of imagination far beyond any thing he has realized, comes not unfrequently some trifling piece of poor conceit far below mediocrity of thought, or far beyond the uttermost stretch which can be conceded to the fantastic and the *bizarre*. He is not a thinking poet. Whenever he touches, as he very rarely does, upon themes which involve deep sinking into human nature and man's relation to creation, he falls at once into inferiority. Poetic feeling is an instinct with him, scarcely seem-

ing to admit of help or development from his intellectual faculties. It sometimes overleaps all restraints of culture, and runs wild upon its own strength, to collapse at last, as undisciplined powers usually must, in exhaustion and feebleness. There are, therefore, not many of these poems whose shafts have been sunk so deeply that their influence promises to be a perennially renewing power. Any readers who can not be contented with less than the great qualities of genius which most tend to intensify and make eternal the influence of the highest poets will turn away from Freiligrath with disappointment. But they who, with less exacting demand, can derive enjoyment from a very rare combination of high and special poetic qualities may be delighted and improved by this volume of poems. They who can appreciate a true "Picture-book without Pictures," as Hans Christian Andersen entitles one of his works, will find in the productions of Ferdinand Freiligrath a store of beautiful and wonderful groups, scenes, and visions, such as the magic mirror of no other poet of his own day can rival.

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THE BALL THAT KILLED NELSON.—The fatal shot that deprived England of her greatest naval hero, was fired (contrary to the received account) at random from the top of the Redoubtable, by a French soldier named Robert Guillemarde, who escaped unwounded, and when his ship struck, was taken on board the Victory. The fatal bullet was not discovered until the Victory reached Spithead. It had struck the forepart of the hero's epaulette and entered his left shoulder. It then descended obliquely into the thorax fracturing the second and third ribs, and after penetrating the left lobe of the lungs and dividing a large branch of the pulmonary artery, entered the left side of the spine, passed through the muscles of the back, and lodged there. A considerable portion of the gold lace, pad, and silk cord of the epaulette, with a piece of coat were found attached to it — whilst the gold lace was as firmly fixed as though it had been inserted into the metal whilst in a state of fusion. The ball, together with the lace, was mounted in crystal and silver, and presented by Capt. Hardy to the surgeon of the Victory, who died in 1842.

THE PECUNIARY VALUE OF LOMBARDY.—We read in the Paris journals, from a German source:—"It is not without interest to estimate the pecuniary loss which Austria will suffer from giving up Lombardy. This province, which has a superficies of 377 German miles, contains 2,903,874 inhabitants. It has contributed to the total receipts of Austria, in direct and indirect taxes, which in 1856 amounted to 335,976,150fl., a sum of 36,185,641fl. That part is proportionally very considerable; for whilst in the whole monarchy the tax is on an average 8fl. 53kr. per head, it amounts in Lombardy on an average to 12fl. 28kr. Both in an agricultural and industrial point of view, Lombardy was one of the richest provinces of the monarchy. The value of landed property is estimated officially, according to the net produce, at a capital of 1,054,722,666fl., and the value of the soil only at 159,409,925fl. The annual industrial revenue of the Lombards, among whom the lists of the contributions reckon 7,304 dealers and manufacturers, 1,216 hawkers, 60,700 workmen in manufactories, 56,388 servants, and 357,489 journeymen, is estimated at 61,858fl.

From the Eclectic Review

## THE PLAINS OF LOMBARDY THE BATTLE-GROUND OF NATIONS.

It is a melancholy fact that the richest and fairest spots on earth's surface are also those where human blood has been most frequently and lavishly shed. What waves of invasion have successively rolled over the fertile plains of Persia and Hindostan, the prolific valley of the Nile, the fruitful provinces of Asia Minor, Turkey, and Hungary! What battles, what sieges, what massacres, almost from the birth of history, have drenched their soil with gore! Andalusia, too—the garden of Spain—was for eight centuries the battle-ground of Christian and Moor, whose blood, according to the Spanish historians, was poured forth in thirty-seven hundred battles. But, perhaps, no country has been more blessed by the gifts of God, or more cursed by the strife of man, than the wide and beautiful plains of Lombardy, guarded by Alp and Apennine, a very garden in fertility, watered by innumerable streams, and with a thousand towns and villages glittering like sails amidst a sea of verdure. It has been the battle-field of nations, from the time when Bellovesus, nearly six centuries before Christ, led his Celtic legions across the Alps, until yesterday, when the French and Austrian eagles were striving for supremacy. Romans and Cimbri, Goths and Romans, Lombards and Franks, Germans and Italians, French, Spaniards and Swiss, Austrians and French, have again and again met in deadly strife on these wide-spread plains, and have been successively swept down, in bloody swaths, by the scythe of the grim mower, Death.

"So passes man,  
An armed spectre o'er a field of blood,  
And vanishes! And other armed shades  
Pass by; red battle hurtling as they pass."

Many a grand and warlike figure, many a tale of suffering, and cruelty, and wrong, many a heroic action, present themselves to our view as we try to recall a few of the more important battles and episodes of battle of which these Lombard plains

have been the theater; and it may not be uninteresting, in the present crisis of their destiny, to glance at some of the more momentous struggles that have marked their past history.

On the thirtieth of July, one hundred and one years B.C., a desperate and bloody combat, and one productive of most important results, was fought on the dusty plains of Vercellæ. On one side were Marius and Catullus at the head of the Roman legions, the defenders of civilization; on the other, the savage hordes of the Cimbri, the champions of barbarism. The former had little more than fifty thousand men, while the Cimbric infantry were drawn up in a vast square, each side of which extended for more than a league, and the warriors of the front rank were joined together by cords passing through their belts, in order to prevent their line from being broken. Besides this enormous mass of infantry, there were fifteen thousand cavalry, whose steel breastplates, white and glittering shields, and plumed helmets, made a glorious show as they rode forth into the plain. The heat of the weather, and the clouds of dust raised by the shock of the hostile armies, fought for the Romans, who were trained to endurance, while their antagonists, bred in shady and frozen countries, and proof against the severest cold, could not bear the ardor of the Italian sun which shone full in their faces. In spite of this, however, they made a gallant resistance, and the strife was long and doubtful, though in the end, the star of Rome triumphed. Bogorine, one of the bravest princes of the Cimbri, died sword in hand, and around him fell ninety thousand of his followers and comrades; sixty thousand were taken prisoners, and many killed themselves in despair. Even their women made a noble stand behind the wagons which formed the Cimbric camp, slaying those who fled, and at length, when all resistance was hopeless, destroying their children and killing themselves.

This victory rescued Italy from the grasp of the barbarians, and procured for Marius the title of "The Third Founder of Rome."

Nearly three hundred years after the destruction of the Cimbri, the German tribe of the Allemanni made an irruption into Italy, with forty thousand horse and eighty thousand foot, and, at Placentia and Lombardy, inflicted so terrible a defeat on the Romans, under the Emperor Aurelian, that the dissolution of the empire was apprehended. That gallant leader, however, reanimated the courage of his troops, and defeated the Allemanni in two subsequent engagements, in the last of which, fought near Pavia, the Germans were almost exterminated.

In the beginning of the fourth century after Christ, Constantine the Great, during his campaign against his rival Maxentius, besieged Verona, then, as now, one of the strongest cities of Lombardy, and, in a bloody battle, which lasted during the close of day and through the whole night, defeated and killed Ruvius Pompeianus, the ablest general of Maxentius, who had come to the relief of the beleaguered city.

A hundred years later, Alaric, at the head of a number of German tribes, and of his confederates the Allemanni, poured over the Alps into Italy. There he was encountered by Stilicho, the accomplished general of the weak Emperor Honorius, who, at Pollentia, twenty-five miles southeast of Turin, and at Verona, entirely defeated him. At Verona the Gothic king owed his escape solely to the fleetness of his horse. At this period the Goths had embraced Christianity; and, at Pollentia, Stilicho took advantage of their devotion to surprise them while engaged in celebrating Easter Sunday, entrusting the attack to Saul, a barbarian and pagan, but a veteran leader. The invaders were put to flight, their camp stormed, and Alaric's wife, who had impatiently claimed his promise of Roman jewels and patrician hand-maids, was taken prisoner. Pollentia is about sixty miles from the plains where Marius so terribly defeated the Cimbri.

A sterner and mightier presence succeeds that of Alaric — Attila, surnamed the Scourge of God. A Gothic historian describes him as having a large head, a swarthy complexion, small, deep-seated eyes, a flat nose, a few hairs in the place

of a beard, broad shoulders, and a short, square body, of nervous strength, though of disproportioned form. Yet, with all this ugliness, he possessed much majesty of demeanor, and an air which expressed the consciousness of superiority over the rest of mankind. Along with the terrible King of the Huns comes the nobler and more graceful shade — that of his antagonist and conqueror Ætius, thus depicted by a contemporary historian: "The graceful figure of Ætius was not above the middle stature; but his manly limbs were admirably formed for strength, beauty, and agility, and he excelled in the martial exercises of managing a horse, drawing the bow, and darting the javelin. He could patiently endure the want of food and sleep, and his mind and body were alike capable of the most laborious efforts. He possessed the genuine courage that can despise not only dangers but injuries; and it was impossible either to corrupt, or deceive, or intimidate the firm integrity of his soul." About the middle of the fifth century Attila invaded Italy, sending, by his ministers, to the weak grandson of Theodosius at Ravenna, the haughty mandate, "Attila, my lord and thy lord, commands thee to provide a palace for his immediate reception." Attila's ravages wasted the rich plains of Lombardy. He stormed and sacked some of its principal towns, and received the submission and the gold of others. It is related of him, that when he took possession of the imperial palace at Milan, he was surprised and offended at the sight of a picture which represented the Cæsars seated on their thrones, and the Princes of Scythia prostrate at their feet. Upon which, he commanded a painter to reverse the figures and the attitudes; and the emperors were delineated, on the same canvas, approaching in a suppliant posture to empty their bags of tributary gold before the throne of the Scythian monarch.

Two warlike figures next approach from the long-vanished past — Odoacer, chief of the Heruli, and commander of the Roman mercenaries, and Theodoric the Ostrogoth, known in German poetry and legend as Dietrich von Bern, or Dietrich of Verona. Odoacer dethroned Romulus Augustulus, the last of the Roman emperors, and was proclaimed King of Italy A.D. 476. In 489, however, he was himself defeated by Theodoric, in the neighborhood of Verona, on the steep banks of

the rapid Adige; and, in 493, the conqueror — having previously procured the assassination of Odoacer at a solemn banquet — was proclaimed King of Italy, over which he reigned for thirty-three years, and left behind him the memory of his wisdom and courage, his justice and humanity, deeply impressed on the minds of both Goths and Italians.

Shortly after the death of Theodoric, Milan, which had revolted against Vitiges, the Gothic Monarch, sustained a terrible siege from the Goths and Burgundians, and, when at last compelled to surrender, the Roman garrison were suffered to march out unharmed, but three hundred thousand of the inhabitants are said by Procopius to have been put to the sword, while the houses and walls were leveled to the ground. The august presence of Belisarius now appears on the scene, who, for a time, vindicated the majesty of the Greek empire and defeated the ablest generals of the Goths. Narses, too, must not be forgotten, the favorite of Justinian, and a leader worthy of the best days of the empire. But we come to the invasion of Italy by the Longobardi, whose king, Alboin, looked down with longing eyes from the Alpine heights upon the fruitful plains to which his victory communicated the perpetual appellation of Lombardy. In 508 Alboin was crowned King of Italy, and established his capital at Pavia. Twenty-one Lombard Kings succeeded Alboin, during whose reign Lombardy was often devastated by the arms of the Franks, until, at length, in 744, Charlemagne took Pavia, and placed the ancient iron crown of Lombardy upon his head with his own hands.

We now come to the mediæval history of Lombardy, in which the German emperors, the Popes, and the cities of the Lombard League are the most prominent actors. The Dukes of Lombardy, conquered by Charlemagne, in process of time became almost independent, and Lombardy was not reincorporated with the empire until the days of Otho I., Emperor of Germany, about which time the great cities, growing in wealth and power, received municipal privileges and immunities which rendered them more independent of the feudal nobles. From Otho and the Princes of his family, but much more from their successors of the houses of Franconia and Swabia, date those long and envenomed struggles between papal

arrogance and imperial ambition, which shook society in Germany and Italy to its very foundation. Guelphs and Ghibellines, the watchwords of centuries of strife, date from the beginning of the twelfth century. The Emperor Lothaire, of the house of Saxony, tried to secure the succession of the empire for his son-in-law, Henry the Proud, Duke of Baravia and Saxony, descended from Welf, fourth son of Aggo, Marquis of Este, by Cunegonde, heiress of the Welfs of Altorf in Swabia. In this project he failed; and, upon his death, Conrad von Hohenstaufen, whose line took the name of Waiblingen, from the town of Waiblingen, in Franconia, was elected emperor. Conrad, jealous of the large possessions of Henry, insisted that two duchies could not legally be held by one person; and, upon Henry's resistance, the Diet pronounced them both to be forfeited. From which it arose, that, when these names were transmitted into Italy, Welf or Guelph came to signify a partisan of the Pope and other opponents of the Emperor, and Waiblingen, Italianized into Ghibelline, a supporter of the imperial authority.

No epoch in her history is more glorious to Lombardy than her gallant resistance, in the twelfth century, to the power of the German Emperor, Frederick Barbarossa. Frederick was stately and handsome in person, and gifted with eminent political talents, as well as with chivalrous valor; he was also ambitious of conquest, and turned his arms against the rich and free cities of Lombardy. He entered Italy in 1154 by the valley of the Trent. In the following year he besieged and took Tortona, which offered a stubborn resistance to his arms, and afterwards, in the church at Pavia, placed the iron crown of Lombardy on his head. On this occasion Frederick did not dare to attack the larger and stronger cities, but marked his track through the Milanese by havoc and devastation. In 1158 he again entered Italy at the head of a powerful army. The little town of Crema held out against his whole forces for six months; it was then taken and abandoned to pillage and flames. Milan was put under the law of the empire; and, after a contest of three years, the Milanese were compelled to surrender at discretion. Milan was afterwards razed to the ground and the inhabitants dispersed among the villages in the neighborhood. The following year

—1163—is famous for the formation of the Lombard League of Vicenza, Verona, Padua, and Treviso, to regain their down-trodden liberties. In 1167 the League was enlarged by the accession of Cremona, Bergamo, Brescia, Mantua, and Ferrara. The confederates took a solemn oath to unite for the recovery of their liberties for twenty years, and to aid each other in repairing in common the losses experienced in this sacred cause by any member of the League. Guelphs and Ghibellines forgot their animosities in the sense of common danger and duty, and one of the first acts of the confederates was the rebuilding of Milan, which had suffered in the struggle so terribly for freedom. The following year was spent in a succession of combats between the forces of the League and those of Frederick, who recrossed the Alps into Germany to raise a new army for the subjugation of the gallant Lombards. In October, 1174, he again descended into Italy at the head of a formidable army, and besieged the new city of Alexandria, which had been built by the League at the confluence of the rivers Tanaro and Romida, in honor of the Pope and to commemorate their union. Its walls were only of mud and straw, but they were manned by noble hearts who, for four months, withstood every effort of the German host, until relieved by an army of the League, which compelled Frederick to raise the siege and retreat to Pavia, to recruit his wearied and dispirited followers. Negotiations now followed between the Emperor and the Lombard League, but without a successful result; and, in 1176, the Milanese and imperial armies met on the field of Legnano, about fifteen miles from Milan. An impetuous charge of the German chivalry broke that of the Lombards, and the imperialists were nearly capturing the *Caroccio* or sacred car. It was saved, however, by the devotion of "the Company of Death," a chosen band of 900 young warriors who had devoted themselves to its defence. They knelt down on the battle field, invoked God and St. Ambrose, renewed their vow to perish for their country, then rising, charged with such impetuosity that the Germans were driven back. Their example re-animating the whole army, who pressed forward with irresistible vigor; the Emperor's horse fell in the thickest of the fight, his banner was captured by the

Legion of Death, his army entirely defeated, and he himself, separated from his companions in arms, was obliged to seek safety in flight, and only reached Pavia after several days, when the beautiful Empress Beatrice was already mourning his death. This decisive defeat induced the Emperor to think seriously of peace. A truce was first agreed upon for six years, and thereafter the Peace of Constance was signed on the 25th June, 1183. The cities engaged to acknowledge and maintain the just rights of the Emperor, while he, on his part, renounced all regal privileges which he had hitherto claimed in the interior of towns, acknowledged the right of the confederate cities to levy armies, to inclose themselves within fortifications, and to exercise both civil and criminal jurisdiction. He also authorized them to strengthen their confederation for the defence of their just rights; and thus terminated, in the establishment of a legal liberty, the first and most noble struggle which the nations of modern Europe have ever maintained against despotism. "The contest of the Lombard League," says a distinguished Italian writer,\* "was among those few in which right and wrong were not, as usual, indiscriminately blended. The battle of Legnano was one of those combats which all humanity applaud—for which, as for Morat and Morgarten, we are prompted to thank and praise Providence that men were taught to unravel the iron from the bowels of the earth to plunge it into each other's bosoms—one of those few fields in which human blood fell sacred and holy, like Christ's own blessed blood, which was also shed for the universal emancipation of mankind."

For a long time after the victory of Legnano, the liberties granted to the cities were not infringed by the German Emperors. In 1226, the Lombard League was renewed, in order to protect the Pope against the Emperor Frederick II, who united in his person the crowns of the Two Sicilies, Lombardy and the Empire. In 1237, he encountered the army of the Milanese at Contenuova, near Crema, and inflicted on them a severe defeat, in which they lost ten thousand men and the *Caroccio*. This century was polluted by the infamous tyranny of Eccelino di Romano at Verona, Vicenza, Padua,

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\* L. Mariotti.

Feltre, and Belluno. He originally derived his authority from the people, but soon succeeded in converting it into a frightful and irresponsible tyranny. He fixed his suspicions upon all who in any way attracted the admiration of their fellow-citizens; and, without waiting for any expression of discontent or symptom of resistance, arrested and threw them into prison, where, by the application of the most excruciating tortures, he endeavored to extract confessions of crimes which might justify his suspicions. The names which escaped the lips of his victims in their agony were carefully registered to supply fresh food for the cruelty of the tyrant. In the town of Padua alone there were eight prisons always full, notwithstanding the ceaseless toil of the executioner to empty them. Two of these prisons contained three hundred prisoners each. At length, Pope Alexander IV. caused a crusade to be preached against this monster, and Padua was captured by the crusaders in June, 1256. As soon as Eccelin heard of this disaster, he disarmed the eleven thousand Paduans who belonged to his army, and confined them in his prisons, where all but two hundred met a violent or lingering death. Eccelin was the first general of his day, and his unequalled military talents enabled him to protract the war for some time, and even to defeat the army of the crusaders; but, at length, he was abandoned by his associates, and defeated and taken prisoner at Soncino. When a captive, he refused to speak, rejected all aid from medicine, tore the bandages from his wounds, and died on the eleventh day of his captivity. His brother and all his family were massacred in the following year. This was the last effort of the cities of Lombardy for freedom. In the course of the next century, they all fell under the yoke of the warlike nobles, many of whom, such as the Visconti at Milan, and the Della Scala at Padua, were famous both for abilities, for grandeur, and for unscrupulous cruelty. In the middle of the fourteenth century, the Visconti were lords of the sixteen cities in Lombardy, and their power endangered the liberties of Florence and Pisa.

On the 13th August, 1447, died the last Visconti, Duke of Milan; and, after a short reëstablishment of a republic, was succeeded by the celebrated General Francesco Sforza, who was proclaimed

Duke of Milan. Soon after this period, the French appear as prominent actors on the Italian stage. Charles VIII. inherited rights descending from the house of Anjou on the kingdom of Naples, and determined to assert them by the force of arms. Accordingly, he entered Italy, in 1494, at the head of three thousand men-at-arms, twenty thousand French infantry, eight thousand Swiss, and a formidable train of artillery. He conquered Naples; but, on his return, he was attacked by the Venetians and Milanese, under the command of the Duke of Mantua. The battle took place at Fornovo, when the impetuosity of the French men-at-arms, and the obstinate valor of the Swiss infantry, turned the scale against the Lombards, who lost three thousand five hundred men on the field. Charles, however, continued his retreat, and re-passed the Alps in October, 1495, after having ravaged all Italy with the violence and rapidity of a hurricane. To Charles VIII. succeeded Louis XII., who claimed the Duchy of Milan in right of his grandmother Valentia Visconti, and supported his pretensions by a powerful French army, which passed the Alps in 1499. They took by assault two petty fortresses on the banks of the Tanaro, Arazzo and Annone, and put all the garrison and most of the inhabitants to the sword. Upon which, the army of Ludovico Sforza dispersed, he himself sought shelter in Germany with the Emperor Maximilian, and Louis, entering Milan, was saluted by the trembling inhabitants with the title of Duke. The rest of Lombardy submitted without resistance, and Genoa also surrendered to the French, who remained masters of the country until 1512, when they were driven from all their conquests by the Swiss, Germans, Spaniards, and Venetians, who had united against them.

During the earlier part of the sixteenth century, Italy was oppressed and overwhelmed with calamities, by successive swarms of French, Spaniards, and Germans. Most of the great cities were pillaged and ruined, and the independence of the nation extinguished. The most prominent figures of this period, are that selfish voluptuary, but gallant and stalwart man-at-arms, Francis I. of France, and his astute and successful rival, the Emperor Charles V. Other actors of no mean importance crowd the scene, the Constable Bourbon, Lautree, Pescara,

and Bayard the model knight, *sans peur et sans reproche*. In September, 1513, Francis entered Lombardy at the head of fifteen thousand cavalry, forty thousand infantry, and a numerous train of artillery. It was the finest army that France had yet sent to the field. At Villafranca, Francis surprised and captured Prospero Colonna, commander of the Pope's cavalry. At Marignan, he attempted to treat with the Swiss, who had a strong army in readiness to oppose him; but they, at the instigation of the Cardinal of Lion, rejected his overtures, and attacked him in his camp on the 13th of September, 1515, two hours before sunset. The battle that issued was one of the most terrible ever fought, even on the blood-stained plains of Lombardy. It lasted till sunset, and was protracted four hours by moonlight, and only closed when utter darkness prevented the combatants from distinguishing each other. During the night, the king's trumpets continually sounded, and the famous horns of Nevi and Wenterwalden called the Swiss together. At daybreak on the 14th, the combat was renewed. The king fought like a common soldier, and exposed himself wherever danger was the greatest. Twenty times the French cavalry charged the serried ranks and bristling pikes of the Swiss, and were as often driven back. The Constable Bourbon, Bayard, and La Trenouille, did all that valor and skill could do, but still their indomitable foes pressed on. They directed their attack specially against the artillery; and a Swiss youth, about twenty years of age, penetrated through the French and German regiments, and was in the act of spiking one of the largest cannons, when he was killed by a pike-thrust. At length, after leaving fifteen thousand of their number on the field, the Swiss began to retire, but with unbroken ranks, and still presenting a formidable front to their foes, who, weakened by their losses and exhausted with fatigue, did not attempt to pursue them. The Marshal Trivulzio, who had fought in eighteen pitched battles, called it a battle of giants, and declared that all the combats he had seen before were child's play when compared with it. The results of the victory of Marignan were that the Swiss army dispersed, and that Francis obtained possession of all the Milanese. But Lombardy, which had been the scene of his triumph, was soon

also to be the theater of his defeat. Charles V. and the Pope entered into alliance against him; and, in 1522, the French were expelled from Lombardy. Two years afterwards, Francis collected a second army, and sent it into the Milanese, under his favorite the Admiral Bonnivet. There he was encountered by Prospero Colonna, by whom he was outgeneraled, and ultimately forced to retreat into France. It was while protecting the rear-guard of Bonnivet's army that Bayard fell. He was shot through the body; and, feeling the wound to be mortal, bade his followers lift him from his horse, and place him with his back against a tree and his face to the enemy, in which position he was found by the renegade Constable Bourbon, and the Imperial General, the Marquis Pescara. The latter had a tent erected over the spot where the dying knight lay, sent for surgeons, and remained by his side until he breathed his last, about four hours after he had received the fatal wound. He then had his body embalmed, and sent it in charge of a large escort to the home of his ancestors.

Francis was still determined, in spite of this reverse, to assert his claim to the Milanese, and again assembled a large army, with which he made himself master of Milan, and thus laid siege to Pavia, which was strongly garrisoned and defended by Da Leyva, a veteran general. While Francis was occupied with the siege, the Imperialists received a reinforcement of twelve thousand well-disciplined lanz-knechts, commanded by Bourbon and George Freundsberg;\* and, soon afterwards, six thousand Swiss left the French army in a body, and returned to their own country. These circumstances determined Bourbon and Pescara to attack the French King, particularly as they were in want of money to pay their troops; and they accordingly assailed him on the night of the 23d of February, 1524. A desperate battle took place, which would have terminated in favor of the

\* This famous military adventurer, who enjoyed a great reputation in his day, was a man of gigantic stature and brutal manners, but an able soldier, and accomplished in all the arts of war as then practiced. He entertained an intense hatred towards the Church of Rome, was always ready to engage in any project hostile to it, and used to carry a silken cord in his pocket for the purpose, as he affirmed, of strangling the Pope in a manner consistent with his dignity, if ever an opportunity should present itself.



French but for the rashness and folly of Francis, who marched the division that he commanded so as to mask the fire of his own artillery which was decimating the ranks of the Imperialists, and had thrown them into great confusion. This mistake, however, enabled them to rally. Pescara's veteran Spanish infantry and Basque cross-bowmen turned the fortune of the day; the splendid French cavalry were shot down or cut to pieces, and the Swiss, deceived by a retrograde movement of the dastardly Duke d'Alençon, who commanded the left wing, fled from the field. In spite of the desertion, Francis and the ring of knights and nobles who environed him—like James IV., and the chivalry of Scotland on the fatal field of Flodden—long maintained a desperate resistance against overwhelming odds. The King—conspicuous by his large stature, his surcoat of cloth of silver, and the flowing plume on his casque—is said to have killed six of his assailants with his own hand. His horse was shot under him; he was wounded in three places; yet he refused to surrender, till Lannoy, the viceroy of Naples, came up to receive his sword. In this famous battle fell the very flower of French chivalry, the King and many of the most illustrious leaders and nobles were made prisoners; and the German black bands, commanded by that gallant exile, the white rose De la Pole, were entirely destroyed. Such were the melancholy results of the ill-advised battle of Pavia.

In the following year, Milan was subjected to the most terrible exactions and cruelties by Antonio da Leyva and his soldiers, who lived at free quarters among the inhabitants; and, during the next three years, two French armies, under Lautree and the Count de St. Pol, entered Lombardy, as well as a German army, under Henry Duke of Brunswick, who, finding nothing left to pillage, put to the sword the inhabitants of all the villages through which he passed. This dreadful war was at length closed by the Treaty of Cambray, called *Le Traité des Dames*, from having been arranged by Margaret of Austria, the aunt of the Emperor, and Louisa of Savoy, the mother of the King of France. By this treaty, France gave up Italy; and in the beginning of 1530, Charles received at Bologna the crowns of Lombardy and of the Empire.

During the three centuries which have since rolled past, Italy has been the prey of foreign oppressors. All her republics successively fell; and though, since that period, the Italians have repeatedly triumphed over their own tyrants, their efforts have always been frustrated by foreign force, and the vicissitudes and misfortunes of the Lombards have become only episodes in the history of other nations. The mightiest historical figure of the close of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries is undoubtedly the first Napoleon, many of whose greatest victories were gained on the plains of Lombardy. In 1796, he was placed at the head of the French army in Italy. At Monte-Notte, Millesimo, and Mondovi, he defeated the Piedmontese under their king, Victor Amadeus; and afterwards the Austrians at Lodi, Castiglione, and Aveola, when the whole of the Milanese fell into his hands as the result of these victories, and was formed into the Transpadane republic. Venice was subsequently swindled out of her freedom, which she had maintained for more than a thousand years; and, at the Treaty of Campo-Formio, made over to the Emperor of Austria, her former ally, who, like a true Austrian, allowed no conscientious scruples to stand in the way of his own aggrandizement. The French retained the Milanese. In 1800 the French again invaded Lombardy, gained the battle of Montebello, and, on the plain of Marengo, between Tortona and Alessandria, a desperate and memorable conflict was fought between them and the Austrians under General Melas. Six thousand Austrians fell on the field, and seven thousand, with seven generals, were taken prisoners. The French were again masters in Italy. In 1802 the Cisalpine and Ligurian republics received a new code from the First Consul; and, in 1805, at the treaty of Presburg, the Austrians were compelled to restore Venice and all her territory to the so-called kingdom of Italy. M. Sismondi considers that the great Napoleon was a mighty benefactor to the Lombards and other Italians; and, certainly, when we contrast the freedom they enjoyed for many years under his protection, with the brutalizing despotism of Austria, we must admit that he has strong grounds for his opinion.

"When Napoleon Buonaparte," he says, "was appointed to the command of the French

army in Italy, on the twenty-third February, 1796, he began to effect a regeneration which gave to the Italian nation more liberty than it had lost. It is the participation of numbers in the Government, and not the name of republic as opposed to monarchy, that constitutes liberty; it is, above all, the reign of the laws; publicity in the administration, as well as the tribunals; equality; the removal of all shackles on thought, on education, and on religion. Five millions and a half of inhabitants in the kingdom of Italy were put in possession of a constitution which secured to them all these advantages, with a participation in the legislature, and in the vote of taxes.\* They had recovered the glorious name of Italians; they had a national army, the bravery of which rendered it daily more illustrious. Six millions and a half inhabitants of the kingdom of Naples received institutions, less advanced it is true; but even there the law had succeeded arbitrary power; public and oral evidence had succeeded secret information and the torture;† equality the feudal system; education, instead of retrograding, had been rendered progressive, and thought, as well as religious conscience, had recovered freedom."

At the arbitrary and unjust Congress of Vienna, where the interests of subjects were sacrificed to the ambition and prejudices of their rulers, the Lombards were handed over, like sheep or cattle, without being consulted or represented in the Congress, to the very Power they most detested, and under whose hated yoke they have since groaned for nearly half a century, deprived of political liberty, of civil and religious freedom, and even freedom of thought. In 1848, they rose against their oppressors, assisted by the father of the gallant monarch who is now, we rejoice to see, likely to be king of that Lombardy for whose liberties he has once and again fought so nobly. But we would rather have seen the Emperor Napoleon redeem to the letter his proud boast that he would not sheath his sword till Italy was free from the Alps to the Adriatic. There will be no peace for Europe as long as there is an Austrian south of the Alps.

When the rising commenced in Milan in March, 1848, so little were the Lombards prepared for it, that there were scarcely two hundred fowling-pieces in their possession in the whole of that great

city. It was with these, and with clubs, old swords, and knives, that they drove out thirty thousand Austrians, provided with a formidable artillery, and masters of the strong points of the city. Three days the combat lasted in the streets; and then the Austrians, diminished by a half, fled in disorder to Verona and Mantua, perpetrating unheard-of atrocities during their retreat from Milan and the other cities. Five Lombards were discovered tied to trees with their feet burnt off, and, adds *la Concordia*, in the cartridge-box of a dead Croat, there were found the hands of a female with rich rings on the fingers, and the severed ear with their ear rings. In many houses in Milan, all the inhabitants were massacred, from the grandfather down to the youngest infant.\* Soon after the revolt of Milan, Charles Albert passed the Ticino at the head of the Piedmontese army. During the progress of this war, the Austrians displayed the utmost ferocity and cruelty, killing and wounding, and torturing the prisoners.† The King of Sardinia was at first successful, defeating the Austrians at Pastrengo, afterwards at Goito, when he was unsuccessfully assailed by Radetzky, at the head of thirty thousand men. In this action, both Charles Albert and the Duke of Savoy, now King of Sardinia, were slightly wounded. On the twenty-third of May, the Cabinet of Vienna, having demanded the mediation of England, offered, through Baron Hummelauer, to recognize the independence of Lombardy, which was to be at liberty to form a separate Government, or to join with any other Italian State, on condition of being responsible for a part of the national debt of the empire. The Duchies of Parma and Modena were to be allowed to unite with Lombardy; and a separate administration was offered to Venice, which was to have a distinct army under the Emperor's command. On the third of June, Lord Palmerston, according to Farini,‡ declared himself unwilling to accept the mediation, unless Austria would include the cession of a portion of the

\* See Charles Cattaneo, *L'Insurrection de Milan*; and Parrens, *Deux Ans de Revolution en Italie*.

† M. Charles de la Vavanne, an actor in the war, and the author of *Les Autrichiens et l'Italie*, pledges his honor for the truth of these allegations.

‡ *Stato Romano*, Vol. II.

\* Of all these advantages have the Lombards been deprived during the forty-five years of Austrian rule.

† Both were revived by the Austrians, and continue in force down to the present day.

Venetian provinces, and instructed Lord Ponsonby to use his efforts with the Imperial Court, then resident at Inspruck, for that purpose. Public opinion at Vienna was opposed to further concessions, and the Government, reassured by Radetzky, not only rejected the proposals of England, but also determined to withdraw its previous offers. In June, the discord and weakness of the Italians became more apparent, and the confidence of Austria began to increase. The Piedmontese were defeated at Custoza, and under the walls of Milan; the fickle populace of that city attempted the life of the king who had come to liberate them, and the star of Austria was again in the ascendant. A capitulation was concluded; Charles Albert renounced the kingdom of *Alta Italia*, and retired within his own boundaries. In March, 1849, however, hostilities again broke out; but, on this occasion, the Austrians took the initiative, and crossed the Ticino into Piedmont. The Piedmontese had about eighty-five thousand men, and the Austrians ninety thousand; but the former were in a state of disunion and demoralization, and there was little sympathy between the loyal soldiers of Charles Albert and the democratic volunteers of Lombardy. At Mortara, La Bicocca, and Novara, the Piedmontese were entirely discomfited. On the twenty-third of March, Charles Albert abdicated, and, on the twenty-sixth, an armistice was concluded between Austria and Sardinia.

A week later occurred the most terrible episode in the war of independence — the storming of Brescia by the troops of the butcher Haynau, with which we shall close our long catalogue of the woes of Lombardy. Every excess of cruelty, every refinement of cruelty, was inflicted by the Austrians upon that unhappy city. After the restoration of the Imperial authority in Lombardy, Brescia endured eight months of exactions, confiscations, and punishments of all kinds. At the end of that period — preferring speedy destruction to lingering agony — she rose against her oppressors and drove them from the town. Haynau, the future tyrant of Hungary, then commanded in the province, and hastened to supersede General Nugent in the superintendence of the formal siege operations which had been already commenced. The following is a literal translation of the first summons he

addressed to the Municipality of Brescia. It is dated nine in the morning, thirty-first March, 1849: "I make known to the Municipality, that I am here, at the head of my troops, to summon the town to surrender immediately and without conditions. *If that is not done by mid-day, and if all the barricades are not entirely removed, the town will be taken by assault, sacked, and delivered up to all the horrors of devastation.* All the issues from the town will be occupied by my soldiers, and a longer resistance will entail certain destruction. Brescians, you know me; I shall keep my word."

Brescia defended herself with the heroism of despair. Her thirty thousand inhabitants, men and women, and even children and gray-beards, assisted in the common struggle for existence and for freedom. The town was subjected to a merciless bombardment; its houses were shattered and crumbling beneath the iron hail that poured upon them; its streets full of wounded and dead; yet for ten days the resistance was protracted behind the barricades which had been hastily thrown up, and, before the Austrians became masters of the city, they had sustained a loss of two thousand men. Haynau's rage was terrible. "When I saw," he says in his report, "that a great number of our men had already fallen, and that neither the ceaseless rain of bombs, nor the general assault, abated the fury of the inhabitants, who obstinately defended themselves, I had recourse to the last resources of war; ordering that no prisoners should be made, that all should be butchered, and that the houses which resisted should be given to the flames and leveled to the ground."

When such were the sentiments and orders of the general, the conduct of the troops may be easily imagined. The town was sacked in the fullest and most terrible sense of the term. The victorious Austrians broke into every house, gave all to blood and flame, violated and murdered the women, and even the children in the schools. One fourth of the population was butchered after all resistance had ceased. The horrors of the night of the sack were further aggravated by the arrival of twenty fresh Austrian battalions, who, taking the place of their comrades already satiated with plunder and gorged with blood, performed the second act in the sanguinary drama of the sack. The

devastation was complete, and Haynau had kept his word. At daybreak the carnage was renewed, and the spies attached to the Imperial army made themselves conspicuous in hunting out and denouncing the bravest and most energetic of the Italian patriots. These were immediately seized, conducted to the castle or the barracks, and subjected to every species of humiliation and torture, until death closed their sufferings, when their bodies were thrown in heaps into the town ditches, or outside the bastions of the castle, and left to rot, until fear of a pestilence compelled the Austrians to gather them together and burn them.

A market was opened by the soldiery outside the gate of Torrelunga, for the sale of their immense and varied booty. Women and young girls formed a part of their plunder, and, when they were not ransomed by their relatives, they were sold to glut the lust of a brutal soldiery. During three days this infamous traffic went on, and Austrian officers were to be seen countenancing the proceedings, and and availing themselves of the opportunity

of acquiring a number of precious articles for a very inadequate price.

But the vengeance of Haynau was not yet satiated. He imposed a fine of £40,000 on the ruined and devastated city, and then commenced the judicial murders. The men were hanged, or—as there was a scarcity of gibbets—shot by dozens at a time; the women were whipped to death; and a little hunch-backed tailor, who had signalized himself in the defence of the place, was seized by some Hungarian soldiers, taken to their barracks, stripped naked, chained hand and foot, clad in a dress of straw covered with pitch, set on fire, and burnt to death, his tormentors standing by enjoying his agonies. The executions continued for six months, and, at the end of that period, Haynau made the town pay him £480 for the expense of hanging his victims. This item is to be found in the accounts of the Municipality of Brescia for 1849. †

Such was the tragedy of Brescia; such the horrors perpetrated but ten years ago by the soldiers of a nation calling itself civilized!

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From the Westminster Review.

## THE LIFE OF A CONJURER.\*

IN the first decade of this nineteenth century, a small watchmaker in the ancient town of Blois was made happy by the appearance of a son and heir, who, if not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, may be said to have rivaled that physiological abnormality by coming into the world with a file and hammer in his hand. These were his bells and coral. He played with these, as babies of a less mechanical turn play with soldier-toys and kittens. By the time he had reached his eighth year he had invented toys, which he had constructed for himself. No finger-cuttings,

no punishments, could keep him from his father's workshop. To handle tools, and take a mechanism to pieces, became the hobby of this boy, who in time grew to be Robert-Houdin, the conjuror we have all admired.

In spite of the unequivocal genius for mechanics displayed by this boy, the proud father would not hear of his following the watchmaker's trade; he was to have a "liberal education," and make a figure in one of the professions. At school the boy was not happy; he had insatiable craving for the workshop; his holidays were passed in making snares, gins, and mousetraps. Having caught several mice, he turned their mouse power to mechanical purpose. One of his inventions delighted the boys:

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\* *Memoirs of Robert-Houdin, Ambassador Author, and Conjuror.* Written by Himself. Two vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1850.

it was a method of raising water by means of a pump made almost entirely of quills. A mouse, harnessed like a horse, was intended to set this Lilliputian machine in action, but unhappily the mouse, though doing its best, could not quite overcome the resistance of the cog-wheels, and the inventor was obliged to lend a hand. Had he but a rat, how beautifully his machine would work! A rat must be got. A rat is got. A string is fastened round its legs, and the unwilling Rodent is carried off by the young mechanic to the dormitory, where masters and pupils are sound asleep. As sleep was necessary for the boy, too, the rat was thrust headforemost into one of his shoes, the shoe thrust into a stocking, and the stocking into the trousers, while the string which was tied round the leg of the rat was made fast to the bed-post. And now to bed, and happy dreams! The morning breaks; the boys get up; Houdin begins to dress, and at once piteously remarks that the captive Rodent, dissatisfied with the arrangements for ventilation, had gnawed his way through shoe, stocking, and trousers. He had not yet gnawed the string, there was some comfort in that. But what would the masters say? They, you may be sure, had little regard for rats, and would be wroth about the destruction of clothes. However, he made a clean breast of it, confessed all, and was forgiven, on making a promise henceforth to devote himself to books and give up mechanics. Greek and Latin, never greatly exhilarating to a boy, took the place of cog-wheels and springs. The "humanities" pushed aside the screw and lever; and, as he was energetic, he really devoted himself without disgrace to the drudgery of perund-grinding.

At length he left college. What was he to be? His own inclinations pointed unequivocally to watchmaking, or some branch of mechanical ingenuity; but his father, not having made a fortune himself by watchmaking, had a poor opinion of hat calling; and having at great cost to himself given his son a college education, wanted to see him in some liberal profession. The father gained his point, as far as the first step was concerned. Robert entered a lawyer's office. But the passion was too strong to be strangled by parchments. He was constantly at work inventing mechanical toys, and chance one day throwing in his hands a volume which explained how to perform a variety of con-

juring tricks, his vocation in life was then irrevocably fixed.

"I was eagerly devouring every line of the magic book which described the astounding tricks; my head was a-glow, and I at times gave way to thoughts which plunged me in ecstasy. Still the hours slipped away, and while my mind was indulging in fanciful dreams, I did not notice that my candle had burned down in the socket. How can I describe my disappointment when it suddenly went out? It was the last candle I possessed; hence I was forced to quit the sublime realms of magic, all for want of a halfpenny taper. At this instant I would have given my whole fortune, were it only for a street lamp.

"I was not exactly in the dark; a dim ray entered my window from a neighboring lamp; but, though I made every effort to read by it, I could not decipher a single word, and was obliged to retire to bed willy-nilly.

"In vain I tried to sleep: the febrile excitement produced by the book prevented either sleep or rest. I went continually over the passages which had most struck me, and the interest they inspired only the more excited me. Finding it impossible to remain in bed, I repeatedly returned to the window, and while casting envious glances on the lamp, I had made up my mind to go down into the street and read by its light, when another idea occurred to me. In my impatience to realize it I did not wait to dress, but, confining my attire to what was strictly necessary, if I may so call a pair of slippers and my drawers, I took my hat in one hand, a pair of pincers in the other, and went down into the street.

"Once there, I proceeded straight to the lamp; for I must confess, that in my anxiety to profit at once by the sleight-of-hand tricks I had been studying, I intended to conjure away the oil-lamp provided by the authorities for the safety of the town. The parts the hat and pincers were to play in the operation were simple enough; the latter would wrench open the little box containing the end of the cord by which the lamp was raised, and the former would act as a dark lantern, and hide the rays of light which might betray my theft.\*

"All prospered famously; and I was about to retire in triumph, when a miserable incident threatened to rob me of the profits of my trick. At the moment of my success a baker's man overthrew my plans by emerging from the door of his shop. I concealed myself in a doorway, and, while striving to hide the light, I waited perfectly motionless till the unlucky baker retired. But judge of my grief and terror when I saw him lean against the door and calmly smoke his pipe!

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\* It will be remembered that in those days French towns were lighted by a lamp suspended in the center of the highway from a cord attached to two poles.

"My position was growing intolerable; the cold and the fear of detection made my teeth chatter, and, to increase my despair, I soon felt the lining of my hat catch fire. There was no time for hesitation: I crushed my failure of a lantern in my hands, and thus put out the fire; but it was a dreadful sacrifice. My poor hat, the one I wore on Sundays, was smoked, stained with oil, and shapeless. And while I was enduring all these torments, my tyrant continued to smoke with an air of calmness and comfort which drove me nearly mad.

"It was quite plain I could not stay here till daylight; but how to escape from this critical situation? To ask the baker to keep my secret would be running a risk; while, to return home straight would betray me, for I must pass in front of him, and he would be sure to recognize me. The only chance left was to go down a side street and make a *détour* to reach the house. This I decided on, even at the risk of any one meeting me in my bathing attire. Without delay I took hat and lamp under my arm, for I was forced to remove the proofs of my crime, and I started off like an arrow. In my trouble, I fancied the baker was after me. I even thought I heard his footfall behind me, and in my anxiety to escape I doubled my speed; first I turned to the right, then to the left, and went through such a number of streets, that it took me a quarter of an hour to regain my room, in a state of perfect collapse, yet glad to have escaped so cheaply."

The study of this book set his imagination to work. He began to practice the elementary principles of sleight-of-hand. A corn-cutter initiated him into the art, and his own patient assiduity did the rest. He got so far as to be able to carry on two very distinct sets of actions at once—for example, to throw four balls in circles in the air, and all the while read a book placed before him. Severe practice of eye and hand gave him great precision and delicacy, so that he could perform most of the sleight-of-hand tricks performed by others. In those days it was the fashion to wear coats with large pockets on the hips. Whenever his hands were not otherwise engaged, he slipped them into these pockets and set to work with cards, coins, or other objects of practice. Thus, when he went on an errand, his hands were actively employed; at dinner, while with one hand he held his spoon, with the other he was practicing *sauter la coupe*. The consequence of this incessant practice was that he could make any object held in his hand disappear with ease.

Having thus slowly prepared himself for his future career, it required but a trifling accident to determine him. He fell in

with Torrini, a celebrated conjuror, whose history he relates at some length, and which is a Dumas novel in all respects: not in the least credible, but tolerably amusing. With Torrini he travels for some time, and on one occasion performs for him *en amateur*. He then returns to his native town, and tries to work in harness again, but without success. At length he marries, and as his father-in-law was engaged in the making of astronomical clocks and chronometers, Robert joined him as an assistant, and came to Paris. To him Robert confided his scheme of setting up a room for the display of mechanical toys and sleight-of-hand tricks; and this scheme being approved, he set to work with great ardor. For this purpose he frequented the shop of a mechanical toymaker, and met there various persons who gave him instructions in the art he so passionately loved. Nor were his studies confined to conversation and practical experiment; he ransacked libraries for information, and gives us a sketch of the history of mechanical inventions. He discovered, in 1844, that Vaucanson's celebrated automaton Duck was an ingenious mechanism aided by a conjuror's trick. Vaucanson informed the public that:—

"In this duck will be noticed the mechanism of the viscera, intended to perform the functions of eating, drinking, and digesting. The action of all the parts is exactly imitated. The bird puts out its head to take up the seed, swallows it, digests it, and evacuates it by the ordinary channels.

"All thoughtful persons will understand the difficulty of making my automaton perform so many different movements, as when it stands on its legs and moves its head to the right and left. They will also see that this animal drinks, dabbles with its bill, quacks like the living duck, and, in short, is precisely similar in every respect."

On examining the mechanism, Houdin found that:—

"The trick was as simple as it was interesting. A vase, containing seed steeped in water, was placed before the bird. The motion of the bill in dabbling crushed the food, and facilitated its introduction into a pipe placed beneath the lower bill. The water and seed thus swallowed fell into a box placed under the bird's stomach, which was emptied every three or four days. The other part of the operation was thus completed: Bread-crumbs, colored green, was expelled by a forcing pump, and refully caught in a silver salver as the result of artificial digestion."

This was handed round to be admired, while the ingenious trickster laughed in his sleeve at the credulity of the public."

Nor was it much better with the celebrated automaton chessplayer. The story of this is so good that we must give the commencement:—

"In 1796, a revolt broke out in a half-Russian, half-Polish regiment stationed at Riga, at the head of the rebels being an officer of the name of Worousky, a man of great talent and energy. He was of short stature, but well built; and he exercised such influence, that the troops sent to suppress the revolt were beaten back with considerable loss. However, reinforcements came from St. Petersburg, and the insurgents were defeated in a pitched battle. A great number perished, and the rest took to flight across the marshes, where the soldiers pursued them, with orders to grant no quarter.

"In this rout Worousky had both thighs shattered by a cannon-ball, and fell on the battle-field; however, he escaped from the general massacre by throwing himself into a ditch behind a hedge. At nightfall, Worousky dragged himself along with great difficulty to the adjacent house of a physician of the name of Osloff, whose benevolence was well-known, and the doctor, moved by his sufferings, attended upon, and promised to conceal him. His wound was serious, but the doctor felt confident of curing him, until gangrene set in, and his life could only be saved at the cost of half his body. The amputation was successful, and Worousky saved.

"During this time, M. de Kempelen, a celebrated Viennese mechanician, came to Russia to pay a visit to M. Osloff, with whom he had been long acquainted. He was traveling about to learn foreign languages, the study of which he afterwards displayed in his splendid work on the "Mechanism of Words," published at Vienna in 1791. M. de Kempelen stopped a short time in every country the language of which he desired to learn, and his aptitude was so great that he acquired it very speedily.

"This visit was the more agreeable to the doctor, as for some time he had been alarmed as to the consequences of the noble action he had performed; he feared being compromised if it were found out, and his embarrassment was extreme, for, living alone with an old housekeeper, he had no one to consult or to help him. Hence, he told M. de Kempelen his secret, and begged his aid. Though at first startled by sharing such a secret—for he knew that a reward was offered for the insurgent chief, and that the act of humanity he was about to help in might send him to Siberia—still, M. de Kempelen, on seeing Worousky's mutilated body, felt moved with compassion, and began contriving some plan to secure his escape.

"Dr. Osloff was a passionate lover of chess, and had played numerous games with his patient during his tardy convalescence; but Worousky

was so strong at the game that the doctor was always defeated. Then Kempelen joined the doctor in trying to defeat the skillful player, but it was of no use; Worousky was always the conqueror. His superiority gave M. de Kempelen the idea of the famous Automaton Chess-player. In an instant his plan was formed, and he set to work immediately. The most remarkable circumstance is, that this wonderful chef-d'œuvre, which astonished the whole world, was invented and finished within three months.

"M. de Kempelen was anxious his host should make the first essay of his automaton; so, he invited him to play a game on the tenth of October, 1796. The automaton represented a Turk of the natural size, wearing the national costume, and seated behind a box of the shape of a chest of drawers. In the middle of the top of the box was a chessboard.

"Prior to commencing the game, the artist opened several doors in the chest, and M. Osloff could see inside a large number of wheels, pulleys, cylinders, springs, etc., occupying the larger part. At the same time, he opened a long drawer, from which he produced the chessmen and a cushion, on which the Turk was to rest his arm. This examination ended, the robe of the automaton was raised, and the interior of the body could also be inspected.

"The doors being then closed, M. de Kempelen wound up one of the wheels with a key he inserted in a hole in the chest; after which the Turk, with a gentle nod of salutation, placed his hand on one of the pieces, raised it, deposited it on another square, and laid his arm on the cushion before him. The inventor had stated that, as the automaton could not speak, it would signify check to the king by three nods, and to the queen by two.

"The doctor moved in his turn, and waited patiently till his adversary, whose movements had all the dignity of the Sultan he represented, had moved. The game, though slow at first, soon grew animated, and the doctor found he had to deal with a tremendous opponent; for, in spite of all his efforts to defeat the figure, his game was growing quite desperate. It is true, though, that for some minutes past, the doctor's attention had appeared to be distracted, and one idea seemed to occupy him. But while hesitating whether he should impart his thoughts to his friend, the figure gave three nods. The game was over.

"'By Jove!' the loser said, with a tinge of vexation, which the sight of the inventor's smiling face soon dispelled, 'if I were not certain Worousky is at this moment in bed, I should believe I had been playing with him. His head alone is capable of inventing such a checkmate. And besides,' the doctor said, looking fixedly at M. de Kempelen, 'can you tell me why your automaton plays with the left hand, just like Worousky?'"

\* The automaton chess-player always used the left hand—a defect falsely attributed to the carelessness of the constructor.

"The mechanician began laughing, and not wishing to prolong this mystification, the prelude to so many others, he confessed to his friend that he had really been playing with Worouisky.

"But where the deuce have you put him, then?" the doctor said, looking round to try and discover his opponent.

"The inventor laughed heartily.

"Well! do you not recognize me?" the Turk exclaimed, holding out his left hand to the doctor in reconciliation, while Kempelen raised the robe, and displayed the poor cripple stowed away in the body of the automaton.

"M. Osloff could no longer keep his countenance, and he joined the others in their laughter. But he was the first to stop, for he wanted an explanation.

"But how do you manage to render Worouisky invisible?"

"M. de Kempelen then explained how he concealed the living automaton before it entered the Turk's body.

"See here!" he said, opening the chest, 'these wheels, pulleys and cranks occupying a portion of the chest, are only a deception. The frames that support them are hung on hinges, and can be turned back to leave space for the player while you are examining the body of the automaton.

"When this inspection was ended, and as soon as the robe was allowed to fall Worouisky entered the Turk's body we have just examined, and, while I was showing you the box and the machinery, he was taking his time to pass his arms and hands into those of the figure. You can understand that, owing to the size of the neck, which is hidden by the broad and enormous collar, he can easily pass his head into this mask, and see the chess-board. I must add, that when I pretend to wind up the machine, it is only to drown the sound of Worouisky's movements."

It is a lesson which only young men need, but which they for the most part greatly need, that no eminence in any art can be acquired without patient labor, acting in alliance with native dispositions. Heaven-descended genius, in turn-down collars, will not suffice; and it is because young men of parts are too indolently satisfied with facile small successes, and can not coerce their energies into steady labor, that we have so many incomplete performances, buds that never become fruit, cleverness that makes no lasting impression. In Robert-Houdin's career, the lesson of patience is well illustrated. He had native dispositions, an unequivocal talent for sleight-of-hand, and mechanical contrivances. But he did not trust to this aptitude; he worked it till it became a power. We have already indicated the

practice by which he educated this talent, and we shall now see the labor which he devoted to the invention of mechanical contrivances. Probably some youth of a literary turn will smile a sarcastic smile at the notion of a juggler illustrating the career of genius. He will, perhaps, consider Robert-Houdin too much his inferior in intellectual rank to furnish him with an example. And yet, without any sarcastic intention, we might show that the conjuror was really a man of greater ability than many a successful author. We do not simply mean that he was able to do what the author could not do; we mean that on a fair estimate of the intellectual power displayed in each case, the conjuror has the superiority. Both of them aim at amusing the public; both appeal to the wonder, curiosity, and sympathy with talent, which exist largely in the public. Neither of them does more. They do not materially enlarge the boundaries of knowledge, nor impress a new direction on the current of men's thoughts. The amusement of a novel (not of the highest class,) a book of sketches, or a criticism, may be superior in the kind of influence it exerts; but its *production*, in the present state of literature, does not require faculties of a rarer or more admirable order than those required for such performances as Houdin's. There is little originality or sincerity in ordinary novels. There is only a more or less clever reërrangement of the old materials. The characters are those of the circulating library; the incidents are not only improbable, but mostly foolish, and such as have been used time out of mind; the language is equally conventional; the dialogue wholly fictitious and factitious. Indeed we may say that books are rarely new. They are not contributions to our experience, but *réfaciments*. The literary man juggles with phrases, as the juggler with cards. He amuses while he deceives us. We do not believe in him. We are content if he only whiles away the time. We admire his special talent for the manipulation of language, all the more because, not having that talent ourselves, we are disposed to think it admirable; as we think the special talent of the juggler admirable because we know how impossible it would be for us to imitate his feats. If all men were able to juggle cards and balls, only supreme excellence would command attention. If all men could express themselves with facility



and copiousness, without hurting the feelings of Lindley Murray, most of those who are now styled literary men would have no vocation; only those who had new ideas, or new experience to communicate, would gain a hearing. Considering, therefore, that in the mass of current literature, invention, originality of any kind, is rare; and considering further that Robert-Houdin, in his art, displayed remarkable invention, as well as great special talent—constructing machines which could only be constructed by a very ingenious mechanic, and inventing tricks which implied powers of combination and observation given but to few—we are perfectly serious in declaring our estimate of Robert-Houdin's powers to be higher than our estimate of the powers of many a man who makes a certain figure in the circulating libraries.

This, however, is a digression, and we return to Houdin's preparatory studies. He had determined on constructing a variety of automata. The first he made are thus described:

"The first was a small pastrycook issuing from his shop-door at the word of command, and bringing, according to the spectator's request, patties and refreshments of every description. At the side of the shop assistant pastrycooks might be seen rolling paste and putting it in the oven.

"Another specimen represented two clowns, Auriol and Debureau. The latter held out at arm's length a chair, on which his merry comrade performed acrobatic tricks, like his namesake at the circus in the Champs Elysées. After these performances Auriol smoked a pipe, and ended by accompanying on the flageolet an air played by the orchestra.

"The next was a mysterious orange-tree, on which flowers and fruit burst into life at the request of the ladies. As the finale, a handkerchief I borrowed was conveyed into an orange purposely left on the tree. This opened and displayed the handkerchief, which two butterflies took by the corners and unfolded before the spectators.

"Lastly, I made a dial of transparent glass, which marked the hours at the will of the spectators, and struck the time on a crystal bell."

Whatever importance we may attach to such works, no one will deny the ingenuity and labor required for their invention and construction. Only the inventor can truly know the pangs and pleasures, the tentatives and failures on the pathway of success. While Houdin was undergoing these, an unforeseen catastrophe

ruined his father-in-law and himself; he could now no longer indulge in the inventor's delicious labors, he had to work for the daily support of his family. He resumed his old trade of repairing clocks and watches. He moved his whole family into a modest lodging in the rue du Temple, at three hundred francs a-year, consisting of a room, a bed-room, and "a stove in a cupboard, to which the proprietor gave the name of kitchen." Thus housed, he worked courageously, now looking at a cog-wheel, and now diving into the kitchen to stir a ragout or watch the *pot au feu*.

"I had resumed my first trade, that of repairing watches and clocks. Still, this was only to secure our hand-to-mouth existence, for all the while I was repairing I was meditating a piece of clockwork the success of which restored some ease to our household. It was an alarum which was thus arranged:

"You placed it by your side when you went to bed, and at the hour desired, a peal aroused the sleeper, while, at the same time, a ready lighted candle came out from a small box. I was the prouder of this invention and its success, as it was the first of my ideas which produced me any profit.

"This 'alarum light', as I christened it, was so popular that, in order to satisfy the great demand for it, I was obliged to add a workshop to my rooms and hire several workmen. Encouraged by such a favorable result, I turned my attention afresh to inventions, and gave a free scope to my imagination. I succeeded in making several more toys, among which was one which my readers will probably remember to have seen in the shop-windows. It was a glass dial, mounted on a column of the same material. This 'mysterious clock' (as I called it), although entirely transparent, indicated the hour with the greatest exactness, and struck, without any apparent mechanism to make it move. I also constructed several automata, such as a conjuror playing with cups, a dancer on the tight-rope, singing birds, &c."

Ruin again threatened him. A bill of two thousand francs was due at the end of the month, and there was not a franc in the house to pay it. He had recently formed the idea of a new automaton, on which the most sanguine hopes of a sanguine inventor had been fixed: it was to be a writing-and-drawing automaton, which should answer in writing, or in emblems, any questions proposed by the spectators. In the urgency of his present distress, he hurried to a rich curiosity dealer, to whom several of his inventions had been sold. To him the new idea was

explained, and so delighted was the dealer that he at once agreed to purchase it for five thousand francs—half the money down, and the other half on delivery, eighteen months from that date. Joy was once more on the faces and in the hearts of the little family. But presently a certain anxiety stole over the inventor. He had engaged to deliver the automaton by a certain day, and now he foresaw a thousand obstacles which had not occurred before. Determined to free himself from all the numerous interruptions occasioned by the visits of friends, customers, relatives, and bores, he made a wise resolution, and kept it: entrusting the management of his business to one of his workmen, he retired, in spite of the prayers and tears of his whole family, to a lodging in the suburbs, at Belleville, and there in solitude worked courageously at his automaton. The first days of solitude and separation from wife and children were bitter enough; and many of the hours were gloomy and despondent. But the strength of his passion, and a sense of duty, sustained him. If a tear stood in his eye, he closed it, and visions of the various combinations which were to move the automaton appeared before him: he gazed upon the wheels he had made: they too were his children, and he smiled the father's smile. Every Thursday his wife and children spent the evening with him, and every Sunday he dined with them. These few hours were the only hours given to relaxation. Work and solitary musings filled up the rest.

Nor were mechanical difficulties the only ones he had to contend against in the construction of his automaton. He had ordered the body, legs, arms, and head to be made by a carver. At the end of a month these appeared; the legs and trunk were well enough, but the head was the head of a saint; and as the sculptor never carved any thing but saints, nothing else was to be got from him. After trying elsewhere in vain, Houdin determined to carve the head for himself, and actually taught himself how to do this. More than a twelvemonth passed, and the automaton was now complete.

"After many doubts as to the success of my enterprise, the solemn moment arrived when I should make the first trial of my writer. I had spent the whole day in giving the last touches to the automaton, which sat before me as if awaiting my orders, and prepared to answer the

questions I asked it. I had only to press the spring in order to enjoy the long-awaited result. My heart beat violently, and though I was alone, I trembled with emotion at the mere thought of this imposing trial.

"I had just laid the first sheet of paper before my writer, and asked him this question:

"Who is the author of your being?"

"I pressed the spring, and the clockwork began acting. I dared hardly breathe through fear of disturbing the operations. The automaton bowed to me, and I could not refrain from smiling on it as on my own son. But when I saw the eyes fix an attentive glance on the paper—when the arm, a few seconds before numb and lifeless, began to move and trace my signature in a firm handwriting—the tears started to my eyes, and I fervently thanked Heaven for granting me such success. And it was not alone the satisfaction I experienced as inventor, but the certainty I had of being able to restore some degree of comfort to my family, that caused my deep feeling of gratitude.

"After making my Sosia repeat my signature a thousand times, I gave it this next question: 'What o'clock is it?'

"The automaton, acting in obedience to a clock, wrote: 'It is two o'clock in the morning.'

"This was a very timely warning. I profited by it, and went straight to bed. Against my expectations, I enjoyed a sleep I had not known for a long time."

This really remarkable invention was exhibited at the Exposition of 1844, and visited by thousands, as well as by the Royal Family. Houdin makes a remark connected with it, which is very instructive, and applies to a great many cases:—

"The public (I do not mean the educated portion) generally understand nothing of the mechanical effects by which an automaton is moved; but they are pleased to see them, and often only value them by the multiplicity of their parts. I had taken every care to render the mechanism of my writer as perfect as possible, and had set great store on making the clock work noiseless. In doing this, I wished to imitate nature, whose complicated instruments act almost imperceptibly.

"Can it be credited that this very perfection, which I had worked so hard to attain, was unfavorable to my automaton? On its first exhibition, I frequently heard persons who only saw the outside, say:

"That writer is first-rate; but the mechanism is probably very simple. It often requires such a trifle to produce great results."

"The idea then struck me of rendering the clockwork a little less perfect, so that a whizzing sound should be heard, something like cotton-spinning. Then the worthy public found a very different estimate of my work, and the admiration increased in a ratio to the intensity of the noise. Such exclamations as these were

continually heard: 'How ingenious! What complicated machinery! What talent such combinations must require!'

"In order to obtain this result, I had rendered my automaton less perfect; and I was wrong. In this I followed the example of certain actors who overdo their parts in order to produce a greater effect. They raise a laugh, but they infringe the rules of art, and are rarely ranked among first-rate artists. Eventually, I got over my susceptibility, and my machine was restored to its first condition."

His exile at Belleville did not terminate with the completion of the automaton writer; he also constructed an automaton nightingale, and found himself thus the possessor of seven thousand francs.

We must pass over the troubles and vexations he incurred in getting a theater, building it, and making every thing ready for his *Soirées Fantastiques*; and will pause at the third of July, 1845, when the terrible ordeal of a first appearance was to be made.

"The day of my first representation had at length arrived. To say how I spent it is impossible; all I remember is, that, at the end of a feverish and sleepless night, occasioned by the multiplicity of my tasks, I had to organize and force every thing, for I was at once manager, machinist, author, and actor. What a terrible responsibility for a poor artist, whose life had hitherto been spent among his tools!

"At seven in the evening, a thousand things had still to be done, but I was in a state of febrile excitement which doubled my strength and energy, and I got through them all.

"Eight o'clock struck and echoed through my heart like the peal that summons the culprit to execution; never in my life did I experience such emotion and torture. Ah! if I could only draw back! Had it been possible to fly and abandon this position I had so long desired, with what happiness would I have returned to my peaceful avocations! And yet, why did I feel this mad terror? I know not, for three-fourths of the room were filled with persons on whose indulgence I could rely.

"I made a final attack on my pusillanimity.

"'Come!' I said to myself, 'courage! I have my name, my future, my children's fortune at stake: courage!'

"This thought restored me; I passed my hand several times over my agitated features, ordered the curtain to be raised, and without further reflection I walked boldly on the stage.

"My friends, aware of my sufferings, received me with some encouraging applause; this kind reception restored my confidence, and, like a gentle dew, refreshed my mind and senses. I began.

"To assert that I acquitted myself fairly would be a proof of vanity, and yet it would be

excusable, for I received repeated signs of applause from my audience. But how to distinguish between the applause of the friendly and the paying public? I was glad to deceive myself, and my experiments gained by it.

"The first part was over and the curtain fell. My wife came directly to embrace me, to encourage me, and thank me for my courageous efforts. I may now confess it: I believed that I had been alone severe to myself, and that it was possible all this applause was sterling coin. This belief did me an enormous good; and why should I conceal it, tears of joy stood in my eyes, which I hastened to wipe away lest my feelings might prevent my preparations for the second part.

"The curtain rose again, and I approached my audience with a smile on my lips. I judged of this change in my face by those of my spectators, for they began all at once to share my good humor. How many times since have I tried this imitative faculty on the part of the public! If you are anxious, ill-disposed, or vexed, or should your face bear the stamp of any annoying impression, your audience, straightway imitating the contraction of your features, begins to frown, grow serious, and ill-disposed to be favorable to you. If, however, you appear on the stage with a cheerful face, the most sombre brows un wrinkle, and every one seems to say to the artist: 'How d'ye do, old fellow, your face pleases me, I only want an opportunity to applaud you.' Such seemed to be the case with my public at this moment.

"It was more easy for me to feel at my ease as I was beginning my favorite experiment, 'the surprising pocket handkerchief,' a medley of clever deceptions. After borrowing a handkerchief, I produced from it a multitude of objects of every description, such as sugar-plums, feathers of every size up to a drum-major's, fans, comic journals, and, as a *finale*, an enormous basket of flowers, which I distributed to the ladies. This trick was perfectly successful, but to tell the truth, I had it at my fingers' ends.

"The next performance was the 'orange tree,' and I had every reason to calculate on this trick, for, in my private rehearsals, it was the one I always did best. I began with a few juggling tricks as introduction, which were perfectly successful, and I had every reason to believe I was getting through it capitally, when a sudden thought crossed my mind and paralyzed me. I was assailed by a panic which must have been felt to be understood, and I will try to explain it by an illustration.

"When you are learning to swim, the teacher begins by giving you this important piece of advice: 'Have confidence and all will be well.' If you follow his advice, you easily keep yourself up on the water, and it seems perfectly natural; thus you learn to swim. But it often happens that a sudden thought crosses your mind like lightning: 'Suppose my strength failed me!' From that time you hurry your movements, you redouble your speed, the water

no longer sustains you, you flounder about, and, if a helping hand were not by, you would be lost.

"Such was my situation on the stage; the thought had suddenly struck me: 'Suppose I were to fail!' And immediately I began to talk quick, hurried on in my anxiety to finish, felt confused, and, like the tired swimmer, I floundered about without being able to emerge from the chaos of my ideas.

"Oh! then I experienced a torture, an agony which I could not describe, but which might easily become mortal were it prolonged.

"The real public were cold and silent, my friends were foolish enough to applaud, but the rest remained quiet. I scarcely dared to look round the room, and my experiment ended I know not how.

"I proceeded to the next, but my nervous system had reached such a degree of irritation that I no longer knew what I said or did. I only felt that I was speaking with extraordinary volubility, so that the four last tricks of my performance were done in a few minutes.

"The curtain fell very opportunely: my strength was exhausted; but a little longer and I should have had to crave the indulgence of my audience.

"In my life I never passed so frightful a night as the one following my first performance. I had a fever, I am quite certain, but that was as nothing in comparison with my moral sufferings. I had no desire left or courage to appear on the stage. I wished to sell, give up, or give away, if necessary, an establishment which taxed my strength too severely.

"No," I said to myself, "I am not born for this life of emotion. I will quit the parching atmosphere of a theater. I will, even at the expense of a brilliant fortune, return to my gentle and calm employment."

"The next morning, incapable of rising, and, indeed, firmly resolved to give up my representations, I had the bill taken down that announced my performance for that evening. I had made up my mind as to all the consequences of this resolution. Thus, the sacrifice accomplished, I found myself far more calm, and even yielded to the imperious claims of a sleep I had for a long time denied myself."

Who can read this without sympathy? and who that knows the perfidious counsel of "friends" will be surprised to hear that one of these counselors called on him the next morning, and blandly assuming that Houdin had resolved on not repeating the performance, informed him that "he had foretold it;" always thinking the experiment madness. Houdin was piqued. He *had* intended to retire; but now he resolved to hold his ground. The second performance went off much better, but unhappily to a very small audience. He went on. A few articles in the news-

papers attracted attention, and the public at length flocked to his theater. From that time his success was constant. It is true that he made great improvements on his first performances. He became more at his ease and more effective on the stage, and invented new tricks. He mentions the difficulty he had, in common with all beginners, to conquer the tendency to rapid speaking. In public speaking of all kinds, the more slowly a story is told the shorter will it seem. If you speak slowly, your hearers, judging that you take an interest in each sentence, yield to your influence, and listen with sustained attention. If, on the contrary, you hurry on, as if anxious to get to the end, the auditors also become anxious and are influenced by your hurry.

As most of our readers have witnessed Houdin's remarkable trick of second sight, they will be interested to learn how he educated the senses of his son, as well as his own, to the requisite rapidity:

"I took a domino, the cinq-quer for instance, and laid it before him. Instead of letting him count the points of the two numbers, I requested the boy to tell me the total at once.

"Nine," he said.

"Then I added another domino, the quater-tray.

"That makes sixteen," he said, without any hesitation.

"I stopped the first lesson here; the next day we succeeded in counting at a single glance four dominos, the day after six, and thus we at length were enabled to give instantaneously the product of a dozen dominoes.

"This result obtained, we applied ourselves to a far more difficult task, over which we spent a month. My son and I passed rapidly before a toy-shop, or any other displaying a variety of wares, and cast an attentive glance upon it. A few steps further on we drew paper and pencil from our pockets, and tried which could describe the greatest number of objects seen in passing. I must own that my son reached a perfection far greater than mine, for he could often write down forty objects, while I could scarce reach thirty. Often feeling vexed at this defect, I would return to the shop and verify his statement, but he rarely made a mistake.

"My male readers will certainly understand the possibility of this, but they will recognize the difficulty. As for my lady readers, I am convinced beforehand they will not be of the same opinion, for they daily perform far more astounding feats. Thus, for instance, I can safely assert that a lady seeing another pass at full speed in a carriage, will have time to analyse her toilette from her bonnet to her shoes, and be able to describe not only the fashion and

quality of the stuffs, but also say if the lace be real, or only machine made. I have known ladies do this."

Nor was he satisfied with having acquired even this unusual rapidity and comprehensiveness of glance. Although he had a means of communication with his son which enabled him to describe any conceivable object, he foresaw many difficulties:

"The experiment of second sight always formed the termination of my performance. Each evening I saw unbelievers arrive with all sorts of articles to triumph over a secret which they could not unravel. Before going to see Robert-Houdin's son a council was held, in which an object that must embarrass the father was chosen. Among these were half effaced antique medals, minerals, books printed in characters of every description (living and dead languages,) coats of arms, microscopic objects, etc.

"But what caused me the greatest difficulty was in finding out the contents of parcels, often tied with a string, or even sealed up. But I had managed to contend successfully against all these attempts to embarrass me. I opened boxes, purses, pocket-books, etc., with great ease, and unnoticed, while appearing to be engaged on something quite different. Were a sealed parcel offered me, I cut a small slit in the paper with the nail of my left thumb, which I always purposely kept very long and sharp, and thus discovered what it contained. One essential condition was excellent sight, and that I possessed to perfection. I owed it originally to my old trade, and practice daily improved it. An equally indispensable necessity was to know the name of every object offered me. It was not enough to say, for instance, "It is a coin;" but my son must give its technical name, its value, the country in which it was current, and the year in which it was struck. Thus, for instance, if an English crown were handed me, my son was expected to state that it was struck in the reign of George IV., and had an intrinsic value of six francs eighteen centimes.

"Aided by an excellent memory, we had managed to classify in our heads the name and value of all foreign money. We could also describe a coat of arms in heraldic terms. Thus, on the arms of the house of X—being handed me, my son would reply: 'Field gules, with two croziers argent in pale.' This knowledge was very useful to us in the *salons* of the Faubourg Saint Germain, where we were frequently summoned.

"I had also learned the characters—though unable to translate a word—of an infinity of languages, such as Chinese, Russian, Turkish, Greek, Hebrew, etc. We knew, too, the names of all surgical instruments, so that a surgical pocket-book, however complicated it might be,

could not embarrass us. Lastly, I had a very sufficient knowledge of mineralogy, precious stones, antiquities, and curiosities; but I had at my command every possible resource for acquiring these studies, as one of my dearest and best friends, Aristide le Carpentier, a learned antiquary, and uncle of the talented composer of the same name, had, and still has, a cabinet of antique curiosities, which makes the keepers of the imperial museums fierce with envy. My son and I spent many long days in learning here names and dates, of which we afterwards made a learned display. Le Carpentier taught me many things, and, among others, he described various signs by which to recognize old coins when the die is worn off. Thus, a Trajan, a Tiberius, or a Marcus Aurelius became as familiar to me as a five-franc piece.

"Owing to my old trade, I could open a watch with ease, and do it with one hand, so as to be able to read the maker's name without the public suspecting it: then I shut up the watch again and the trick was ready; my son managed the rest of the business.

"But that power of memory which my son possessed in an eminent degree certainly did us the greatest service. When we went to private houses, he needed only a very rapid inspection, in order to know all the objects in a room, as well as the various ornaments worn by the spectators, such as *châtelaines*, pins, eye-glasses, fans, brooches, rings, bouquets, etc. He thus could describe these objects with the greatest ease, when I pointed them out to him by our secret communication. Here is an instance:

"One evening, at a house in the *Chaussée d'Antin*, and at the end of a performance which had been as successful as it was loudly applauded, I remembered that while passing through the next room to the one we were now in, I had begged my son to cast a glance at a library and remember the titles of some of the books, as well as the order they were arranged in. No one had noticed this rapid examination.

"To end the second-sight experiment, sir," I said to the master of the house, "I will prove to you that my son can read through a wall. Will you lend me a book?"

"I was naturally conducted to the library in question, which I now pretended to see for the first time, and I laid my finger on a book.

"Emile," I said to my son, "what is the name of this work?"

"It is Buffon," he replied quickly.

"And the one by its side?" an incredulous spectator hastened to ask.

"On the right or left?" my son asked.

"On the right," the speaker said, having a good reason for choosing this book, for the lettering was very small.

"*The Travels of Anacharsis the Younger*," the boy replied. "But," he added, "had you asked the name of the book on the left, sir, I should have said Lamartine's Poetry. A little to the right of this row, I see Crébillon's works; below, two volumes of Fleury's Memoirs; and

my son thus named a dozen books before he stopped.

"The spectators had not said a word during this description, as they felt so amazed; but when the experiment had ended, all complimented us by clapping their hands."

It has been made abundantly manifest by what has already been stated, that Houdin's success is due to a real scientific power, as well as to a certain special aptitude for sleight-of-hand. His tricks and machines imply considerable sagacity, knowledge of the human mind, and mechanical invention. He is very far from being a mere juggler, and had he ventured on writing his *Memoirs* himself, with the simplicity of a genuine autobiography, he would have produced a work of lasting interest; instead of that he has entrusted his memoirs to some *feuilletoniste*, as is the fashion among his countrymen, and we have not only heaps of tinsel in lieu of gold, but the very gold itself has the air of tinsel. If the ingenuous reader, seeing the words "written by himself" on the title-page of these volumes, should ask on what authority we so unhesitatingly ascribe the writing to a *feuilletoniste*, our reply is—the authority of every chapter of the work, which has all the *chique*, as well as all the faults and falsehood of works written by this class. It is not only not true, but does not read like an attempt at truth. There is doubtless a true story running through the pages, and this story we have endeavored to reproduce. Some of the passages bear the unmistakable signature of experience, and are truly autobiographical, but they are lost amid passages which bear the equally unmistakable signature of fiction—the well-known accent of the *spirituel feuilleton*. It seems difficult to make a Frenchman really believe that truth is better than fiction, or even to understand that in fiction the supreme art is to conceal the art. To dazzle and startle the reader with tricks of style is only excusable when style is the main purpose of the writing, and is always fatal in biography, where it betrays that the thing said is of less consequence than the manner of saying it. Now, in Houdin's career there was apparently material for a serious work, which would have been all the more popular if it had seemed more veracious. As it is, the book is certainly amusing, but all the time we read it we seem to be reading one of the thousand and one ingenuities

which spring from the brain of the *feuilletonistes*, not a real autobiography.

Robert-Houdin has now retired from public life. He has made a fortune by his conjuring, and he now occupies his well-earned leisure by pursuing his scientific studies. The Universal Exhibition of 1855 awarded him a first-class medal for his applications of electricity to mechanism, and we may yet see his name attached to some important scientific discovery. Our space will not permit us to follow his successful career in France, Belgium, and England, but the curious reader may find it recorded with very pardonable elation in these volumes. We will now only add that he has been once seduced from his retirement, and donned the conjurer's robe at the request of the Government, for the sake of discrediting the Marabouts of Algiers, by showing the credulous people that their French conquerors have men who far surpass the Marabouts, and who openly avow that their performances are tricks. The account of his expedition to Algiers is amusing, but we can only find room for this story. After having performed the trick of suffering an Arab to fire at him with a loaded pistol, the ball appearing inside an apple in his hand, he journeyed into the interior, and there met several Marabouts, one of whom told him that he was not to be deceived.

" 'Why so?'

" 'Because I don't believe in your power.'

" 'Ah, indeed! Well, then, if you do not believe in my power, I will compel you to believe in my skill.'

" 'Neither in one nor the other.'

" 'I was at this moment the whole length of the room from the Marabout.'

" 'Stay,' I said to him; 'you see this five-franc piece?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'Close your hand firmly, for the piece will go into it spite of yourself.'

" 'I am ready,' the Arab said, in an incredulous voice, as he held out his tightly-closed fist.

" 'I took the piece at the end of my finger, so that the assembly might all see it, then feigning to throw it at the Marabout, it disappeared at the word 'Pass!'

" 'My man opened his hand, and, finding nothing in it, shrugged his shoulders, as if to say, 'You see, I told you so.'

" 'I was well aware the piece was not there, but it was important to draw the Marabout's attention momentarily from his sash, and for this purpose I employed the feint.'

" 'That does not surprise me,' I replied, 'for I threw the piece with such strength that it went right through your hand, and has fallen into your

saah. Being afraid I might break your watch by the blow, I called it to me: here it is!' And I showed him the watch in my hand.

"The Marabout quickly put his hand in his waist-belt, to assure himself of the truth, and was quite stupefied at finding the five-franc piece.

"The spectators were astounded. Some among them began telling their beads with a vivacity evidencing a certain agitation of mind; but the Marabout frowned without saying a word, and I saw he was spelling over some evil design.

"I now believe in your supernatural power,' he said; 'you are a real sorcerer: hence, I hope you will not fear to repeat here a trick you performed in your theater;' and offering me two pistols he held concealed beneath his burnous, he added, 'Come choose one of these pistols; we will load it, and I will fire at you. You have nothing to fear, as you can ward off all blows.'

"I confess I was for a moment staggered; I sought a subterfuge and found none. All eyes were fixed upon me, and a reply was anxiously awaited.

"The Marabout was triumphant.

"Bou-Allem, being aware that my tricks were only the result of skill, was angry that his guest should be so pestered; hence he began reproaching the Marabout. I stopped him, however, for an idea had occurred to me which would save me from my dilemma, at least temporarily; then, addressing my adversary:

"You are aware," I said, with assurance, "that I require a talisman in order to be invulnerable, and, unfortunately, I have left mine at Algiers."

"The Marabout began laughing with an incredulous air.

"Still," I continued, "I can, by remaining six hours at prayers, do without the talisman, and defy your weapon. To-morrow morning, at eight o'clock, I will allow you to fire at me in the presence of these Arabs, who were witnesses of your challenge."

"Bou-Allem, astonished at such a promise, asked me once again if this offer was serious, and if he should invite the company for the appointed hour. On my affirmative, they agreed to meet before the stone bench I have already alluded to.

"I did not spend my night at prayers, as may be supposed, but I employed about two hours in insuring my invulnerability; then, satisfied with the result, I slept soundly, for I was terribly tired.

"By eight the next morning we had breakfasted, our horses were saddled, and our escort was awaiting the signal for our departure, which would take place after the famous experiment.

"None of the guests were absent, and, indeed, a great number of Arabs came in to swell the crowd.

"The pistols were handed me; I called attention to the fact that the vents were clear, and

the Marabout put in a fair charge of powder and drove the wad home. Among the bullets produced, I chose one which I openly put in the pistol, and which was then also covered with paper.

"The Arab watched all these movements, for his honor was at stake.

"We went through the same process with the second pistol, and the solemn moment arrived.

"Solemn, indeed, it seemed to every body—to the spectators who were uncertain of the issue, to Madame Houdin, who had in vain besought me to give up this trick, for she feared the result—and solemn also to me, for as my new trick did not depend on any of the arrangements made at Algiers, I feared an error, an act of treachery—I knew not what.

"Still I posted myself at fifteen paces from the sheik, without evincing the slightest emotion.

"The Marabout immediately seized one of the pistols, and, on my giving the signal, took a deliberate aim at me.

"The pistol went off, and the ball appeared between my teeth.

"More angry than ever, my rival tried to seize the other pistol, but I succeeded in reaching it before him.

"You could not injure me," I said to him, 'but you shall now see that my aim is more dangerous than yours. Look at that wall.'

"I pulled the trigger, and on the newly whitewashed wall there appeared a large patch of blood, exactly at the spot where I had aimed.

"The Marabout went up to it, dipped his finger in the blood, and, raising it to his mouth, convinced himself of the reality. When he acquired this certainty, his arms fell, and his head was bowed on his chest, as if he were annihilated.

"It was evident that for the moment he doubted every thing, even the Prophet.

"The spectators raised their eyes to heaven, muttered prayers, and regarded me with a species of terror.

"This scene was a triumphant termination to my performance. I therefore retired, leaving the audience under the impression I had produced. We took leave of Bou-Allem and his son, and set off at a gallop.

"The trick I have just described, though so curious, is easily prepared. I will give a description of it, while explaining the trouble it took me.

"As soon as I was alone in my room, I took out of my pistol-case—without which I never travel—a bullet-mould.

"I took a card, bent up the four edges, and thus made a sort of trough, in which I placed a piece of wax taken from one of the candles. When it was melted, I mixed with it a little lamp-black I had obtained by putting the blade of a knife over the candle, and then ran this composition in the bullet-mould.

"Had I allowed the liquid to get quite cold, the ball would have been full and solid; but in

about ten seconds I turned the mould over, and the portion of the wax not yet set ran out, leaving a hollow ball in the mould. This operation is the same as that used in making tapers, the thickness of the outside depending on the time the liquid has been left in the mould.

"I wanted a second ball, which I made rather more solid than the other; and this I filled with blood, and covered the orifice with a lump of wax. An Irishman had once taught me the way to draw blood from the thumb, without feeling any pain, and I employed it on this occasion to fill my bullet.

"Bullets thus prepared bear an extraordinary resemblance to lead, and are easily mistaken for that metal when seen a short distance off.

"With this explanation, the trick will be easily understood. After showing the leaden bullet to the spectators, I changed it for my hollow ball, and openly put the latter into the pistol. By pressing the wad tightly down, the wax broke into small pieces, and could not touch me at the distance I stood.

"At the moment the pistol was fired, I opened my mouth to display the lead bullet I held between my teeth, while the other pistol contained the bullet filled with blood, which, bursting against the wall, left its imprint, though the wax had flown to atoms."

In the concluding chapter he explains how the Marabouts perform their tricks, which are mere child's play compared with those of European jugglers. On the whole, we can recommend these "Memoirs of Robert-Houdin" as pleasant reading; an air of greater veracity would have increased their attractiveness tenfold, and a substitution of autobiographic details for the numerous passages foisted in by the compiler would have made it a book of permanent worth. As it is, we must accept it for what it is without too close a scrutiny.

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From the Eclectic Review.

## MARVELS OF THUNDER-STORMS.

It is a sultry summer's day. The sun has been blazing for hours uncurtained by a cloud. The earth seems weary of his beams, for the sky glows like the dome of a furnace, and the winds have ceased to fan the feverish landscape. A sense of oppression, nameless and indescribable, is felt by man, and appears to be shared by bird and beast. Judging, indeed, by the general languor which prevails, the observer might well be pardoned if he concluded that Nature herself was about to swoon.

Why is this?

The storm-spirit is abroad, and such are a few of the symptoms which herald his approach.

On the horizon a dark menacing cloud appears, small at first, but gradually dilating as it advances towards the spot where its lightnings are to be discharged. Lesser, but still more ragged patches of vapor become visible in the sky; and these, evidently disturbed by the proximity of the terrible visitor, betray their confusion,

until, overpowered by its attraction, they probably mix with its mass, and are compelled to take part in the impending fray. Enlarged by the addition of these conscript clouds, the genius of the tempest proceeds, muttering in the distance, as if trying his voice and clearing his throat for the awful peals which shall soon shake both earth and heaven. At length he reaches the zenith; his huge wings are outspread to their widest extent, and, like the angel of destruction hovering over some guilty city with uplifted spear, or vial brimming with wrath, he prepares to launch his thunderbolts upon the troubled regions beneath.

Now there comes a flash. It probably belongs to the class we are accustomed to call sheet lightnings, for these are by far the most frequent in an ordinary storm. The discharge having taken place behind a screen of cloud, the edges of the vapor are tinged with some vivid hue, or the whole mass may appear to be lit up with a white crimson, blue, or violet radiance.



Comparatively innocuous, these diffusive flashes may be watched with pleasure, for who has not observed the young storm-spirits at play on a summer's evening, hurling their lances of light at each other, and catching them on their broad bucklers of cloud until the heavens were gay with their magnificent gambolings?

Then follows a peal of thunder. The spot, however, at which the explosion has occurred is still somewhat distant, for several seconds may be counted before the report arrives at the ear. Sound travels at the rate of about 1100 feet in a second, whether it consists of lovers' whispers, cannon boomings, or the knell of dying criminals; whilst the fleet element, light, darts along with a velocity which may be considered instantaneous, except when its progress is reckoned in cosmical miles. A soldier in battle sees the flash of the musket before he feels the shock of the bullet which lays him low. It is easy, therefore, to calculate the distance of the point of perturbation. An interval of forty to fifty seconds has frequently been noticed, implying an explosion ten miles from the observer; and Arago gives a case in which seventy-two seconds, equal to fifteen miles, were told off before the thunder was heard.

Flash the second. Here we have a different class of lightning. Instead of a broad sheet there appears a slender line of light, bent into numerous zig-zags, and passing, as is the case with many of these discharges, between the clouds and the earth. Generally originating at a single point, the fiery stream sometimes divides into two or three branches before it alights, and hence it is popularly said to be forked. Two-pronged and three-pronged flashes have been distinctly observed, and, in some instances, several objects seem to have been struck by the same thunderbolt, as if, in its desire to do the greatest quantity of mischief, it had separated into numerous ramifications. Kämtz says that, during a very violent storm, the lightning occasionally throws out lateral offshoots, and that once, at Halle, in 1834, it exhibited the appearance of a vertebral column with the ribs attached.

More swiftly the peal now follows the discharge. Observe the rolling noise of the thunder—at one moment dying away, as if its work were done, and then breaking out with a solemn rush of sound, as if returning to the battle with greater fury

than before. From the duration of the report, the length of the flash may be conditionally inferred. Assuming that the uproar which signalizes the progress of a bolt through the air is produced by an explosion at each point of its path, it has been concluded, from observations made by De L'Isle, that the extent of some can not be less than ten miles! The pealing sound of thunder is not due to the echoings of the clouds alone; but the angular course pursued by the electric fluid, and which is supposed to arise from the different conductibilities of the medium it traverses, will go far to account for the many acoustic variations produced. Yet how such a swift-moving element can dart along a zig-zag track—turning all the corners as cleverly as if it were traveling at a snail's pace—must appear vastly more wonderful than an attempt to fire a bullet through a zig-zag barrel.

Then another explosion occurs. This time, however, the electric fluid assumes the shape of a luminous globe which sails coolly through the air, or rolls along the ground like a cricket-ball. Those who look upon lightning as the great emblem of speed will find it difficult to believe that a flash can coil itself up into a round figure, and saunter through the sky at such a leisurely rate that a bird or even a locomotive might vie with it in point of dispatch. But explain the phenomenon as we may, it is certain that this remarkable form of discharge is occasionally adopted, or, at any rate, the electric stroke is sometimes preceded or accompanied by a globular apparition which, when compared with the other two species of lightning, moves with amazing deliberation. In a Northamptonshire tempest (1725) the Rev. Joseph Wasse observed a ball of fire, almost as large as the moon, passing over his garden, from S.E. to N.W.; and a tradesman at Mixbury saw another, of the size of a man's head, burst into four pieces near the church. At Portsmouth, in 1809, three flaming balls fell from the clouds in succession, descending upon the masts of the *Warren Hastings*, and inflicting three several strokes upon the ship, as if the ghost of Edmund Burke was riding upon the whirl-wind and directing the storm. Sometimes these luminous spheres have been seen bowling along the waters, as was the case with one noticed by Mr. Chalmers, on board the *Montague*, in 1749. The quartermaster having direct-

ed his attention to the windward, he perceived a large ball of blue fire, of the size of a millstone, which skimmed along the surface until it arrived within forty yards of the vessel, when it sprang up with a fearful explosion and shattered the main-topmast to pieces. Sometimes these globular lightnings have been observed traveling along the land. Mr. Hearnden, of Plymouth, was on the Dartmoor hills during a terrible tempest, when, after an explosion, a ball struck the path near him, followed by a flood of light, and dashed down its whole length with a fearful brilliancy until it plunged into a rivulet at the foot of the hill. In 1829 a fiery mass was seen rolling down the Malvearn Hills towards a building in which two young ladies had taken shelter; it reached the building—in a moment the refugees were dead. Occasionally these balls have been known to strike the ground, and rebound as if made of India rubber, and various other eccentric proceedings are related of them by the electrical authorities. How to explain their origin has always been a difficult problem, but the most probable solution appears to be that of Sir W. Snow Harris, who compares them to the glow or brush discharge of an ordinary prime conductor, with this important difference, that the phenomenon is locomotive instead of being stationary—the particles of air apparently passing the fluid along, until it finds some object on which to vent its fury by an angry explosion.

Flash the fourth. This time the bolt has struck a stately oak. The bark is instantly ripped from the stem, and scattered in a shower of fragments all round the tree. Many of the branches, too, are hewn from the trunk and flung to the distance of several paces. Possibly the stem itself is sliced into numerous longitudinal slips, or even converted into a mere bundle of laths. Professor Munke mentions an oak whose entire body was shivered into shreds many feet in length, but only a line or a line and a half in thickness. Generally, when vegetables have been thus stricken, they do not appear to be charred, as if they had been shrouded in fire. Full of sap or moisture, as they probably are when thunder-storms are in season, it has been supposed that the sudden creation of vapour, and the expansion of the air, will explain why the stoutest oak is sometimes rent asunder, or reduced to a faggot of slender fibres.

Another brilliant gleam—another fearful bellow. Now the lightning has fallen upon a dwelling-house, and so appalling is the crash, that the inmates fancy the building is tumbling about their ears. The proceedings of the meteor when it breaks into a habitation are always capricious, and sometimes so whimsical that it appears to be engaged in a frolic: rough and rude, no doubt; but still with such a touch of waggy in its behavior, that you might fancy it had left the skies purely for the sake of a prank. In 1758, the electric fluid made its way into a house in Norwich, ripping off the tiles for a yard or two at the east end of the roof, and drilling a small hole in a lath in order to effect a burglarious entrance into a chamber. Once admitted, it carried away the top of an old chair without overturning it; snapped the two heads from the bed-posts, tore the curtains, blew out an upright from the window-frame into a ditch, distant ten or twelve yards; scraped off a quantity of plaster from the wall; lifted up a board from the floor, as if searching for a convenient place of exit, and pierced a hole through a beam, by which it stole into the kitchen. There it traversed a shelf of pewter implements, melting the surfaces of six dishes, two plates, and one basin, to the breadth of a shilling. From the kitchen it condescended to rush into a closet, by removing a wooden button; and here it swept away some pieces from a Delft dish, broke a quart mug, and cut off the upper part of a phial half-full of oil, without spilling a drop of the liquid. In the passage it encountered two "ancient women," one of whom it knocked over, singeing her under garments and scorching her person, without doing her further injury; whilst it inflicted no damage whatever upon her companion, though they were sitting knee to knee. It has been known to destroy the wooden part of a bed, toss the clothes and mattress on the floor, together with the sleeping occupant, and yet the latter has escaped without the slightest hurt. In a Carmarthenshire storm (1729) the fluid fell upon the hearth-stone of a laborer's house, shattered a portion of the slab, and drove several of the fragments into the flesh of a woman and her children, like a shower of grape-shot—four-and-twenty pieces being afterwards extracted from their bodies. Of course the electricity avails itself of any metallic objects which will serve as stepping-stones,

even if they should not operate as continuous conductors to the ground. It will flash over the gilding of a picture-frame, leaving it blackened and the glass shattered to atoms; or, seizing upon the bell-wires, it will follow them as far as possible, fusing them into drops which burn their way into the floor or furniture beneath, in case the metal is insufficient in thickness to carry the fiery stream without obstruction; or dissipating the particles of the wire in some mysterious fashion, it will leave the wall scored with a long black line, as if a train of powder had been fired in its track. One remarkable effect which has been frequently noticed when lightning explodes, and particularly in a confined locality like a room, is the strong sulphureous odor evolved. Buildings have been left in a state of overpowering fumigation for several hours after the highly-scented stroke was inflicted. Something like brimstone has occasionally been developed indeed in a solid form; for, in 1733, a yellow ball covered with fine yellow crystals, rather compacter in composition than the ordinary roll sulphur, but capable of burning with a white flame when set on fire, was picked up in the Isle of Wight after a night of almost incessant thunder and lightning. In 1681, a British vessel, the *Albemarle*, was hit by a bolt, and at the same time a lump of ignited matter, diffusing a gunpowdery fragrance, dropped into the boat which hung at the stern. All attempts to remove it with poles, as well as to quench it with water, were futile, and this natural Greek fire was allowed to flame itself out at pleasure.

Again there is a flash, and again a prodigious peal. The lightning has struck a neighboring steeple, and torn the stout masonry as if it were a child's edifice of wooden bricks. The stones of the spire being secured by means of iron cramps, the electric fluid bounds from one to another; but this it does with fearful violence: for wherever its course is impeded, it exerts an expansive force, and instead of driving objects before it like a cannon ball, it bursts like a bombshell. Large blocks are thus rent from their places and hurled to a great distance. When the steeple of St. Bride's, London, was attacked in 1764, a lump weighing fifty pounds—one reporter says seventy-two pounds—was projected 150 feet to the east of the building, and fell through the roof of a house, whilst the masonry

in which the iron bars were embedded was ripped open and the fragments scattered in all directions. The effects of the visitation indeed were precisely such as would have resulted from the ignition of pent-up gunpowder. Sometimes the stones appear to be ground to powder and dissipated like fine sand. The explosive power of a bolt may be judged from the fact that a hundred tons of solid matter were supposed to have been blown to a distance of thirty feet in three seconds, when St. George's Church, at Leicester, was smitten, in 1846. Occasionally the metal bars which lie in the path of the lightning are rendered strongly magnetic, as was observed at the last-named edifice; for most of the iron cramps were so powerfully impregnated that eight weeks after the storm one of them was able to support a considerable burden of filings. In like manner the electric fluid has occasionally imparted magnetism to knives, forks, the springs of watches, boxes of cutlery at an ironmonger's, and steel implements at an artisan's: it has also affected the compass in ships at sea, and absolutely reversed the poles of the needle. It will be seen, therefore, that an unprotected church tower, with a lofty spire—usually the tallest object in the vicinity, and an imperfect system of conductors, consisting of vane, bells and ropes—must be as unsafe a place as can well be imagined whilst a storm is raging in full rigor. A writer in "*Nicholson's Journal*," some years ago, estimated the damage done to the ecclesiastical fabrics of England alone at not much less than £50,000 per annum; whilst old Fuller, in his "*Church History of Great Britain*," asserts that there was scarcely "a great abbey in England which (once at least) was not burnt down with lightning from heaven." Yet, strange to say, it was once commonly believed on the continent that the ringing of church bells was the surest method of repelling the approaches of a tempest, or disarming the thunderbolt of its virulence. Some of these sonorous implements carried inscriptions expressive of their presumed prowess—as, for example, "*Vivos voco; mortuos plango; fulgura frango*." What hundreds of lives have been sacrificed to mere superstitions! Hoping to beat off the spirit of the storm, men ran to the very place where his bolts were most likely to descend, and found that the most vigorous peals from the

belfry could produce as little impression upon the terrible visitor as the discharges from cannon with which the farmers in France were accustomed to warn the meteor-phantom from their fields and vineyards.

Still flash follows flash. If space permitted, we might note the effects of the electric fluid when it alights upon other objects—such, for instance, as powder magazines or vessels at sea. In 1829 the dépôt of ammunition in the citadel of Navarino was blown up by a bolt, and a hundred artillerymen killed. In 1769, upwards of 200,000 pounds of gunpowder, contained in the vaults of a tower at Brescia, were ignited by lightning, and three thousand persons, together with a sixth of the city, perished in the explosion. Terrible too is the peril, when a cloud conveys its fiery contents into the ocean through the tall spars of some lonely ship. If unprovided with conductors, the fearful meteor may perpetrate what havoc it will upon the helpless vessel. There is a crash like the discharge of many broadsides; the mast is enveloped in a red blaze; balls of fire are seen darting about the deck; the iron hoops which bind the timbers aloft are burst asunder and tumble with a horrible clang; part of the mast is cut up into splinters, or shivered into long thin slips; some of the sails may probably be set on fire; a terrible concussion is felt by all on board, and several of the crew are prostrated by the shock, whilst the passengers in the cabin may be nearly suffocated by the sulphureous fumes which are disengaged. The ship *Bayfield* was on its way to the African coast, in 1845, when arrested by a storm. It was about midnight. The captain and some of the men were thrown down senseless for a time by a thunder-stroke. It was soon found that the vessel was on fire. The after hatches being removed to let in water, the flames shot up to the height of many feet above the deck. Having vainly attempted to smother the conflagration, the poor mariners now discovered that the fire was rapidly approaching the powder magazine, and, dreading an explosion every second, the boats were launched with great difficulty, and pushed off to some distance to await the event. Ultimately the vessel was seen to blow up, and the unfortunate crew were left to the mercy of the winds and waves, having no water to drink, and but

a few pounds of biscuit on which to subsist for eight dreary days and nights. At the expiration of this period they reached Sierra Leone, with the loss of some of their number.

One flash more, and the storm is at its height. But that flash has proved fatal. Yonder lies a poor man stretched on the ground without a pulse of life throbbing in his frame, though but a few moments before he was as stout of limb and as rich in health as the best. So sudden is the stroke, and so subtly murderous is the electric bolt, that there is reason to believe the victim is dead before he knows that he is dying. Swiftly as the mind works, and especially in the season of peril, there is not time to turn a thought in the brain before its movements are summarily ended. When persons who have been injured by lightning recover from their stupor, they are generally unable to explain the cause of their misfortune. They have neither seen the flash nor heard the thunder. There is something peculiarly appalling in this instantaneous extinction of life; and we may well conceive how the stroke which destroyed Luther's young companion at his side would burn itself into the soul of that great man, and alter the whole complexion of his future career.

The effects of the fluid upon the body are curious. The clothes may be scorched; in some cases they are reduced to tinder, or possibly they may be stripped from the person and dispersed as rags. A youth named Skelton, killed near Halifax, in 1698, was found quite naked, except a small part of the shirt about his neck, a piece of stocking on his foot, and a shred of his coat about the wrist of one arm. His shoes had been wrenched from his legs, the one being split, the other, as well as his hat, having entirely vanished. The rest of his garments were torn into small fragments and driven to a considerable distance from the corpse. A scholar of Wadham College, having been deprived of life by lightning, Dr. Wallis found a blackish spot, about an inch long and a quarter broad, on the right side of the neck, as if seared with a red-hot iron, and a similar mark on the left. On the one shoulder was a brand about the size of a shilling, and on the other appeared a narrow line of scorched flesh, extending to the breast, where it spread out into a broad band, which seemed like leather

singed and hardened at the fire. The hair on the right temple had been burnt, the buttons were torn off the doublet, and in the hat there was a jagged hole large enough to admit a man's fist. Fortunately, every stroke is not fatal. The sufferer may be temporally stunned, blinded, or benumbed: his hearing may be injured or his breathing affected; various unpleasant consequences may result; but if we consider that thunder-storms are great elemental battles in which the artillery of heaven is playing upon the earth, and fiery missiles are probably darting from earth to sky, we may well wonder that the slain are so rare, the casualties so few.

Let it be observed, however, that our British tempests, brisk as they may seem, are tame when compared with many which occur in tropical latitudes, or in mountainous regions. The setting-in of the monsoons in India, says Elphinstone, is accompanied by such an electric convulsion "as can scarcely be imagined by those who have only seen that phenomenon in a temperate climate. It generally begins with violent blasts of wind, which are succeeded by floods of rain. For some hours lightning is seen almost without intermission: sometimes it only illuminates the sky and shows the clouds near the horizon: at others it discovers the distant hills, and again leaves all in darkness, when in an instant in reappears in vivid and successive flashes, and exhibits the nearest objects in all the brightness of day. During all this time the distant thunder never ceases to roll, and is only silenced by some nearer peal, which bursts on the ear with such a sudden and tremendous crash as can scarcely fail to strike the most insensible heart with awe. The next day presents a gloomy spectacle; the rain still descends in torrents, and scarcely allows a view of the blackened fields: the rivers are swollen and discolored, and sweep along with them the hedges, the huts, and the remains of the cultivation carried on during the dry season in their beds." Sometimes the atmosphere is so muddled by storms that it is night at noonday. "From 9 a.m. until 1-30 p.m.," says Mr. Oldfield, in his journal, kept on board the *Columbine*, in the river Nun, "the darkness was so great that a book with large type could not be seen to read distinctly."

Rambling amongst the Altai Mountains, Mr. Atkinson encountered an appalling tempest.

"I was startled," says he, "by a tremendous clap of thunder which caused me to sit up and look around; the rest were sleeping soundly. The rain was pouring down, and came through my tent like water from a garden engine: every thing was wet. Our fires were nearly extinguished by the torrents of falling water. I now began counting the time between the flash and the report, and found that the storm was coming on like a locomotive engine: when I could only count six after the flash, the bellow was fearful. Every flash came nearer, the storm was soon directly over us, the lightning and the report simultaneous. It was awfully grand—a thick darkness at one moment, the next a blaze of light the eye could not look upon, at the same instant a terrific crash. The clouds appeared hanging upon the trees in a black mass, while all around us was enveloped in a dense fog. Much as I like to see a thunder-storm, this made me fear its dreadful effects, more especially after seeing so many larches shivered during our day's ride. . . . The Russians were crossing themselves, but the Kal-mucks sat smoking their short pipes, perfectly calm. It was only when two of our horses broke loose, that these men showed the slightest emotion: they then sprang up and secured the poor beasts whilst they stood trembling with fear. The flashes were now incessant; thick streams appeared darting through the branches, and the thunder positively shook the ground. I could feel it tremble with each crash. So long as memory lasts, I shall never forget the effects of this fearful night."

In some parts of the Pyrenees storms continue to rage for three or four days, and Mr. Murray was informed of one which was protracted for nearly six weeks! During this time there was "no abatement in the thunderings, no interval in the lightnings, nor cessation in the rains." The people gave themselves up for lost, under the persuasion that the book of human history was about to close forever.

Yet, terrible as lightning may be, man is not wholly at the mercy of this eccentric meteor. Science has taught him how to protect his houses, his churches, his ships, his magazines. Nothing can be simpler in construction, nothing more successful in operation, than the *Conductor*. A plain copper rod, slender as a lady's finger, will receive a bolt, all hot and hissing, from the fire-laden cloud, and convey it softly to the soil—the instrument itself

remaining cold and unperturbed though the current sweeping along its surface would, if interrupted, tear its way through solid stone, and melt the most refractory metals like wax. Protected by this happy contrivance, a thunder-stroke has been seen to fall upon a powder dépôt at Glogau, in Silesia, and though the building appeared to be bathed in fire, and the sentinel on guard was deprived of his senses for a time, the deadly compound within was untouched. A continuous rod of copper, three quarters of an inch in diameter, and duly rooted in some moist locality, would probably suffice to carry away harmlessly the heaviest flash which ever alighted upon this globe.

But when the black clouds which come rushing to battle have discharged their bolts, and the voice of the thunder has ceased to be heard, who can say that a storm is a foul and mischievous phenomenon—a wanton breach of nature's peace—a nuisance and a flaw in the fair policy of creation? In truth, it is any thing but that! The electricity of the globe must be regulated like every other variable force. Evaporation is the chief cause of disturbance, and when this process advances too rapidly, as it does during the intense heats of summer, a state of unnatural excitement, involving many subtle and ill-understood consequences, is superinduced in the air and earth. Were the conditions which prelude a tempest to be prolonged for any considerable period—still worse, were the physical discomforts and mental oppression which are felt at such seasons to continue augmenting for weeks together—men would soon be flung into a fever, or probably driven to the verge of madness. The remedy lies in

the restoration of the electrical equilibrium. This is accomplished through the agency of storms. They are the scavengers of the sky. They come in mercy, not in wrath. With his broad wings, the tempest-phantom scours the air of its noxious charge; and, grim as he may be in feature, appalling as he is in action, fatal as he sometimes is in his flings, yet, in the main, he is ever good and beneficent in design. All the fierce lunges which the lightning makes at the earth are in truth little more than friendly exchanges of the two fluids. When this has been accomplished, see what a transformation ensues! The sun shines forth with softened splendor, as if his beams were filtered through a cooler atmosphere. The stifling heat is gone. The sicklied air has recovered its healthful spring, and now plays in gladsome zephyr, or dances in balmy breeze. The foliage glistens with golden drops, and the landscape, freshened by the rich shadows for which it was athirst, laughs at the dread Presence now fading on the horizon from whose lips "leapt the live thunder," and from whose hand came the gleaming shaft, but from whose lap also descended the soothing, fertilizing rain. Nature has lifted her drooping head, and, shaking the moisture from her forest tresses, smiles, as beauty does through its bridal tears, to see her fair world blessed and regenerated by the storm. After the tempest, peace. So come—so rage—so pass the calamities of life. Black and sulphureous as the cloud may look whilst it hovers aloft, they who can wisely interpret its functions, know that it is laden with light, and that its mission is to restore the violated harmonies of earth and heaven.

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**DARING FEAT.**—On the 12th, a workman named James Matthews, performed the intrepid feat of ascending to the summit of the cathedral spire of Salisbury, for the purpose of oiling the vane, which is at an altitude of 404 f. et from the ground. The feat was witnessed by a large number of persons, and was accomplished by means of small iron handles which are firmly fixed to the exterior of the spire. Before descending he mounted the cross above the vane, and at that dizzy height stood upright upon it.

**THE PRESERVATION OF BUILDINGS.**—The Prince Consort has caused a pamphlet to be printed for private circulation for the purpose of affording information as to the invention of M. Kuhlmann for hardening the surface of stone buildings by saturating them with flint in solution. The effect of this process is to harden the most porous stone so as to render it perfectly impervious to moisture, and consequently to protect it from the effects of the atmospheric influence.

From the Edinburgh Review.

## QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE.\*

IN Sir Walter Scott's younger days, as he states in one of his prefaces, the guilt or innocence of Mary Queen of Scots was a constant subject of angry controversy, and a reflection on her character in the hearing of one of her avowed partisans was held to justify a challenge. A similar though less durable conflict of opinion has existed in France touching the reputation of Marie Antoinette;† and we remember the time when it would have been extremely dangerous to question her conjugal fidelity within the precincts of the Faubourg St. Germain. Both of these illustrious ladies were cradled in royalty: both were beauties and coquettes: both were unequally mated: both were suspected and calumniated; and both perished on the scaffold. But the parallel ceases at the most important point. The verdict of history has proved decidedly unfavorable to Mary Stuart, whilst the name and memory of Marie Antoinette came out brighter and brighter from the ordeal of every fresh inquiry.

Partial as Madame Campan may have been to her beloved mistress, there is an air of sincerity in her statements which could not fail to make way with posterity. The most material have been confirmed by the unimpeachable testimony of the Count de la Marck; whilst the indications discoverable in the memoirs and correspondence of her most respectable contemporaries almost all point in the same direction. The case for the defence has been completed by MM. de Goncourt; who profess to have resorted to every accessible source of information, and now

boldly lay claim for their heroine to take rank as the most high-principled, self-sacrificing, and best-conducted, as well as most unfortunate of queens. The first edition of their book was speedily exhausted; and such is the inherent attraction of the subject, that we are tempted to recapitulate and reëxamine the principal events of a life which has all the interest of a novel, although it influenced the destinies of Europe and (no solitary example) was embittered by a throne.

We shall confine ourselves almost exclusively to her personal history, on which we hope to throw fresh light from sources which have escaped the search, or not fallen under the observation, of MM. de Goncourt. But judging from the success of recent contributions to retrospective literature of a more familiar kind, we should not despair of a favorable reception were we to do no more than bring together the scattered and highly interesting traits which are already known to the curious in French memoirs.

Marie Antoinette, the daughter of Francis the First, Emperor of Germany, and the famous Maria-Theresa, was born November 2d, 1755; "the day," says Madame Campan, "of the earthquake of Lisbon; and this catastrophe, which seemed to mark with a fatal stamp the epoch of her nativity, without being a motive for superstitious fear, had nevertheless made an impression on the mind of the princess." This is strange, for the earthquake took place the day before, namely, November 1st. The Empress, anxious for a son, had made a bet of two ducats with the Duc de Tarozka that she should have a daughter. After the announcement of the event, the loser was discovered in a brown study by Metastasio, who inquired the cause. "Imagine my embarrassment," exclaimed the Duke; "I have a wager of two ducats with the Empress that she would be brought to bed of a prince, and lo, it is a princess." "Well, then," replied Metastasio, "you

\* *Vie de Marie Antoinette.* Par EDOUARD et JULES DE GONCOURT. Deuxième Edition. Revue et augmentée de Documents inédits et de Pièces tirées des Archives de l'Empire. Paris 1859.

† See a fine portrait of this beautiful but unfortunate Queen in the last, May, number of the *Eclectic*, with a brief biographical sketch. The present more elaborate article concerning this renowned personage justifies its insertion here. — EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.

have lost and must pay." "Pay, but how pay two ducats to an Empress?" "Oh, if that is all, your troubles will be soon over." The poet took out his pencil, and wrote these lines:

"Ho perduto: l' augusta figlia  
A pagar m' ha condannato,  
Ma s' è ver che a voi somiglia,  
Tutto il mondo ha guadagnato."

"There," he continued, "wrap up your two ducats in this paper, and your debt will be paid without offence."

This disappointment did not deprive the infant archduchess of her fair share of maternal affection, and her father, the Emperor, took a peculiar interest in her. In her sixth year, he had already quitted the palace to start for Inspruck, when he ordered an attendant to go for her, and bring her to the carriage. When she came, he held out his arms to receive her, and exclaimed, after pressing her to his heart, "I had an irresistible longing to kiss this child." He died suddenly during the journey, and never saw her again.

In M. de Lamartine's *History of the Girondins* it is related that, "she (Marie Antoinette) began life amidst the storms of the Austrian monarchy. She was one of the children that the Empress led by the hand when she appeared as a suppliant to her faithful Hungarians, and these troops exclaimed, 'Moriatur pro rege nostro, Maria Theresa.'" According to more careful annalists, Maria Theresa presented herself to the assembled magnates with her son, afterwards Joseph the Second, in her arms, four years before the birth of Marie Antoinette.

MM. de Goncourt state that Marie Theresa personally superintended the education of her daughter, instead of abandoning her to her courtly governesses; and they quote the Empress's own testimony, in the shape of an autograph letter, for the fact. But we learn from other sources, especially from Madame Campan, that the direct contrary was the truth; that the cares of the cabinet left the Empress little time for the nursery or the schoolroom; that, although daily reports were brought to her of the health of her children by her physician, she often suffered several days to elapse without seeing them; and that the attractive pictures of domestic tenderness, described by distinguished travelers invited to a family party at the imperial palace, were

*tableaux vivants* got up for their edification. The archduchesses were drilled to listen with apparent intelligence to Latin harangues of which they did not understand a syllable; and sketches were exhibited in proof of their proficiency in drawing which they had never so much as touched. In after life Marie Antoinette avowed and lamented what she called the *charlatanerie* of her education, and its deficiencies were too palpable to leave room for doubt as to her good faith. She had a natural taste and extreme fondness for music, yet on her arrival in France, she put off receiving her *ex officio* singing master on one pretence or another for three months, whilst she was practicing in private with a confidential attendant. "The Dauphine," she remarked, "must take care of the reputation of the Archduchess." She was taught Italian by Metastasio, and both spoke and wrote it with facility, and such care was taken to perfect her in French, that she ended by losing her native German altogether.

The series of reverses sustained by France during Lord Chatham's first administration, and the humiliating terms dictated by England at the peace of Paris in 1763, had induced the French Minister, the Duc de Choiseul, to reverse the policy, which he had inherited from a long line of predecessors, of considering the House of Hapsburg as the most formidable enemy or rival of that of Bourbon. His new plan was to form what he termed an alliance at the South—that is, of France, Spain, and Austria against Great Britain, and the most obvious mode of consolidating it was by a marriage. The Empress Queen eagerly concurred. During Madame Geoffrin's visit to Vienna, in 1766, she was speaking warmly in the court circle of the beauty and grace of the little archduchess, and saying that she should like to carry her to Paris. "*Emportez! emportez!*" exclaimed Maria Theresa.

The choice of teachers to fit a young princess for so exalted a destiny was curious enough. An actor, named Aufresne, was appointed to teach her pronounciation and declamation, and another, named Sainville, for what Madame Campan calls the "*art du chant français*." Sainville had been in the army, and was considered a simple grace. The French court disapproved of this selection: the French ambassador was instructed to remonstrate; the two



actors were dismissed, and an ecclesiastic, the Abbé Vermond, was named in their place. This man has been accused of exercising a mischievous influence on the manners, modes of thinking, disposition, and conduct of Marie Antoinette at the most trying epoch of her life; and his own character has consequently been subjected to the most searching scrutiny. But we have been unable to arrive at any safe and definite conclusion regarding him. Madame Campan, whose suspicions may have been sharpened by jealousy, describes him as a cold, insolent, indiscreet, and mocking sceptic, who, both by precept and example, inculcated a contempt for forms and conventional distinctions, from which it is as difficult to dissociate the idea of royalty as to comprehend Crambo's abstraction of a Lord Mayor without the gold chain and other ensigns of dignity. The son of a village surgeon, the Abbé (she says) was wout, in the hight of his favor, to receive bishops and ministers in his bath, remarking at the same time that the Abbé Dubois, whose position he affected, was a fool; because a man like him should make cardinals and refuse to be one. His mode of gaining admission to the private circle of the imperial family does credit to his tact. Soon after his arrival the empress, meeting him at her daughter's, inquired if he had formed any acquaintance at Vienna. "Not one, Madame," was the reply. "The apartment of the archduchess and the hotel of the French ambassador are the only places in which a man honored with the care of the princess's education should be seen." A month later he gave the same answer to the same question, and the day following he received a command to attend the family circle every evening.

Unless his description be entirely false, the Abbé Vermond was extremely ill qualified for his post. But the Count de la Marck, who subsequently saw a good deal of him at the hôtel of the Comte de Mercy, (the Austrian ambassador at Paris,) speaks of him as an honest, well-intentioned man of moderate abilities, devotedly attached to the Queen, and says that, although she employed him to copy her letters, she had a low opinion of his capacity. His importance, according to his high authority, was mainly derived from his being the principal medium of unofficial communication between the Queen and her con-

nections at Vienna, and his fidelity was unquestionable.

Early in 1769 the proposed union had become a constant topic of diplomatic correspondence, and a painter, Ducreux, was sent from Paris to paint the portrait of the future queen of France for Louis Quinze. It seems to have been deemed satisfactory by this practiced judge of female charms, for the preliminary contract was signed on the sixteenth July, and the final ratifications were exchanged on the seventeenth of January, 1770. The customary *fêtes*, ceremonies, and preparations for the departure of the bride, occupied some months. On the seventeenth of April, she signed a formal renunciation of her hereditary rights, paternal and maternal, in a full council of ministers, and confirmed by an oath administered at the altar. After attending the Belvidere *fêtes*, which lasted nine days, she started on the twenty-sixth for France, carrying with her a copy of the ominous injunction addressed by Maria Theresa to her children:—

"I recommend you, my dear children, to set apart two days of every year to prepare for death, as if you were sure that those two days were the last of your life."

On the seventh of May she reached an island on the Rhine, near Strasburg, where she was received in a richly furnished pavilion constructed for the purpose, and divided into two compartments, one for the Austrians and the other for the French. Before quitting the Austrian side she was stripped to the skin and attired from top to toe in French habiliments, "in order," so ran the regulation, "that she might retain nothing of a country which was her's no longer." She was accordingly undressed and dressed, and then ceremoniously handed over to the ladies and gentlemen of the new court which had been formed for her, beginning with Madame la Comtesse de Noailles, her chief lady in waiting.

At this point MM. de Goncourt pause to describe the face and figure of their heroine, who had not yet completed her fifteenth year, and gave little more than the promise of her matured beauty. But her expressive features, her exquisite complexion, her clear blue eyes, the rich tresses of her light brown hair, the animation of her whole person, and her winning

grace of manner, won all hearts, and "*qu'elle est jolie, notre Dauphine*," was the exulting cry of the peasantry whenever they got a glimpse of her on the route.\*

Her first meeting with the royal family of France, including her intended husband, was at the bridge of Berne, some leagues from Compiègne. She there alighted from her carriage; and, followed by her ladies, is led by her "chevalier d'honneur" and the first equerry to the King, at whose feet she throws herself. He raises her, kisses her, and presents her to the Dauphin, who does likewise. They then proceed to the château of Compiègne where she is obliged to undergo another set of presentations. The night before the nuptial benediction was passed at the Château de la Muette; and here at supper the King was guilty of the inexcusable weakness and indecency of suffering Madame du Barry to seat herself at Marie Antoinette's table. Nothing can more forcibly illustrate the depth of sensuality and self-indulgence which this monarch must have reached, or the debasing thralldom in which this abandoned woman held him, or the state of morals which could render such an outrage possible even in a despotic monarchy where public opinion still found vent in pasquinades. When Burke enthu-

siastically exclaimed, "I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult," he forgot that the first insult had been perpetrated; and the ground laid for the most galling of the rest, without a solitary protest amongst this "nation of gallant men." But the "age of chivalry" was over, and that of "sophists, economists, calculators" had not arrived.

When one of her ladies in waiting asked her what she thought of the favorite, she replied by one well-chosen word "*char-mante*." It is also related that she naively asked Madame de Noailles what was Madame du Barry's peculiar function at the court? "She amuses the King." "Then I declare myself her rival."

The marriage was solemnized in the chapel of Versailles, on the forenoon of the sixteenth of May. As soon as it was over, the bride hurried to her own apartment, and without waiting to lay aside her robes, wrote to her mother, "*Voilà me voilà Dauphine de France*." The ceremony was hardly ended, when the sky was darkened by clouds, the rain fell in torrents, and the crowd which filled the gardens were driven home. The bad weather continuing, the fireworks were not let off, the illuminations failed, and the people, deprived of their anticipated fête, began to talk of omens and give vent to presentiments. The fêtes at Paris concluded still more inauspiciously. Through the mismanagement of the municipal authorities, who insisted on superseding the regular police for the occasion, the crowd got jammed in the Place Louis Quinze, (now *Place de la Concorde*), and a furious conflict had already commenced between those who wished to come in and those who were struggling to get out, when the scaffolding around the statue, on which the ornamented lamps were hung, caught fire. The alarm spread; the efforts to escape grew frenzied: the strong trampled down the weak: the firemen dashed to the spot with their engines over every obstacle; and when the confusion ceased, the outlets and much of the open space were found heaped with the dying and the dead. The number of the sufferers was reduced as low as possible in the official reports, but according to the *Gazette de France*, 132 dead bodies were collected and buried in the cemetery of the Madeleine.

\* The degree and character of her beauty have been much disputed. Lord Holland, (*Foreign Reminiscences*), who saw her the year before her death, says that it consisted exclusively in a fair skin, a straight person, and a stately air. M. de Goncourt are too enthusiastic to inspire confidence on this point. One of their ablest critics, M. F. Barrère, quotes the following as the most accurate description of her on her arrival in France. "Her figure was low (*petite*) but perfectly proportioned; her arms were well-formed and of dazzling whiteness; her hands *potelées*, her fingers tapering, her nails transparent and rose-colored, her feet charming." "As she grew and filled out," adds M. Barrère, "her feet and hands remained equally irreproachable, but her figure lost somewhat of its symmetry and her bust became too prominent. Her face was an oval a little elongated; her eyes were blue, soft, and animated; her neck possibly a little too long, but admirably set; the forehead too round (*bombé*) and not sufficiently shaded by the hair. The mode of dressing the hair which the French ladies adopted under the Empire, would have become her to admiration, and the hair banded on the brow would have made her a regular beauty." The portraits which are very numerous, and were taken at various and long distant periods, from the brilliant rising to the gloomy setting of her sun, naturally differ widely; but they leave no doubt of her having been endowed with personal charms more than sufficient to pass for beauty on a throne.

Among the startling incidents of the scene which deeply touched the Dauphiness, was one recorded of a young couple who were to be married the day following. Feeling her strength fail, and on the point of sinking to the ground, the girl entreated her lover to leave her to her fate and save himself; "Never," he exclaimed, "and there is hope yet; get upon my shoulders, and I can carry you through the press." He stooped, turning his back towards her. A light form took the offered place, and a woman's arm was round his neck. He was tall, strong, and resolute. He made his way to a safe spot, and his fair burden glided to his feet. It was an entire stranger, who had overheard the suggestion, pushed his betrothed bride aside, and taken her place.

The royal couple, who had been the innocent cause of these disasters, contributed the whole of their year's income to the relief fund, and Marie Antoinette was constantly recurring to the catastrophe and devising means to mitigate the resulting miseries. One of her attendants, by way of consolation, told her that a number of pickpockets, their pockets crammed with watches and snuff-boxes, were found amongst the dead, and observed that they at least had met with their deserts. "Oh, no, no," was the reply; "they have met their death by the side of honest people."

There existed grounds of apprehension and causes of anxiety of a more tangible and appreciable sort than omens. To discover them, it was simply necessary to look a little below the surface of the courtly circle into which she was received with such a flattering exhibition of enthusiasm. As already stated, the Austrian alliance, of which she was the pledge, was the favorite project of the Duke de Choiseul, whose power was rapidly declining; and the bare fact of its having been brought about by him, made it and her distasteful to the rival party, with which the royal mistress and the King's four daughters were closely allied. Madame du Barry had tact enough to see that, if his Majesty once became fond of the Dauphiness and accustomed to her society, the fresh, pure, and refined would speedily supersede the old and coarser tie. Notwithstanding his epicurean habits, he had once or twice shown symptoms of a reviving taste for better things, as when he resorted for a period to Madame Adelaide's apartment; and his first feeling

towards Marie Antoinette was one of admiring affection. He insisted on doing the honors of Versailles in his own proper person, and an incident which occurred as he was playing cicerone in the gardens, affords a striking proof of his inactivity and confirmed indolence, mental and bodily. To his surprise he found the walks broken up or encumbered with ruins. As he assisted her over a heap of stones, he remarked: "I beg your pardon a thousand times, my daughter; but, in my time, there was a fine set of marble steps here: I do not know what they have done with them."

All the arts of misrepresentation were set on foot by the unscrupulous mistress to undermine the growing favor of "*la petite rousse*," and she at length succeeded by insinuating that Marie Antoinette had complained to her mother of the indecorous addition to the royal supper party at La Muette, and by persuading the King that his attentions were thrown away on an ungrateful or insensible object. His manner gradually grew colder and colder, and at length the triumph of vice over virtue was announced by his exclaiming, in a tone of mingled bitterness and regret: "*Je sais bien que Madame la Dauphine ne m'aime pas.*"

Her aunts-in-law, four in number, shared amongst them most of the qualities which are popularly, if unjustly, attributed to old maids. Although they did their best to appear amiable to their new relative at first, they were obviously repelled instead of attracted by youth, beauty, and high spirits. She made light of the pleasures of the table, and they were famous for their cook. It was Madame Victoire who, to quiet a conscientious scruple, requested a bishop to decide whether a particular description of water-fowl could be properly eaten during Lent. He gravely informed her that in all such cases, the bird should be carved upon a cold dish, and that unless the gravy congealed within a quarter of an hour, it might be eaten at all seasons without sin. It was Madame Louise again, who, growing delirious on her death-bed, cried out: "*Au Paradis, vite, vite, au grand galop.*" The ruling spirit of the four was unluckily Madame Adelaide, who had a double motive for disliking her niece, both as a rival for the King's confidential intimacy for which she had fought a hard fight with the mistress, and as the outward and visible sign of the

abandonment of the old national anti-Austrian policy, of which she was the warm partisan. When M. Campan went to receive her commands before starting to meet the Dauphiness on the frontier, Madame Adelaide told him haughtily that she had no commands to give about sending to look after an Austrian Princess.

The Dauphin's brothers were too young as yet to play an important part, but they soon began to exercise a marked and evil influence on her destiny; the one designedly and from ill nature, the other unconsciously and from the unguarded display of his admiration. The Comte de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII., though of a cold disposition and studious habits, had a turn for gallantry, and affected for a period to be the adorer and the poet of his sister-in-law. But on his marriage with the Princess of Savoy, originally destined for the Dauphin, and for that reason detesting the innocent cause of her disappointment, he adopted the prejudices of his wife, and some of the most mischievous interpretations put upon the language and conduct of the Dauphiness were traced to their salon. What made him the more dangerous, he had a turn for satire, was a sayer of good things, and wrote tolerable verses, especially in the epigrammatic style. That Mesdames du Terrage and de Balbi were nominally his mistresses, proves nothing more than his compliance with fashion or his vanity. When a candid friend tried to excite the Comtesse's jealousy, by alluding to them, she replied: "O, mon Dieu, don't let us reproach him with these ladies. They are the only superfluities he allows himself."

The younger brother, the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., was the precise opposite of his senior. He was frank, gay, careless, full of life and vivacity, fond of pleasure, and chivalrously devoted to women. His gallantry, indeed, was of the most discursive sort, and was so far from being interrupted by his marriage with a daughter of Savoy (sister of the Comtesse de Provence,) that his frequent visits to an actress, Mademoiselle Duthé, gave rise to the punning remark that "*ayant eu une indigestion de gâteau de Savoye à Versailles, il était allé prendre du thé à Paris.*" He found ample time, however, to be at all Marie Antoinette's parties of amusement, and his open adoration was subsequently converted into a

weapon of defamation by her calumniators.

The greatest of her disadvantages was the uncongenial character of her husband. His piety, his passive courage, his domestic virtues, and his heartfelt wish to promote the true happiness of his people, are now matter of history; but it required time and misfortune to elicit them, and he confessedly had none of the qualities which make a French Prince popular or fix the affection of a bride of fifteen. At the same time, we think MM. de Goncourt are hardly just when they cite him as "one of those poor hearts, those sluggish temperaments, sometimes occurring towards the end of royal races, in which nature seems to make a parade of lassitude." Still less can we answer in the affirmative when they ask whether "this coldness, this silence of the passions, of youth, of sex, this contracted imagination, these tremblings and sinkings of a Bourbon of eighteen, this husband, this man, were not in reality the work, the crime, of a governor chosen by the blind piety of the father of Louis XVI.?" It is perfectly true that this governor, the Duc de Vauquyon, acted on a totally different principle from most governors and tutors at that period, and made no effort to control his pupil's humor when shrinking timidly from female society. It may be also true that, subsequently to the marriage, he endeavored to keep the young couple apart as much as possible by interfering with the arrangement of their apartments at Fontainebleau, and that the Dauphiness was at last provoked by his intrusiveness into saying: "Monsieur le Duc, Monsieur le Dauphin is old enough to dispense with a governor, and I have no need of a spy. I request that you will not appear before me again."

The melancholy end of Louis XVI. has thrown over his memory something of the radiance of martyrdom; but it is not the less true that his manners were coarse, his voice harsh, his speech rude, and his whole demeanor alike deficient in elegance and in consideration for others. These unamiable qualities were keenly felt by the younger branches of the royal family, and they probably contributed to that alienation of some of the Princes from the King which produced most fatal consequences in the Revolution. Nor were they unfelt by her who was doomed at last to follow him to the scaffold.

The Dauphin had other defects which must have helped to destroy the illusions of a bride. His appetite rivaled that of his ancestor, le Grand Monarque, and he indulged it without regard to appearances, whilst she was singularly sparing in her diet; her principal meal seldom extending beyond the wing of a chicken and a glass of water.\* He was economical and fond of accounts, which he kept with the most scrupulous exactitude. His favorite occupation was practical mechanics; he would shut himself up morning after morning with a locksmith, who treated him like an ordinary apprentice. When he rejoined her with his hands and clothes smeared with oil and steel filings, she was wont to hail him with "Oh, here comes my god Vulcan" — a classical allusion which seldom failed to raise a malicious smile amongst such of the courtiers as had a smattering of heathen mythology or had studied *Ovid's Art of Love*. His only manly and gentlemanlike amusement was the chase; but this, as followed by the later generations of French Kings, was a very different thing from an English stag or fox hunt; the "field" being composed of courtiers of both sexes, who looked on from gilded coaches or cantered along smooth glades on trained palfreys.

This dissimilarity of tastes and character did not prevent the young couple from presenting an attractive picture of conjugal affection before the public, and wherever they appeared they were hailed with enthusiasm. Their first formal visit to Paris was delayed for three years. It took place in June, 1773, and it was on this occasion that the old Marshal de Brissac, requesting the Dauphin not to be jealous, led her to the front of the gallery overlooking the gardens of the Tuileries, and pointing to the sea of upturned faces beneath, told her: "Madame, you have there, before your eyes, two hundred thousand lovers."

Towards the beginning of May, 1774, Louis XV. fell ill of the small-pox, of which he died on the tenth. His remains were in such a state of putrefaction that it was considered certain death to meddle with them. As soon as the breath was out of his body, the Duc de Villequier, first

gentleman of the chamber, desired M. Andouille, first surgeon to his defunct Majesty, to open and embalm it. "I am ready," replied Andouille, "but you will hold the head during the operation: it is a part of your duty." The Duc walked away without another word, and the body was neither opened nor embalmed. It was hastily buried by some poor work-people, and spirits of wine were poured into the coffin to check infection. The late king's aunts were sedulous in their attendance on his sick-bed, and exhibited the most heroic courage in confronting a danger from which the courtiers of every class fled. More than fifty persons caught the malady from merely passing through the great gallery. The Dauphin and Dauphiness waited in her apartment; it being settled that they were to leave for Choisy so soon as all was over. That no time might be lost in giving orders, it was agreed between the attendants who had charge of the carriages and those who were in waiting near the sick chamber, that a lighted candle placed at a window should be extinguished when the dying monarch was no more. The light disappeared, and within a few minutes all was ready for a start. The first intimation of what had taken place was conveyed to the new King and Queen by the crowd of courtiers hurrying to salute the rising sun. Their rush into the ante-chamber is described by Madame Campan as producing a terrible noise, resembling thunder. On hearing it, the objects of this tumultuous homage knew that their reign had commenced, and by a spontaneous movement both fell upon their knees, exclaiming: "Good Lord, guide us, protect us; we reign too soon."

The cry of *Le roi est mort: Vive le roi*, is admirably suited to an impressible and light-hearted people, whose natural tendency is rather to live in the future than in the past. Far more gayety than grief was certainly elicited amongst them by this devolution of the crown and even in the royal carriage which was conveying the six chief mourners (the King and Queen, Monsieur and Madame, and Le Comte and Comtesse d'Artois) on their road to Choisy, the prevalent sentiment would have justified Byron's well-known lines on gondolas:

"And sometimes they contain a deal of fun,  
Like mourning coaches when the funeral's done."

\* When the royal couple were lodged at the Feuillants, just after the dreadful twentieth of June, the King indulged his appetite in so undignified a manner that the royalist deputies thought right to notice it to the Queen.

They kept up a decent show of sorrow during the first half of the journey, when a word ludicrously mispronounced by the Comtesse d'Artois raised a general laugh, and they then by common consent wiped their eyes and left off weeping.

The Queen used all her influence to procure the recall of the Duc de Choiseul, to whom she conceived herself indebted for her throne. But on this point Louis XVI. was inexorable. The secret memoirs left by his father under the care of his governor, contained a solemn proscription of this minister, who was also vehemently opposed by Madame Adelaide. Although the Queen failed in this instance, however, she was obviously winning her way to that place in his affections which she ultimately obtained and kept. They were seen so often walking arm in arm in the gardens of Choisy as to set the fashion; and "we had the gratification," observes an eye-witness, "of seeing several couples who had been separated, and not without reason, for many years, walking arm in arm on the terrace for hours together, and enduring, from courtly complaisance, the intolerable tediousness of a prolonged *tête-à-tête*." The hearts, or heads, of the mass of the people were so full of the charms and virtues of their Queen on her accession, that a jeweler made a large fortune by selling mourning snuff-boxes in her honor. They were composed of *chagrin*, with the motto "*La Consolation dans le Chagrin*." The conceit was hardly so poetical as that of the artist who on her arrival in France painted her in the heart or center of an opening rose.

Altogether, the outward aspect of things was smiling and the general prospect fair. But the anti-Austrian faction was implacable; family jealousies were as rife as ever, and a host of wounded vanities were accumulating, comparing, and exaggerating their wrongs, real or fancied, with a view to retaliation or revenge. A trifling incident was sufficient to show the amount of malignity of which she was about to become the mark and the victim. She held a drawing-room at La Muette to receive all the ladies of the court, young and old; many of whom, from the stiffness of their demeanor and the antiquated fashion of their habiliments, looked ridiculous enough. But she kept her countenance irreproachably till one of her ladies in waiting, the Marquise de Clermont Ton-

nerre, feeling or feigning exhaustion, sat down on the floor behind her, and, under shelter of the hoops of her neighbors, began to make faces and play off other childish tricks. These attracted the notice of the Queen, who was once or twice obliged to conceal a tendency to laughter behind her fan, as some elderly dowagers were curtsying to her. The next day a report was spread that she had purposely cast ridicule on all the elderly and most respectable ladies present, and that no one of them would appear in the court circle a second time. A song was circulated with this refrain:

"Petite reine de vingt ans,  
Vous que traitez si mal les gens,  
Vous repasserez la barrière,  
Laire, laire, laire lanlaire, laire lanla."

"More than fifteen years after this event," adds Madame Campan, "I heard old ladies, in the depths of Auvergne, relate all the details of this day, when, according to them, the Queen had indecorously laughed in the faces of the sexagenarian duchesses and princesses who had deemed it their duty to attend."

Very little form was observed by the imperial family at Vienna, except on state occasions: the House of Lorraine prided itself on its simplicity; and Marie Antoinette was probably more influenced by the traditions of her race, the example of her mother, the recollections of her girlhood, and her own gayety of disposition, than by the shallow philosophy of the Abbé Vermond. Certain it is, however, that her disregard of etiquette was a fatal error, and laid the foundation of much future misery. There is a well-known story of her slipping off a donkey in a fit of laughter, and instead of rising immediately, requesting some one to call Madame de Noailles, and ascertain the prescribed mode of behavior for a Queen of France who could not keep her seat upon a donkey. She had given Madame de Noailles the nickname of Madame Etiquette, and divided the ladies of the court into three classes, calling the no longer young, *les siècles*; the prudes who affected devotion, *les collets montés*; and the retailers of scandals, *les paquets*. They avenged themselves by putting disadvantageous interpretations on all her words and actions. Madame de Marsan, the governess of the King's sisters and the

dear friend of Madame de Noailles, was a conspicuous member of the band.

"In her eyes," says MM. de Goncourt, "that light and buoyant step was the step of a court-*ezan*; that fashion of transparent lawn was a theatrical costume intended to stimulate desire. If the royal beauty raised her eyes, her enemies saw in them the practiced look of a coquette; if she wore her hair a little loose and waving, 'the hair of a Bacchante,' was the cry; if she spoke with her natural vivacity, it was the rage for talking without saying any thing or having any thing to say; if in conversation she assumed a look of sympathy and intelligence, it was an insupportable air of understanding every thing; if she laughed with her girlish gayety, it was affected gayety, bursts of forced laughter. This old woman, in short, suspected and perverted every thing, as if youth and grace were incompatible with purity."

When we investigate the usages of the French court at this period, we cease to wonder at the repugnance which they inspired in any one who had not been bred up to consider them as the beginning and end of all things, the foundation of social order, and the strength as well as ornament of the throne. A Queen of France was not allowed a moment of privacy, walking or sitting, in-doors or out of doors, eating or drinking, sleeping or waking, dressing or undressing. Some court functionary or another, male or female, might claim to be near her or about her from morning to night and from night to morning; and as many of these official attendants had bought or inherited their places, she had not even the power of excluding known spies and ill-wishers from her privacy.

Such being her habitual life, we can easily understand both why the Queen should seize every opportunity of escaping from it, and why her transgressions against etiquette should be denounced by its votaries as tantamount to so many breaches of the Decalogue. Thus, she had a fancy to see a sunrise; and the King consented to her going for this purpose to the heights of Marly at three in the morning, but instead of sitting up to accompany her, went to bed. The Queen was attended by a numerous suite, including her ladies in waiting. A few days afterwards a libelous copy of verses entitled *Le Lever de l'Aurore*, was circulated at Paris, and a belief was current that this night expedition was planned expressly for the indulgence of a passion for the famous, or infamous, Egalité, whom, it is clear, she

never liked, although, like two or three others rebuffed for presumption, he subsequently tried to injure the Queen's reputation.

If the precautions taken in this instance to preclude calumny were unavailing, it was a matter of course that she should be condemned when direct evidence of her entire innocence was wanting and she required to be judged charitably. She was fond of going to the masked balls of the opera attended by a single lady. One evening when she had come from Versailles for this purpose, in the company of the Duchesse de Luynes, their carriage broke down just within the gates of Paris. They were obliged to alight and remain in a shop whilst a footman went for a fiacre. They were masked, and the adventure might have been kept secret, but it was so odd a one for a Queen of France, and she was so unconscious of wrong, that she could not help exclaiming to the first acquaintance she met at the ball, "*C'est moi en fiacre; n'est-ce pas bien plaisant?*"

The story got wind, and was repeated in the most exaggerated and compromising form. It was said that she had given a meeting at a private house to a nobleman, and the Duc de Coigny was openly named as the happy man. According to one of the scandalous chronicles of the period, she went to the theatre in a gray domino, having ordered several of her ladies to go similarly attired, and was alone with the Duc for some minutes in a box on the second tier. "She was seen," it is added, "coming out in so agitated a state as to be near fainting on the staircase." A lady made a memorandum of the hour in her pocket-book: it was handed round, and almost all the ladies of the court had it copied into their's, "*inscribed in letters of gold.*" And the most offensive inferences were drawn from these gossiping stories of a profligate and malignant court. If the "School for Scandal" is a true picture of human nature in its most unamiable moods, minuteness of detail is no guarantee for accuracy; and such charges are refuted by their particularity and their grossness. The inscription in letters of gold is an impudent fiction on the face of it, and the assumed notoriety of the Queen's habitual profligacy is irreconcilable with the recorded testimony of a host of impartial and unimpeachable witnesses, at the head of which stand the Prince de Ligne, the Count de

la Marek, and the Marquis de la Fayette. "The pretended gallantry of the Queen," says the Prince de Ligne in his *Mélanges*, "was never any thing more than a profound feeling of friendship for one or two persons, and a coquettish wish, as woman, as Queen, to please everybody." The Count de la Marek contemptuously disposes of the popular stories against her as "*mensonges et méchancetés*."

Lady Morgan has preserved Lafayette's impressions :

"'Is it true, general,' I asked, 'that you once went to a *bal masqué* at the opera with the Queen of France, Marie Antoinette, the King knowing nothing of the matter till after her return?' 'I am afraid so,' said he; 'she was so indiscreet, and, I can conscientiously add, so innocent. However, the Comte d'Artois was of the party, and we were all young, enterprising, and pleasure-loving. But what is most absurd in the adventure, was when I pointed out Madame du Barry to her, whose figure and favorite domino I knew, the Queen expressed the most anxious desire to hear her speak, and bade me *intriguer* her. She answered me flippantly, and I am sure if I had offered her my other arm, the Queen would not have objected to it. Such was the *esprit d'aventure* at that time in the court of Versailles and in the head of the haughty daughter of Austria.' I said, 'Oh, general, you were their Grandison Cromwell.' '*Pas encore*,' replied he, smiling, 'that *soubriquet* was given me long after by Mirabeau.' 'I believe,' said I, 'the Queen was quite taken with the American cause.' 'She thought so, but understood nothing about it,' replied he. 'The world said at least,' I added with some hesitation, 'that she favored its young companion *le héros des deux mondes*.' '*Cancan de salon*,' he replied, and the subject was dropped."

Though evidence to character may outweigh common rumor, it can not supersede specific proof, and three specific accusations have been brought against Marie Antoinette upon authority that must not be lightly set aside. The accusers are the Duc de Lauzun, the Baron de Besenval, and Talleyrand; the first and second misled by vanity, whilst the third, who could not help taking the uncharitable side in any question of the sort, has been demonstrably misquoted or mistaken.

The Duc de Lauzun one day appeared at the Princess de Gueménée's with a magnificent heron plume in his hat. On the Queen's admiring it, he took it out and requested her acceptance of it. She wore it once, and called his attention to the circumstance, on the strength of which he endeavors, in his Secret Memoirs, to

establish that she meant to encourage him to make love to her. In his version, she asks for the plume and tells him, "with an infinity of graces," that she was never attired so much to her satisfaction before.

"It would assuredly," he continues, "have been better for her not to have spoken of it, for the Duc de Coigny remarked both the feather and the phrase. He inquired where it came from. The Queen said, with embarrassment enough, that I had brought it from my travels for Madame de Gueménée, and that she had given it her. The Duc de Coigny spoke of it in the evening to Madame de Gueménée with much ill temper, told her that nothing was more ridiculous and more unbecoming than my manner with the Queen; that it was unheard of to play the adorer thus publicly, and incredible that she should appear to approve it. He was received badly enough, and considered how I was to be kept at a distance."

Madame Campan relates that soon after the present of the feather, he solicited an audience of the Queen, which was granted, as it would have been granted to any other courtier of the same rank—

"I was in the adjoining room. A few moments after his arrival the Queen opened the door, and exclaimed in a raised and angry voice, '*Sortez, Monsieur!*' M. de Lauzun made a low bow and disappeared. The Queen was greatly agitated. She said to me, 'Never will I receive that man again.'"

"On the death of the Maréchal de Biron, the Duc de Lauzun inherited his name, and applied for the colonelcy of the regiment of guards. The Queen caused it to be given to the Duc de Chatelet. The Duc de Biron (Lauzun) joined the party of the Duc d'Orléans, and became one of the bitterest enemies of Marie Antoinette."

The Duc's Memoirs were not published till after Madame Campan's, and the passage on which she comments is suppressed. It is printed, as copied from his original manuscript, in the appendix to her first volume.

The Baron de Besenval was guilty of a similar impertinence, was similarly rebuffed, and has revenged himself in much the same manner. His presumption was the more remarkable, since he was past fifty, when finding himself alone with the Queen, he threw himself at her feet and made a formal declaration of love. As she told Madame Campan, she ordered him to rise, and promised that the King should know nothing of an offence that would disgrace him forever: he turned pale and muttered



an excuse; she left her cabinet without adding a word, and hardly ever spoke to him again. His Memoirs, which sufficiently prove the laxity of his morals and his outrageous personal vanity, are silent as to this scene; but he blends a malignant insinuation with his account of the interview in which she communicated with him by the King's wish, respecting the duel between the Comte d'Artois and the Prince de Bourbon.

"I went first to the King's *levée*. I was hardly in his cabinet when I perceived Campan, secretary of the Queen's cabinet, who made me a sign. I went to him. He said, not appearing to speak to me, 'Follow me, but at a distance, so as not to be observed.' He led me through several doors and staircases which were entirely unknown to me; and when we ran no risk of being heard or seen, he said, 'You must allow that this promises well; but it is nothing of the kind, for the husband is in the secret.' 'My dear Campan,' I replied, 'it is not when one has gray hairs and wrinkles that one expects to be fetched to a handsome Queen of twenty, by such out-of-the-way passages, for anything but business.' 'She expects you,' he added, 'impatiently. I have sent twice to your house already, and I have looked for you wherever you were most likely to be found.' He had hardly ceased speaking when we found ourselves in the highest story, in a very dirty corridor, opposite a mean-looking little door. He tried the lock, but having pushed several times in vain, he exclaimed, 'Ah! the door is bolted inside, and I must go round.' He returned very shortly, and told me that the Queen was very sorry she could not see me immediately, because the hour of mass was at hand, but that she begged me to return to the same place at three. I came back accordingly, and Campan introduced me by a side-passage into a room where there was a billiard table, which I recognized from having often played on it with the Queen; then into another which I did not know, simply but comfortably furnished. I was astonished, not that the Queen had desired such facilities, but that she had ventured to provide herself with them."

That he, a known gossip and man of intrigue, was admitted to this mysterious apartment, and with the King's knowledge, might have helped to avert suspicion, but Madame Campan states that it was the one commonly used by the lady in waiting during any temporary indisposition of the Queen.

In a note to the late Lord Holland's *Foreign Reminiscences*, published in 1850, we find this passage:

"Madame Campan's delicacy and discretion are not only pardonable, but praiseworthy; but

they are disingenuous, and her 'Memoirs' conceal truths well known to her, though such as would have been unbecoming a lady to reveal. She was in fact, the confidante of Marie Antoinette's amours. These amours were not numerous, scandalous, or degrading, but they were amours. Madame Campan, who lived beyond the Restoration, was not so mysterious in conversation on these subjects as she was in her writings. She acknowledged to persons who have acknowledged it to me, that she was privy to the intercourse between the Queen and the Duc de Coigny. That French nobleman, from timidity of character and coldness of constitution, was not sorry to withdraw himself early from so dangerous an intrigue. Madame Campan confessed a curious fact, namely, that Fersen was in the Queen's boudoir or bed-chamber *ête-à-tête* with her Majesty, on the famous night of the sixth of October. He escaped observation with considerable difficulty, in a disguise which she (Madame Campan herself) had procured for him. This, M. de Talleyrand, though generally somewhat averse to retailing anecdotes disparaging of the royal family of France, has twice recounted to me, and assured me that he had it from Madame Campan herself."

Madame Campan lived till 1822, and although, like her royal mistress, the subject of much calumny, was highly respected by her friends. One who knew her well, and often heard her speak on the topic in question, has assured us that the uniform tenor of her conversation was confirmatory of her book, in which she treats the alleged intrigue of the Queen with the Duc de Coigny as a calumny, belied by the Duc's character and peculiar position in court. As to the night of the 6th of October, she says in her Memoirs:

"At this epoch I was not in attendance on the Queen. M. Campan remained with her till two in the morning. As he was going away, she deigned with infinite goodness to reassure me as to the dangers of the moment, and to repeat to me the very words of M. de Lafayette, who had just invited the royal family to retire to rest, rendering himself responsible for his army. . . .

"It was particularly against the Queen that the insurrection was directed. I shudder still when I recall how the fishwomen, who wore white aprons, cried out that these were intended to receive the bowels of Marie Antoinette. The Queen went to bed at two in the morning, and fell asleep, worn out by so trying a day. She had ordered her two ladies to go to bed, thinking that there was nothing to fear, at least for this night; but the unfortunate princess owed her life to the feeling of attachment which prevented them from obeying. My sister, who was one of them, told me the next day what I am about to narrate.

"On leaving the Queen's chamber, these ladies summoned their waiting maids, and all four kept together at the door of the Queen's bedchamber. Towards half-past four in the morning they heard horrible cries and some musket shots. One of them entered the Queen's room to wake her, and get her out of bed. My sister flew to the place where the tumult seemed to be. She opened the door of the ante-chamber adjoining the guard-room, and saw a *garde-du-corps* holding his musket across the door, attacked by numbers, and his face already covered with blood. He turned and called to her, 'Madame, save the Queen, they are coming to assassinate her!' She suddenly shut the door upon this unhappy victim of his duty, bolted it, took the same precaution on leaving the next room, and on reaching the Queen's room she cried out, 'Rise, Madame! do not stay to dress, save yourself in the King's room!' The Queen, starting up in alarm, springs from her bed, they help her to put on a petticoat without fastening it, and her two ladies conduct her towards the *ail-de-bœuf*."

It is utterly incredible that, on a night like this, with every one on the alert, and every avenue watched or guarded, the Queen should have had an assignation with a lover, or that he could have been introduced or escaped unobserved. Nor is it likely that the writer of the foregoing narrative, who states expressly that she was not present, and was known not to have been, should have told Talleyrand that she herself procured the disguise. What she was wont to say of the Comte de Fersen was, that the Queen was much attached to him, and sent him a token from her prison shortly before her death, but that the strictest bounds of propriety were never transgressed on either side. It was Fersen, who, amongst other proofs of devotion to the royal family, drove them through Paris in the disguise of a coachman at the commencement of the unfortunate expedition to Varennes.

Cæsar's wife should not even be suspected, and "he comes too near, who comes to be denied." If a woman in private life, much more a princess or a queen, is frequently found in situations affording opportunity and facility for crime, her fair fame will infallibly suffer, although she may remain quite guiltless in reality. We are far, therefore, from holding Marie Antoinette blameless. She must have been inexcusably coquettish and indiscreet. But her very thoughtlessness and imprudence afford a strong presumption of her personal purity. Although she must have been perfectly

aware of the interpretations put upon her conduct, she made no change in it, and persevered in amusing herself in the way most likely to provoke and give plausibility to fresh calumnies. Yet according to the Prince de Ligne, a fatality hung over all her efforts of enjoyment, as over those of Seged Emperor of Ethiopia, for he says: "I never saw her pass a perfectly happy day."

It was in 1774 that the King, in an unwonted fit of gallantry, addressed her with, "You are fond of flowers. Well, I have a bouquet to offer you: it is the Little Trianon." He could not have made her a more acceptable nor, as it turned out, a more fatal present; for the Little Trianon became the imputed cause of ruinous extravagance and the fancied scene of improper indulgences. In point of fact, the extraordinary outlay was moderate, and although ceremony was laid aside, there is no ground for assuming any serious infringement of propriety. Madame Elizabeth, the King's sister, invariably accompanied the Queen during her residence there, and the favorite entertainment was private theatricals, at which the King regularly attended. The part she generally chose was that of the *soubrette*. The fancy cottages which writers like the Abbé Soulevié have converted into places of assignation, were occupied by the laborers employed about the place. The game called *escampatives* was much in vogue. It consisted in the coupling of the whole party by a president, male or female, named for the purpose, who, when this duty was performed, exclaimed *escampativos*, by way of signal for each pair to separate from the rest for a named period, during which each was to produce an allotted number of rhymes, solve a riddle, or execute some assigned task; any pair that failed, or interrupted another pair, paid forfeit. This game was reported to have been introduced at the Little Trianon, and played under the Queen's auspices, for the purpose of procuring a *tête-à-tête*; but the only place where we read of her sanctioning it was in the Duchess de Duras' apartment.

Marie Antoinette made it a rule to receive no woman separated from her husband, and broke with the Prince de Condé by refusing to depart from it in favor of his mistress, the Princess de Monaco. Lightly as the marriage tie weighed on either sex at this epoch, it

was not unfrequently found too heavy to be even formally endured, and a formidable array of frail beauties, bearing some of the noblest names in France, were alienated and exasperated by this decree.

It was Marie Antoinette's delight to water her plants and tie up her flowers in the Little Trianon dressed like a country girl, with a straw hat and apron. Except on state occasions, she discarded silk and velvet in favor of muslin and gauze, and so constantly appeared in white gowns of inexpensive materials, that she was accused of seeking to discourage French manufactures. The weavers of Lyons memorialized the King on the subject, and their complaint was backed by her sisters-in-law, the Comtesses de Provence and d'Artois. She was not more fortunate in escaping censure when her taste or caprice in costume tended to extravagance, and (in the Protectionist sense) promoted trade by increasing the demand for a particular kind of labor. In consequence of various new fashions of dressing the hair patronized by her, an addition of six hundred *coiffeurs de femme* was made to the company of master hairdressers of Paris in one year, 1777.

The fashion which took the lead consisted in wearing feathers as high as they coulding be raised. The Queen sat for her picture in this headgear, and sent it to her mother, who returned it by the same courier, with an intimation that she should gladly have accepted the portrait of the Queen of France, but took it for granted that the portrait of some actress had been sent by mistake. On a hint from the King, Carlin, the French Grimaldi, turned this fashion into ridicule on the stage. When he appeared as harlequin he wore in his hat, instead of the usual rabbit's tail, a peacock's feather of enormous length, which he managed to entangle in the scenery and flourish in people's faces. Discarding feathers, the hairdresser's skill was next taxed to convert the female head, by dint of lace and ribbons, into the semblance of some chosen object of nature or art—a tree, a meadow, a ship, a naval combat, a porcupine, a helmet, or a horn of abundance. The world was all before them where to choose, and imagination was racked for novelties. This fashion was at its height when the Emperor Joseph paid his visit, and it was the constant subject of his sarcasms. The quantity of rouge worn by

his sister was also very disagreeable to him. One day, when she was dressed to accompany him to the opera and wore a good deal, he ironically advised her to put on more. "Come," said he, pointing to one of her attendants, "another touch or two under the eyes; on with it, *en furie*, like this lady."\* On her sending to say that she had changed her mind, and was expecting him at one theater instead of another as agreed, he remarked aloud to the actor Clairval: "Your young queen is wild enough in all conscience, but, fortunately, you French don't dislike it."

Amongst other alleged proofs of her wildness, or worse, have been cited the *Saturnales* or *Nocturnales* of Versailles. In the July and August of 1778, the Queen, then *enceinte*, suffered much from the heat, and could not sleep without being some time in the open air in the evening. She was in the habit of walking on the Terrace with the rest of the royal family: a band was ordered to play for their amusement, and of course these promenades soon became the fashion. Every night, from ten or eleven till two or three in the morning, the Terrace and walks were the resort of all the gay company of the neighborhood. The Queen and her two sisters-in-law (who, Madame Campan asserts, never left her,) were sometimes hardly distinguishable amongst the crowd, and on two occasions they were impertinently addressed. On another, they found themselves seated on the same bench with Madame du Barry. The scandalmongers made the most of these incidents, and the King was advised to stop the promenades. He consulted M. de Maurepas, who, it is believed, advised his royal master to let her majesty amuse herself in her own manner, lest she should take it into her head to occupy herself with affairs of state.

It is no easy matter to ascertain either the extent of her influence on public affairs, or the period when she began to exercise it. The Prince de Montbarry, who was strongly prejudiced against her, states in his *Memoirs* that, on a lieutenant-colonelcy becoming vacant, she urged the claims of her candidate with such unseemly vehemence that he was at length driven

\* In her *Episodes of French History*, (vol. i. p. 591,) Miss Pardoe transfers this story, told by Madame Campan, to Napoleon and Josephine.

to say that he must repeat all that had passed to the King. "You are at liberty to do so, sir," said the Queen; "I am well aware of that," he replied, "and I shall go to his majesty at once." He adds that he did not lose an instant, that the King listened with grave attention, appearing to sympathize with his minister from his own experience of the Queen's vivacity, and concluded the conference with these words: "No one understands what has taken place better than myself." This scene is laid in 1777. The same authority relates that the King had an instinctive feeling of nullity in her presence, and one day said to Maurepas, to excuse an unworthy concession, "her spirit has such an ascendancy over mine, that I was unable to resist." Maurepas died in 1781, and was succeeded by Calonne, who convinced Lord Holland that Louis XVI. was self-sufficient in his disposition, coarse and brutal in his manners, and especially vain of his superiority to female domination or court intrigue. To establish this theory, Calonne stated that on his pointing out the mischief that might ensue from the Queen's declared disapproval of his project:

"Louis at first scouted the notion of the Queen (*une femme*, as he called her) forming or hazarding any opinion about it. But when M. de Calonne assured him that she spoke of the project in terms of disparagement and displeasure, the King rang the bell, sent for her majesty to the apartment, and after sternly and coarsely rebuking her for meddling with matters '*auxquelles les femmes n'ont rien à faire*,' he, to the dismay of Calonne, took her by the shoulders and fairly turned her out of the room like a naughty child. '*Me voilà perdu*,' said Calonne to himself; and he was accordingly dismissed, and his scheme abandoned in the course of a few days."\*

The conclusion rebuts the intended inference, and the failure of Calonne's policy sufficiently accounts for his fall. Madame Campan speaks of the rude hits (*coups de boutoir*) which the King distributed without respect to persons; and the pleasantry by which he checked the Comtesse Diane de Polignac's enthusiasm for Dr. Franklin was indubitably coarse. The utmost the Queen could obtain for the Duc de Choiseul was one interview, in which, after she had said: "M. de Choiseul, I am delighted to see you. You have made

my happiness: it is no more than just that you should witness it"—the King merely added, "M. de Choiseul, you have grown very fat—you have lost your hair—you are getting bald." Her efforts in favor of other candidates for high offices were almost uniformly unsuccessful. An instance is given by Madame de Staël: "I waited on the Queen according to custom on St. Louis' day: the niece of the archbishop, dismissed that very day, was paying her court as well as myself: the Queen manifested clearly by her mode of receiving us, that she much preferred the displaced minister to his successor."

The Count de la Marek says:

"I can without hesitation deny the pretended influence which the Queen is said to have exercised on the choice of the King's ministers, with the single exception of the nomination of the Marquis de Ségur. I can even add that the Queen, far from having the desire and the taste to meddle with the affairs of the kingdom, had rather a genuine repugnance for these affairs, owing perhaps to a little lightness of mind common enough amongst women."

She frequently complained to Madame Campan, as of one of the hard necessities of her position, when she was over-persuaded by her friends to support their applications, or was compelled by circumstances to fix and strengthen the wavering decision of the King.

Her affection for the Princesse de Lamballe, although the object of much malignant representation as "*une caprice de grande dame*," was honorable to both; and the unsullied reputation of this lady is the best answer to the charge of criminal levity leveled against her beloved mistress. Their friendship remained unbroken, as is shown by the touching letters addressed by Marie Antoinette at the most trying periods to the Princess; but there were long intervals of partial estrangement, which were filled by female intimacies less judiciously chosen. Of these, the Queen's attachment to the Comtesse Jules de Polignac endured the longest, was worse requited, and proved most mischievous in its consequences. The Countess was poor; she had her own and her husband's fortune to make; and she brought in her train a number of relatives, friends, or admirers, who each and all expected to benefit by her interest. Sovereigns will always strive in vain to make themselves the center of an intimate, unembarrassed,

\* Lord Holland's *Foreign Reminiscences*.

and disinterested circle; for the main attractions to it, where the charm of equality is wanting, must be the gratification of vanity and the hope of advancement. The members of the envied *coterie* which met at the Little Trianon were constantly on the look-out for honors, offices, or pensions; and it was at their instigation that the Queen too frequently interfered in the distribution of patronage. Her favoritism may have been less expensive and less degrading to the monarchy than that which had been prescriptively indulged upon the French throne, especially in the preceding reign; but the people had begun to count the cost of royal amusements, and the gratified avidity of the Polignac set added greatly to her increasing unpopularity. She felt this deeply. "Amongst the persons admitted to her society," says the Count de la Marck, "were a great many foreigners, such as the Counts Esterhazy and de Fersen, the Baron de Stedingh, etc. It was evidently their society that pleased her most. I took the liberty one day to observe to her that this marked preference for foreigners might do her harm with the French. 'You are right,' she replied sorrowfully, 'but it is only they who never ask me for any thing.'"

When her dear friend, or the friends of her dear friend, had got all they wanted, or were disappointed in some unreasonable request, they were at no pains to curb their ill-temper or conceal their discontent, nor, importunate as they were in their requests, did they think it incumbent on them to consult her wishes, or consider her position as affected by their conduct, in their turn. Thus, when the King and the Queen had expressed the strongest disapproval of the *Mariage de Figaro*, which they had read in manuscript, it was M. de Vaudreuil, the principal adorer of the Comtesse Jules, who set the example of disobedience by having it acted at his country-house. The Countess herself, till spoiled by flattery and indulgence, was remarkable for sweetness of disposition, feminine grace, and natural gayety. In the first years of their intimacy, she and the Queen would romp together like school-girls, pelt each other with bonbons, and engage in little trials of strength or agility. Just so, Queen Anne and the Duchess of Marlborough corresponded as Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman, and kept up an unremitting interchange of endearing expressions, till the light and rosy fet-

ter had become a heavy and galling chain. Although the French Countess never reached the same height of insolence as the English Duchess in ingratitude, they were pretty nearly on a par.

"M. and Madame de Polignac," says the Count de la Marck, "never showed much anxiety to bring together the persons it would have best suited the Queen to meet. The Queen once went the length of expressing to Madame de Polignac her dislike to many whom she met in their society; and that lady, submissive to those who ruled her, and despite her habitual gentleness, was not ashamed to reply, 'I think that its being your Majesty's pleasure to come to my salon, is not a reason for your claiming to exclude my friends.' This was told me in 1790 by the Queen herself, who added: 'I am not angry with Madame de Polignac on that account. She is good at heart and loves me, but those about her had her completely under their command.'"

In consequence of this change in Madame de Polignac, the Queen abandoned her salon for that of the Comtesse d'Ossun, her mistress of the robes, where little dinners of four or five persons were made for her, and she could sing and dance without restraint. Loud was the outcry, and deep the mortification of the deserted *coterie*, who did not hesitate to take revenge by calumny.

"They related with malignity," says the Count de la Marck, "how the Queen was fond of dancing reels with a young Lord Strathaven, (the late Marquis of Huntley,) at these little dances. A frequenter of the Polignac salon, and one from whom more than all were due the deepest gratitude and the utmost respect towards the Queen, composed an ill-natured couplet against her, and this couplet, founded on an infamous falsehood, circulated through Paris."

The Count de la Marck completely vindicates the Queen against the charge of using her influence in favor of Austria, and states that her brother Joseph complained bitterly of her on that account, saying that the conduct of France was far removed from what he had a right to expect from an allied court. In one of her letters to him in 1784, she distinctly refuses to carry out his wishes, and uses these remarkable words: "In a word, my dear brother, I am now French before being Austrian." The belief, however, was indelibly fixed in the popular mind that she was constantly sacrificing her adopted to her native country, and

*Autrichienne* continued to her dying day the epithet by which the greatest amount of popular prejudice was concentrated against her.

The well-known affair of the necklace gave full scope to malignity, and the acquittal of the Cardinal de Rohan by a narrow majority (twenty-six against twenty-three) in the Parliament of Paris (May, 1786), was hailed with acclamation as a virtual condemnation of the Queen, of whose entire innocence there can not now be the shadow of a doubt. In 1787, only two years before the Revolution, her unpopularity was such that her portrait, by Madame Le Brun, was left out of the exhibition at the Louvre, for fear of its provoking fresh insults. If, wearied and saddened by what she encountered at every step in Paris or Versailles, she looked abroad for encouragement or sympathy, she found herself equally misunderstood, misrepresented, and repelled. In England, where genius was soon to throw a halo of never-dying lustre round her name, the worst libels were printed and circulated; and, rightly or wrongly, conceiving the English minister to be bent on revenging at her expense the policy of which her marriage was the pledge, she avowed that she never heard the name of Pitt without a cold shudder running down her back: "*Sans que la petite mort ne me passe sur le dos.*" By a strange concurrence of circumstances, almost all the royal houses of Europe were against her, and she was even made responsible for the misconduct of her sister, the Queen of Naples. The impression was so wide-spread that it actually reached Constantinople; and when the coming republic was announced, the Grand Vizier exclaimed, "Good! this republic will not marry archduchesses."

By a strange fatality, what under other circumstances would have been her pride and happiness, would have conciliated esteem and repelled calumny, was turned against her. The growing uxoriousness of the King excited against her the same hostile feelings which the mistresses of former monarchs had provoked, and she was held responsible for the disorders of the finances, for the sufferings of the people, for bad crops as well as bad ministers; in short, for every thing that went wrong in any quarter. One of the parliamentary protests addressed to the King contained these words: "Such

measures, Sire, are not in your heart; such examples are not in the principles of your Majesty; they come from another source"—a weak paraphrase of Lord Chatham's famous denunciation of "an influence behind the throne greater than the throne itself." Yet at this epoch she had laid aside every feminine weakness and caprice, was exclusively occupied in private with her husband and her children, whilst all her care in public was the salvation of the State. The weakness and indecision of the King had become truly pitiable. She was obliged to be constantly at his side when any matters of importance were discussed, or he could form no resolution at all. If he consented to adopt a prudent measure or follow a wise counsel, it was invariably piecemeal or too late. He was constantly halting between opposite courses. He resisted just enough to take away the grace of concession, and conceded more than enough to make resistance unavailing.

It has been said that a King who could ride on horseback and head his troops, might three times over have saved monarchy in France. In 1789, 1830, and 1848, its best chances were certainly forfeited by want of spirit and vigor in its representatives. At the first of these epochs great changes had become inevitable, but they might have been effected without the revolting orgies that ensued, if not without disturbing the peace of Europe for twenty years and unsettling its social organization to this hour. The essential point was to enforce order, and to prevent or put down any open or direct resort to violence. The moment a mob had been permitted to set law at defiance, to storm the palace, to outrage the sovereign and murder his guards, the Revolution had been consummated in its worst form. The die was cast on the night of the 6th of October, and the manner in which the catastrophe was provoked without being anticipated, strikingly shows how the King's irresolution accelerated his fall. A popular movement against Versailles, with the view of bringing the royal family to Paris, had been planned at the beginning of September, when the Court had ample warning; and the obvious policy of removal to a safe distance was vehemently though vainly recommended by the Queen. The precaution was, however, taken of ordering another regiment to Versailles; and at a banquet given by

the garrison to the new comers, the loyalty of the assembled guests was excited to enthusiasm by the unexpected entrance of the King, Queen, and Dauphin. That the popular exasperation was stimulated to phrenzy by an exaggerated report of the scene, is notorious; but if the fixed intention was to repel force by force, they did right to show themselves, and it may be presumed that it was in one of His Majesty's transient flashes of heroism that he consented to appear.\* But his courage had oozed out before the time for action had arrived, and the swords which had flashed in idle bravado over the festive table, were glued to the scabbard by royal imbecility when the very guard-room of the palace was filled with infuriated rebels clamoring for the Queen's blood.

The eagerness of the royalist nobility, including the princes of the blood, to provide for their own safety by emigration, may be accounted for, if not altogether justified, by the mistaken humanity or irresolution of the King; who rejected proposal after proposal to rally round him, and left them no alternative but to fly or to stand with their arms folded whilst their throats were cut.

In the transaction with Mirabeau, again, after all the risk and odium had been incurred, the expected fruits were lost by procrastination. This curious episode in the history of the Revolution has been fully explained and placed in its proper light by the *Correspondance* between Mirabeau and the Count de la Marck, to which we have frequently referred. The tendency of this valuable publication is certainly to clear Mirabeau's memory from the charge of gross and indiscriminate venality. His conduct was at all events not more censurable than that of Algernon Sidney and the English patriots of whom Lord Macaulay says that "they meant to serve their country, but it is impossible to deny that they were mean and indelicate enough to let a foreign prince pay them for serving her." There is no doubt that Mirabeau's principles were monarchical; that the utmost

he ever aimed at was to supersede a despotic form of government by a constitutional one after the English model; and that he was earnestly acting upon his own convictions when, in return for being freed from pecuniary embarrassments, he agreed to coöperate with the Court. M. Thiers speaks of him as "Cet homme enfin qui fit son devoir par raison, par génie, et non pour quelque peu d'or jeté à ses passions." Once in the tribune, he was unable to resist any sudden impulse or to withstand the temptation of an oratorical triumph, and on two or three occasions, as in alluding to the Versailles banquet, he had been hurried into a vehement diatribe against the Queen, which made her averse from having recourse to him till he was thought indispensable. They soon began to understand each other. When Dumont, as he relates in his *Souvenirs*, objected that any fresh plan must fail, like all the others, from want of firmness in the King, "You do not know the Queen," exclaimed Mirabeau. "She has a prodigious strength of mind: she is a man for courage." This was before their interview, which took place in the garden of St. Cloud, July 3d, 1790. She told Madame Campan that she opened the interview with these words, "In the case of an ordinary enemy, of a man who had sworn the destruction of a monarchy without appreciating its usefulness for a great people, I should be taking at this moment a misplaced step; but when one speaks to Mirabeau, etc." As he never had sworn the destruction of the monarchy, this form of words was not very happily chosen, but the impression was highly favorable, and on quitting the Queen he said, "Madame, the monarchy is saved." After describing what had passed to the Count de la Marck, he declared that nothing should stop him, that he would perish rather than fail in the redemption of his pledges. He devoted all his energies to the task, and fearlessly advocated the right of the sovereign to make war or peace. When twitted by Barnave in the debate with a pamphlet hawked about the streets entitled *The Treason of Mirabeau*, and warned that the populace were improvising a gallows to hang him, he sprang to the tribune and uttered the memorable phrase of defiance: "I have not now to learn for the first time that there is but one step from the Capitol to the Tarpeian Rock."

\* Whilst reading Gibbon, Louis XVI. came upon the sentence, "What matters it that a Bourbon slumbers on a throne in the south?" He started up and exclaimed with vivacity, "I will show these English that I am not asleep." (*Weber*, vol. i. p. 178.)

M. de Lamartine treats Mirabeau's reactionary projects as absurd and impracticable. M. Thiers thinks that, although the revolutionary tide would not have subsided or turned back at his bidding, he might have guided and moderated its course. But whether he could construct as well as destroy, and retreat as well as advance, must remain matter of speculation, for he died, April 2d, 1791, "carrying with him to the tomb," says MM. de Goncourt, "more than his promises, more than the hopes of Marie Antoinette; he carried away the royalist popularity of the Queen."

The Comte d'Artois and his party never forgave her for condescending to parley with rebels, and in their angry remonstrances with her for not adopting a more spirited policy, made no allowance for the weakness of the instrument by and through which she was to act. "You know," she writes to the Count de Mercy, in August, 1791, "the person (the King) with whom I have to deal: at the very moment when we believe him persuaded, an argument, a word, makes him change his mind without his being aware of it; it is for this reason, also, that a thousand things are not to be undertaken." The King had made a careful study of the last days and trial of Charles the First, and was strongly impressed with the notion that the royal martyr's fate was owing to his having sanctioned civil war, and shed, or caused to be shed, the blood of his subjects. From personal fear, therefore, as well as from mildness of disposition, Louis could never be induced to resort to force even to repel force; and his constant aim was to disarm his enemies by good intentions and good faith. It may be collected from the Queen's voluminous correspondence that, finding nothing else possible, she encouraged and cheered him along the only path he was able or willing to tread with any semblance of dignity. Accordingly she counseled him to accept and abide by the Constitution, and writes thus to justify herself: "Looking at our position, it is impossible for the King to refuse; believe me that this must be true, since I say it. You know my character enough to believe that it would lead me by preference to something noble and full of courage." When she was driven to extremity, when authority was no longer upheld in any quarter and a state of anarchy was at hand, she hazarded the

suggestion that an appeal from the sovereigns of Europe, backed by an army on the frontier, might have the effect of bringing the nation to its senses; but the general tendency of her letters is to deprecate foreign interference, and an emigrant invasion is her unceasing object of alarm, as sure to aggravate the dangers and difficulties of her situation.

The chief feature in Mirabeau's plans was the removal of the Court to a safe distance from Paris. This was sound advice, and, like most other sound advice, was not acted upon till too late. We suspect, however, that the King's consent to the unlucky expedition which terminated at Varennes, was extorted by the daily insults and mortifications to which he was exposed at Paris, rather than prompted by any spirited and enlightened consideration of policy. These had been such as fully to acquit him of the popular imputations of bad faith. The royal party, as is well known, were recognized and stopped at Varennes by the populace until they were overtaken by the deputies of the Assembly; but they might easily have forced their way through the town, and the Queen threw the chief blame of the failure on M. Goguelot who, instead of charging at once with his hussars, waited for orders from the King, who was sure to yield without a blow. During the return to Paris, the deputies, Barnave and Pétion, occupied places in the royal carriage, and Barnave was so fascinated by the combined dignity and sweetness of the Queen's manner as to become thenceforward one of the warmest of her partisans. As they were passing through a village the curate, who had approached the carriage with the intention of addressing the King, was assailed and thrown to the ground by the bystanders, when Barnave exclaimed, "Tigers, have you ceased to be Frenchmen? Nation of brave men, have you become a people of assassins?" This incident conciliated the royal party. When the Queen inquired to what means he would advise her to have recourse, he replied, "Popularity, Madame." "And how could I have it?" she rejoined, "it has been taken from me." "Ah! Madame, it would be much easier for you to regain it than it was for me to gain it."

Barnave now took the place of Mirabeau as secret adviser of the Court, and induced his friends, Duport and the Lameths, to cooperate with him in



strengthening the executive. These, the chiefs of the Feuillants, are thus described by M. Thiers; "Duport thought, Barnave spoke, the Lameths executed." They expected great things from the acceptance of the Constitution, pure and simple, which they strongly advocated; but the Queen had an intuitive conviction that all was over, and exclaimed, "These people do not wish for sovereigns. They are demolishing the monarchy stone by stone." During the *fêtes* in celebration of the acceptance, the King and Queen went to each of the three principal theaters, the "Français," the "Opéra," and the "Italiens." Mademoiselle Contat, the popular actress, was much admired in "La Coquette Corrigée," and this play had been selected for performance at the "Français," with exclusive reference to her. The probable application was obvious, and Madame Campan summoned up courage to mention it to the Queen, who ordered "La Gouvernante" instead. A good deal of care having been taken to pack the audience, she was warmly applauded; but at the "Italiens" a fierce contest ensued between the boxes and part of the pit. The piece was "Les Evénements Imprévus," by Grétry, and Madame Dugazon on coming to the words, "*Ah, comme j'aime ma maîtresse*," turned toward the Queen. Immediately a shout was raised from the pit of "*Pas de maîtresse, plus maître! liberté!*" whilst the boxes and balcony replied with "*Vive la Reine! Vive la Roi! vivent à jamais le Roi et la Reine!*" The pit being divided between the factions, a battle ensued, in which the Jacobins had the worst of it. The guard was called in, and the Faubourg St Antoine, rising in tumult, threatened to take part in the fray. This was the last time the Queen ever entered a theater.\*

Barnave's plans and counsels were no better followed than Mirabeau's; and finding that he was compromising himself uselessly, he communicated to the Queen his determination to quit Paris, and requested a parting interview, which was granted. After dwelling on the services he had vainly labored to render her, he

stated that his known devotion to her interests would cost him his life if he did not seek safety in flight, and as his sole recompense he entreated to be allowed to kiss her hand. She gave it to him with her eyes bathed in tears, and he left Paris; but in the course of the same year, 1792, he was arrested at Grenoble. His dealings with the Court having been clearly proved, he was guillotined on the twenty-second October, 1793, his last words being, "Behold the price of all I have done for liberty." His new-born zeal for monarchy was popularly attributed to a romantic passion conceived during the return from Varennes. Nor was this the only instance of sudden conversion or heroic self-sacrifice for which meaner motives were thought insufficient to account. "No sooner," says Madame Campan, "had the most furious Jacobins occasion to be near the Queen, to speak to her, to hear her voice, than they became her most zealous partisans, and even in the prison of the Temple, several of those who had helped to drag her there, died for having tried to liberate her." Like the ill-fated Queen of Scots gazing on the dying Douglas, she might have exclaimed more than once, "Look there, and tell me if she who ruins all who love her, ought to fly a foot further to save her wretched life."

On the evening of the terrible twentieth of June, when the Queen was calling on the deputies of the Assembly to mark the signs of popular outrage in the Tuileries, the sole remaining asylum of royalty, Merlin de Thionville was melted to tears. "You weep, M. Merlin," she continued, "to see the King and his family so cruelly treated by a people whom he has always wished to make happy." "It is true, Madame," replied Merlin, "that I weep over the misfortunes of a woman, beautiful, tender-hearted, and the mother of a family; but do not deceive yourself; not one of my tears is shed for the King or the Queen. I hate kings and queens. It is the only sentiment they inspire in me; it is my religion." Possibly Sir Walter Scott had this very passage in his mind when (in *The Abbot*) he described Lindsay as moved by a similar impulse, and saying as he knelt to Mary Stuart, "Lady, thou art a noble creature, even though thou hast abused God's choicest gifts. I pay that devotion to thy manliness of spirit which I would not have paid to the

\* It was on this occasion that a royalist lady, struck by an apple, picked it up and sent it to La Fayette, with a note, saying, that as it was the only fruit of the Revolution she had yet seen or felt, she thought him entitled to it.

power thou hast long undeservedly wielded. I kneel to Mary Stuart, not to the queen."

Even with her own sex, the fascination of Marie Antoinette's manner was irresistible. On the morning of the same day, a part of the invading mob consisted of the lowest class of women, one of whom carried a gibbet to which was suspended a figure labeled, "*Marie Antoinette, à la lanterne.*" Another, a bullock's heart, labeled, "*Cœur de Louis Seize,*" A third, the horns of the same animal with an obscene inscription. One of the most savage of them paused to vent imprecations on the Queen, who asked if she had ever done her any personal injury. "No; but it is you who cause the misery of the nation." "You have been told so," replied the Queen; "you have been deceived. Wife of a King of France, mother of the Dauphin, I shall never see my native country more. I can only be happy or miserable in France. I was happy when you loved me." The termagant burst into tears, begged pardon, and exclaimed, "It is all because I did not know you. I see that you are good."

During the enforced and harassing journey from Versailles to Paris on the sixth of October, the women who approached the carriage to insult her, ended by shouting "*Vive la Reine!*"

"I rose with purpose dread  
To speak my curse upon thy head;  
O'ermastered yet by high behest,  
I bless thee, and thou shalt be blest."

The details of Marie Antoinette's prison-life are too well known to require recapitulation. It fills the darkest page of French history. The manner in which her feelings as a mother, and her delicacy as a woman, were systematically outraged, reflects indelible disgrace on the people that could tolerate it in their most excited moods; and human nature had reached its lowest point of degradation when they assembled in crowds to hoot and insult her on her way to the scaffold. The late Lord Holland states, in his *Foreign Reminiscences*, that she was insensible. This is one of the groundless statements circulated to diminish our admiration of her heroism and our horror of her persecutors. Her firmness of mind on the morning of the fatal day (Oct. 16, 1793) is sufficiently attested by her letter (dated 4½ A. M.) to Madame Elizabeth, which, though ob-

viously brought to an abrupt termination, breathes the genuine spirit of faith, hope, and charity, in unison with maternal and sisterly love. After confiding it to the turnkey (who delivered it to Fouquier,) she called for food, lest faintness should be mistaken for fear. After eating the wing of a chicken, she changed her linen, threw herself dressed upon a bed, wrapped her feet in a blanket (procured with difficulty,) and fell asleep. She was awakened by a priest named Girard, of whose ministry, from a suspicion of his quality, she declined to avail herself. On his asking if she wished him to accompany her, she quietly replied, "*Come vous voudrez.*"

Sanson, the executioner, arrived at seven. "You are early, Sir," remarked the Queen; "could you not have come later?" "No, Madame, I was ordered to come." The Queen had already cut her hair, and no preparation was needed. She breakfasted on a cup of chocolate brought from a neighboring *café*, and a very small roll. She was then taken to the registry, where her hands were tied. She was helped into the cart by Sanson, and the priest took his place by her side. The progress through the streets was retarded that she might taste long of death—"boire longtempts la mort." More than once she indicated by a gesture to the priest that the cords gave her pain. Opposite the Palais Egalité, the inscription over the gate caught her attention. Before Saint Roch there was a halt, and a torrent of abusive epithets burst from the spectators on the steps. At the passage of the Jacobins she leant towards Girard and questioned him as to the inscription, "*Atelier d'armes républicaines pour foudroyer les tyrans.*" By way of reply, he held up a little ivory Christ. At the same instant the player Grammont, who had kept close to the cart on horseback, stood up in his stirrups, waved his sword, and turning towards the Queen, shouted to the mob, "*La voilà, l'infame Antoinette! Elle est — —, mes amis.*" It was mid-day when the cart reached its destination. On leaving it, she turned her eyes with evident emotion in the direction of the Tuilleries, then mounted the scaffold, and met her fate with calmness. Her head was exhibited to the public gaze by Sanson, whilst under the guillotine the gendarme Mingoult was dipping his handkerchief in her blood. "That same evening," add

MM. de Goncourt, "a man whose day's work was done made out this bill of charges, which history can not touch without a shudder :"

"Account of money paid and interments executed by Joly, gravedigger of the Madeleine de la Ville l'Evêque, for the persons put to death by the judgment of the aforesaid tribunal :

Livres.

The Widow Capet.—For the bier — 6  
For the grave and the grave-diggers — 25."

We can suggest no moral, emotion, or reflection that will not rise spontaneously in the heart and mind of every reader endowed with thought and feeling, on the bare perusal of this document.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

## THE MIDDLE HOME CELESTIAL.

Few persons who can reflect on the highly interesting and elevating subject of the probable uses in the creation of the vast myriads of heavenly bodies which we see, during *our* hours of darkness, sparkling in the distant firmament above, and which we know, by the calculations and discoveries of astronomers, to be spread over the illimitable universe, can entertain the narrow-minded, irrational idea that all those visible and invisible globes are mere matter, floating in space, unemployed and uninhabited, while our little planet alone has been selected by the Almighty for the abode of intellectual beings.

This idea is the embodiment of self-conceit, vain-glory, and presumption. For though we are told in the Scriptures that man is made "lower than the angels," we are nowhere assured that no intellectual beings except man have ever been imbued with life; and we have no warrant to pronounce that "these vast luminaries were called into existence for no other purpose than to throw a tide of useless splendor over the solitudes of immensity."\*

Such is not, and has not been, the opinion of the greatest, the wisest, and the best. Many Christian philosophers and astronomers, as well as learned divines, have declared their belief in the theory of the sun, moon, and stars being, each and all, inhabited worlds, or in preparation to receive inhabitants. "Faith," says one

of these philosophers, whose grasp of mind may well claim influence even for his speculations on this lofty theme — "faith associates with these bright abodes the future fortunes of immortal and regenerated man. It places there the loved and the lost; it follows them into celestial bowers;"\* and genius brings the charm of poetry to shed a halo of beauty around the mystic scenes which imagination fails to portray :

"There is a place where spirits come,  
Beneath the shrine to live,  
A mystic place, a middle home,  
Which God to them doth give.  
What mortal fancy can disclose  
The secret of their weird repose?  
It is a quietness more deep  
Than dearest swoon, or deepest sleep,  
A slumber full of glorious dreams,  
Of magic sounds, and broken gleams,  
Outside the walls of Heaven."

Science, in its loftiest stretch, can not traverse the "trackless vacancy" which lies beyond our earth, intervening between it and the distant orbs which illumine the vast vault of heaven; yet fancy, when uncontrolled by sober reason, will sometimes dare to wing its flight to them. Who knows, when its material frame is sunk in that which we call sleep, whether the spirit wanders or not, and how, and where? Enchanting music has been

\* Dr. Chalmers's *Astronomical Discourses*.

\* *More Worlds than One*. By Sir DAVID BREWSTER.

heard, and beautiful objects have been seen in dreams; and it is a vision of strange scenes obtained during a trance, consequent on extreme illness and debility, that we are about to relate.

A lady, still youthful, though not a mere girl, who was fond of star-gazing, without having the least pretensions to astronomical knowledge, and who was enabled to indulge her taste, as she lived in a tropical climate, where the clearness of the atmosphere and the beauty of the nights are favorable to star-gazing, was once seized with a dangerous illness. The fever and headache baffled all the usual remedies; mustard plasters, blisters, cupping, were all resorted to in vain, and the poor young woman lay apparently insensible. But though none suspected it, she heard all that was said even in the lowest whisper around her, and what she did hear was not very consolatory. The physicians pronounced that there was scarcely a shadow of hope, that life was all but extinct, and that if the composing draught, which they were going to administer, did not induce some quiet sleep, she would never see the light of another day. A window, looking out on a lovely little garden, was thrown wide open, and the invalid's couch was moved almost close to it, that the cool evening breeze might play upon her burning brow. The medical men and most of the friends left the apartment, and only the sick-nurse and one near relative remained to watch through that night of anxiety, but they placed themselves so as not to be seen by her, and the little night-lamp was hidden behind a high screen.

The invalid tried to close her eyes but could not; they remained fixed upon a young mahagua tree near the window, the branches of which, laden with those beautiful flowers that—a pale yellow in the morning take a bright amber tint at noonday, and become of a rich brown color towards the evening—were swaying in the breeze. As she half-unconsciously gazed at this tree, she became sensible that a figure was gradually intervening between her and it. At first, the eclipsing figure seemed a mere shadow; but it assumed more and more of form, and she perceived, to her terror, the head and face of an old-looking man, wrapped, as it were, in a dark cloud. The head was like a discolored skull, and yet some scanty gray hair streamed from it. The

withered features were stern, the eyes were cold and passionless yet keen and commanding, while the wrinkled mouth, without uttering a sound, slowly formed the single word "Come!"

"'Tis Death—terrific Death!" gasped the poor sufferer, as she shrank from the skeleton fingers that seemed advancing to seize her in their grasp. At that moment she observed a light breaking above the head of the dreadful figure, and a beautiful face, with the smile of a cherub, slowly ascending, till half a figure, clothed in a robe of radiance, was visible above the gloomy form of Death. Gracefully it extended a hand that seemed almost transparent, and gently beckoned to the invalid.

She felt fainter and fainter, but had yet power to collect her thoughts, and raising her wasted hands, she prayed for mercy and forgiveness at the Throne of Grace. Some lines of a hymn which she had learned when a child came to her memory, and she sighed with the deepest earnestness, though in a voice which would have been inaudible to mortal ears:

I come, I come, at thy command—  
I give my spirit to thy hand;  
Not in mine innocence I trust,  
I bow before thee in the dust,  
But through my Saviour's blood alone,  
I look for mercy at thy throne!

Her heart ceased to beat, her dim eyes closed; she heard, she saw, she felt nothing more! How long she may have remained in this state she knew not, but we will let her tell the rest herself.

"After a time I seemed to feel a gentle breeze playing around me, but I saw nothing—all was dark as the grave. Presently I experienced a strange sensation, as if I were walking, yet treading upon nothing. I appeared to be gently ascending somewhere: all was stillness around. At length I perceived a faint silvery light as if shining through a gauze veil; it became clearer and clearer, until, as it were, blinded by its brilliancy, I felt compelled to close my eyes. I then seemed, by some unaccountable compulsion, to stand still; a soft wind seemed to fan my cheeks, and, opening my eyes again, I was amazed at the view that met them. I stood on a sort of platform of verdure, studded with innumerable flowers, of shapes and colors which I had never seen before. In front of me were groups of unknown trees, whose gently waving

branches sparkled like diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, and whence low, sweet music issued; above me was a kind of rosy canopy of clouds. All was full of calm, delicious repose.

"Where am I?" burst involuntarily from my lips, and my voice seemed strange to myself. In less than a moment I fancied that I heard an echo from the wonderful grove, on the outskirts of which I was standing, without seeming to crush the most minute flowret beneath my feet. I looked keenly into the depths of the grove, and, after a short space, a figure seemed to reveal itself to me. At first it was dim and uncertain, but gradually it became more defined, and I saw that it was approaching me. The form seemed wrapped in a veil, the hues of which were like the fading tints of the rainbow, but the features were not concealed, and I felt that I had seen them before. Could it be—yes, it was—it was one over whose grave I had wept—the loved, the lost, the mourned!—the brother whose death had been my greatest earthly grief!

"I stretched out my arms in silence for a second, and then, as he met my gaze with looks of angelic sweetness and love, I murmured:

"But you died!"

"Yes, I died yonder; but I live again here," he replied.

"And I—how came I here?"

"You were translated to this abode when your spirit had cast off its earth-born garb."

"But the judgment-seat—the awful judgment-seat of God! Oh, when shall I be called to appear there?"

"In his good time," replied the spirit. "But fear not, sister of another world; the last words that you breathed on earth, and they were felt in your heart, were to pray for mercy through him who is mighty to save. None ever *truly* prayed to him for grace in vain. Abide in peace until the Almighty wills to call you to his sublime presence, whether that shall be what those of earth call *soon*, or not until that great day, when the trumpets of heaven shall resound throughout infinity, and worlds upon worlds shall catch the awful sound."

"And is this beautiful place allotted only to you and me?" I asked, with some hesitation.

"No," he answered; "this is one of the many mansions mentioned by the

blessed Redeemer, and it is filled with beings; but they move noiselessly about, and your eyes are not yet accustomed to the splendor of this light so as to perceive them; you will soon, however, become as one of themselves."

"I observed that shades, like those of twilight, were softly stealing on; and I asked, in surprise, if there were days and nights there."

"Not days and nights as they are known on earth," was the reply, "but we have variations of light; and look, the heavenly bodies, as they are named in the world you have left, are beginning to be visible in the remote distance of space. These magnificent globes are filled with beings, some of the highest order of intelligence inconceivable to the bounded mind of man."

"It is strange," I said, "that I feel no thirst, or pain, or weakness, and yet I have been suffering terribly from all of these."

"In the sphere which you are now to inhabit, until it shall please the Creator to call you from it, these earthly infirmities are unknown. Though not angels like the blessed inhabitants of the heaven of heavens, we are permitted to enjoy a more spiritual organization than the denizens of earth. We have entered into the promised rest."

"But the guilty, and the lost of the earth, where are they?" I asked.

"Hush!" he replied, while a look of grave rebuke passed over his noble countenance. "In this serene abode we are forbidden even to think of guilt, or to name the guilty. Lucifer, that fallen angel, has no dominion *HERE*; we war no more with sin and sorrow; and for those souls who have yielded to the temptations of the Evil One, we have but to leave them to the Omnipotent. Our part is to have faith in the boundless goodness of him who created all."

"The light was becoming less dazzling, and my eyes could better penetrate the strange sort of atmosphere around me. I followed my beloved guide, and we entered the enchanting grove. I fancied that in the musical rustling of the resplendent leaves I heard a sound like 'Welcome, welcome!' while at a little distance I heard a strain of delightful music, that seemed by turns to swell and to die away. Figures now seemed to be floating about, hither and thither, amidst the leafy glades

that I began to discover through arches formed by the radiant wreaths of flowers that seemed gracefully to wander from one magnificent tree to another. I remarked that every thing seemed to glitter as I came nearer; yet there was no glare to hurt even my unaccustomed eye. Nothing that I beheld appertained to gloom or darkness; a kind of subdued brightness appeared to be the characteristic of all around.

"And death?" I asked. "Is death known here?"

"Those who have been allowed to enter this bright sphere have done with death. It can only destroy the garb of flesh with which the immortal spirit is clothed in yonder world, whence you have just escaped, and in other worlds, over which sin and darkness also brood. Here, we are purified and prepared for the holy realms where the great Creator reveals his glory to the accepted spirits who are permitted to join the angelic hosts in that everlasting abode. But come," he added, "let me lead you where you can rest awhile, and thus be prepared to take your place in yonder gorgeous temple, 'not made with hands,' where we meet to offer our united hymns of thanksgiving to him in whom we have our happy being."

"He signed to me to follow him, and my steps glided after his, without effort or trouble, until we reached what might be termed a grotto, close to a remarkably beautiful cascade, whose transparent waters, leaping from one ledge of crystal, solid as a rock, to another, like the rays from the setting sun, if these could be imagined in a liquid state. On either side of the waterfall grew large bell-shaped flowers of rich colors, which as they waved their lovely petals over the glancing water, and occasionally dipped them sportively in it, shed a charming fragrance around.

"The materials of which the grotto was composed looked like sapphires and burnished gold; in the interior there floated around a sort of pale blue haze, which, like a film, partially obscured the splendor of the recess. Before entering it I beheld what seemed a cupola in form, but envel-

oped, as it were, in clouds of crimson and gold. I pointed to it.

"That is the dome of the temple," said my guide. "It is hallowed by the presence of the Omnipotent when we meet to worship him, though that holy presence is invisible to us. When you hear a solemn chant commence, and music swelling from all these waving branches around, then, sister of another world, come gladly forth!"

"He was gone, and, left alone, I sank down in a reclining attitude upon the enameled ground, and soon a feeling of delicious repose stole over me. The past—the scenes and beings of the world I had left—faded from my mind; all was serenity around, and my senses seemed to partake of that deep quietness, until forgetfulness of every thing came over them.

"I have no idea how long I continued in this state, but at last I awoke softly from my 'weird repose'—to what? To find the beauteous spirit of my brother waiting to conduct me to the sublime temple, whose lofty dome was covered with a gorgeous canopy of clouds? Alas! alas! my soul had descended again to earth, and as my eyes languidly opened I saw, through the unclosed casement, the clear blue, far off skies, with some still glittering stars here and there, and one or two streaks of rosy hue, announcing that morning was about to dawn upon the material world. I was still living then—I had not passed through 'the dark valley!' To that distant planet—to those scenes of enchantment—I had only been transported in a soothing dream!

"I sighed, and the sweet delusion was too speedily dispelled, for attendants and friends came around me; they told me I was better, I was saved, and that years of life might yet be before me! Alas! I heard my doom with sorrow and repining. Why was the freed spirit recalled? Why was I sent back to a world of sin and suffering? But the voice of the dear spirit, who had so lately been my blessed companion, sounded again in my ear with his words of faith; and, feebly lifting my clasped hands, I was enabled to exclaim,

"Father! thy will be done!"

From the Edinburgh Review.

## TENNYSON'S IDYLLS OF THE KING.\*

MR. TENNYSON has returned to that form of poetic composition in which he proved himself, long ago, to be without a modern rival. The first essentials of idyllic character are simplicity of incident and simplicity of manner in the narration. A good idyll is consequently one of the most rare, although it may not be the highest of poems. Dramatic vigor, lyrical passion, complicated and stirring incidents, are capable of making their effect, notwithstanding the presence of many shortcomings and faults in the details of execution. The idyll, however, is nothing if not perfect in expression. Its simplicity becomes mere baldness and vacuity, in the absence of an equable flow of language of unimpeachable truthfulness, beauty, and melody. Now, the particular power by which Mr. Tennyson surpasses all recent English poets is precisely that of sustained perfection of style. Others have equaled or excelled him in other respects, but we look in vain among his modern rivals for any who can compete with him in the power of saying beautifully the thing he has to say; and this not only in single sentences and passages, but for page after page, and poem after poem, without flagging, and apparently without effort. We must, however, acknowledge our inability to discover by what authority or analogy Mr. Tennyson has applied the term "idyll" to these fragments or episodes of the great Romaunt of Arthur. The expression, as is well known, was first applied by the artificial writers of the Alexandrian School to their bucolic poetry. The word (*εἰδύλλια*,) meant "little pictures of common life," and it was the fashion of the day to describe the rural pastimes and sentimental loves of Sicilian shepherds in the polished Doric of Theocritus and Moschus. Mr. Tennyson himself, has, in his poem of "the Brook," given us a charming example of the class. But, ex-

cept in the peculiar structure of the blank verse which he affects, it is impossible to trace any resemblance between these legends of British chivalry and the poems which have hitherto been known as Idylls. Far from being pictures of common life, they belong entirely to that fairy land where everything is strange and impossible, and where the imagination disguises every object in fantastic shapes. If human nature approached these revels in its ordinary garb, on the instant the spell would be broken and the illusion vanish. To try them by any other test would be unjust to Mr. Tennyson himself, but by adopting this fragmentary treatment, he has attempted to solve the difficulty which has hitherto deterred our poets from dealing with one of the most striking of our national subjects. The disproportion and incoherence of the materials among themselves were fatal to their fitness for a single epic; and the critical traditions which, until lately, connected epic character with epic magnitude, have prevented our poets from treating separately what are, in fact, separate, although mutually related, subjects. There were also other difficulties in the way of the modern rendering of the legends of the Round Table. There is scarcely one of them which does not turn upon some outrageous violation of modern manners and morals, and which does not contain innumerable improbabilities and impossibilities in its necessary sequence of events. These impediments Mr. Tennyson has overcome in the only possible way, namely, by accepting them as we accept the extravagances of classical mythology. He has treated the legends as so many fairy tales, concerning the probability and propriety of the details of which it would be absurd to dispute, the total absence of circumstantial verisimilitude constituting the sufficient correction, from an artistic point of view, of their otherwise objectionable representations of humanity. We do not see how the poet could have done otherwise, without destroying the whole

\* *Four Idylls of the King*. By ALFRED TENNYSON D.C.L., Poet Laureate. London. 1859.

costume and individuality of his theme. If we have any objection to make on this score, it is that Mr. Tennyson does not always accept the situation with sufficient boldness, but sometimes palliates, with modern reasons, certain points in a course of conduct, which, in its whole character, belongs to and is only made tolerable by a mythical antiquity, and which is not repulsive to our feelings only because it is inexplicable or incredible to them. In these poems, moral beauty — without which there is no true work of art—is to be found rather in the prevailing tone of heroic simplicity and magnanimity, and in the general symbolic tendency, which Mr. Tennyson has succeeded in transferring from the legends to his poems, than in the actual events represented. The principles, passions, and actions of all the characters, good or bad, are alike extravagant and inconceivable; their virtues would be as fatal to any imaginable condition of society as their vices; but we agree to sink the consideration of their motives of action in our enjoyment of the the primitive freshness and large-hearted simplicity which prevade these strange and savage tracts like the sweet and wholesome mountain air.

These Idylls being thus, as far as regards incident and character, as nearly as possible reproductions of the letter or spirit of the Arthurian legends, there is little to be said of them, except with reference to the style in which they have been reproduced. In the history of the English language these poems will occupy a remarkable place as examples of vigorous, unaffected, and almost unmixed Saxon, written at a time in which all the ordinary walks of literature are becoming rapidly vulgarised with bastard Latinity. We think we can safely say, that since the definitive formation of the English language, no poetry has been written with so small an admixture of Latin as the *Idylls of the King*; and, what will sound still stranger to the ears of those who have been in the habit of regarding the Latin element as essential to the majesty of poetry in our tongue, that no language has surpassed in epic dignity the English of these poems.

A slight notice of each idyl, with extracts, will give our readers a better notion of what these poems are than can be derived from any abstract description of their qualities.

"Enid," who gives her name to the first

of the four stories, is a heroine of the Griselda type, suffering with absolute amiability the outrages of her husband, Prince Geraint, who falls from the one extreme of uxoriousness to the other of a severity only equaled, among modern heroes, by that of Peter Grimes, because one morning as he was asleep, and Enid sat beside the coach, admiring

"The knotted column of his throat,  
The massive square of his heroic breast,  
And arms on which the standing muscle  
sloped  
As slopes a wild brook o'er a little stone  
Running too vehemently to break upon it,"

she began to upbraid herself for not having had the courage to reprove him for his idle and effeminate devotion to herself, to the exclusion of all knightly enterprises, and concluded her lament with the exclamation—

"O me, I fear that I am no true wife!"

These last words, Geraint, "by great mischance," overheard, and, without waiting for further proof of explanation,

"Right through his manful breast darted the pang  
That makes a man, in the sweet face of her  
Whom he loves most, lonely and miserable.  
At this he snatched his great limbs from the bed,  
And shook his drowsy squire awake, and cried,  
'My charger and her palfry,' then to her:  
'I will ride forth into the wilderness;  
For though it seems my spurs are yet to win,  
I have not fall'n so low as some would wish.  
And you, put on your worst and meanest dress,  
And ride with me!' And Enid ask'd amar'd,  
'If Enid errs, let Enid learn her fault.'  
But he, 'I charge you ask not, but obey.'  
Then she bethought her of a faded silk," etc.

Of this silk the poet proceeds to give the history, which is also that of the first acquaintance of Geraint and his wife. One day, when the knight was watching a hunt, in the company of Queen Guinevere, another knight, with a dwarf, came riding by the knoll where they stood. The dwarf refused to disclose the name of his master to a damsel who was sent by the Queen to obtain it, and even struck the fair messenger with his whip, on her persisting in the inquiry. This affront to the Queen, through her servant, Geraint swears to avenge, and he pursues the knight and dwarf until he



"Beheld the long street of a little town  
In a long valley, on one side of which,  
White from the mason's hand, a fortress rose;  
And on one side a castle in decay."

The knight and dwarf enter the fortress,  
and Geraint finds a lodging in the decayed  
castle, which is thus finely painted—

"Then rode Geraint into the castle court.  
His charger trampling many a prickly star  
Of sprouted thistle on the broken stones.  
He looked and saw that all was ruinous.  
Here stood a shattered archway plumed with  
fern;  
And here had fallen a great part of a tower,  
Whole, like a crag that tumbles from the cliff,  
And like a crag was gay with wilding flowers:  
And high above a piece of turret stair,  
Worn by the feet that now were silent, wound  
Bare to the sun, and monstrous ivy stems  
Clasped the gray walls with hairy-fibred arms,  
And sucked the joining of the stones, and  
looked  
A knot, beneath, of snakes, aloft, a grove."

Geraint, while yet in the castle court,  
hears Enid, daughter of Earl Yniol,  
singing,

"And as the sweet voice of a bird,  
Heard by the lander in a lonely isle,  
Moves him to think what kind of bird it is  
That sings so delicately clear, and make  
Conjecture of the plumage and the form;  
So the sweet voice of Enid moved Geraint."

The song she sang is one of several  
which are skilfully incorporated with the  
blank verse of these poems. It is, perhaps,  
the best of them.

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the  
proud;  
Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine, storm,  
and cloud;  
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or  
frown;  
With that wild wheel we go not up or down;  
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

"Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands;  
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own  
hands;  
For man is man and master of his fate.

"Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd;  
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud;  
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate."

Geraint, on being invited to enter,  
finds—

"An ancient dame in dim brocade;  
And near her, like a blossom vermeil-white,  
That lightly breaks a faded flower-sheath,  
Moved the fair Enid, all in faded silk."

Geraint learns from Earl Yniol that he  
has been despoiled in former times of his  
wealth by the knight of the white fortress,  
who annually holds a joust, at which a  
golden sparrow-hawk is to be fought for  
by any who will choose to bring his lady,  
and to maintain by force of arms the  
superiority of her beauty. "But you,"  
he says, "who have no lady, can not  
fight." Hereupon Geraint begs to be  
allowed to fight for Enid:

"Then, howsoever patient, Yniol's heart  
Danced in his bosom, seeing better days.  
And looking round he saw not Enid there,  
(Who, hearing her own name, had slept away)  
But that old dame, to whom full tenderly  
And fondling all her hand in his, he said—  
'Mother, a maiden is a tender thing,  
And best by her that bore her understood.  
Go thou to rest, but ere thou go to rest,  
Tell her, and prove her heart toward the  
Prince.'

So spake the kindly-hearted Earl, and she  
With frequent smile and not departing, found,  
Half disarrayed as to her rest, the girl;  
Whom first she kissed on either cheek, and  
then  
On either shining shoulder laid a hand,  
And kept her off, and gazed upon her face,  
And told her all their converse in the hall,  
Proving her heart: but never light and shade  
Coursed one another more on open ground  
Beneath a troubled heaven, then red and pale  
Across the face of Enid hearing her;  
While slowly falling as a scale that falls,  
When weight is added only grain by grain,  
Sank her sweet head upon her gentle breast;  
Nor did she lift an eye nor speak a word,  
Rapt in the fear and in the wonder of it;  
So moving without answer to her rest,  
She found no rest, and ever failed to draw  
The quiet night into her blood."

Accordingly Geraint and Enid appear  
the next morning at the lists. The master  
of the sparrow-hawk is overthrown, and is  
compelled to give up the earldom to Yniol,  
and to go in person to Arthur's court to  
beg the Queen's pardon. Even before he  
is married, Geraint shows what Enid has  
to expect of him, by submitting her to  
the humiliation of making her appearance  
at the court of Guinevere in her "faded  
silk," instead of an appropriate dress,  
which her mother had provided for the  
occasion. Enid's fears at having to un-  
dergo this ordeal give occasion to the  
following picturesque passage:—

"She let her fancy flit across the past,  
 And roam the goodly places that she knew;  
 And last bethought her how she used to  
 watch,  
 Near that old home, a pool of golden carp;  
 And one was patched and blurred and  
 lustreless  
 Among his burnished brethren of the pool;  
 And half asleep she made comparison  
 Of that and these to her own faded self  
 And the gay court, and fell asleep again;  
 And dreamt herself was such a faded form  
 Among her burnished sisters of the pool;  
 But this was in the garden of a king;  
 And though she lay dark in the pool, she  
 knew  
 That all was bright, that all about were birds  
 Of sunny plume in gilded trellis-work;  
 That all the turf was rich in plots that looked  
 Each like a garnet or a turkis in it;  
 And lords and ladies of the high court went  
 In silver tissue talking things of state;  
 And children of the king in cloth of gold  
 Glanced at the doors or gamboled down the  
 walks;  
 And while she thought 'They will not see  
 me,' came  
 A stately queen, whose name was Guinevere,  
 And all the children in their cloth of gold  
 Ran to her, crying, 'If we have fish at all  
 Let them be gold, and charge the gardeners  
 now  
 To pick the faded creature from the pool,  
 And cast it on the mixen that it die.'  
 And therewithal one came and seized on her,  
 And Enid started waking, with her heart  
 All overshadowed by the foolish dream,  
 And lo! it was her mother grasping her  
 To get her well awake; and in her hand  
 A suit of bright apparel."

The suit of "faded silk" patiently submitted to, the twain return to the court. The queen makes friends with Enid, and the poet endeavors to shape a shadow of excuse for his hero's ready suspicion of his wife, on the plea that she might be supposed to have suffered from the society of Guinevere, whose reputation was not perfect. We are now again at the point at which the poem opened.

Geraint bids his wife not to ride at his side, but a good way on before him, and charges her, whatever happens, not to speak a word to him. This, the poet says, was,

"Perhaps because he loved her passionately,  
 And felt that tempest brooding round his  
 heart,  
 Which, if he spake at all, would break  
 perforce  
 Upon a head so dear in thunder."

We should prefer, however, to interpret Geraint's conduct for ourselves, and must

altogether reject the above plea, when we find, as we do, that, by riding "ever a good way on before," Enid falls in with all the dangers of the wilderness the first. The knight's proceedings are, we suppose, in keeping with the vagaries of the primitive chivalry, but they neither require nor admit of the excuses and explanations which might be applicable to the eccentricities of modern passion.

After riding some hours through the wilderness, Enid breaks her lord's command,—

"My lord, I saw three bandits by the rock  
 Waiting to fall on you, and heard them boast  
 That they would slay you, and possess your  
 horse,  
 And armor, and your damsel should be  
 theirs."  
 He made a wrathful answer: "Did I wish  
 Your silence or your warning?"

Geraint, of course, slays the three hostile knights, and three afterwards, each time upbraiding his wife for the warning, without which he and she would have been lost, and each time taking the three horses and making Enid drive them on before her.

"The pain she had  
 To keep them in the wild ways of the wood,  
 Two sets of three laden with jingling arms,  
 Together, served a little to disedge  
 The sharpness of that pain about her heart."

After certain other adventures of minor note, they come by chance into the territory and town belonging to Limours, an old suitor of Enid, who, finding her and Geraint in his power, and apparently not on the best terms with each other, plans an assault upon Geraint, from which his wife again saves him, by breaking his command to observe silence. They depart from the town and are pursued by Limours and an armed band, against whom Geraint tries his always invincible, and therefore somewhat uninteresting, prowess, with the effect which is described in the following exquisitely worded passage:—

"But at the flash and motion of the man  
 They vanish'd panic stricken, like a shoal  
 Of darting fish, that on a summer morn  
 Adown the crystal dykes at Camelot  
 Come slipping o'er their shadows on the sand,  
 But if a man who stands upon the brink  
 But lift a shining hand against the sun,  
 There is not left the twinkle of a fin  
 Betwixt the cressy islets white in flower."

Geraint finds himself wounded in this conflict, and, after riding awhile, drops from his horse, and while Enid is tending him by the way side, Doorm, the "bandit-earl," comes by, with a hundred followers, and, seeing that Enid is fair, commissions some of his men to remove her and the seeming dead man to his castle, where, after the lapse of several hours, Geraint revives from his swoon, and finds "his own dear bride"

"Propping his head  
And chafing his faint hands, and calling to him;  
And felt the warm tears falling on his face;  
And said to his own heart, "She weeps for me."  
And yet lay still, and feign'd himself as dead,  
That he might prove her to the uttermost,  
And say to his own heart, "She weeps for me."

He continues this somewhat ungenerous dissimulation until Earl Doorm enters with his riotous followers, and his and their "gentlewomen." Doorm offers to marry Enid, supposing that Geraint lies dead.

"He spoke; the brawny spearman let his cheek  
Bulge with the unsallow'd piece, and turning  
stared;  
While some, whose souls the old serpent long  
had drawn  
Down, as the worm draws in the wither'd  
leaf  
And makes it earth, hiss'd at each other's  
ears."

Doorm, not catching her reply, but taking it for granted that it was satisfactory, bids her eat, but she refuses, declaring she will neither eat nor drink until her "dear lord arise." The earl is further irritated by her positive refusal to put on a fine gown instead of her faded silk, and, to cure her obstinacy, "however lightly, smote her on the cheek."

"Then Enid, in her utter helplessness,  
And since she thought, 'he had not dared to  
do it,  
Except he surely knew my lord was dead,'  
Sent forth a sudden, sharp, and bitter cry  
As of a wild thing taken in a trap,  
Which sees the trapper coming thro' the  
wood."

Geraint's manhood is sufficiently near the modern type to make it impossible that he should stand this, so he jumps up and strikes off Doorm's head at a blow, and the others, under the fortunate delusion that he is the dead man's ghost, all

run away, and leave him and Enid to make it up. He apologises for his behavior, and very truly says:—"Enid, I have used you worse than that dead man."

"You thought me sleeping, but I heard you  
say,  
I heard you say that you were no true wife:  
I swear I will not ask your meaning in it:  
I do believe yourself against yourself,  
And will henceforward rather die than doubt.  
And Enid could not say one tender word,  
She felt so blunt and stupid at the heart.  
Then Geraint upon the horse  
Mounted, and reach'd a hand, and on his foot  
She set her own and climb'd; he turn'd his  
face,  
And kiss'd her climbing, and she cast her arms  
About him, and at once they rode away.  
And never yet, since high in Paradise  
O'er the four rivers the first roses blew,  
Came purer pleasure unto mortal kind  
Than lived through her, who in that perilous  
hour  
Put hand to hand beneath her husband's  
heart."

The human interest and moral significance of the incidents of this poem, which is nearly two thousand lines long, are considerably below the average of the legends to which those incidents belong, and greatly below the interest and significance of the stories of the other poems in this volume. When we come to put the narrative into vulgar prose, we are struck with increased admiration for the power of a writer who renders such dull improbabilities into language of such lofty and picturesque vigor, that not only we can read, but we read delighted.

"Vivien" has a much finer and more properly idyllic foundation. The range of incident in "Enid" is almost epic in its extent, but "Vivien" turns upon the single event of the destruction of Merlin by the Lady of the Lake,—perhaps the most famous and significant of all the Arthurian legends.

"A storm was cowering, but the winds were still,  
And in the wild woods of Broceliande,  
Before an oak so hollow, huge and old  
It look'd a tower of ruin'd masonwork,  
At Merlin's feet the wileful Vivien lay."

Vivien, having failed to obtain any satisfaction of her vanity from "the blameless king," and finding the court unpleasant to her, for

"She hated all the knights, and heard in  
thought  
Their scornful laughter when her name was  
named,"

determines to try her wiles upon "him, the most famous man of all those times,"

"Merlin, who knew the range of all their arts,  
Had built the king his havens, ships, and  
halls,  
Was also Bard, and knew the starry heavens;  
Men call'd him Wizard."

Merlin tells Vivien that he possesses a charm "of woven paces and of waving hands," by which he, or any one knowing certain words, can obtain entire power "upon the life, and use, and name, and fame," of another.

"There lived a king in the most Eastern East,  
Less old than I, yet older, for my blood  
Hath earnest in it of the springs to be.  
A tawny pirate anchor'd in his port,  
Whose bark had plunder'd twenty nameless  
isles;  
And passing one, at the high peep of dawn,  
He saw two cities in a thousand boats  
All fighting for a woman on the sea.  
And pushing his black craft among them all,  
He lightly scatter'd theirs and brought her off,  
With loss of half his people arrow-slain;  
A maid so smooth, so white, so wonderful,  
They said a light came from her when she  
moved:  
And since the pirate would not yield her up,  
The king impaled him for his piracy;  
Then made her queen: but those isle-nurtur'd  
eyes  
Made such unwilling though successful war  
On all the youth, they sicken'd; councils  
thinn'd,  
And armies waned, for magnet-like she drew  
The rustiest iron of old fighters' hearts;  
And beasts themselves would worship; camels  
knelt  
Unbidden, and the brutes of mountain back  
That carry kings in castles, bow'd black knees  
Of homage, ringing with their serpent hands,  
To make her smile, her golden ankle-bells.  
What wonder, being jealous, that he sent  
To find a wizard who might teach the king  
Some charm, which being wrought upon the  
queen,  
Might keep her all his own."

At last they found "a little, glassy-headed, hairless man," who taught the king to charm the queen

"In such wise that no man could see her more  
Nor saw she save the king, who wrought the  
charm,  
Coming and going, and she lay as dead,  
And lost all use of life."

The bulk of the poem is taken up with the gradual seduction of Merlin by Vivien, whose persistence and subtle wiles at last overcome the wisdom of the

Wizard. He is long proof against her persuasions, and pays no regard to her imprecations of heaven's wrath against herself, should she ever use the charm to his damage. But, in the midst of these imprecations,

"Out of heaven a bolt  
(For now the storm was close above them)  
struck,  
Furrowing a giant oak and javelining  
With darted spikes and splinters of the wood  
The dark earth round."

Vivien flies into Merlin's arms for protection, and does not forget her purpose in her fright,

"Overhead  
Bellow'd the tempest, and the rotten branch  
Snap'd in the rushing of the river-rain  
Above them; and in change of glare and  
gloom  
Her eyes and neck glittering went and came;  
Till now the storm, its burst of passion spent,  
Moaning and calling out of other lands,  
Had left the ravaged woodland yet once more  
To peace; and what should not have been  
had been,  
For Merlin, overtalk'd and overworn,  
Had yielded, told her all the charm, and slept.  
Then, in one moment, she put forth the charm  
Of woven paces and of waving hands,  
And in the hollow oak he lay as dead,  
And lost to life and use, and name and fame."

In the third idyll we find ourselves again somewhat too far removed from the region of human interests and probabilities. "Elaine," like "Enid," is a long story, told in language which is uniformly pure and dignified, and often magnificent, and which of itself amply rewards the reading. But the love of Elaine for Lancelot is too much mixed up with the marvelous and improbable in incident to be effective as a human passion,—not to say that it takes the least attractive form of love in woman, namely, that in which she becomes the suitor. Not all the skill and delicacy of Mr. Tennyson's language, nor all the "extenuating circumstances" brought to bear, are sufficient to render this inversion of right order altogether pleasing. We quote the following passage from the poem as, at once, an illustration of the freedom assumed by the poet in the treatment of his subjects, and of the power by which that freedom is justified:—

"For Arthur when none knew from whence he  
came,  
Long ere the people chose him for their king,

ing the trackless realms of Lyonesse,  
 found a glen, gray boulder and black tarn.  
 rror lived about the tarn, and clave  
 its own mists to all the mountain side:  
 ere two brothers, one a king, had met  
 fought together; but their names were  
 lost;  
 each had slain his brother at a blow,  
 down they fell, and made the glen abhor-  
 red:  
 there they lay till all their bones were  
 bleached,  
 lichen'd into color with the crags:  
 one of these, the king, had on a crown  
 amonds, one in front, and four aside.  
 Arthur came, and laboring up the pass  
 the misty moonshine, unawares  
 trodden that crowned skeleton, and the  
 skull  
 o from the nape, and from the skull the  
 crown  
 l into light, and turning on its rims  
 like a glittering rivulet to the tarn;  
 down the shingly scaur he plunged, and  
 caught,  
 set it on his head, and in his heart:  
 murmurs, 'Lo! thou likewise shalt be  
 king.'

ay of our readers will be surprised  
 we inform them that there is not  
 ghtest foundation for the above in-  
 in any of the Arthurian romances;  
 at the poet has, in all cases, allowed  
 lf unbounded liberty in the inven-  
 suppression, or modification of inci-  
 limiting himself only to the condi-  
 of unity of tone, and the traditional  
 eters of the personages introduced.  
 who know most of the strange and  
 ting chaos of Arthurian tradition,  
 g studied it not only in Sir Thomas  
 y's famous epitome, but also in its  
 is developments in Welsh, French,  
 erman literature, will be most ready  
 ouse the poet-laureate for assuming  
 eedom which seems to have been  
 by all the early romancers them-  
 in dealing with the heroes of the  
 d Table.

o story of "Elaine," denuded of the  
 language in which it has been  
 ed by Mr. Tennyson, would scarcely  
 st our readers. We must confine  
 lves to an extract or two. Here is a  
 of sea-scenery which has never been  
 ssed.

7 couch'd their spears and prick'd there  
 spears, and thus,  
 r plumes driv'n backward by the wind  
 they made  
 oving, all together down upon him

Bare, as a wild wave in the wide North Sea,  
 Green-glimmering toward the summit, bears,  
 with all  
 Its stormy crest that smoke against the skies,  
 Down on a bark, and overbears the bark,  
 And him that helms it."

Elaine tends Lancelot in his sickness,  
 and knows not of his love for Guinevere.

"Had he seen her first,  
 She might have made this and that other world  
 Another world for the sick man; but now  
 The shackles of an old love straighten'd him,  
 His honor rooted in dishonor stood,  
 And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.  
 Yet the great knight in his mid sickness made  
 Full many a holy vow and pure resolve.  
 These, as but born of sickness, could not live:  
 For when the blood ran lustier in him again,  
 Full often the sweet image of one face  
 Making a treacherous quiet in his heart,  
 Dispersed his resolution like a cloud.  
 Then if the maiden, while that ghostly grace  
 Beam'd on his fancy, spoke, he answer'd not,  
 Or short and coldly, and she knew right well  
 What the rough sickness meant, but what this  
 meant  
 She knew not, and the sorrow dimm'd her  
 sight.

She murmur'd, 'Vain, in vain: it can not be.  
 He will not love me: how then? must I die?'  
 Then as a little helpless innocent bird,  
 That has but one plain passage of few notes  
 Will sing the simple passage o'er and o'er  
 For all an April morning, till the ear  
 Wearies to hear it, so the simple maid  
 Went half the night repeating, 'Must I die?'

The last of the four idylls, and certainly  
 the finest, describes the disgrace and re-  
 pentance of Queen Guinevere, and the des-  
 truction of the fellowship of the Round  
 Table, through her guilt. We are disposed  
 to look upon this short poem—it is not  
 seven hundred lines—as the highest as  
 well as the last of the poet's efforts. It is  
 perfect in form, which is more than can be  
 said of the longer idylls, and the interest  
 is, from beginning to end, simple, intelli-  
 gible, human, and lofty. The circumstan-  
 ces of this poem are the commencing re-  
 pentance of the queen; the confirmation  
 of her resolutions, by the disgrace of the  
 first public proof of her guilt; her flight  
 to a convent; and her interview with  
 Arthur on his way to his last battle-field.  
 Sir Mordred, who discovers and betrays  
 the queen on the occasion of her last fare-  
 well with Lancelot, is thus shown to us,  
 as he

'Climb'd to the high top of the garden-wall  
To spy some secret scandal if he might,  
And saw the queen who sat between her best  
Enid, and lissome Vivien, of her court  
The wildest and the worst; and more than this  
He saw not, for Sir Lancelot passing by  
Spied where he couch'd, and as the gardener's  
hand

Picks from the colewort a green caterpillar,  
So from the high wall and flowering grove  
Of grasses Lancelot pluck'd him by the heel,  
And cast him as a worm upon the way;  
But when he knew the prince, tho' marred  
with dust,

He, reverencing King's blood in a bad man,  
Made such excuses as he might, and these  
Full knightly without scorn  
But, ever after, the small violence done  
Rankled in him and ruffled all his heart  
As the sharp wind that ruffles all day long  
A little bitter pool about a stone  
On the bare coast."

The awakenings of remorse in Guinevere are thus beautifully described:

"Henceforward, too, the Powers that tend the  
soul

To help it from the death that can not die,  
And save it even in extremes, began  
To vex and plague her. Many a time for  
hours,

Beside the placid breathings of the King,  
In the dead night grim faces came and went  
Before her, or a vague spiritual fear--  
Like to some doubtful noise of creaking doors  
Heard by the watcher in a haunted house  
That keeps the rust of murder on the walls--  
Held her awake: or, if she slept, she dream'd  
An awful dream; for then she seem'd to stand  
On some vast plain before a setting sun,  
And from the sun there swiftly made at her  
A ghastly something, and its shadow flew  
Before it, till it touched her, and she turn'd--  
When lo! her own, that broadening from her  
feet,

And blackening, swallow'd all the land, and  
in it,  
Far cities burnt, and with a cry she woke."

She tells Lancelot they must never meet  
but once again to say farewell. It is at  
this farewell that Mordred surprises them,  
and brings the long-increasing rumors of  
the queen's infidelity to public proof. Lancelot and she fly from the court in company, and it is for some time supposed that he has taken her to his castle, where he is besieged by the king, until the latter learns that Guinevere is in the convent at Almesbury. Here she is compelled to listen to the abuse which is heaped upon her name by the nuns, who are not aware that they are speaking to herself. When the kings comes:

"Prone from off her seat she fell,  
And grovel'd with her face against the floor;  
There with her milk-white arms and shadowy  
hair

She made her face a darkness from the king:  
And in the darkness heard his armed feet .  
Pause by her."

He relates to her the glorious work  
which she has overthrown; how he had  
founded a society to be an example to the  
world:

"I made them lay their hands in mine and  
swear

To reverence the king as if he were  
Their conscience, and their conscience as their  
king

To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,  
To ride abroad redeeming human wrongs,  
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,  
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,  
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,  
And worship her by years of noble deeds,  
Until they won her; for indeed I knew  
Of no more subtle master under heaven  
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,  
Not only to keep down the base in man,  
But teach high thought, and amiable words  
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,  
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.  
And all this throve until I wedded thee!  
Believing, "lo! my helpmate, one to feel  
My purpose and rejoicing in my joy."

Then came thy shameful sin with Lancelot;  
Then came the sin of Tristram and Isolt;  
Then others, following these my mightiest  
knights,

And drawing foul ensample from fair names,  
Sinn'd also.

Lo! I forgive thee, as eternal God  
Forgives: do thou for thine own soul the rest  
But how to take last leave of all I loved?  
O golden hair with which I used to play  
Not knowing!

Let no man dream but that I love thee still.  
Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,  
And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,  
Hereafter in that world where all are pure  
We too may meet before high God, and thou  
Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and  
know

I am thine husband—not a smaller soul,  
Nor Lancelot, nor another."

Then, listening till those armed steps were  
gone,

Rose the pale Queen, and in her anguish found  
The casement: "Peradventure," so she  
thought,

"If I might see his face, and not be seen."  
And lo, he sat on horseback at the door!  
And near him the sad nuns with each a light  
Stood, and he gave them charge about the  
Queen,

To guard and foster her for evermore.

And while he spake to these his helm was  
lower'd,  
To which for crest the golden dragon clung  
Of Britain; so she did not see his face,  
Which then was as an angel's, but she saw,  
Wet with the mists and smitten by the lights,  
The dragon of the great Pendragonship  
Blaze, making all the night a stream of fire."

Such poetry as this requires no comment, and the specimens we have been enabled to give in these pages will satisfy our readers that the volume from which they are taken constitutes an accession of no small importance to the classical literature of England, and will be read with admiration wherever the language of England is spoken. It has been, indeed, our object on the present occasion rather to set forth the first fruits of these poems in their freshness and their beauty, than to attempt a critical examination of them. On their excellences and on their defects much remains to be said. The remarkable and noble peculiarity of the language, of which we have already spoken, introduces a certain monotony and Doric bareness into the style; but although the beauty of the verse, considered as blank verse in the abstract, suffers from the monosyllabic character of the Saxon phraseology, it can not be denied that this effect is in keeping with the quality of the subject. Mr. Tennyson has acquired the art of saying things, not in themselves either natural or dignified, in the most natural and dignified language. The simplicity to which he has attained, especially in this his latest and most careful work, is the quintessence of elaborate refinement. He altogether wants the playful ease of Ariosto

and the luxuriant grace of Spenser, who have treated before him the immortal legends of chivalrous fable. His poetic genius is concentrated rather than diffuse, and so strongly characterized by extreme nicety of language and subtlety of thought, that we are sometimes amazed at the popularity he has attained. But his great powers, exercised as they always are with a true knowledge of his art, have not been able to give a strong personal interest to his subject, or to turn the knights and ladies of King Arthur's court into living men and women. They belong to faëry land, and the more indistinct their forms remain, the more we are disposed to accept them as the mythology of early Britain. It would be a waste of time to dissect these incoherent *fabliaux* or tales which owe their charm to the visionary radiance that lingers upon them, rather than to their individual beauty and truth. Of the legends themselves, Mr. Tennyson has not given us the best stories first. Sir Thomas Malory's collection contains many finer than that of "Enid" for example, and far more suitable for modern poetic treatment. To these also it is probable that he has already directed his attention. The poet himself appears to have felt that it is not within the grasp of our time to achieve that great national epic of King Arthur, which once excited the youthful ambition of Milton; but the measured grace of his verse, reflecting here and there the emotions and sympathies of a later age, will recommend this poem to thousands of readers, whom the early legends of Britain might fail to charm.

**THE ELDER-BUSH A PROTECTION FROM INSECTS.**—It is stated that an eminent English botanist made experiments in the year 1794, which led to the conviction that elder bushes would prove a protection from many of the insects which are so troublesome in gardens. If any one will notice, it will be found that worms, flies, bugs, or insects never touch the elder. This scattered over cabbages, cucumbers, and other plants subject to the ravages of insects, effectually shields them. And it is said that the plum and other fruits may be saved from the ravages of insects, by placing upon the branches and upon the tree branches of elder leaves.

**A NEW ARCH OF TRIUMPH IN PARIS.**—A resolution has been passed for the erection of a triumphal arch to the army of Italy. This monument, which will cost several millions, will ostensibly be erected by subscription, but it is perfectly well understood whence the principal portion of the funds will be derived. It will be a magnificent monument—to be executed in stone, and to rival in elaborate work and finish that of the Barrière de l'Etoile. The bas-reliefs are already distributed for execution amongst the best sculptors in Paris, and the designs are to be sent in for approval to the committee before the end of the month.

From Titan.

## A LOVE LOST AND WON.

## I

It was a clear, frosty day in January, and two girls were walking together in a country lane, near the market town of A—. The leafless hedges were white with hoar frost, the ground was covered with the sparkling rime; the great trees spread their lank, bare branches to the sky, which looked down on the earth with a dull leaden aspect. Every thing appeared as if dead in the iron grasp of winter. Every thing save the two girls. They were all life amid the stillness; all buoyancy, gladness, youth! It was joyous spring with them.

They were very nearly of a hight, and apparently of equal age. One, a trifle the taller, was a graceful, well-formed girl, with a slender throat, which looked, from the contrast of the dark fur she wore, doubly white and delicate. She had brown eyes, soft, and almost languishing when she was silent, but directly she spoke, they lighted up and sparkled, and danced like the little ripples on a lake when the sun shines. This girl had other beauties too, beside her eyes. She had dark, shining hair, banded over the open forehead, and blooming cheeks. She had a little, rosy, pouting mouth, and in that, and the dimpled chin, might be detected a considerable proportion of girlish petulance, wilfulness, and love of mischief.

The other girl was pale, drooping, almost delicate-looking. Even the keen wintry air had failed to call a glow to her white cheeks. There was no brilliant beauty here to charm the beholder. Only there was a depth of feeling in the soft eyes; a tremulous sensitiveness about the whole face, that, though it would never command admiration, might well win love. As she walked beside her brilliant and blooming companion, few would have turned from the sparkling, animated beauty of the one to admire the quiet sweetness of the other. And when they spoke, there was the same characteristic dissimilarity in their voices. That of the

one was clear, distinct, musical, as the chime of a silver bell; the other's was soft, low, and murmuring, with a shade of melancholy in its tone, like the music of an Æolian harp.

"You are silent, Flora," said the pale girl, looking up into her friend's face, "it is a rare thing for you to be silent for so long together."

"About five minutes," returned the other, raising her head with a graceful, buoyant gesture, which was peculiar to her, while a bright smile roused all the slumbering dimples in her cheek, and the face, half pensive in its expression a moment before, became again joyous and animated. "Only five minutes, I am certain, dear; but, to be sure, I seldom give my little tongue so long a holiday."

"And you seldom look so grave, almost sad, as you looked just now," continued her companion; "nothing is the matter, is there?"

Flora laughed merrily. "Silly little friend!" cried she, stopping to kiss her affectionately. "Know that there are very few mischances which could befall me which would have the effect of making me look grave. Besides, in case any thing did vex me, I should tell you directly, that you might be sorry for me. It would be almost worth while having a grief, to have your sympathy, Evelyn."

Evelyn looked up in her face gratefully.

"One of the penalties we lively people have to pay," resumed Flora, "is that if by any chance we are serious, or thoughtful, or, in short, behave like rational beings for a while, we are instantly observed; our unusual bearing commented on, and we are supposed to be suffering under some deep grief. Ah, fortunate Evelyn! no one thinks it strange when you look thoughtful, sensible, or—"

"Sad?" said the other, smiling faintly, as Flora ceased speaking, and paused, half embarrassed. "That is what you mean! And you are right; it is not a strange thing for me to look either thoughtful or



sad. My nature is so different from yours. But tell me," she added, as if glad to speak of other things, "tell me what you were thinking of just now?"

"I was thinking of my long promised visit to London."

"Ah! and of some one you will see there?" said Evelyn, while the faintest possible flush rose to her cheek.

"Nonsense," returned Flora, turning away, though not with any displeasure; "one thought is enough at a time, for my poor little brains at least."

"Yes, but when we love," said Evelyn gently, "our thoughts, like the swans on sweet Saint Mary's lake, 'float double;' whatever idea occurs to us, the one all-pervading one is blent with it."

"You talk as if you had been in love a dozen times at least," cried Flora, laughing, "but I suppose you beings of a sensitive and poetic temperament know intuitively what people feel under every circumstance. I'm sure you know more about it than I do."

There was a pause. Had Flora been an acute observer, which she was not, (there was too much thoughtless selfishness and egotism in her character for her to be so,) she would have perceived the strange look that, for a moment, overspread Evelyn's face. But it came, and passed, unnoticed.

"It will be very delightful to go to London," resumed Flora, "and my aunt is very gay, and I shall have parties and balls to my heart's content. Yes, it will be very pleasant; I shall enjoy all those sort of things very much."

"Is there nothing else, no other pleasure, you look forward to in this visit?" asked Evelyn, with a look of grave reproach in her eyes.

"Well, if you must know every thing—and it's no use attempting to hide any thing from you, for I really believe you know what I feel, or *ought* to feel, better than I do myself—if you must know, I do feel pleased to think I shall, in all probability, see Eustace Fane during my stay in town."

"You will both be happy," murmured Evelyn, "and you deserve to be so. You love him very dearly, Flora?" she said suddenly, and she turned with an eager, anxious look, to her friend. "Very dearly, and only him—you are sure?"

"You are a searching catechist," answered Flora, blushing and half-con-

fused; "and you ask more than I ought to tell. No words of acknowledged love ever passed between us. I have no right, have I? to believe that he loves me till he asks for my hand, and till then it would not be maidenly to say—even to you—how much—I—how *very* much I love him!" She concluded rapidly, while a glow of enthusiasm lighted her face, making it doubly beautiful. But after she had spoken, she drooped her head bashfully, as if half-ashamed of the burst of impulsive tenderness to which she had yielded.

"It is all nonsense," she said, trying to laugh carelessly; "and I don't know my own mind as yet. Don't look reproachfully at me, Evelyn, with those earnest eyes of yours. You know I can not, I ought not to speak about this, even to my own heart, till I know—. Had you not been a tiresome, teasing, wheedling little friend, as you are, no one would ever have guessed any thing."

"I must have been very blind," said Evelyn, "not to know that you loved each other. There is often more eloquence in a face, than ever fell from human lips, and the sweetest eloquence of all was written in *his* eyes when he looked at you."

"You think so—you are sure—and you—you are never deceived," cried Flora, eagerly clasping her friend's hand, and peering into her eyes. Then, remembering herself, she calmed, erected her head, and quietly added, "Very well, it may be so."

Without noticing her last words and changed manner, Evelyn went on speaking earnestly and anxiously.

"Dear, dear Flora!" she said, while an unwonted crimson spot arose on each pale cheek, and her voice trembled, "remember what a holy, solemn thing it is for you to have the happiness of one so great and good as Eustace Fane in your keeping. Strive that you may become worthy of him. Pray to God to give you strength and fitness to be his wife, his companion, comforter, adviser, and friend. Do not dare to toy with a heart like his; it would be his despair and your undoing. Great souls like his must be dealt with in a kindred spirit of nobility. Be yourself with him, Flora; be true and faithful to yourself in being so to him. God guard you, and make you both happy!"

She faltered, and her voice died away

to a whisper ere she ceased speaking. Flora, affected by her deep earnestness, remained silent, and neither uttered a word during the remainder of the walk. But when they arrived at Evelyn's abode, they stopped, and bade each other farewell with more than usual affectionate impressiveness.

"I wish I were like you, dear Evelyn," whispered Flora, while a sweet seriousness shadowed her face; "you are so good, so true! And I will heed what you say, and try!—But I shall never be half so worthy of *him* as you are."

Evelyn turned aside quickly, and shivered as she trod the path which led to the door of her father's house.

At the threshold she met her mother, a quiet, fair woman, with a serene face, which truly looked as though the spirit which shone through it had been purified with much suffering. She passed her arm caressingly round her young daughter's waist, while she murmured some maternal fears about the chill evening air.

A burst of laughter from an adjoining room nearly drowned her words. Evelyn started. "Is there any one with my father?" she asked. But before her mother could answer, the door on the right hand of the corridor was opened, and a lady came forth, followed by Evelyn's father.

"Ah, my young friend, how are you?" said the brisk, pretty little Mrs. Beresford, stretching out her neatly-gloved hand to Evelyn. "I came to tell you all, news which I am sure you will be pleased at. Flora was walking with you, I think? Well, directly after she went out, the post came in. We are going to London on Monday next!"

"Indeed! So soon?"

"Yes. My sister particularly wishes us to come to her at once. Pleasant, isn't it? It won't be for very long, though. I should be sorry to think of leaving the dear place and all our kind friends for very long. But it will be delightful for Flora; in fact, *that* reconciles me to going at all. My own inclinations since the demise of my dear husband have ever leaned towards complete retirement." And the lady's voice grew plaintive, and she half drew out a delicate cambric handkerchief from her reticule as she spoke; but then, changing her mood, she smiled brightly at Evelyn's mother, saying—"But what can

not we mothers sacrifice for our children's welfare, dear Mrs. Lester?"

The lady addressed bowed her head meekly, and looked at her daughter with unutterable tenderness. And now Mr. Lester chimed in.

"It will be very pleasant for my young friend Flora, indeed," said he. "I suppose Mr. Eustace Fane, the young literary gentleman who turned all our heads last summer when he was staying here, will be much with you, of course."

"I imagine so," said Mrs. Beresford, with a complacent simper; "in fact, I may say I am certain of it. Poor young man! he is desperately in love with my girl; of her feelings for him I am not so sure. He is well known to my sister; visits at her house. We shall see a great deal of him. Do you know, my dear Mrs. Lester, that the new book which has created such a sensation in London is written by him?"

Mrs. Lester answered quickly, though her eyes had been fixed on the half-averted face of Evelyn, who leaned against the wall, and was fitfully tying and untying the string of her bonnet. In a few minutes more, the lively and talkative Mrs. Beresford bade them all good-by, and gayly fluttered away.

"Evelyn," said Mr. Lester, "come and read the paper, it has arrived, and there is great news; come along."

"I will come," said the mother quickly, "Let Evelyn rest now; she has been walking and is tired. I will read to you."

The husband and wife passed into the parlor; as they did so Mrs. Lester turned her head for an instant, and looked with a look of anguish on the drooping figure of her child, as she slowly mounted the stairs which led to her room.

When she had gained the refuge of the pleasant little chamber, she closed the door, and sank, wearily, on a chair by the window. She looked listlessly out on the desolate prospect, white with frost; the bare trees, with their fantastic branches, thrown in strong relief against the gray sky. It was dreary; and, alas! there was no sun-shine in her own spirit to invest the wintry scene with its own summer radiance. As she gazed, large tears fell down her cheeks, and at length she hid her face in her clasped hands and wept unrestrainedly.

"It is so sad — so very sad!" she murmured.

mured to herself; "I am young, yet life seems very hopeless and dreary. O God! is it wrong to wish to die?"

She turned her wistful eyes to heaven, and she saw a little star timidly peering forth in the twilight. She sank on her knees, almost involuntarily, and prayed. And when she arose, there was a holy calm about her face, as if an angel had bestowed on her a kiss of peace.

"I thank Thee," she said softly, "that I can endure!"

And she went down stairs, and performed all her habitual domestic avocations with her usual serenity. She sang her father's favorite songs, read to him, and talked with him about his garden and his farm. All the while her mother's eyes were fixed on her with a look of half-wondering tenderness.

Three hours afterwards the house was silent, and the quiet moonlight shone in at the corridor window, and by its brightness half-startled Mrs. Lester as she stole forth from her chamber, with timid, hushed footsteps. Cautiously, she unlocked the door of her daughter's sleeping-room, and went in. Evelyn slept peacefully, but the ray of moonlight that crept in from the half-opened door, fell on her face, and made the mother shudder, it looked so much like death. She touched the fair hand that lay on the coverlet, with her lips, as if to prove to herself how full of warm, breathing life, the still form was. And then she knelt by the bedside, and prayed silently. "My child, my only one!" she murmured, as she rose from her knees, and casting one more fond look on the slumbering Evelyn, turned to leave the room; "God guard thee! I dare do no more than pray for thee!"

## II.

Months passed on, and still Mrs. Beresford and Flora were located in London. Evelyn heard from her friend occasionally, but as the time of their separation lengthened, Flora's letters came less frequently. And when they did come, they contained nothing but accounts of her "gayeties," and these were but little interesting to Evelyn. No word of Eustace Fane had been mentioned since the first two or three epistles, in which he had been casually adverted to, as a visitor at her aunt's.

Evelyn sat in her father's study one May morning, musing on the contents of Flora's last letter, which lay before her. She heard voices in the hall, and started from her seat, and gathered her papers together, but she was prevented leaving the room by the entrance of her father, and a gentleman.

"Here is an old acquaintance of ours," said Mr. Lester, gayly. "Mr. Eustace Fane has come to stay a week or two at A—, as he did last summer."

Eustace took Evelyn's cold hand, without noticing any thing strange in her look. How should he? He had not learned to watch her looks with jealous care. But when he turned away, she sank on a chair helplessly, her sight darkened, and the sound of the two voices fell on her ear in a drowsy, indistinct murmur, for a little while. And then she moved slowly across the room, left it, and fled up stairs. Poor child, she was very young, and trouble was new to her.

The little chamber witnessed another struggle of the poor weak, trembling heart, and another victory. After that day Evelyn learned to bear his presence calmly, even to talk with him composedly and without embarrassment. Sometimes when, together with her mother, they walked in the green lanes, and Eustace gave utterance to some of the poetry with which his nature was overflowing, it was a strange pleasure for him to read in the eyes of the quiet girl beside him how well he was understood. They seldom spoke of Flora. Once, her name was mentioned by Mr. Lester, who happened to say something about the Beresfords, and he asked Evelyn if she had heard from Flora lately. She averted her head from Eustace before she answered in the negative. She was afraid to see how he looked on hearing her name. The next moment she was surprised by his speaking on the subject of Flora.

"Do you, then, correspond with Miss Beresford?" he asked.

Mr. Lester was just leaving the room, but turned back to answer with a growl—"It's a correspondence, which, like the Irishman's reciprocity, is all on one side. How long is it, Evey, since you heard from your friend?"

Evelyn, pained and embarrassed, did not speak. She thought she detected some bitterness in the tone with which Mr. Fane next said:

"Miss Beresford is too deeply immersed in gayety and dissipation to have much time for letter-writing."

"I am certain," replied Evelyn earnestly, "that no London gayeties, however brilliant and fascinating they may be, will ever cause Flora to forget that she loves."

"To forget? — perhaps not," and Eustace smiled on the sweet face, with its pleading eyes, and calm, clear brow, "but neglect is the stepping-stone to absolute forgetfulness. And some natures so soon cease to love those whom they find they can do without."

"Perhaps so. But that does not apply to Flora," said Evelyn, unsuspicious of his full meaning, but apprehending that there existed the shadow of some petty misunderstanding between the two lovers. "She is so generous in her affection, so frank-hearted, so candid, so impulsive, and yet so just. She might be wrong unknowingly, for a time, but her true heart would find the right at last, and once convinced, would persevere in it."

Evelyn was unconscious of the look that Eustace cast upon her, as she thus spoke; a look full of that reverent admiration that a noble-minded man always feels when a spark shines out of that Divine halo of love which surrounds the nature of a pure-hearted woman.

"There are some natures like sunlight," said Eustace Fane, slowly, after a pause of some minutes; "they cast their own brightness and holiness over all they look on. But it is only a reflected light that makes the dark cloud glow with gold. The gold is the sunbeam's, the darkness is its own."

Evelyn's heart throbbed with sudden strange emotion, she could hardly tell why. The next moment, she reproached herself, and thought of Flora. "They have quarreled," thought she, "how unhappy they must be! Poor Flora."

But after that evening the subject was never resumed. Still he came to their house — still he sought all opportunity of seeing Evelyn, of being with her. She herself did not recognize this, her whole mind was too much preimpressed with the belief in his love for her friend; and she was very young, and the idea of love to her was as of something eternal and unalterable, that, once having been, could never cease to be. She knew that Eustace Fane loved Flora Beresford, because

she knew he had loved her months ago. So ran her simple logic. Thus was she blinded. She thought she understood it all, when, one morning Eustace called at their house, suddenly, to take leave. He had received a letter that morning, he said, and he must go to town instantly. His face was radiant, and his voice was softened almost to tenderness, as he whispered to Evelyn, "I shall return, I trust—I believe—soon!"

The letter was from Flora, Evelyn was sure; they were reconciled, and they would return to A — that they might be married at the old church where Flora was christened. And as she thought thus, Evelyn tried to smile, and believe what she said to herself, "They will be happy—and I—I am content—I am quite content."

Flora and her mother sat in a splendidly furnished apartment in one of the most fashionable of London houses. The young girl lolled on a sofa, and negligently turned over the pages of a novel she held in her hand, but scarcely appeared to be reading. And at length she tossed it on the table, and said, yawning as she spoke:

"Stupid—stupid—stupid! Every thing in the world is stupid, now."

"You—most of all!" and Mrs. Beresford raised her lively, still pretty face, from her netting, and dropped the words from her mouth, as if they were little pebbles, cold, hard, and stony.

"No more lectures, mamma, I entreat. I'm harassed to death as it is. I feel—I feel—what people mean, I suppose, by *blasé*: every thing seems so uninteresting; the world looks to me as dull, blank, and hazy as a thick fog."

"The fog is in your brain. I knew there was one there," uttered her mother, still with the same icy, yet sharp and firm tone of voice that so contrasted with her look of animated good-humor.

"I can imagine people under the influence of these kind of moods, plunging into rivers, still, calm, and deep, that look like the very visible embodiment of rest."

"You talk nonsense; I don't understand you."

"That is not strange," murmured Flora, with sudden melancholy, and she sighed deeply.

"Bah!" and Mrs. Beresford jerked her needle so violently that the silken thread

broke; "will you listen to reason, for once?"

"I will listen to you, mamma," said the girl with a saucy smile.

"Will you agree to make both of us happy? Will you marry Lord Court-naye?"

"I don't love him; why should I marry him? It would be wicked to do so, wouldn't it?"

"You will love him in time; he is handsome, clever, rich: above all, he loves you desperately."

"Ah, mother! there is something more yet wanting."

"Silly sentiment! you are absolutely foolish, Flora. What can you require more in a husband? He gives you rank, wealth, position, with his own affection, which, as I said before, is considerable. What more do you want?"

Flora seated herself on a stool at her mother's feet; she twined her arms about her knees, and looked earnestly into her eyes—those eyes that sparkled and glanced, and looked so pretty—at a distance.

"Mother, did you love my father when you married him?"

Mrs. Beresford recoiled as the clear, low tones fell on her ear; a momentary paleness flitted over her face, and she bit her lip as she put aside her daughter's arms, and drew her chair somewhat backward. But the emotion was soon over; the cold sparkle returned to her eyes, and her voice was steady, feelingless, unfaltering as ever when she replied:

"Yes, I loved him when I married him, and for a whole week afterwards."

"And then—"

"And then I began to find how transcendently foolish I had been, to give up the chance of a wealthy establishment for a penniless soldier, who was now as uninteresting to me as a last year's newspaper."

Flora looked at her mother's calm face with a kind of wondering incredulity. She put her hand to her temples, and mused.

"Are you convinced?" asked Mrs. Beresford; "can not you learn wisdom from my experience?"

"I think," said Flora slowly, without raising her head; "I think my love would last longer than a week."

"A month, perhaps. As you are sentimental, and even more foolish than I was

at your age, say a month; and after that, what remains?"

"There are some women whose love has lasted all their lives."

"Poor weak slaves! if indeed there ever were such. But, for my part, I never believed there were."

"Blind people may doubt the existence of light, and we can excuse them," began Flora.

"I'm not blind."

"Far from it, your eyes are keen, piercing enough," said her daughter, deprecatingly; "don't let us argue, mamma. I'll attend to what you say; I'll think about it."

"If you don't accept Lord Court-naye this week, we must return to A—. Your aunt has already dropped broad hints about our long visit."

"Ay; I perceive. Flora Beresford and her mother have outstaid their welcome; but Lady Court-naye (that is to be) and the peeress's mamma, will take a new lease of their excellent relative's hospitality."

"Exactly," said Mrs. Beresford, glorying in the sneer which curled her child's rosy lip; "learn from that, my dear, the value of position, of wealth, of rank. They are good things, are they not? They are worth something, don't you think? It is worth while giving up one's childish fancies to obtain these things, isn't it?"

"Ay, mother," said the young girl, with a low mocking laugh; "what is love; what is a heart, even? I begin to doubt if we have such things. Perhaps it is only a childish fancy! We can exist very well without them."

And that evening saw Flora Beresford betrothed to Lord Court-naye.

A week had elapsed. Flora lounged on the sofa in her usual lazy but graceful manner; her head resting on an embroidered cushion; her slippered feet tapping the ground. And by her side sat her lordly lover, engaged in the pleasant task of clasping a bracelet, glittering with diamonds, on her fair, round arm. He toyed lovingly with the slender wrist before he finally fixed the ornament, and when at last it was adjusted, he kissed the arm and hand before he released it from his hold. Flora sprang back, involuntarily; she looked at her wrist as if she would fain have erased from it the unwelcome kiss. But the brilliants sparkled brightly

where the unloved lips had been pressed, and the young *fiancée* smiled complacently as she looked at them.

Lord Courtayne's face brightened as he saw the smile; his eyes were fixed on her as if they knew no other resting-place. He was not remarkable for intellect or talent, this young nobleman. But he was sincere, manly, honest, and he loved *her* well. She was all the world to him: upon her he lavished a boundless wealth of love, an overwhelming flood of tenderness, all unheeded, uncared for. The incense was thrown on the shrine of a false idol; it was deaf to his tenderness, blind to his worship. Alas! that true and earnest love should ever be wasted thus; even as the sun shines on barren deserts and senseless rocks, that are unwarmed by its glow, that reflect back not a particle of its brightness. The lover was happy, when he heard the murmured words of thanks that fell from the lips of his beloved. He took her hand again, and seemed to find a strange pleasure in pressing it within both of his, in drawing the rings from the round, white fingers, and trying to place them on his own. What children love makes of these strong, stern men! Less wise, but better; less strong, but purer; less akin to earth, but nearer to heaven; they need not blush to be so. Are not children the links between men and angels?

Lord Courtayne still kept the little hand prisoner, when a servant entered, followed almost immediately by a young girl, who ran into the room, crying: "Flora, are you here?"

Flora started from the sofa, snatching her hand from her lover's clasp as she did so. Then she stood transfixed; her face alternately changing from dark-red to the pallor of death. She feared to embrace Evelyn; she shuddered as she looked at her. The purity, the guilelessness of the familiar face showed her how fallen, how degraded she herself was. Falsehood is shamed when it looks on truth; guilt shivers when it comes in contact with innocence. There are certain noxious things which dare not look into the bright face of day.

The first impulse of Evelyn was to spring forward to her friend, but a glance at the other occupant of the room deterred her, and she too stood still and silent, looking on the changing face of Flora. Lord Courtayne, with well-bred thought-

fulness, seeing his presence was a restraint upon the two girls, whispered a few words to his betrothed, and, with a bow to Evelyn, left the room. And then Flora crept forward, shaking off her emotion by a strong effort, and with an attempt at her olden playfulness, said, as she embraced the young girl:

"I vow I was turned to stone with surprise! I should as soon have expected to see the ghost of Oliver Cromwell, or Joan of Arc, or any body else impossible and out of the way, as my little fairy Evelyn Lester."

Evelyn permitted her caresses, but did not attempt to return them. A cloud overspread her brow; there was one in her soul, and this was its shadow. She felt the sense of the change steal upon her—that dark change which had taken place in a few short months. A horrible doubt of her friend's truth and faithfulness oppressed her and she sickened as she thought that on that very truth and faithfulness depended the happiness of Eustace Fane. She gazed, then, into Flora's face; she looked intently into her eyes, striving to gather there something that should inspire her with new confidence. But the betrothed was cowed by that earnest, inquiring gaze; her eyes drooped beneath it; her cheek blanched; all her forced indifference and gayety forsook her, and she sank trembling and abashed on a chair, with her heart full of that last, worst pang of all—overwhelming self-contempt.

A sigh involuntarily burst from Evelyn's bosom. It was over her own disappointed friendship; the first and last selfish pang that smote her heart that day. She had come to see Flora, so trustingly, so joyfully; she had been looking forward for so long to that meeting; she had anticipated with such girlish delight embracing her friend, clasping her close to her heart, and renewing with her in London the dear old earnest talks. And now, to feel creeping over her the consciousness that this friend was lost to her—that she could not take her to her heart again—that there was a dark shadow looming between them. All was changed. There stood before her, not the dear, often thought-of Flora of old times, but an alien, a stranger, one of those fallen angels of earth—a false-hearted woman.

Evelyn understood it all, even as she stood, silent and motionless, gazing on Flora's face. She scarcely needed to ask

the question with which she broke the silence—

"Who was that gentleman who left the room but now?"

"Lord Courtayne," faltered the betrothed; "he is—"

"I know. He is your lover; your accepted lover. It is only a favored suitor who would sit by your side clasping your hand as he did, when I entered the room. Flora, O Flora! Why has another usurped the place of Eustace Fane?"

Her voice did not tremble, nor her eyelids droop, as she pronounced the name. Her slight form was unconsciously erected; her face, meek, gentle, and loving, as was its usual expression, now looked on the shrinking Flora with something of that loftiness, solemn reproach, and grieved displeasure, that we imagine shines forth in the holy face of an avenging angel.

"Why has another usurped the place of Eustace Fane?"

The question made the coward heart of Flora quiver and shrink within itself. She strove to answer with some degree of composure. The words "You have no right, Evelyn; you are mistaken," fell from her lips, but her voice died away to a whisper as she ceased. She began to feel now that she *had* a heart; her better nature awoke within her, she yearned to be what she had once been—Evelyn's cherished friend. Tears swelled in her eyes, and slowly coursed down her cheeks.

Evelyn drew nearer to her. She seated herself beside her, and took her hand. "O Flora!" she murmured, "only prove to me that I *am* mistaken. I am ready, oh! so gladly, to be convinced of my error. It is then only a transient folly? Eustace is not forgotten?"

Flora crept closer to her involuntarily; she pressed her hand. There was a struggle yet in her heart between good and evil. Evelyn was reassured, and she went on.

"There has been a little cloud of distrust—of discontent—between you—but you will be the first to disperse it; you will go to him and tell him that you are sorry; you will ask forgiveness; you will be happy again."

"You are still wrong," said Flora, with sudden haughtiness; "I can not do as you say. I would not, if I could. Mr. Eustace Fane is nothing to me." And then she continued, with a successful effort at

proud calmness—"I am betrothed to Lord Courtayne."

The struggle was over; the last relic of good in her heart was vanquished. She was now self-possessed in her spurious pride.

Evelyn rose from beside her. Once more her figure dilated, and her eyes flashed with a grander haughtiness than that of pride, on her erstwhile friend. Her voice lost its tone of murmuring tenderness; it was clear and resonant when she again spoke.

"And you dare to do this! To bind yourself for life to one man while your heart is full of love for another. For you can not tell me that you no longer love Eustace Fane. Your *eyes* have not yet learned to lie. O Flora! when we parted, but a little time ago, there was a sweet holiness in your heart, that looked out in your face. It was your love for *him*. You have sullied it; you have tried to crush it, but it lingers there yet. It is the only relic of my lost friend that I recognize. Will you—dare you crush it thus? Will you dare to suffer the brightness of *his* life, and yours, to pass away by your own will, your own act?"

Insensibly Evelyn had glided from stern reproach to entreaty. She was struggling for the happiness of one who was dearer to her than her own life; she would neglect no means of softening and turning Flora's heart. But Flora's words and aspect, the next moment, chilled her, as if with an ice-bolt.

"Such words as these," said she, in a measured tone, "it is not fit that I, the betrothed wife of Lord Courtayne, should hear. I must request you, Evelyn, to discourse of something else."

There was a long pause, and then Evelyn once more looked fixedly in Flora's face. It was rigid, calm with determination and strength of purpose. But the eyes were not raised to Evelyn's; they rested on the glittering bracelet which still decked her arm, and with which she was now toying.

"I have finished," said Evelyn, in a low voice, "and I will leave you now. If wealth and grandeur can console you for forfeiting your happiness, your truth, your peace, let it be so. I see now, you are not worthy Eustace Fane; one day he will discover it. Farewell!"

Flora did not attempt to detain her, and Evelyn placed her hand on the door;

but before she passed forth, she turned to look back on her who had once been her friend. And as her gaze fell on the motionless figure, the young face with its unyouthful expression of icy haughtiness, the dropped eyes fixed on the sparkling ornament that clasped her wrist, and her fingers fitfully clutching it—as Evelyn looked, there burst from her full heart, the solemn words of agonized compassion, “God help you!” And so they parted.

It was spring again, and Evelyn Lester sat beneath the branches, just bursting into leaf, of a large mulberry tree in her father’s garden. A newspaper had just fallen from her hand on the grass, and now she pressed her brows, and leaned forward, in deep sad thought.

She had been reading the magniloquent narrative of Flora’s grand wedding, of the brilliant dresses, the costly equipages, and the devotion of the noble bridegroom to his beautiful bride. Now she was thinking how *he* would bear it. And her thoughts ended with a long sigh. “Ah! what a sad thing is *wasted love*!”

Let us forgive Evelyn that sigh, as she mused thus, and felt how the love which Flora had cast away would have made her dreary life blissful. For it was a dreary life to which she now looked forward. Life to the young, wanting love, wants every thing, and Evelyn had never been blest with the happy dream of being beloved. It was joy enough for her only to love, and even that was torn from her after a brief space, when she discovered that the mere delight of loving, vainly, hopelessly, as it was, was wrong. Poor Evelyn! Life had had little brightness for her as yet.

“He will perhaps go abroad. He may be absent for years, and I—I shall never see him again. It is better that it should be so. Heaven only grant he may soon find peace and content.”

Thus Evelyn thought, while tears stole from her eyes unbidden but unchecked. But the rustling of some bushes near her, caused her to raise her head, from its drooping posture, and she could hardly repress a cry when she beheld Eustace Fane approach her. She rose hastily from the low bench on which she had been sitting, but her feet staggered under her, and Eustace sprang forward, and interposed his arm to save her from falling.

“You are not well, I fear,” said he, while Evelyn trembled even more, on hearing the tones of his voice, than she had done on seeing him so unexpectedly.

Evelyn faltered something, she knew not what, as she disengaged herself from his arm. She felt sure that he did not yet know all his own misery. He could not be aware of Flora’s marriage, for his look, though it betrayed some agitation, was not of grief. And Evelyn shuddered as she thought of the despair which he was to feel soon.

There was a silence. Eustace stood with his arms folded, and his eyes wandering about, but never fixed on any one object. There was a degree of embarrassment in his manner which Evelyn had never seen before, and which was, indeed, completely extraordinary in him, so composed and calm as he always was. At last he again spoke.

“I have been talking to Mrs. Lester. She told me, that if I asked you—you would tell me—you would tell me something which it imports me to know.” He looked into Evelyn’s face as he concluded, earnestly and inquiringly. Poor Evelyn, she trembled in every limb. She, then, was to tell him the extent of his misery. It was to be her task to inform him of the utter faithlessness of Flora, and to witness all his despair on hearing it. In the tumult of her distress she never thought how strange it was that her mother should have been the means of inflicting this last, worst pang of all upon her. She had room but for one thought, one idea—only one question occurred to her—how was she to tell him?

She stretched forth her hands timidly, yet with an earnest meaning in her eyes,—she clasped his hands in her own. All the retiring shyness of her nature was forgotten in the intense wish to soften the coming blow; her own shrinking sensitiveness, rendered yet more extreme by the conscious love that dwelt in her heart, all was unheeded. She forgot her love in thinking of his sorrow.

“How shall I tell you?” she said, “it is so very, very sad. My heart aches for you.”

Eustace looked on her uplifted face, half in wonder, half in sudden anguish.

“What do you mean?” he said. “I entreat you, be quick in telling me all I am prepared to bear the worst.”

“I can not, I can not,” cried Evelyn in



agony, and she turned away. Her eyes fell on the newspaper that she had been reading, and it suggested itself as the means of letting him know all. Silently, she placed it in his hands, and then hid her eyes that she might not see his face as he read it.

He only read a few lines of the long paragraph she had pointed out, and then dashed the paper on the ground, and seized Evelyn's hand.

"There is some error here," he said, rapidly. "How could you suppose my happiness affected by the marriage of Miss Beresford with Lord Courtney? My affection for her was never strong enough to survive the discovery, that once placed in scenes of gayety and dissipation she was nothing more than a heartless, worldly beauty. O Evelyn! the joy of my life rests on surer foundation than that of Flora's truth. I only gave my worship for a time to a false goddess, to find more surely where the true one was. For nearly twelve months I have loved you, only you! For you I have striven with the world that I might cast my fame at your feet; for you I have toiled for gain, that I might offer you a home worthy of you. I came to-day to ask you if I have striven and toiled in vain. Tell me!

There was a long pause, only broken by the sobs which burst from poor Evelyn's overladen heart. When she spoke, it was only two or three words, in an almost inconceivably low tone. But lovers' ears are quick to catch the words which make their happiness, and Eustace Fane heard, and was satisfied.

That evening the pale moon shone in on the little chamber, where, once more, Evelyn sat, her head bowed on her breast, weeping out the bewilderment of sudden, strange joy. But the tears were sweet

ones, and they were sweeter still, when her mother stole softly into the room, and passed her arms round her child's waist, and placed the head on her breast.

"God has answered my prayers," said Mrs. Lester softly, "and I shall see thee happy, my darling!"

"O mother! dear mother! you can not tell *how* happy. The bliss of a whole life has already been given to me," said Evelyn, clinging closely to her mother. And then, blushing and half-smiling through her tears, she whispered, "I love him so well, mother; I have loved him so long. And I have suffered too; for there was a keen agony in feeling that the love dwelling deep in my heart, and twined with my whole being, must be crushed, for that it was a sin. I have suffered!"

"I know it, my child; I know it all," said Mrs. Lester softly: "your mother's prayers and blessings have followed you in all your struggles."

Evelyn gazed with reverent fondness in her mother's pale, tearful face, now lit with an unwonted brightness. She twined her arms round her neck, and kissed her brow.

"No wonder I am happy," she whispered; "a mother's prayers and blessings are holy things!"

But there is something holier even than those. The sorrows of a young heart silently struggling to win the right, are the especial care of Heaven. The noblest heroes are they who fight with their own souls; the most glorious martyrs are they who immolate themselves at the shrine of their own stern sense of duty. On such heroes, such martyrs, the myriad eyes of heaven keep watch, and when they have fought and conquered, suffered, endured, and gained their reward, we may surely believe that angels smile upon the victor, and that there is rejoicing above.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

## THE FATE OF THE PRINCESS SOPHIE:

BEING THE SEQUEL TO CHARLOTTE FANDAUER'S GHOST.

### I.

THERE were times when Major von Larun found it difficult to recognize his old brother-in-arms, who was one day the life of all around him, and on the next saturnine, gloomy, and ready to interpret light and innocent jests into personal insults. The Major was Zronievsky's constant companion, and had a certain power over him, which he frequently used to prevent these outbreaks in the presence of others; but after such restraint the Count's passion was the more violent when they were alone.

One day the Major had only succeeded in concealing one of these outbursts of temper from the whole court by pleading an engagement which he and the Count had made. They had hardly arrived in Zronievsky's rooms before the latter cried out: "Am I not a miserable reprobate thus to tread every duty under foot, to throw away the truest love, to martyr a heart that is so entirely mine? I have wandered thoughtlessly through the world, trifling with my happiness, because in my madness I fancied myself a Kosciuszko—whereas I am nothing. What have I to give in return for so much love and such a sacrifice?"

Major von Larun tried to console him, but in vain. "The Princess does not expect any other return than that which circumstances allow."

"Ah!" cried the unhappy man, "of what do you remind me? Yes, even she is fallen a prey to my infatuation. How child-like, how happy was she, till I, accursed that I am, crossed her path. When I saw her radiant in lovely innocence, I forgot all my good resolutions—I forgot to whom alone I belonged; I silenced my conscience, and allowed myself to be carried away in a whirlpool of delight. It became impossible for me to leave her, for I read love in every varying expression of her exquisite features."

"It is indeed sad," said the Major, "but

where could you find a man who could withstand such sweet temptation?"

"And when I dared to tell her how I worshiped her, and she proudly confessed her love, how I longed for one glance from her beautiful eyes, one slight pressure from her fairy fingers; how cheerfully I have waited for days for the chance of seeing her alone, though it were but for a few seconds, and how precious were those moments—could I then fly?"

"Who could expect such heroism?" his friend rejoined. "It would have been cruel to forsake one who offered such sacrifices on the altar of love. I would that you had been more cautious, but all is not yet lost!"

The Count continued, without heeding his friend: "And when she, with graceful hesitation, told me where I might seek her alone—when those lips, whose slightest words were laws to a loving people, met mine, and the greatness of the Princess was lost in the confiding whispers of love, was I then to leave her?"

"But if you are happy you can defy the whispers of the world, for there is nothing sinful in loving such a being."

The color deepened in the Count's cheeks, and he almost ground his teeth as he said, in a hollow voice: "I do not deserve so indulgent a judge, for I am a criminal whom you ought to shun. Would that I could purchase forgetfulness, that I could blot out from my memory the events of past years. But I will forget, I must forget, if not I shall grow mad. Comrade, give me some wine; let me drown the remembrance of my guilt."

The Major listened quietly to these bursts of despairing self-condemnation, and said to himself: "I always knew him to be a harebrained, passionate fellow, and such always rush from one extreme to the other; he now looks upon his love as if it were a great crime, because it may bring the Princess to misery, but in a few moments he will regard it in quite a different light."

Zronievsky, meanwhile, had tossed off two or three glasses of wine, and was now walking impatiently up and down the room. "Major!" he exclaimed at last, "what do you consider the most wretched of all feelings?"

After thinking for a few moments, the Major replied, "Decidedly that of injured honor."

The Count smiled grimly. "Comrade, your psychological studies have not availed you much if you suppose that injured honor is the most miserable feeling of the human breast, for he who is injured can revenge himself upon the offender; and there is still a hope that his honor may reappear pure and spotless as before. Brother," he continued, seizing the Major's hand convulsively, "you must dive deeper into the mysteries of the soul, and search for a still more horrible feeling than that."

"I have heard of one other," replied the Major, "which men like you and I, Zronievsky, can not be acquainted with—that is, self-contempt."

The Count trembled and turned pale, and for several moments gazed silently at his friend.

"You are right, comrade; that lies deeper still," he said at last; "men like you and I do not generally know what that is; but the devil lays cunning snares for us sometimes, and before we are aware of them we are caught. Do you know what it is to be undecided, Major?"

"Heaven be thanked that my path of duty has always been clear and straight."

"Clear and straight! How fortunate for you! But do you not remember the morning when we rode from the gates of Warsaw? Our feelings, our very senses were enchained by the great master-spirit of the day. To whom, *then*, did the hearts of the Polish Lancers belong? Our band played the Polish airs and songs that inspired us, even when boys, with a love for our fatherland; the well-known sounds penetrated our breasts. To whom, *then*, did our hearts belong, comrade?"

"To our fatherland," said the Major, with deep emotion. "Yes, then indeed I did hesitate."

"Well is it for you if that is the only time you have given way to indecision. But the devil is a subtle tempter; he allows us to feel happy in what we have, while he paints in more brilliant colors the happiness we have not."

"Very likely; but surely man has the power to hold firm to his determination."

"True," cried the Count, who seemed overwhelmed by his friend's reply. "Why, then, should I appear better than I am? Comrade, you are a man of honor, avoid me as you would the plague. I am dishonorable and despicable. You are firm, and must, therefore, despise me. I despise myself, for know that I am——"

"Hush!" cried the Major, "some body knocks. Come in."

## II.

"I AM extremely sorry if I interrupt you," said the manager of the Opera, entering the room with a low bow.

"May I ask what brings you here?" replied Major von Larun, who recovered his self-possession sooner than his friend; "pray be seated, and while you tell us what has given us the pleasure of this visit, allow me to pour you out a glass of wine."

"Gentlemen, I fear it is now impossible to prevent Othello from being performed. Nothing more can be done. I made the company study the opera, and the prima donna gave me her solemn promise to be too hoarse to sing; but, as ill-luck would have it, Signora Fanutti arrived here yesterday, and she having petitioned the directors of the theater for a part in one of the operas, they gave her that of Desdemona. I nearly wept when it was announced, for I have a presentiment of evil."

"Let me persuade you to give up that foolish superstition," cried Zronievsky, who was quite himself again. "I assure you not a hair of the royal family shall be hurt, for I will myself go to the churchyard, find out the grave of the murdered Desdemona, and entreat her this time to kill me instead. It will certainly be only the blood of a count that she will shed, but one of my ancestors did wear a crown, of which fact I will take care to inform her."

"For heaven's sake, do not jest on this subject," said the old man; "you know not what fate may have in store for you. Last night I saw in my dream a long funeral procession by torchlight, such as generally follows a royal corpse to the grave."

"Perhaps you had taken a glass more

than usual," laughed the Major; "and it is but natural that you should dream of such nonsense when you think of nothing else all day."

"You, of all people, should not mock me, for though I never saw you till you visited me with the Count, yet last night you walked by my side and wept violently; but what God wills must happen, and perhaps you will then wish that it were but a dream. But, gentlemen, I have forgotten that the principal reason of my troubling you was to invite you to be present at our rehearsal, and I will introduce you to our company, and particularly to our new singer."

The friends willingly accepted the invitation. The Count, as usual, evidently repented his violence, therefore this diversion was opportune, and the Major felt saddened by the self-reproaches of his friend, and wished to put off any further explanations for an indefinite period.

### III.

FROM that time Zronievsky had no wish to continue the painful subject he had then touched upon. Every now and then the gloomy spirit came over him, and moments of despairing sorrow returned, but brought not with them the confession of guilt that had trembled upon his lips. Major von Larun, whose time was now more taken up with the diplomatic business which had brought him to the town, had seen little of the Count, who generally spent his evenings in the theater. He was present at every rehearsal, and his refined taste, which had been cultivated by extensive travel, assisted the manager not a little in placing the opera before the public in an almost perfect state. The old man often forgot his horrible presentiments, so much did the conversation of the Count interest him.

The opera had progressed more rapidly than had been supposed to be possible: the singular circumstances which had hitherto prevented its performance gave it the charm of novelty not only to the public but also to the singers. No wonder, then, that the singers did their very best—no wonder that the public impatiently longed for the day which should bring the Moor of Venice again on their stage.

There were two things that added to

the interest the public generally take in a new opera by a well-known composer. Signora Fanutti was a very celebrated singer, and they were curious to see how she would represent the part of Desdemona, which not only required beautiful singing, but first-rate tragic acting; there was also a whispered report of the horrible events which had followed every former performance of Othello. The old people related them mysteriously to the younger members of their families, who at first altogether doubted the truth of these histories, but ending by exaggerating them, so that half the inhabitants expected the Evil One himself to take a part in the new opera.

Major von Larun frequently heard the coming event discussed, but though he spent several evenings at court, the subject was never mentioned there in his presence. The Princess Sophia, however, one day said smilingly to him: "You see, Baron, we are really to have Othello; at last, thanks to the Count's diplomatic threats. How I long for Monday, that I may hear Desdemona's beautiful song once more; I could wish to die with those notes on my lips."

"Are there such things as presentiments?" thought the Baron, who involuntarily gave to this remark a mournful import.

As he watched the young princess gliding by, bestowing on all a sweet smile or a kind word, he compared her to Schiller's Mädchen aus der Fremde. "If it should again so chance," thought he—"if she should die." The next moment he laughed at himself for harboring such gloomy forebodings; but ever and anon a sweet voice resounded in his ear, "I could wish to die with those notes on my lips."

Monday came, and on it occurred a singular circumstance. Von Larun had ridden out in the morning with the Count and several officers. They had hardly turned their horses' heads towards home before they were caught in a violent shower that wetted them to the skin. As Zronievsky resided close to the gates of the town he begged the Major to come with him and change his dress; he accepted the offer, and, fully equipped in one of his friend's suits, he left him in order to return to his own hotel. He had passed through several streets, when he fancied that some one followed him; he

looked round, and saw close behind him a tall, thin man, shabbily dressed. "This is for you, sir!" said he, as he put a little note into his hand, and immediately disappeared.

Von Larun could not imagine from whom so mysterious a communication could come, as he was quite a stranger in the town. He examined the note with attention. It was written on beautiful paper, and sealed with an exquisite cameo, but it was without any address. He opened it, and, after reading it, crushed it nervously in his hand, and hurried home. On entering his room he called for lights in order to examine it more carefully, but the horrible words remained the same: "Wretch! How can you leave your wife and young children to die of hunger, while you live in pomp and splendor? Why do you remain in this town? Is it because you wish to bring disgrace upon the royal house, and make its daughter as unhappy as your wife? Fly, for in the same hour that this reaches you, the Princess will learn how cruelly you have deceived her."

Von Larun could not doubt that he had been mistaken for Count Zronievsky, for whom this note was evidently intended. All was now too clear. Remorse and self-contempt had occasioned those terrible outbursts of despair which the Major had so often witnessed. Again and again Von Larun perused the fatal lines, and tried to find excuses for the Count's conduct in the recklessness which had always characterized him; but when he thought of the unhappy Sophie, when he read the words "your wife and young children," indignation banished every feeling of pity from his heart. His first impulse was to punish the wretched man; but considering how much additional pain this would give to the unfortunate princess, he determined not only to leave him unpunished for the present, but also to assist him in his escape, and that quickly. "He must away," he said, "before the unhappy lady whom he has deceived learns to what a villain she has given her first pure love. She will weep for him, and, perhaps, forget him; but it would be death to her if she were obliged to despise him." He wrote a few words to the Count, inclosing the note which had accidentally fallen into his possession, with all the money he had by him, and dispatched the parcel by his servant.

It was time to drive to the Opera, but Von Larun would not have gone to hear his favorite music had he not believed that there was still a possibility of saving the Princess from the threatened disclosure; he tried to think how he could accomplish this, and at last determined to entreat her to open no letter that might come to her from strange hands. He changed his dress, and was about to leave the room, when his servant entered it, holding still in his hand the packet he had sent to Zronievsky.

"His excellency has just quitted the town," said the man, laying the packet on the table.

"Quitted the town!" cried the Major. "Impossible!"

"His chasseur is waiting to see you; shall I admit him?"

The Major nodded, and the chasseur entered and gave him a letter. Von Larun tore it open, and read: "Farewell forever! The letter that was given to you by mistake an hour ago will explain my abrupt departure. Will my comrade of six campaigns spare a beloved lady the pain of hearing my name mentioned as a defaulter by paying the bills which I inclose?"

"When did your master start?"

"A quarter of an hour ago, sir."

"Did you know this morning of his intended departure?"

"No, sir; I do not think that his excellency knew it then himself, for I heard him say that he intended to go to the theater this evening. About five o'clock he went out and ordered me to follow him; when he had walked as far as the Protestant church, a tall man met him who seemed surprised to see him, and asked him if he were Count Zronievsky, and whether he had received a note a quarter of an hour ago. My master said he had not, upon which the man conferred with him in private for a few minutes. I do not think he could have brought good news, for my master became pale, trembled, and immediately returned home. He told the coachman to procure post-horses directly for his traveling-carriage; as soon as it was ready he gave me this note and packet for you, flung himself into the carriage, and commanded the man to drive to the south gate."

The Major listened attentively to the chasseur's account of Zronievsky; he then said he would see the man again in the

morning, and drove to the theater. The overture was commencing as he entered, and he placed himself in a position from which he could conveniently observe all that took place in the royal box.

Princess Sophie looked even more beautiful than on the first night on which he beheld her; her eyes beamed with joy, and a half triumphant smile lurked in the corners of her finely-chiseled mouth, for was not her dearest wish now about to be gratified—was it not the overture to Othello that the orchestra was now playing? As on that former night, she now seemed looking for some one who had not yet arrived; she listened for the well-known step in the corridor, but in vain. No more will the door open to admit the tall commanding figure so dear to her. A cloud of disappointed expectation gathered on her brow, her beautiful arched eyebrows were drawn slightly together, and the fine silken lashes drooped on her rosy cheek.

Tears started involuntarily to Von Larun's eyes as he watched the Princess. "She has no suspicion of what awaits her, poor child, and if I can prevent it, she shall never know on what a pitiful wretch she has wasted so much love." And the Major cursed the levity and weakness which had converted a brave and noble man into one so unprincipled and faithless.

Von Larun has often since declared that the most trying moment of his life was when he entered the royal box at the end of the first act. The Princess caught sight of him the instant he opened the door, and beckoned to him, not perceiving, in her haste, that a prince and two generals were waiting for an opportunity to approach her. When Von Larun had succeeded in reaching her, she said: "Are you not delighted at seeing Othello in our beautiful theater in spite of all the dreadful things which are, according to some wise prophets, to follow it? But," she added, slightly blushing, "I do not see one of our Othello conspirators. I suppose the Count is behind the scenes, intending to receive our thanks when it has all gone off as well as he expects."

"Pardon me, your highness," replied the Major, striving to appear unconcerned, "I am the bearer of the Count's excuses. He was obliged an hour ago to take an unexpected journey."

The Princess started. "He has surely not left the town. What business could

call him away on such a night as this? You jest; he could not depart without bidding me farewell. No, no, I am sure you are not serious. Now I know from whom a certain peculiar little note came."

"A little note?" asked the Major, in a trembling voice, for his heart misgave him.

"Yes, such a pretty little note;" and the Princess showed him a corner that peeped out from under her bracelet. "It was given to me in a most mysterious manner. I see by your face, Major, that you are in the secret. I have not yet had an opportunity of reading it, but as soon as I am alone——"

"For Heaven's sake, your highness, I implore you to give me that note. It was not meant for you. It is a mistake, I assure you."

"Indeed! Nevertheless, you will not persuade me to give it to you, Major, for it will enlighten me about things of which I am at present ignorant."

The Major was going to entreat the laughing girl to give him the fatal note, but the Prince interrupted him, and the two old generals joined in the conversation, and Von Larun, seeing he had now no chance of accomplishing his purpose, withdrew to his own box; he pressed his hand over his eyes that he might not behold the almost unearthly happiness that played in every feature of the Princess's face.

But Desdemona had tuned her harp, and even now the sad mournful chords swept through the house, and the beautiful voice was raised for the last time. How wonderfully did those plaintive tones penetrate every heart! They seemed to foreshadow the dreadful fate which awaited the singer. The steps of the murderer are heard in the distance, and yet Desdemona sings on, little dreaming that he for whom alone her heart throbs is about to destroy her.

The Major's attention was divided between the singer and Sophie, who was listening to every note for her favorite song. A bright tear hung on her lashes as she unconsciously wept over her own fate, and even when the sad tones had died away Sophie still appeared lost in meditation. "I could wish to die with those notes on my lips," sounded in the Major's ears. "Alas!" he thought, "with them her happiness expires."

Othello entered, but the Princess looked

no more towards the stage, her hand sought the clasp of her bracelet, and a happy smile spread over the fair young face. Von Larun strained his aching eyes, and saw how she drew the note from its hiding-place and concealed it in her handkerchief. He fancied he saw her break the seal. In despair he rushed into the corridor. An irresistible power compelled him to seek the royal box. He had nearly reached it when he became aware of an unusual stir in the house; chamberlains and maids of honor hurried past him, and when he at last found courage to ask the reason of the disturbance, the answer, "Princess Sophie has fainted!" confirmed his worst fears.

#### IV.

A FEW days after this fatal evening, Major von Larun was seated in his room, lost in painful musings. His face was pale and haggard, his eyes were half-closed, evidently trying to press back the tears, which, despite his manhood, forced their way through the lashes. He was thinking with dread of an interview which was soon to take place with the unfortunate victim of his old comrade's villany. He had just returned from a visit to the mistress of the robes, who had sent for him that morning, and told him candidly that the Princess was dangerously ill, that the physicians had given up all hopes of her recovery, that she had confessed all, and had expressed an earnest desire to see the only person in the city who had known Count Zronievsky intimately. She insisted upon seeing him alone, and though the mistress of the robes considered such a proceeding to be quite unprecedented in court etiquette, the entreaties of the dying lady had drawn from her a reluctant consent; therefore she sent for the Major to propose his visiting the Princess this evening, when she would conduct him to her highness's apartments.

He could not refuse to comply with Sophie's wish, though he felt it to be out of his power to speak comfort to a heart so crushed by misery. He feared that the sight of the unhappy girl would so overpower him that he should only hasten her end. The hands of the clock on the mantel-piece were pointing to the hour at which he expected the mistress of the robes to call for him, when the servant

entered the room, and announced that one of the royal carriages waited in the courtyard. Von Larun seized his hat, and, descending the stairs, silently took his seat beside the Baroness von Taubenheim. "You will find the Princess very ill," she said, tearfully. "I have no hopes of her. I can not imagine that any thing you can say will save her. If you are not able to give her some hope, she will die like a flower that has been nipped by the frost; yet it were better she should thus die than it should be published abroad that she has bestowed her affections upon an impostor."

"And must I give her the *coup de grace*?" exclaimed the Major bitterly. "Does her highness's mother know the cause of this sad illness? What does the court think of it?"

"The duchess, the court, and the city think that it arises from a violent cold. Some are foolish enough to believe Othello to be the cause of it. The real facts of the case are known but to you and me. Several ladies of the court suspected the truth some time ago, but their suspicions have died away."

"The cause of her death is but too apparent," replied the Major. "The Princess was suspected of loving one on whom she should have looked coldly. She was watched till suspicion became a certainty. It was then thought necessary to separate them, and the circumstances of the Count's life were discovered by means of spies—"

"Do you believe such to be the case?" asked the baroness, turning pale, trembling, and vainly endeavoring to withdraw from the light which the carriage-lamps threw upon her withered features, for she felt that the Major's eagle eye was intently watching the expression of her countenance.

"By means of spies they discovered Zronievsky's unfortunate wife and children," continued Von Larun, "and, to scare him away, threatened to tell the Princess of his marriage. Thus far the plan was not ill contrived, for the villain deserved no milder treatment; but they did more than this: thinking to cure the Princess quickly of her ill-starred love, they acquainted her with the Count's secret, believing that she would soon forget him. This part of the plan was better calculated for the nerves of a bold dragoon than for the heart of a tender child."

"I must entreat you to remember," said

the Baroness von Taubenheim, coldly, "that the tender child, as you are pleased to call her, is the daughter of a princely house, who has been educated in a manner that ought to have raised her above such fancies. I can not blame the authors of the plan if, as you suppose, there ever existed one."

"You have gained your end—she will die!" replied Von Larun.

"I have gained my end! May I ask what you mean, Major?"

"I did not speak of you, madam," rejoined Von Larun carelessly; "I meant the authors of this fearful plan."

The old lady bit her lips and remained silent during the remainder of the drive. In a few moments more they arrived at a private door leading into the palace. An old servant who was waiting for them led them through endless corridors and up and down numberless staircases. The old man stopped at last at a side-door opening into a suite of elegantly furnished rooms. There he left them, and the Baroness begged the Major to wait till she came for him. A quarter of an hour elapsed before she returned, when she repeated to the Major that, according to the Princess's ardent desire, he might see her quite alone, but that she herself intended to stand outside the door, where, if they did not speak loudly, not a syllable could be overheard. The Baroness added, that she could not allow him to stay longer than a quarter of an hour.

Von Larun entered, and saw the Princess extended upon a sofa, dressed in a simple white morning robe. The contrast between the dying girl and the rich furniture of the room was extremely painful; the impression which her appearance had made on him the first time he saw her recurred to his remembrance. It was her simple unadorned beauty, her quiet gracefulness, concealed by the witchery of almost child-like playfulness, that had then interested him so strongly in her favor; but now her cheeks were colorless, there was a silent sadness in her thoughtful eye a melancholy expression about her mouth, which gave a still more elevated character to her beauty. The Major gazed mournfully at her; she signed to him to seat himself beside her; she spoke, her voice had lost the ringing tone which had made her laugh so sweet and clear, but the soft touching sounds that now issued from her lips penetrated his heart.

"I would be idle of me, Major, to keep you in ignorance of the reason for my fervent wish to see you alone. I know that Zronievsky considered you his best friend, and I am sure he has made you acquainted with the nature of the affection that unfortunately subsisted between us. Do you remember, on the evening when Othello was performed, my telling you that I had received a note, which you were particularly anxious that I should not read? Tell me your reason for this anxiety?"

"The reason was simply this, your highness. I supposed that I knew the information it conveyed."

"It is true, then!" cried the Princess; and tears coursed down her pale cheeks. "It is true, then! Major, I had believed you to be a man of honor, but if you knew this, why did you not send him away sooner, and thus have spared me the misery of being obliged to despise him?"

"By all that I hold sacred, your highness, I was ignorant of these frightful facts till within an hour of my entering the theater. They came to my knowledge by accident. I was mistaken for the count, and a note intended for him thus fell into my hands. Before I could call him to account for his criminal conduct, he had heard that his villainy was discovered, and had taken his departure. From a few hints which the writer of these ominous lines let drop, I feared that your highness would receive the same fatal intelligence, and it was to prevent this that when I entered the royal box, I endeavored, though in vain, to persuade you to give me that note."

"Do you really believe this scandal?" said Sophie, striving to stop the tears that continued to flow. "I can not help thinking that it is an invention of those who thought it necessary to separate us. Read the note that I received that evening, and confess yourself that you think it a false tale."

The Major read: "Count von Z. is married. His wife lives in Avignon. Three young children weep for their father. Can your highness have so little honor, so little womanly compassion, as to withhold him longer from those ties of nature?"

It was the same writing, the same seal, that he had seen before. He continued to hold the note in his hand. He dared



not look up, he knew not what to say. He could not with truth assure her that he believed it to be false. And yet it seemed so cruel thus to annihilate her last hope!

After a short pause, the Princess continued: "When you left the box I was more curious than ever, and therefore seized the first opportunity to open the note. The dreadful words, wife and father, so overwhelmed me, that I lost all recollection, and since then I have been very ill; but whenever I feel better I still hope that Zronievsky has not been so very wicked, has not deceived me so cruelly. Laugh at me if you will, Major, for permitting that ridiculous note to make such an impression on me, only tell me that you think the whole story is an invention of his enemies."

Von Larun was in despair. A word from him might restore the dying girl to those who loved her, and yet he dared not say it. Her eyes were again beaming with joy, her mouth smiled sweetly as she awaited his answer. But he spoke not, he looked down sadly. Gradually, as all hope of a favorable answer disappeared, the color again fled from her cheeks, her head sank upon her pillow, and she covered her tearful eyes with her hand.

"You are too noble to flatter me with false hopes, which could only exist for a few days. I thank you for this dreadful certainty, for even that is better than suspense. I have one favor more to ask of you," she continued, after a short silence. "Give this casket to him, for it contains much that was once dear to me. But no, leave it with me a few days, I will send it to you when it is no longer of use to me. My life is drawing to a close, Major. I am not superstitious, but it is strange that I should become ill directly after the performance of *Othello*."

"I should not have imagined such a thought could cause your highness a moment's uneasiness," said the Major.

"You are right, it is very foolish of me; but the night they brought me home ill from the *Opera* I dreamt I should die. A dark, stern lady, with a red silk coverlet in her hand, came to my room. She threw it over my face, and pressed it harder and harder upon me, till I was nearly suffocated, when my great-uncle Duke Nepomuk came to my rescue. But the strangest part of it is —"

"Well," inquired Von Larun, "what did the Duke do to Desdemona?"

The Princess started, and said: "How do you know that the lady was Desdemona?"

"What is more natural than that you should dream of Desdemona?" he replied. "You had seen her suffocated with a red silk coverlet only a few hours before."

The Princess continued: "The strangest part is, that when the Duke saved me, I woke up, and really saw the lady, exactly as she was in my dream, walking slowly out of the room. Every night since then I have dreamt the same dream. Every night that lady presses harder and harder, and every night the Duke comes later to my assistance; and when I awake I see her gliding from the room. Yesterday evening I asked my attendants to bring me my harp, and I played Desdemona's last song, the door opened, the dark lady looked in, beckoned to me, and vanished." After a few moments, she added: "Major, do not forget me when I am gone. The remembrance of such a man is dear to me."

"I beseech your highness to put away these sad forebodings," cried Von Larun, vainly striving to repress his grief; "they prevent the recovery we so ardently pray for."

Baroness Taubenheim now appeared at the door, and intimated to the Major that the interview must end. Sophie gave him her hand; he pressed it reverentially to his lips. The Baroness became impatient, the Major rose, bowed deeply, and expressed a hope that her highness would be herself again before the next levee.

"You still hope?" she replied, smiling sadly. "Farewell. I have ceased to hope!"

## V.

NOTHING was talked of but the illness of the Princess Sophie. Accounts varied — sometimes she was better, but the people had hardly begun to congratulate themselves upon the probable recovery of their idol, when another bulletin deprived them of every hope. A week had thus passed slowly by, when one morning very early a servant of the palace brought a parcel to the Major. He opened it, and beheld the casket which the Princess had begged him to deliver to Zronievsky. It

was not necessary to tell him she was no more. The mournful expression of the servant's face was sufficient. Von Larun had lost many who were dear to him, but never had he been so deeply moved as now. He felt as if all that remained for him to do on earth was to fulfill the wishes of the dead, and he would immediately have left a town which possessed for him so many painful associations had he not felt an earnest desire to follow the unfortunate Sophie to her last resting-place.

The funeral obsequies of the Princess Sophie were appointed to take place at midnight on the Friday after her gentle spirit had departed from this world of care and misery. It was not till the bells of all the churches pealed mournfully in the midnight air, and the sad low tones of the funeral march were heard in the distance, that Von Larun left his room to join the procession that accompanied the mortal remains of Princess Sophie to the royal mausoleum. The solemn service was over, the insignia of the Princess's rank were taken from the coffin, which was lowered into the ancestral vault, the mourners had dispersed, the torches were extinguished, and still the Major lingered near the spot where now lay all that was left of her in whom he had felt such deep interest.

But at last he was obliged to turn his steps homewards. He had not proceeded far when he observed an old man just before him who was weeping violently. Surely that singular dress and tottering gait could belong to no other than the manager of the Opera. Von Larun ap-

proached the old man, but could not speak. The manager, after looking at him for some time, said :

"Ah! Baron, do you not now wish that it was only a dream—that the lovely child we have just buried were still among the living?"

"Of what do you remind me?" said the Major, involuntarily shuddering. "It is even as you dreamt, old man. She is buried, and you and I are leaving her grave side by side."

"Man should not trifle with fate!" rejoined the old man sorrowfully. "It is just eleven days since Othello was performed. She died on the eighth."

"Chance, chance!" ejaculated the Major. "Surely you do not mean to persist in this mad idea. Alas! I knew too well the cause of her death. A wretch, blacker than Othello, broke her heart. It is absurd superstition to connect that angel's death with the opera."

"Our dispute will not bring her back to us," returned the old man. "I shall note it down in my Chronicles, hoping to prevent the fatal tragedy from being repeated in any form."

"It was chance, old man, that the unhappy girl died so soon after Othello. One word from me might have saved her, but that one word I dared not utter."

"There is no such thing as chance, but there is a Providence above us who orders all things; and whatever you may believe to the contrary, the fact still remains, that the ill-fated Princess Sophie died eight days after the performance of Othello."

THE NEW MAP OF ITALY.—Lombardy has hitherto been divided administratively into nine provinces or delegations, namely, Milan, Pavia, Lodi-Crema, Cremona, Como, Mantua, Sondrio, Brescia, and Bergamo. The fortified towns of Mantua and Peschiera form part of the province of Mantua. The fortress of Pezzighettone is comprised in the province of Cremona. After the annexation of Lombardy to Piedmont, this kingdom, the island of Sardinia included, will contain a superficies of 37,640 square miles, with a population of 7,800,000. As regards territorial extent, it will occupy a tenth rank in Europe, and will come immediately after the kingdom of the

Two Sicilies, and stands before Portugal and Bavaria. With respect to population, Sardinia will stand in the ninth rank, on a level with Naples, and will be above Sweden and Norway, Belgium and Bavaria. The following table will complete the comparison as regards Italy:

|                   | Area—Sq. miles. | Population. |
|-------------------|-----------------|-------------|
| New Kingdom.....  | 37,640          | 7,800,000   |
| Venetia .....     | 9,025           | 2,500,000   |
| Papal States..... | 17,218          | 2,500,000   |
| Toscany .....     | 8,741           | 1,500,000   |
| Parma.....        | 3,265           | 500,000     |
| Modena.....       | 2,080           | 400,000     |
| Two Sicilies..... | 42,000          | 2,000,000   |

—*La Patrie*

From the Dublin University Magazine.

## A WOMAN'S SACRIFICE.

### A TALE IN TWO PARTS.

#### PART I.

##### CHAPTER I.

##### THE REJECTION.

"I WONDER, Julia, how our mysterious neighbor will turn out. His supercilious contempt of the gentry is unbearable. I have a great dislike to him."

"You are always too rash, Caroline, in forming your judgment. If you were of a lighter character I would not so much mind; but you allow your feelings to carry you away, and are capable of loving and hating too deeply. Trust me, there are other things besides feelings to guide us in our journey through life."

This advice was received with an impatient toss of the head; and rising from her chair, Caroline walked to the window, saying: "Julia, never speak to me about my feelings. I can not control them."

Receiving no answer, she turned towards her friend, and saw her looking timidly and anxiously at her. Dashing over and throwing her arms round Julia in her naturally impulsive way, Caroline said: "You ought not to be angry with me, for you have the warmest love I can give. But, Julia, you do not trust me — why are you so afraid of me — you know how fond I am of you."

"I know that, Caroline. Yes, I am sure you love me; but I often tremble for you. Your nature, so different from mine, I can not understand it; but it seems to me that with such a passionate and proud nature your path will be surrounded with dangers."

"Proud," said Caroline smiling, and standing erect as she glanced at her figure in the glass. "Was there ever a Digby that was not proud? My mother, she was proud too, I hear. I can not help it; it is my nature, and I never will submit tamely to incivility. If Sir Alfred Douglass does not choose to show proper

respect to his neighbors, I will show him that —"

"Caroline, you judge Sir Alfred very rashly. You know the young man has really done all that civility required; he, perhaps, wishes to live retired, and has formed no intimacy in the neighborhood. We are not slighted more than any other family. He returned your father's visit immediately. "You are vexed," she continued archly, "that so handsome a man as Sir Alfred has not been more sensible to the attractions of the accomplished daughter of Colonel Digby." So saying, she threw her arm round her cousin Caroline. "Come, let us have done with Sir Alfred," she said, "and resume our reading."

Caroline Digby, the younger of the two ladies, was the only child and heiress of Colonel Digby, a man of ancient family and large fortune. His wife, a native of the south of Italy, died when his daughter was but five years old, and thus she was left to the sole care of an indulgent parent, who never refused her the gratification of a single wish. She was young and beautiful, a tall and slight figure, with a small Grecian head, well set on her neck and shoulders. Her features were classical, the outline clear but not sharp, the short curved upper lip, together with the way in which she carried her head, suggested the thought that she was proud. A dark olive skin showed she inherited with the warm blood of the south its strong passions.

Julia St. Laurence, the cousin and companion of Caroline Digby, was a contrast to her in every particular. She was of low stature, fair hair, her face pale and of an expression as if she had suffered much. Her eyes were light blue, and accompanied with a frightened look. She never seemed to be free from the idea that some dreadful shadow was following her. In speaking, she never looked at the person

when she addressed him kept her eyes lowered, and twitched her fingers nervously. She was the daughter of a sister of Colonel Digby, who had married Major St. Laurence, a profligate spendthrift, who had broken his wife's heart a few years after their marriage. Some years after her death Major St. Laurence married again, and Colonel Digby proposed to adopt his sister's children. This offer was gladly accepted. And for many years Julia St. Laurence and her brother resided with Colonel Digby. The sorrows of her childhood tended to make her of a subdued, almost melancholy temper. She was of a cautious and distrustful nature, loving very few, and only unreserved to her brother. She loved Caroline, but she also feared her; she could not at all comprehend her warm, impetuous nature, which was so opposite to her own.

Julia's brother, Charles, some years older than his sister, was cunning, and keenly felt his position as a dependent upon his uncle's bounty; but as an inmate in Colonel Digby's house he soon saw an easy access to the summit of his most ambitious hopes. Caroline's beauty attracted his admiration. To mold her character, to obtain her hand and fortune, was the aim to which he directed all the powers of his mind. His uncle's consent *must* be obtained. Here was a difficulty; but his cleverness assisted him in this dilemma. He discovered that the disappointment of Colonel Digby's life was his not having a son to represent him. To supply a son's place was his object. With an artist's skill did he study the weakness of his uncle's character, and made himself at length necessary to the old man's existence. He insinuated that in his veins flowed his uncle's blood, and that the near relationship that was between them might yet be drawn closer. Once Colonel Digby seized on this idea it became the darling object of his life, that Charles should marry his daughter, and be his heir. Caroline was only fifteen when these arrangements were entered into. The question of *her* consent had not, indeed, been thought of by either party. Her father never for a moment thought that his daughter could hesitate to accept any suitor he chose for her, and Charles had enough of self-esteem to think that there could be no difficulty in obtaining her hand.

Charles requested his uncle not to mention plans to his daughter, as he

wished to win her love. But Charles St. Laurence was not one who could in any way influence Caroline. Wearisome lectures on the duty of controlling her feelings—feelings she was conscious he never could understand—only exasperated her untamed nature: her proud spirit rebelled against his usurped authority, and she lost no opportunity of escaping from his presence. As she grew older and felt that his interest in her was actuated by a tenderer feeling, her dislike gradually assumed the bitterest hatred she was capable of feeling.

Woodstock, the family residence of Colonel Digby, was situated in one of the southern counties of England. The house was built in Elizabethan style, but various additions had been made from time to time, without much regard either to taste or congruity. It was situated on rising ground at the foot of a range of hills; a deep and rapid river swept round the southern extremity of the demesne on its progress to the sea, into which it emptied itself about two miles distant. At one side of the river were high and sloping banks, thickly planted, intersected by a winding walk that led to a waterfall at some distance. This walk was a favorite one of Caroline's, and to it, as a retreat, she often fled from the persecutions of her cousin.

About five years before the conversation related in the beginning of this story, Charles St. Laurence had received an order to join his regiment on foreign service. It was an evening in the latter end of October, that he was expected on a hurried leave-taking. Caroline dreaded this visit; but the prospect of his final departure the following day decided her in bearing with him. At the hour when he was expected she strolled out unobserved to the walk already described, stopping now and again to look at the rapid current of the river which was much swollen from heavy rains. She had not proceeded far, when, by a turn in the path, she started suddenly, facing her cousin. He at once joined her, saying: "Believe me, Caroline, that this unexpected order has greatly annoyed me. I had no idea of leaving the country. This move has disarranged all my plans; but though I must go as far as Malta, I shall endeavor to exchange into another regiment, and to avoid going to India."

"I think that would be a very unwise

arrangement. You have often complained of the want of a larger income, and an exchange under your circumstances would imply a heavy loss."

"Oh!" said he, "circumstances have altered now, and that consideration does not weigh with me."

"Indeed," said Caroline; "has your father —"

"Not *mine*, but yours."

She stood still, and turned round to him. "What *do* you mean? I can not comprehend."

"I know you do not, Caroline, and to explain all to you is the object of my present visit."

In an agony of apprehension, but without one outward sign of it, she walked on while her cousin continued:

"Your father wishes me to superintend his property. He finds age creeping on, and feels disinclined to attend to the various duties that such a large estate require." Then advancing closer, and seizing her hand, he said: "And you, dear, will give me the right to fulfill my duties in a nearer relationship."

Suddenly drawing away her hand, she said: "You know how distasteful this subject is to me. If you wish that we should part friends, do forever drop this hateful theme."

"That, Caroline, I can never do. We have been together so many years. I have lived and grown under the conviction that you are to be my wife."

"Charles, be just. From the hour that I was capable of understanding your attentions, by every means in my power I showed my disapproval."

"You are hardly more than a child," he replied, "and can not know your own mind. I only ask you to receive me as your future husband, and time, I have no doubt, will produce tenderer feelings."

"Charles, do be generous; I have tried. I wish that we may part as friends, as cousins; more I never, oh! never *can* be. Cease this, it is persecution, for your sister's sake. My father's —"

"Your father's! For your father's sake hear me. I have reason to believe that it is his wish that we should be married. You know his sentiments on the way in which a daughter should receive a father's commands on such a subject. He also wishes his property to be represented by a blood relation, lest it pass into the family of a stranger."

Caroline was for a moment struck dumb with astonishment to find her father in the league against her. She knew but too well that her cousin spoke the truth about his opinions with regard to a daughter's duty. She had now a clue to hints that he had for some time been throwing out. Making a violent effort to recover her self-possession, she answered, with heightened color: "And is it possible, sir, that you expect to gain a woman's affection by telling her you value her chiefly for her money. This outrage has confirmed the aversion I have always felt for you."

Charles perceived his rashness, but his temper was so exasperated by the bitterness of her reply, that, losing all command over himself, he whispered: "I want both, and shall have both."

"Unmanly persecutor," she replied, feeling how impotent she was, alone, her father, all against her, how sure he seemed of accomplishing his purpose. Trying to intimidate him, and gaining courage by her boldness, she continued fiercely: "Don't defy me; you are not the first that has been made to tremble at a woman's vengeance."

"I do defy you," he whispered, enraged beyond endurance.

"Let me pass," she cried, as he attempted to detain her, and bursting from him, she hurried to the house. As she passed the shrubbery, skirting on the walk, she thought she perceived the figure of a man hastily retiring amongst the trees. For the moment she felt an unpleasant sensation, lest her conversation might have been overheard, but her state of excitement prevented her from dwelling on the subject, and hurrying into the building, she was annoyed at finding her maid in the hall. As she wished to escape to her room unobserved, the servant addressed some observation to her, but not heeding it, she dismissed her, and desired that she might not be interrupted that night. Taking refuge in her own room, she did not make her appearance during the evening.

## CHAPTER II.

### A MYSTERY.

AFTER a restless night, passed in broken slumbers, Caroline awoke with a horrible sensation that she should have to meet her cousin again. There was an unusual

stir in the house, but thinking it was caused by preparations for his departure, she lingered in her room; but it had so long passed the usual breakfast hour, she began to think something extraordinary must have occurred; and yet, what in so quiet a household could have happened? While thus debating with herself, she was attracted by voices under her window; raising it, she was surprised to see several people belonging to the house talking together in scattered knots; she hastened down. As she entered the breakfast-room, her cousin Julia sprang towards her, and throwing her arms round her, she cried:

"O Caroline! Charles, poor, dear Charles."

"What! what of him?" she answered.

"He has not been heard of since last evening; he was to have met the steward in the village, to arrange some business about one of the tenants, and left this, early, to keep the appointment; we expected him back to sleep here; but as it was getting late, and he did not return, we concluded he would not come till this morning. About six o'clock this morning, Thompson came up, looking for Charles, as he had not met him last night, as settled upon."

Caroline's first sensation, on hearing this, was one of intense relief; but concealing her feelings, she asked:

"Where did he go? Who saw him last?"

"We have not been able to find out; it seems he has not been seen by any body."

Caroline suggested the dragging of the river.

"The river!" said Julia, horrified, "oh! no, he could not have gone there. Did you see him? Why do you think he went in that direction?"

She answered with embarrassment:

"I thought—perhaps—the new plantation—he might have gone to see that, and the bank is steep, and in this weather the ground slippery. An accident might have happened."

Just as she spoke, Colonel Digby entered, looking very depressed. Both girls at once cried:

"Any news?"

"None, none," said he; "every spot has been searched, and no trace found."

Julia said hesitatingly: "Caroline was thinking, perhaps, near the river."

He shook his head. "The river has been searched, as well as the heavy floods would allow; his footsteps have been traced on the bank, but almost confined to one spot."

"Were there any other footsteps?" said Caroline hastily.

He looked up surprised. "Others? No. It was difficult to discover his; the rain had almost obliterated them. I have sent to London, in case his friends there might have heard something of him, but alas!" He threw himself into a chair, covering his face with his hands, he groaned with deep emotion: "My poor boy, I fear I have lost him; I feel he is gone, gone forever."

Julia was in an agony of grief, but in her quiet, undemonstrative way, hardly gave any outward token, except in the nervous claspings of her hands, and the twitchings round her mouth.

And Caroline, how did she feel in this great family affliction? The only sensation in her heart was one of freedom! Liberty was very sweet. She need not now fear; she was safe; but hating herself for not being able to sympathize in the deep sorrow around, she quitted the room.

When alone, the scene of the previous evening presented itself to her mind vividly. Gradually the thought of self gave place to better sentiments. She was horrified to think of the terms in which she had parted from her cousin, perhaps forever; her feelings at that hour had been so overwrought, that she would have accepted freedom from his persecutions, even at the sacrifice of his life; and now that her prayers for liberty had been answered in a way she did not expect, what would she not give to recall the past? These feelings, combined with the reluctance she had in mentioning her refusal of her cousin's offer of marriage, prevented her from alluding to the interview of the preceding evening.

As the conviction of Charles St. Lawrence's death became more definite, Caroline was haunted with inexpressible terror at the recollection of the figure she had seen creeping along the shrubbery, which had made so little impression on her at the time, but now, as her mind dwelt on every minute particular connected with that fatal night, she could not hide from herself that the man wished to escape observation; perhaps he was there for some dreadful purpose; he might have

had some ill-will against her poor cousin, and was watching his opportunity of finding him alone.

She felt this; she ought to communicate to her father. But it was impossible; she did not do it at first, and now it was too late. Besides, she argued, the darkness prevented her from seeing the man's face. Mentioning the circumstance would only raise suspicions that could never be realized. She determined to examine the spot herself, in hopes there might be some clue that would lead to the unraveling of the mystery.

Quitting the drawing-room at an early hour that evening, on the plea of fatigue after the terrible excitement of the day, she hurried to her room, dismissed her maid, and waited impatiently for the hour when, as she knew, there would be least chance of her meeting any one on her way through the house. When the clock struck ten she descended softly to the hall. The main door was fastened, but there was a small glass one at the opposite side of the hall, which led into the garden, and this was open; the garden, however, was walled, but there was a private wicket leading from it into the open grounds, and the key of this being, with a number of others, in the hall, securing it Caroline closed the glass door as she left the house, crossing the garden she passed the gate, and before she well knew what she had done found herself beyond the limits of the house. For a moment she paused; the night was dark, with heavy rolling clouds; a chill wind blew upwards from the river, to which the path she was on led. Should she go on? A fierce impulse of curiosity and terror drove her forward. She hastened, almost ran along till she reached the shrubbery. It was a few paces from the place where she had last seen her cousin; just at the spot where the mysterious figure had entered. The moon was shining with an uncertain radiance, so that the walk behind her was clearly illuminated, while all before her was lost in obscurity; but she did not give herself time to think; she dared not; she felt like one urged on by some power over which she had no control, till she glided to the fatal spot of her cousin's departure, when she asked herself what had brought her there? What did she expect to find? What might she not meet? She looked around fearfully; her imagination recalled her cousin's features

and attitude so vividly that she was terrified lest she should see him returning in some unearthly form. She heard a slight noise, as if caused by a movement amongst the branches, and held her breath with terror. Slightly turning her head she saw a dark shadow thrown on the ground at some distance behind her, creeping stealthily along; but she had no power to move; she found herself rooted to the spot, and clinging to the tree her cousin had leant against the night before, the horror of seeing *him* was even exceeded by the unutterable dread of encountering the murderer, whom she was conscious was lurking near. Her sense of hearing was painfully acute; she listened intently; the sound she heard before was repeated; and now she distinctly heard a footstep. With more of the instinct of self-preservation than of thought, she darted forward, and with the utmost speed flew towards the house; still the footstep followed; she was pursued. With a bursting heart, and maddened with terror, she rushed through the garden-gate. As it clapped behind her, she knew she was safe, and then fell insensible on the ground.

When she recovered consciousness, she found herself still in the same position. Collecting her remaining strength she crawled home and flung herself exhausted on her bed.

Braydon Hall, the residence of Sir Richard Baker, was only separated from Woodstock by the winding river we have before noticed, over which there was a wooden bridge connecting the two estates. Old Sir Richard, as he was called, had but lately taken up his residence at Braydon Hall. He was a man of eccentric habits; he had never married; and though it was generally supposed he intended that his nephew should be his heir, yet he never had invited the young man within his doors. Indeed, there was some doubt as to whether he had ever seen him; he held no communication with him, and seemed perfectly indifferent to his pursuits and pleasures. The only instance in which he had ever recognized his existence, was in expressing a wish, put more in the way of a command, that he would engage as his valet a person whom Sir Richard recommended.

Sir Richard's age, together with his strange habits, contributed to render him an unsocial neighbor. Beyond the usual

courtesy of return visits there had been little intercourse between him and Colonel Digby's family.

About the time of Charles St. Laurence's mysterious disappearance, old Sir Richard died; and by his will it was discovered that his nephew was left sole heir of his large property; but the young man did not seem to be much elated by his new honors, as he had allowed nearly five years to elapse without having come to Braydon Hall. It was a few months before the opening of our narrative that Sir Alfred Douglass had taken up his abode at Braydon. He seemed inclined to lead the retired life of his uncle, as he had declined all advances from the surrounding gentry, and had continued in perfect seclusion.

Some days after Caroline's indignant remark, with regard to her "mysterious neighbor," as she called Sir Alfred Douglass, the young ladies were engaged to accompany a party to the races, to take place some miles distant from Woodstock. Colonel Digby had a horse to run, and Caroline was interested in the success of her favorite. The day was bright and cloudless as the party set out, some in carriages, others on horseback. Among the latter were Caroline and her cousin. The road to the town where the races were held was flat, lying parallel to the sea; but at some distance inland, and by curves, now and again skirting close to the shore. Along the road there was a good deal of traffic, and on this particular occasion it was crowded with vehicles, all wending their way in the direction of the enticing goal. The town resembled more a straggling village, situated on high cliffs, overlooking the sea. There was a winding path that skirted them on one side, guarded by a low wall, between which and the precipice there was about a few feet of grass plat; at the other side a flat plain extended to the racing ground. This path commanded a beautiful view of sea and valley, as well as an extended sea prospect.

The racing ground presented a very gay appearance: the fiery, spirited horses pawing the ground, eager to start; the riders, with their bright coats shining in the sun; the carriages closing in the scene, glittering with youth and beauty. As the party from Woodstock arrived the attention of all was directed to "Sunshine," Colonel Digby's horse, which was

just starting. Caroline's excitement knew no bounds, as she bent forward, fearing her horse should lose, and now hearing with uncontrolled delight from those around her that he had won. Her spirits quite carried her away, and the horse she was riding seemed to partake of his mistress's excitement, as he became very restive. Sir Alfred Douglass who had been near, though unperceived by her, now leant forward and said that she had better be careful of such a spirited animal, and offered to lead her out of the crowd, if she would allow him. Politely declining his offer she answered, "she had almost been reared on horseback, and was not at all afraid;" and now she rather prided herself in managing the irritated animal; but he was fast getting beyond her control. Turning him, to get clear of the crowd, something started him; he reared; but she kept her seat, when giving a sudden dart, he made straight across the plain to the winding path, between which and the high cliffs the low wall was the only protection. Some gentleman made a vain attempt to check him; he had cleared the wall, and was but a few steps from the precipitous cliffs, when one man darted from the crowd, and with a heavy stone struck the animal a well-directed blow on the forehead. There was a breathless silence for one moment, as all expected man, horse, and rider to be dashed to pieces on the rocks below. It was the work of an instant, as the horse, stunned with the blow, stood and shivered, to snatch Caroline from his back, when the poor animal fell over. The burst of applause from the crowd showed how this gallant deed was appreciated. Caroline was carried to the nearest house. Except the great shock, she had met with no injury; and when she turned to thank her preserver, what was her astonishment to discover that it was Sir Alfred Douglass who had so bravely endangered his life to save hers.

This accident was the commencement of an acquaintance between Sir Alfred and the family at Woodstock. Colonel Digby was profuse in his gratitude; his reiterated invitations impossible to resist; and though, with apparent reluctance, Sir Alfred Douglass became a constant visitor. Caroline, in spite of her determination to dislike, felt greatly interested in him. His manly courage, contrasted with those around her on the occasion of



his rescuing her, made a deep impression; but she was piqued and irritated with him; his visits were short and hurried; he seemed unaccountably embarrassed and awkward, which was quite incompatible in a man of his high bred manners and noble bearing; it was as if he called against his will; and yet his visits increased. There was a strange contradiction about him, which excited Caroline's imagination, and contributed to create a sort of fascination which she found it difficult to resist.

She hardly knew herself: she who had always been so proud, to find herself drawn towards, almost humbled now to a man who evidently cared not for her. At last she thought she had gained a clue that might, perhaps, account for his reserved manner. It was Julia he fancied; and he must naturally consider her as an intruder. This thought made her cheek burn with indignation. Why did it never occur to her before? Had she, by word or look, betrayed her feelings towards him? She resolved, when next he came, to let him see that she was as indifferent to him as he was to her. As she came to this determination a half-suppressed sigh, and a tear quickly brushed away, showed that her words belied her heart.

Caroline had not long to wait, for the next day presented an opportunity which tested the strength of her resolution. As she and her cousin were sitting together Sir A. walked in. After some commonplace remarks, Caroline rose, and pleading an engagement, hastened to leave the room. Julia, who looked surprised at this sudden move, inquired "where she was going." She answered hastily, "that she had promised to see a poor person who was sick in the village." "You had better go through the park, then, as you will be too late on the road alone," Julia said.

Inclining her head to both parties, Caroline left the room. She took her hat, which hung in the hall, fretted and vexed with herself for thus voluntarily foregoing the society which was now becoming so interesting to her, perhaps for a mere fancy. She languidly walked across the lawn; but she had not gone far when she heard a step behind her, which made her heart bound. As Sir Alfred overtook her, he asked in a cheerful tone would she object to his accompanying her. The look, manner, voice, all so changed from a few

moments before, that she gazed up at him to convince herself of his identity. "When I heard you were going to take this long walk alone," said he, "I hastened to join, as I must take care of the life that I flatter myself I saved; perhaps, another danger might cross your path." The allusion, and the glance which accompanied it, made her blush deeply; and with downcast eyes she allowed him to draw her hand within his arm.

This walk was the first of many others. Every day Caroline and Sir Alfred, in a most unaccountable manner met accidentally in some part of the demesne; and these meetings led to rambles of hours' continuance, hours the most delightful Caroline had ever spent.

In all their walks Caroline had carefully avoided the shrubbery: it recalled too painful recollections; and now she could not bear a cloud to pass over the sunshine of her happiness; but one day unexpectedly as they came to the path leading to the river, Sir A. suggested their turning down it. "Let us rest here," he said; and drawing her down beside him, his face brightened with joy, he poured out his protestations of love. Sir Alfred was the first to perceive the sun sinking in the distant horizon. "You will be late home," he said; "we must part; to-morrow let us come to this walk; it is the prettiest in the place. How is it we have never been here before?"

"It was once my favorite haunt," said Caroline; "but of late I have shunned it. It is connected with the most sorrowful period of my life."

"Sorrowful! have you had sorrow, and never told me?" he answered, looking down upon her with deep affection.

"Oh! no," she said, hesitatingly, "but it was here, that five years ago, I parted from my cousin; he never was heard of after."

She looked up at him; he was ghastly pale, and seemed unable to speak; he was leaning against a tree; she was terrified. "Dear Sir Alfred, are you ill," she said. Almost gasping for breath, and seizing her wrist with the pressure of a vice, he said, "Your cousin, Caroline; did you love that cousin?"

"Love him," said she, blushing deeply; "no; I wish I could say I even liked him." The answer seemed an immense relief; little more passed between them.

## CHAPTER III.

## MATRIMONY.

WE must now pass over an interval of some months, and introduce Caroline as the wife of Sir Alfred Douglass. She was not in the least disappointed in the estimate she had formed of his character—he was generous and noble, high-minded, and an enemy to all meanness. His fault was want of *moral* courage in facing danger. This was a strange deficiency in one who possessed such physical courage as he did; but even this fault Caroline did not see. He repaid the love she bestowed on him ardently, passionately; perhaps, he even loved her more entirely than she could love him. Her family, her father were dear to her; but he stood alone; his world, all was centred in her. He had lived retired; his nature was not one that sought companionship; he had avoided all intimacies. Since his arrival at Braydon he had led the life of a recluse. When he had first seen Caroline Digby she seemed to shine upon him like a vision; her face and form haunted him; he felt he ought to shun her, but was irresistibly drawn towards her; and when he had saved her life, then it was that fate seemed to decree that to him belonged the life he delivered. They lived in and for each other. She was full of life and joyous as a bird. It seemed as if she had laid aside the pride and dignity of demeanor that was so remarkable before her marriage. She clung to and caressed her husband more lovingly and confidently than one of a softer disposition would; but if by chance, or by word or look, the least disrespect towards him appeared, then the fire darted from her eye, the erect figure and brightened color soon discovered the Caroline Digby of former days.

It was this quickness, this jealousy, for fear her husband should not be entirely understood, that first led Caroline to detect a certain disrespect of manner in one of her domestics. James Forest was the son of the lodge-keeper at Braydon. Sir Richard Baker had, as it were, adopted this family for many years, long before he came to reside at Braydon Hall. Forest, the father, had cared the house, and attended to the property, in which he had proved himself most trustworthy and efficient, so when Sir Richard came to reside at Braydon, Forest, who was getting too

old for much labor, was provided with the lodge and a settled pension. His son James, Sir Richard placed as valet with his heir, Sir Alfred Douglass, in whose service he had now been for many years. It was not the familiarity that a servant, many years in a family, might acquire, that Caroline objected to in James Forest—this was not in her nature; but an undefined influence, a degree of superiority he assumed, which could not be explained. She could not lay a finger upon any one act or word; he was respectful, outwardly, rather obsequiously so, but she felt he had a power over her husband which she could not bear; but if ever she expressed a wish to have him dismissed, Sir Alfred carelessly remarked that he was a valuable servant; and she knew, though her husband never said it, that James was fixed there—and James ~~was~~ a valuable servant. He could make himself useful in many ways; there was nothing he could not do; he knew exactly what was required in the land-steward of such a property, and never allowed his master to be wronged; he could detect the least default in the work of a laborer, or in the price of an article that was charged above its value; he was honest in his own dealings, as well as watchful over the conduct of those under him—*honest*, that is, in the strict acceptance of the word; he would not cheat his master of a shilling—this was quite beneath him, and would not at all suit his purpose; he was never detected in a falsehood, and seemed by instinct to know whenever there was an attempt to pass one on himself or his master. He had an extraordinary control over himself; no one had ever seen him lose his temper, or heard him use an angry word; yet whosoever had once offended him, was sure to suffer either by losing their situation or in a worse way. No one could trace any complaint that ~~he~~ had brought against them; ~~his~~ hand could not be detected in their misfortune, but once they crossed his path their sun set. The poorer classes regarded him with a sort of superstitious awe, considering it unlucky to speak a word against, though he was not popular amongst his own class. The extraordinary reserve in his manner caused a restraint they could not understand; his personal appearance was, at first sight, in his favor: his figure was manly and well proportioned, above the middle height; his features regular; he

was bald, and this added to the height of his forehead, which was unusually high, but his face was perfectly expressionless, the same bland, unmeaning smile; whether he addressed his superiors or dependents, the control he exercised over his actions seemed to have extended to his very countenance; he never was surprised out of this impressibility, but he could please when it suited his purpose. There was one in Sir Alfred's household who looked favorably on him, and this was Caroline's maid, who had been living with her for years; it was a source of great annoyance to Caroline, but she knew nothing unfavorable of James Forest, and she felt that it would be unjust to prejudice her maid against him. Her own feelings she could not control; she never liked him, and highly disapproved of the influence he had gained over her husband.

Caroline's life was bright and happy; but at times light clouds flitted across the sunshine, which, though they passed away quickly, made her sometimes pause and think. Her husband, she felt, had moments of uneasiness, of which she could not fathom the cause. The sudden changes of mood and countenance, though ever gentle to her, yet at times he even shunned her companionship, and would dart, as if driven by some irresistible impulse, from her. She would watch him with beating heart as he paced the walks through the woods, but feared to intrude on him. She longed, burned to ask him to let her share his sorrow, and comfort him; but she feared that he would then feel her presence as a restraint. Once she ventured, and followed him.

"Alfred, why leave me?" she said; "let me be where you are."

"Dearest," and throwing his arm round her passionately, he said, "I am cursed; why have you linked your bright existence to mine, to blight your sweet existence by the poison of mine?"

"Oh! hush, dear Alfred. What are you saying?"

"Nothing, darling, nothing; I am sometimes gloomy;" and then with an effort he roused himself, and tried to be interested in her pursuits.

Her fears were realized; she saw that if she remarked his gloom that she would only restrain him in her presence, and so resolved never again to allude to the distressing subject.

And so time rolled on, as it does with us all: Caroline happy and contented, he happy with her, loving her deeply, but at times this dark shadow crossing him.

## CHAPTER IV.

### A SUSPICION.

ONE evening, it was getting late, and Caroline rose to retire for the night. As she was leaving the room, her husband rung the bell and ordered James to be sent to him to arrange some accounts.

Some time after Caroline left the room, she remembered that there was a note she had particularly wished to answer, and had forgotten it in her husband's study. She desired her maid to fetch it; but not recollecting exactly where she had put it, she called her back and said she would go herself to look for it. She took a candle, and ran down stairs. As she walked up a long corridor that led to the study, she heard loud voices raised in anger. Not being sure from what direction they proceeded, she stood to listen, when she discovered it was from the library. She waited for a moment without moving, and heard distinctly repeated the name of her cousin, "Charles St. Laurence;" but she could not recognize the voice of the speaker. Still standing, she hesitated should she go on. Advancing a few steps, then, she changed her purpose, and returned hastily to her own room, in a state of great excitement. She repeated to herself, "Charles St. Laurence," a thousand and a thousand times. She only heard the name once, and she could hear nothing more of what was said; but she was convinced she had not been deceived, it was no freak of imagination; she had ceased to think of him altogether; there was no one further from her thoughts at that moment than he was; there was no doubt the name *was* said, and that clearly, distinctly; but then, again, she argued, who had known Charles St. Laurence in that house? None, but herself and her maid. Whose voice was it she heard? Could any stranger have come to her husband after she had left him; but this could not be; there lay the keys on the table; the doors had been locked an hour before. Alfred was in the library, and who was with

him? Then it dawned on her recollection that she had met James going into the room as she left it; but what could James mean by speaking of her cousin? He *had* known him certainly, years ago, before he went abroad with Sir Alfred; but would he mention him, even if he did speak of him, so disrespectfully as "Charles St. Laurence"? Then, again, whoever spoke was in furious anger; James never was known to raise his voice; the more she thought, the more bewildered she became. "There is some ill-luck follows me, connected with him," she said distractedly. Then in vain she tried to calm herself and think of other things, but involuntarily her thoughts recurred to her cousin, and what she had just heard. She could arrive at no satisfactory solution. What forced itself on her mind, with vivid conviction, was that her cousin was *living*. Where or in what manner she could not conjecture, but alive he was, she felt sure.

At first this gave her joy, but the reflection, "there must be something very strange about it," she thought. Why should he remain concealed, or, perhaps, worse—be deprived of his liberty; guilt there seemed connected with his absence, be it in *himself* or *others*. The labyrinth was becoming more involved. Her arguments only seemed to draw her husband into some indefinite crime. "Oh! it was better, far happier, that Charles had been, as we thought, drowned." Stopping herself—"What am I saying?—how dreadful!" She walked up and down the room in nervous excitement till she heard her husband's step; then, snatching a book from the table, she seemed intently absorbed by the perusal, determining that he should not see a trace of the uneasiness she tried to conceal. His expressed surprise at seeing her up so late; and then drawing a chair to the fire sat close beside her, and in great spirits entered into a detail of some alterations which he was about to make. She looked at him in surprise; there was not a trace about him that would lead her to think he had been engaged in any thing extraordinary or unpleasant. She longed to turn the conversation on James, but hardly knew how to accomplish it. Her dread that this man was in some way connected with what she had heard prevented her from recurring to him, and yet she

longed to know all. Her husband suddenly turned to her, and said:

"Caroline, did not your father mention a steward he could highly recommend?"

"Yes," she said, "a man of very good character. I wish we could get a situation for him. Do you know of any one that he would suit?"

"I want him for ourselves," he replied.

"Ourselves," said Caroline, in astonishment; "where is James going?"

"I think he is going to Australia. He has a great deal of money saved, and is ambitious. There he would soon become a rich man."

"Then, I suppose," said Caroline, "my poor little Flora goes with him. I regret very much to lose her; but there is no doubt she is very partial to James."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Sir Alfred placidly. "Do not let her, if you can help it. James Forest is not at all the man calculated for that nice, gentle, young woman."

This was the first time Caroline had ever heard him speak disparagingly of James.

## CHAPTER V.

### A DISCOVERY.

THINGS went on in their usual course. Caroline heard no more of James's emigration, and she never broached the subject to her husband; but a change came over her from the night she had heard her cousin's name so mysteriously mentioned. She lost her spirits, and became silent and abstracted; forever she was repeating those two words, and in vain divining a cause for their utterance. She once thought of making Flora discover from James what he knew about her cousin, but this again she scorned to do; her husband must know something about the subject, and he had never even given her the least hint of it. He did not wish her to know, if there was any thing to be known; and she would trust him—she could not entirely depend on him, but her health gave way. She got thin and pale; but now her mind was turned into another channel, which at the time roused her, and directed her thoughts from that which only tended to make her miserable. Her husband was taken ill, attacked by a

fever that had been for some time prevalent in the neighborhood. All her attention and care was to nurse and watch him. She never resigned her place by his side, or allowed any one to relieve her in her charge. Often, in the delirium of fever, he fancied himself in some distant land, totally unconscious of all around him, and not at all recognizing his wife; then again he would think his father was by his bed; and now he would call, "Charles St. Laurence." Caroline started and sprang towards him, but the incoherency with which he spoke prevented her from understanding aught but the name. She would walk up and down the room, with her hands clasped in terror and dismay, while her husband would continue one moment calling on "Charles" in a loud voice, and then sinking into a low, melancholy murmur.

She determined, let the consequences be what they might, when Sir Alfred recovered, that she would tell him all she had heard. There was more distrust in keeping her breast locked up from him, as she had of late, than in explaining all, and leaving the solving of the difficulty to himself. This determination strengthened her: she was enabled to attend him with more composure of mind than she could have done after he had thus involuntarily alluded to the subject that had for so long made her unhappy.

After some weeks Sir Alfred gradually improved, and with returning health his spirits revived. Caroline had never known him to be so continuously cheerful—the sudden starts and moody looks all disappeared. At first she did not think he was strong enough for her to venture on a subject that she could not divest herself from the idea but that it had been connected with his former depression. And then, as time advanced, and he seemed to have forgotten the past, she felt reluctant to introduce a topic which might revive old recollections, with all the unhappy effects attendant on them, combined with an indescribable horror that she had of finding the clue to the mystery, which prevented any further allusion either to James or her cousin as in any way connected with him.

An invitation to join a shooting-party in the north of Scotland, which Sir Alfred received, determined him on leaving home for a time, as his medical adviser wished that he should strengthen himself by

change of air. He was very reluctant to go alone, as Caroline thought it advisable to remain at home. Her father's health had been failing of late, and she feared, at his time, of any sudden change taking place in her absence. By persuasion and entreaty she induced him to accept the invitation, and Caroline for the first time since her marriage, was separated from her husband. For the first few days she gave way to great depression, a shadow seemed to be hanging over her—a dread of some unknown approaching danger.

Amongst the changes Sir Alfred wished to make in the house, one was to open a door in the library, that would connect it with Caroline's room, and so prevent the circuitous round that was now necessary to go from one room to the other.

These improvements Caroline now decided that she would have completed before his return, and so give her husband a happy surprise. The door in the library she intended to have first begun, as she knew it was what he was most anxious about. She ordered the workmen to be ready to commence operations on the ensuing morning, and the day before prepared the room for them. Knowing her husband's peculiarity of disliking his books and papers to be disturbed, she arranged them all herself; she felt lighter and happier than she had done for many a day, as she went into the library to make these necessary arrangements. She had collected his books and papers, and had them carried into her own room; and now the only thing to be removed was an old-fashioned bureau, that was placed exactly where the door was to be opened; so dismissing the servant who had assisted her, she put his letters in this desk previous to moving it. While so doing, in raising the lid to pack the papers closer together, to enable her to lock it, she pressed a spring, a drawer flew out at the side, which surprised her, as there had been no appearance of one from the outside. She went round to close it; but from the small portion of it that was open, she saw it so covered with dust, and a cobweb formed across it. "Here was a private drawer, in this old piece of furniture, that had been in the family for years, and no one had known of its existence," she thought. "How astonished Alfred would be to discover it." And so thinking, she drew it out further, when she saw far, far back, a small dirk, and a little cloth, discolored

and stained. She took them out, and went over to the window, and examined them. The blade was spotted and rusty: she turned it round and round; the handle was a curious one, with figures raised on it, but so discolored she could hardly discern them. There was a small plate on the hilt, close to the joining, where the blade was inserted, and here she looked for some mark to discover its owner; but the plate was almost black, and she could see nothing. Looking round to find something to rub the plate with, she saw a glove lined with chamois lying on the table. "This is just what I want," she said; and turning out the inside of the glove, she breathed on the plate and rubbed it hard. By degrees she saw the form of letters appearing; she traced them—C.S.L., "C.S.L.," she repeated two or three times; "whose can it have been? There never was one of Alfred's family had those initials. I wonder for how many generations it has been lying here;" and then taking the little cloth she held it up to the light. "Why, this is a pocket handkerchief," she cried. Turning to the corners she saw on one letters. "This must, of course, belong to the owner of the dirk; and perhaps the letters are plainer." Drawing nearer to the window, as the daylight was fast fading, she saw in raised letters C.S.L. "The same letters, I declare; it must be some Charles," she said aloud. The sound of the name seemed to recall some latent thought, for she seized the handkerchief and riveting her eyes on the letters, then with a low cry, "ST.," she said. "Yes, the ST. are together; it is one word—St. Laurence." She sunk down on the nearest chair, speechless, crushed; the dirk fell from her hand; she heard an echo as it resounded on the floor; she could feel nothing; a void; she looked round the room; all seemed strange: she was too much stunned for even the sensations belonging to grief; it was as if a weight had fallen on her, and deprived her of strength. Mechanically she rose, left the room, fastening the door; she took the key with her. She was like one walking in sleep; her eyes staring, without being conscious of seeing any thing. She never rested or set down for a moment; up and down stairs from one room into another, never thinking her mind was vacant. If a servant addressed her, it seemed an effort to comprehend what he said. But when

night came, and all was dark, she had to confine herself to one room. By degrees she felt consciousness returning; she gave way to a natural burst of grief, and sobbed aloud. This relieved her; she was enabled to think. "How cruel, cruel, just as I thought all was right." Her arms crossed on the table before her, and her head raised, she was the picture of despair. "He must be dead," she moaned; "and how—dead." She shuddered all over. "It *was* James; it *must* be," she groaned, as if her heart would break; but though she mentioned James's name it was too plain a deeper thought lay hid, which she dared not even breathe to herself; then she started up, and wringing her hands in black despair, wildly walked up and down. In so doing she came opposite her husband's picture. She darted from it, and covering her face with her hands, she cried: "I shall never look at it again; I must leave him, and never, never see him more." She felt so utterly alone; all her world had been centred in her husband; he had been her ideal of honor, truth, and uprightness; how she had trusted in him; looked up to him in every thing. And now what had he done? The idol was shattered, and her happiness lay withered beside it. The dream was over; there was a gulf between them. This thought was more bitter than all. She groaned in utter misery; her head sunk on her arm; and in this state, thoroughly exhausted she dropped asleep. The present was forgotten; she dreamt of days gone by; of the happy day she and Alfred walked by the river's side; his love and tenderness for her; those words to which she had listened, and to which her heart responded with burning emotion—all was impressed with vivid reality.

It has been remarked that dreams which represent scenes in the imagination or fancy are easily dispelled when one awakes; not so with those that revive feelings or sensations—they retain their influence with a tenacity that it is difficult to shake off. And so it was with Geroline. As she awoke from her slumber, she closed her eyes to recall the most sensations she had experienced, and stretched out her hand to feel was her husband near. The movement recalled her, she opened her eyes and looked round frightened, when she remembered all; but she had undergone a change—the

clung now as much to the thought of her husband, as before she had turned from him. What was the world to her without him? Was he not *her husband, her own*? He loved her as ever—there were his letters, the eager, longing, burning desire to be with her again. “We are all to each other,” she said. “If he has done wrong, concealed another’s crime—or—done worse—I will share the consequences with him—I will weary heaven with prayers for him, and *I will guard him with my life.*” Grasping this thought: “yes, this will be an object to live for; weak and woman as I am, I will—I must save him.” So saying, she lighted her taper, and opening the door, she listened if all was hushed; then she crept down stairs, and noiselessly opened the library door. All was as she had left it. Not hesitating a moment, she steadily closed the drawer of the bureau, locked the desk, snatched up the dirk and handkerchief, and left the room; these she concealed and waited till morning. What a new existence did she rise to. Every thing seemed altered, even her very appearance; there was nothing to remind her of the past, except her love to her husband—this increased. She longed so ardently for his return, and yet she would not ask him back; she feared his remarking the alteration in her. “He must not see me changed,” she thought; “he must never suspect that *I know*”—Sir Alfred did return. He clasped her in his arms; she could not restrain herself; her feelings overpowered her, and in a flood of tears her head sunk on his shoulder. Sir Alfred was alarmed; he held her from him, and parting the hair on her forehead, he looked at her.

“My poor child. Caroline, dearest, how altered you are! You must be ill—suffering when I was away, and not let me know. I must never leave you again.”

“Promise me that,” she cried eagerly, “wherever you go take me; let me be always with you. Alfred, dear Alfred, promise me that.”

She never could bear him out of her sight; even if he went out to ride alone, she was in an agony of apprehension till his return. The nervous excitement, and the effort she made to conceal her grief, and exert herself before her husband, caused a violent reaction in her when she had not the restraining influence of his presence. She, who had been always active, and the life of the house, now became perfectly

listless; resigned all domestic arrangements to Flora, and became quite passive in her hands, even as regarded her personal adornments. This great change in her mistress was observed by Flora, but she assigned another reason, little dreaming of the shadow that hung over her.

## CHAPTER VI.

### A LOVER'S QUARREL, WITH OTHER MATTERS.

ONE day as Flora was going up stairs, she met James just as he was leaving his master's study; he did not at first perceive her; he seemed to be greatly annoyed, and was muttering something inaudible. He started as he came close to her, and asked her would she turn into the housekeeper's room, as he wanted to say a word to her. At first she was reluctant, for of late she had, according to her mistress's advice, rather avoided him, but, on his pressing her in an excited manner so unusual to him, she complied. As they entered the room, he clapped the door angrily, saying under his breath: “I can stand this no longer, and will leave him and his affairs forever; that cursed woman is the cause of all this change.”

Flora, astonished, said: “James, has any thing happened to annoy you? I never saw you put out before.”

“Annoy me!” he answered. “There are nothing but annoyances from morning till night; a man can not do his business without interference. I *will not* stand it; I have made up my mind to leave this immediately. What I wish to ask you, how soon could you be ready for us to start for Australia?”

“O James!” she said blushing, “I don't think that could be.”

“What,” he cried, “you did not object when I mentioned it some months ago; what has made you change your mind now?”

Poor Flora looked very timidly down, twisted the end of her apron in her fingers; she seemed afraid of hurting James's feelings, or that he should think she had treated him badly. In a hesitating manner she said: “When you spoke of Australia before, you said nothing positive; and besides, things are changed. I could not—would not leave my lady, ill as she is now.”

James darted across the room, and seizing her arm as in a vice, "Tell me, girl," he shouted, has *she*, your mistress, been tampering with your feelings towards me? *You* are not the same as you were two months ago."

She looked up at him, frightened terribly at his manner, so extraordinary in him. He seemed to perceive this, for he immediately changed, let go his hold of her arm, and said quietly: "You know, Flora, she has crossed me in every thing, turned my master against me, and now *you*."

She saw him tremble as he said this; but he turned his back towards her and went to the fire-place, and covered his face with his hand. She felt greatly for him. That she loved him she could not deny; and it was only her mistress's constant entreaties to her lately that had induced her to alter her conduct towards him. She thought that, perhaps, it was James's manner that was the cause of Lord Douglass's dislike, and if she could only persuade him to court his mistress, all might yet go on well. She could not bear the idea of marrying him against her mistress's wish; but, in time, if James would only be led by her, Lady Douglass would then see him as he really was. With this idea in her mind she went over to him, and gently laying her hand on his shoulder.

"James," she said, "you judge my lady too rashly. Why should you think she has turned Sir Alfred against you?"

"Because I know it," he answered, without moving. "He has never been the same since she crossed the door."

"It was only yesterday," she continued, "I heard her begging off Jones, though he stole the oats; but the moment he acknowledged it, she made Sir Alfred forgive him. There never was a gentler or kinder being than she is."

"Why," said he, turning towards her, "It is not long since I heard you, yourself, say that you never saw any one so altered as she is. Ay, and I remember you were crying, too, after one of your very gentle mistress's scoldings."

Flora stopped for a moment to remember.

"Oh! altered," said she; "so she is, indeed. I don't think she was ever the same, exactly, since her cousin's death, or disappearance. I can never forget that evening; she was like one distracted."

"Her cousin's," he said, with interest. "Why, what had *she* to do with him?"

"I don't know, I am sure," she said. "Perhaps she liked him; but no, that she did not—much, at least. It was her naturally gentle disposition; and her kindness to his sister after, that was more than I can describe."

Just then the bell rung, and she left hastily to answer her mistress's summons. After she had quitted the room, James stood in the same position without moving a limb. A bystander might have observed a variety of expression passing over his countenance. He was wrapped in deep meditation, and occasionally a triumphant, fiend-like sneer passed over his hard-chiseled lips; then, clapping his clenched hand on the mantel-piece—"It will do," he said. "The first step is taken in the road that leads to —;" and with a hoarse laugh he left the room.

James determined to renew his conversation with Flora at the earliest opportunity. He must get a decided answer. Her refusal, and the reason she assigned for it, enraged him to the last degree. He loved her really; and, in the selfishness of his nature, had long looked forward to being won to better things by her gentle influence. James had to wait, for "the earliest opportunity" did not occur till nearly a week after his last interview. On the following Saturday evening, as he was crossing the passage, the door of the house-keeper's room was lying open, and he saw Flora arranging some linen that she was lifting from a basket into one of the presses in the room. He advanced and offered to assist her, saying: "I hope, Flora, you have thought over what I said to you the other day."

"I have," she answered; "but, James, it is out of the question. It would be more than ungrateful of me to leave my lady now; she depends on me for every thing."

"Again at that," he said; "Flora, you don't know how much hangs on your decision; beware, before you make up your mind. It is not *you* I blame. It will be the worst day *she* ever saw that decides you against me. No! don't try to deceive me; I know well enough. Don't you recollect the day I met you crying coming out of her room; it was some of her cursed advice, as you call it—trying to set you against me."

"O James!" she cried; "indeed it



was not at that I was crying. She never breathed your name to me then. I can tell you the whole circumstance. I was arranging my lady's things in her wardrobe, when I saw a paper parcel wrapped up, which felt heavy. I thought it must have been some of the silver spoons that had been put in there in mistake, and I opened the paper to see—it was an old-fashioned little dagger and a ——”

“A what!” cried James, interrupting her.

“Nothing but a small dagger,” she said. “Not one she was going to kill herself or any body else with. You need not look so astonished, for it was an old, rusty thing. But, as I was saying, she was angry at my opening the parcel that was tied up, and spoke more sharply to me than she had ever done before. That is the whole truth.”

When she looked up she perceived that James had not been attending to the latter part of her sentence at all; but he looked black as midnight, and had his eyes fixed on the ground.

“Don't look so, James; you frighten me,” she said.

“Flora,” he said excitedly, but with a great effort of assumed calmness; “once more—will you come with me immediately? There can be no delay. We can live very happily far away from this. Come. Refuse me, and——” He seemed to hang on the answer she would give. She was silent a moment; he bent down, not to lose a word of what she might say.

“No, James,” she whispered; “I can not—I dare not.”

He never answered, but walked up and down the room; there seemed to be some terrible struggle within him. At last, as if his resolution was taken, he muttered: “I am driven to it. It is *her* own doing.” He stood before Flora a moment, as she was stooped over the basket—

“Flora, will you do one thing for me—don't mention my wish to go to Australia, or your—your refusal of me to any one?”

“James, how could you think I would?”

“And will you just let me see that dagger, only for one moment?” he continued hesitatingly.

“What dagger?” she said, quite forgetting. “Is it that little, old thing I saw the other day?”

“Yes, yes, that very one,” he answered impatiently.

“What on earth do you want with it?”

“Nothing particular. There was a valuable one lost that belonged to Sir Alfred's uncle, some years ago; a poor fellow, too, was accused of taking it, and suffered for it. I only want to look at it; it can do harm,” he said.

“I don't like,” she said, “taking any thing out of my ——”

“Oh! I knew that. Well, Flora, beware; you are always putting your mistress between us;” and he turned to leave the room.

“O James!” she cried, “you make me miserable. I will do this for you; but I feel—I know—I am doing wrong.”

So saying she left the room to get what he had asked for. As she left him, James walked to the window. His face was deadly pale; he looked like one who was held back by some invisible hand on the threshold of a fearful danger. Another step and he was past hope.

“She has taken all from me,” he said bitterly; “and now the last—the only one that could have made me a better man—the one being in the world I cared for. It is too late—too late.”

He heard Flora's step and went to meet her at the door.

“Quick, quick,” she said; “I am called;” and, leaving the parcel in his hand, she ran back.

## Q U E E N   E L I Z A B E T H .

As an embellishment of the present number of the *ECLECTIC*, we present a rare and remarkable portrait of England's renowned Queen Elizabeth, or "England's Maiden Queen," as she preferred to be called. It is a fitting companion print to the portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, in our last number. Both were women of fame, filling large chapters in the history of England. We reproduce their portraits, beautifully engraved by the admirable skill of Mr. Sartain, both as specimens of art and as illustrations of their personal history, which can hardly fail to interest our readers.

The costume and drapery of the Elizabeth portrait will strike the eye as curious and strange. The whole aspect is characteristic of the person and the age in which she held a position so exalted and conspicuous. In an age which delighted in the pictorial riddles of inexhaustible allegory, it is perhaps not very strange that she should have adopted this mode of displaying such devices; still less that one of the vainest women in the world should have invented or accepted such as might attribute to herself the beneficence and splendor of the sun, the wisdom of the serpent, and the vigilance of the most acute and watchful organs of the human frame. The serpent, the eyes and ears so curiously conspicuous upon her robe, as if looking and listening, indicate assumptions of intelligence, such as we do not remember to have seen on any other portrait. Her wardrobe, at the time of her death, contained more than two thousand dresses of the fashions of all countries, of all times, and of all contrivances that busy fancy could suggest.

The portrait is taken from the collection of the most noble the Marquis of Salisbury, at Hatfield, and is regarded as one of great value of this illustrious personage. Zuccherro, the original painter of this portrait of Elizabeth, had been employed in France by the Cardinal of Lorraine. From France he came over to England in 1574, and while here painted several fine portraits, particularly one of Queen Elizabeth. His stay was short, writes

Walpole, as he was offended with our religion. He went to Spain, and was employed by Philip II. to paint frescoes in the Escorial.

We have given this brief sketch of the portrait, to which we add a brief outline of her life, as being all that our room will permit, and all that may be necessary, as most of our readers are doubtless familiar with her history.

Elizabeth, Queen of England, was the daughter of Henry VIII., by his second wife, Anne Boleyn. She was born at Greenwich, the seventh of September, 1533. She was not three years old therefore when her mother was brought to the block in May, 1536. In 1535, a negotiation was entered into for the marriage of Elizabeth to the Duke of Angoulême, the third son of Francis I. of France; but it was broken off before any agreement was come to. In 1546 also, Henry proposed to the Emperor Charles V., with the view of breaking off a match then contemplated between the Emperor's son, the Prince of Spain, afterwards Philip II., with a daughter of the French King, that Philip should marry the Princess Elizabeth; but neither alliance took place. In 1550, in the reign of Edward VI., it was proposed that Elizabeth should be married to the eldest son of Christian III. of Denmark; but the negotiation seems to have been stopped by her refusal to consent to the match.

Camden gives the following account of the situation and employments of Elizabeth at this period of her life, in the introduction to his history of her reign. "She was both," he says, "in great grace and favor with King Edward, her brother, as likewise in singular esteem with the nobility and people; for she was of admirable beauty, and well deserving a crown, of a modest gravity, excellent wit, royal soul, happy memory, and indefatigably given to the study of learning; insomuch, as before she was seventeen years of age she understood well the Latin, French, and Italian tongues, and had an indifferent knowledge of the Greek. Neither did she neglect music, so far as it became a princess, being able to sing sweetly, and

play handsomely on the lute. With Roger Ascham, who was her tutor, she read over Melancthon's *Common-Places*, all Tully, a great part of the histories of Titus Livius, certain select orations of Isocrates, Sophocles' Tragedies, and the New Testament in Greek, etc.

On the death of Edward, Camden says that an attempt was made by Dudley to induce Elizabeth to resign her title to the crown for a sum of money, and certain lands to be settled on her: her reply was, "that her elder sister, the Lady Mary, was first to be agreed withal; for as long as the said Lady Mary lived she, for her part, could challenge no right at all." At Mary's coronation, in October, 1553, according to Holinshed, as the Queen rode through the city towards Westminster, the chariot in which she sat was followed by another "having a covering of cloth of silver, all white, and six horses trapped with the like, wherein sate the Lady Elizabeth and the Lady Anne of Cleve."

From this time Elizabeth, who had been brought up in their religion, became the hope of the Protestant party. Her position, however, was one of great difficulty. At first she refused to attend her sister to mass, endeavoring to soothe Mary by appealing to her compassion; after some time, however, she yielded an outward compliance. The death of Mary took place on the seventeenth of November, 1558. Elizabeth came to London on Wednesday the twenty-third: she was met by all the bishops in a body at Highgate, and escorted by an immense multitude of people of all ranks to the metropolis, where she took up her lodgings at the residence of Lord North, in the Charter House. On the afternoon of Monday, the twenty-eighth, she made a progress through the city in a chariot to the royal palace of the Tower.

Elizabeth was twenty-five years of age when she came to the throne; and one of her earliest acts of royalty, by which, as Camden remarks, she gave proof of a prudence above her years, was what we should now call the appointment of her ministers. Cecil became Lord High Treasurer on the death of the Marquis of Winchester in 1572, and continued to be Elizabeth's principal adviser till his death in 1598. Of the other persons who served as ministers during Elizabeth's long reign, by far the most worthy of note was Sir Francis Walsingham, who was principal

Secretary of State from 1573 till his death in 1590, and was, all the time they were in office together, the confidential friend and chief assistant of Cecil the Premier.

The affair to which Elizabeth first applied her attention on coming to the throne, and that in connection with which all the transactions of her reign must be viewed, was the settlement of the national religion. The opinions of Cecil strongly concurred with her own in favor of the reformed doctrines, to which also undoubtedly the great mass of the people were attached. The Protestants alike in Scotland, in France, and in the Netherlands, (then subject to the dominion of Philip,) regarded Elizabeth as firmly bound to their cause by her own interests; and she on her part kept a watchful eye on the religious and political contentions of all these countries, with a view to the maintenance and support of the Protestant party, by every species of countenance and aid short of actually making war in their behalf. With the Protestant government in Scotland, which had deposed and imprisoned the Queen, she was in open and intimate alliance; in favor of the French Huguenots she at one time negotiated or threatened, at another even went the length, scarcely with any concealment, of affording them pecuniary assistance; and when the people of the Netherlands at length rose in revolt against the oppressive government of Philip, although she refused the sovereignty of their country, which they offered to her, she lent them money, and in various other ways openly expressed her sympathy and good-will.

The Queen of Scots was put to death in 1587, by an act of which it is easier to defend the state policy than either the justice or the legality. Elizabeth died on the twenty-fourth of March, 1603, in the seventieth year of her age and the forty-fifth of her reign. One of the first requests addressed to her by the Parliament after she came to the throne was that she would marry; but for reasons which were probably various, though with regard to their precise nature we are rather left to speculation and conjecture than possessed of any satisfactory information, she persisted in remaining single to the end of her days. Yet she coquetted with many suitors almost to the last. In 1571, proposals were made by Catherine de' Medici for a marriage between Elizabeth and her

son Charles IX., and afterwards in succession with her two younger sons, Henry, Duke of Anjou, (afterwards Henri III.,) and Francis, Duke of Alençon, (afterwards Duke of Anjou.) The last match was again strongly pressed some years after; and in 1581 the arrangement for it had been all but brought to a conclusion, when, at the last moment, Elizabeth drew back, declining to sign the marriage articles, after she had taken up the pen for the purpose. Very soon after the death of Leicester, the young Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, whose mother Leicester had married, was taken into the same favor that had been so long enjoyed by the deceased nobleman; and his tenure of the royal partiality lasted, with some intermissions, till he destroyed himself by his own hot-headedness and violence. He was executed for a frantic attempt to excite an insurrection against the government in 1601. Elizabeth, however, never recovered from this shock; and she may be said to have sealed her own sentence of death in signing the death-warrant of Essex.

Both the personal character of Elizabeth and the character of her government have been estimated very differently by writers of opposite parties. That she had great qualities will hardly be disputed by any one who duly reflects on the difficulties of the position she occupied, the consummate policy and success with which she directed her course through the dangers that beset her on all sides, the courage and strength of heart that never failed her, the imposing attitude she maintained in the eyes of foreign nations, and the admiration and pride of which she was the object at home. She was undeniably endowed with great good sense, and with a true feeling of what became her place. The weaknesses, and also the more for-

bidding features of her character, on the other hand, are so obvious as scarcely to require to be specified.

Her literary knowledge was certainly very considerable; but of her compositions (a few of which are in verse) none are of much value, nor evidence any very superior ability, with the exception perhaps of some of her speeches to the Parliament. A list of the pieces attributed to her may be found in Walpole's *Royal and Noble Authors*.

Her reign, take it all in all, was a happy as well as a glorious one for England. The kingdom under her government acquired and maintained a higher and more influential place among the States of Europe, principally by policy, than it had ever been raised to by the most successful military exertions of former ages. Commerce flourished and made great advances, and wealth was much more extensively and rapidly diffused among the body of the people than at any former period. It is the feeling of progress, rather than any degree of actual attainment, that keeps a nation in spirits; and this feeling every thing conspired to keep alive in the hearts of the English in the age of Elizabeth; even the remembrance of the stormy times of their fathers, from which they had escaped, lending its aid to heighten the charm of the present calm. To these happy circumstances of the national condition was owing, above all, and destined to survive all their other products, the rich native literature, more especially in poetry and the drama, which now rushed up, as if from the tillage of a virgin soil, covering the land with its perennial fruit and flowers. Spenser and Shakspeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Raleigh and Bacon, and many other eminently distinguished names, gained their earliest celebrity in the Elizabethan age.

## LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

**"STEAM SUPERSEDED."**—Dr. A. H. Ensmann, of Stettin, proposes, as a substitute for steam, carbonic acid in the solid form, and anticipates that his discovery (?) will lead to the navigation of the atmosphere with balloons. It is nearly a quarter of a century since Thilorier succeeded in producing solid carbonic acid, and the process of making it has since been much simplified by Faraday and Natterer. Faraday has stated that carbonic acid is a singular substance, on account of the high pressure which emanates from it in passing from the solid state: there is nothing equal to it in this respect. Its vapor is said to have an enormous pressure which increases with its temperature. At zero, it is equal to 23 atmospheres; at 16 degrees, to 29 atmospheres; and at 32 degrees, to 38 atmospheres. The only difficulty was the production of the solid acid in sufficient quantities; but Natterer has succeeded in obtaining several pounds at once, and his apparatus, which will stand a pressure of 2000 atmospheres, is now sold at Vienna for £10. We are not told the cost per pound of the acid, nor its economy as compared with steam.—*The Builder*.

**A TERRIBLE ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION.**—A discovery which occupies the Emperor of the French for the moment, to the exclusion of all other discoveries of the same nature, is a new machine for the arming of ships of war, which is said to be the most terrible engine of destruction yet invented. This machine consists in a combination of a whole broadside, being constructed so as to be fired at once, and to be directed to any given point, so that no enemy's ship, however powerful, could resist the shock, which would sink a whole fleet if within range. The contrivance is said to be an improvement on the infernal machine of Fieschi, which you must remember was a radius of small guns. So that you see even treason has its uses, and if the Fieschi artillery be but charged with the Orsini shell, why then destruction of life will be achieved upon the grandest scale! The machine—which as yet bears no name—is to be acted upon by electricity, as no gunner could withstand the recoil (?). As the reporter of the superb invention naively exclaims: "Here is an invention which will leave far behind it the famous Armstrong gun, just tested with so much success in England."—*Paris Letter*.

**RAILWAY STOCK.**—The working stock of the London and North-western Railway on the 30th of June last was as follows: 779 locomotive engines, 772 tenders, 1 state carriage, 710 first-class mail and composite carriages, 566 second-class, 425 third-class, 32 traveling post-offices and post-office tenders, 313 horse boxes, 259 carriage trucks, 273 guard, break, and parcel vans; 31 parcel carts and trucks; 11,058 wagons, 1238 cattle wagons, 279 sheep vans, 1222 coke wagons, 27 trolleys, trucks, etc., 8500 sheets, and 298 horses.

**MOUNT VESUVIUS.**—At 3 A.M. on the morning of the 3d instant (says a correspondent writing from Vesuvius) the crater, in the direction of Pompeii formed a fosse, so that it is now impossible to ascertain its actual depth. Flames of various colors proceed from it; the whole crater trembles, and the fissures which are made in it are now a bed of fire. Towards the Hermitage another opening has been made, with two separate "chimneys," one of which throws out fire stones, and the other pumice and ashes. The mouth from which the circular flame issued is now much enlarged. At the foot of the mountain, in the direction of Resina, a small crater has been formed, from which are ejected red-hot stones, weighing a pound each. About 200 feet below it a crater has been formed in a fosse, whence issues red-hot lava, which runs forwards so violently that, if it took a straightforward direction, it must arrive soon in Resina or Portici. It branches off, however, in three different directions.

**THE LATE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.**—The death of the Queen of Portugal, on the 16th, is an event of deeply melancholy interest. It seems almost but yesterday since the youthful and handsome sovereign was in England, paying a visit to Queen Victoria, prior to her departure for Lisbon, where her affianced husband awaited her arrival. During her stay here her portrait graced the columns of the illustrated journals, and her features must be still fresh in the recollection of the public. She was a Saxon princess, born June 15, 1837, and on the day preceding that of her death entered upon her 23d year. Both the King of Portugal and his deceased Queen being nearly related to our own court, the sad event which has just occurred of course involves the necessity of the court going into mourning for a lengthened period. The cause of death was the mysterious disease known by the now familiar name of diphtheria.

**THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III. AT KNUTSFORD.**—He was a visitor in the neighborhood for some time, and attended the country ball, just before he was elected President of the French Republic in 1848. He purchased, I am told, a saddle from Mr. Hickson, and the peculiar articles of the lower man for which the late Mr. Slater had been long renowned. But what shows the Emperor's genius and prefigures his power is the feat related of him, that he would occasionally after dinner place all the chairs with their backs against the table, and then adroitly walk round on the top rail of the chairs—a singular road for as singular a locomotive. He must, however, have learnt the art of balancing himself and controlling others, or he would not have seated himself so cleverly as he has done on the throne of Imperial power.

**THE heat is becoming intolerable in Paris.** The thermometer marked at three o'clock on the 18th 96 degrees of Fahrenheit in the shade, with a light breeze nearly as oppressive as the sirocco.

FRANCIS JOSEPH CHARLES, Emperor of Austria, is the eldest son of the Archduke Francis Charles, brother of Ferdinand I., and who stood next to him in order of succession to the throne. He was born on the eighteenth of August, 1830. It is well known that, after the revolution of 1848 Ferdinand abdicated his throne in favor of his nephew, who accordingly took the reins of power on the second of December, 1849. In the then unsettled—not to say distracted—condition of the empire it might be supposed that it was no easy task that was undertaken by a youth not yet twenty years of age. It was, no doubt, supposed that this was an advantage to him, as he might well be unfettered by any of the traditions of previous rulers of the empire, and more susceptible of the influences of truth and justice, especially as, on ascending the throne, he promised, in the most solemn manner, to give freedom and a constitutional government to his country. His first proclamation contained the following passage: "We are convinced of the necessity and value of free institutions, and enter with confidence on the path of a prosperous reformation of the monarchy. On the basis of true liberty, on the basis of the equality of the rights of all our people, and the equality of all citizens before the law, and on the basis of their equal participation in the representation and legislation, the country will rise to its ancient grandeur, and will become a hall to shelter the many nations united under the scepter of our fathers." Nevertheless, his first act was to dissolve the National Representative Assembly; the second, to cancel the ancient Constitution of Hungary, and promulgate a charter which no attempt was made to realize, and which, in 1851, was withdrawn. By the aid of the Emperor of Russia he succeeded in putting an end to the revolt in Hungary, while Radetsky secured the submission of Lombardy and Venetia. Having thus gained internal peace, such as it was, he, in September, 1851, promulgated an edict in which he declared his Ministers responsible to no other political authority but his own; and, in fact, as is well known, established, and has continued to carry out, as absolute and uncontrolled a personal rule over his dominions as is possessed by any monarch in the world. There is no doubt that, looking from his own point of view, his foreign policy has been successful, inasmuch as it has always contrived to make Austria somehow almost the turning-point of European politics. Of his latest acts, in connection with the war just closed, it is not necessary to speak beyond expressing a belief that Austria, in spite of the sacrifices of men and treasures and loss of territory which she has undergone, will probably for the future occupy as strong an attitude in Continental policy as she has ever possessed, while her position will be very much less troublesome to maintain than it has been since 1854. Such is one of the results of a so-called war of freedom. In April, 1854, Francis Joseph married Elizabeth Amelie Eugenie, Princess of Bavaria, and has issue several children. The Emperor of Austria is said to possess a fair share of talent, inherited from his mother, the Archduchess Sophia, whose abilities and influence in her native country were well known.

ON account of the *fête* of the 15th inst., the Emperor Napoleon has pardoned 1127 persons sentenced for various crimes, offenses, and infringements of the law, or reduced the terms of their imprisonment.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE FOUNTAINS.—It is announced that there is now, for the first time at this season of the year, stored in the lakes and reservoirs of the Crystal Palace, a supply of water sufficient for a frequent display of the entire system of water-works there. When the whole series is being played no less than 12,000 jets are in operation, discharging, in the aggregate, 120,000 gallons per minute. To raise the water from the lower lake to the summit of the high-water tower requires several engines of the aggregate horse-power of 330. For ordinary occasions the water is received into two reservoirs, the upper and larger of which is at the foot of the north tower; from this the water is forced by steam-power to the tanks at the tops of the towers, which are 700 feet above the level of the Thames, and more than 200 feet above the surface of Sydenham Hill. Each tank contains 360,000 gallons of water, the weight of which is 1576 tons. These tanks at the top of the towers contain fish, which have been forced up the pipes when very small in size, and have grown considerably since.

FRANCE: PARIS, August 15.—At the banquet given to the principal chiefs of the army last evening, the Emperor spoke the following:

"Gentlemen: The joy which I feel in finding myself with the principal chiefs of the army of Italy would be complete if regrets were not mingled at seeing about to separate soon a force so well organized and so formidable. As sovereign, as general in chief, I thank you for your confidence in me, who had not before commanded an army. A portion of the soldiers are about to return to their homes. Yourselves are likewise going to resume your peaceful occupations. Do not forget what we have accomplished together, in order that the remembrance of the obstacles we have overcome and the dangers we have avoided may afterwards recur to our memory. If France has done so much for a friendly people, what would she not do for her own independence?"

THE EMPRESS AT THE FÊTE.—The aspect of the Empress Eugénie must be recorded as the most memorable. Never was beauty beheld to greater advantage than on this occasion. Attired in white, enveloped in clouds of rich lace, through which her soft complexion was softened even more, she appeared the most perfect realization of imperial grace and dignity which has ever been beheld. The taste displayed by her costume was also matter of admiration. No fantastical bonnet concealed her features from the admiring crowd; a long veil of Brussels point was thrown over her head, and the forehead encircled with the imperial diadem—the great Sancy diamond in which flashed and sparkled in the sun with the rarest brilliancy.

THERE is a caricature privately circulating in Paris representing the Emperor Napoleon putting a cat, a dog, a monkey, a parrot, a woman, and a serpent all into one bag. The Emperor Francis Joseph looks on in some surprise, and inquires "*Que faites vous là?*" "An Italian Confederation," replies Napoleon, "and you will be as good as to put one of your arms into it." "Very willingly," replies the Austrian, "Armed with my 800,000 claws."



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## ELIZABETH STUART, QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.\*

DESPITE follies and crimes, a peculiar fascination has ever attached to the house of Stuart. It almost seems as if the charms of Queen Mary had been perpetuated in her descendants. To this day our national poetry laments their misfortunes or anticipates their triumphs, and, while every sober-minded man thinks as a "Hanoverian," we are all content to dream as "Jacobites." We care not at present to discuss either the grounds of these sentiments, or their strict propriety;

all the more so, perhaps, that portraying the Queen of Bohemia—the ancestress of our present monarch—we are face to face with at least one Stuart, whose title as "Queen of Hearts" can be vindicated against every objector. Not a fanciful but a real designation hers, given by the noble British volunteers during that hard ride from Prague, when her churlish father had refused even a shadowy name to one who had lost all else beside; and since ratified both by her contemporaries and by history. How for a long time her name was the common watchword of Cavalier and Roundhead, how swords leaped from their scabbards in her cause, how the most cautious grew enthusiastic, and the most undecided energetic—how

\* *Elisabeth Stuart, Gemahlin Friedrich's V. von der Pfalz.* Von Dr. SÖLTL. Three vols. Hamburg: J. A. Meissner. 1840.

*Geschichte Kaiser Ferdinands II. und seiner Eltern, etc.,* durch F. VON HUTER. Vols. VII., VIII., IX. Schaffhausen: Hurter, 1854-1858.

her own and the rights of her family became the central question of European politics—will appear in the sequel. But other and higher than merely political considerations were connected with her fate. In some measure, she may indeed be also regarded as representing the interests of entire continental Protestantism; and in that Thirty Years' War, on the issue of which the continuance of the new church seemed to depend, Elizabeth Stuart forms throughout the central figure. Lastly, during the forty years of her weary exile, continued energy which sufferings never paralyzed, and deepening meekness, gentleness, and faith which energetic action never put into the background, proved to friend and foe that this woman was always a princess, and that this princess always remained and felt as a woman.

From materials such as these, to construct a history might appear no difficult task, especially considering the immense literature which German and British industry has accumulated in connection with the subject. Not a state-paper, letter, controversial tract, or secret negotiation, but will be found in the folios of *Londorp* or *Kherenhiller*, or has since yielded its contents to the patient analysis of *Aretin*, *Wolf*, *Müller*, and *Mrs. Green*; nay, of late, all the archives of Vienna have again been thrown open to *F. v. Huter*, whose neophyte zeal has undertaken the double task of defending Jesuit religion and Hapsburg policy. These vast chronicles have been condensed by numerous writers with more or less artistic skill and party bias. Unfortunately, however, while each according to the ability or diligence in him, has faithfully copied details, none has succeeded in drawing a portrait. Facts and chapters have followed each other with unerring regularity, but the story wants unity, light, and life. "They have seen the trees, but missed the wood;" and the character both of Elizabeth and of her time remains yet to be studied. The last or anecdotal attempt at reading this period, made by Miss Strickland, need scarcely be noticed at great length, as it can not be ranked with the serious contributions to our history. "Smartness" in historical composition is the latest but the least promising development in literature. Considering Miss Strickland's party bias, it would perhaps have been unreasonable to expect the

faculty of discerning the "signs of a time;" but the most moderate historical information might at least have prevented the ludicrous blunders which crowd her volume, from the vignette on the title-page to the end of the story. The MS. authorities to which our authoress so frequently refers, having been already sufficiently explored by *Mrs. Green*, we would advise her, in future editions, to bestow her attention on the less recondite but more useful subjects of Chronology and Geography. In that case she may, indeed, continue with lady-like *négligence* to throw about charges against persons and parties whom she understands not, and of whom she knows next to nothing, but she will at least avoid the smile raised by introducing the sect of the Taborites more than one hundred and fifty years after it had entirely ceased to exist, or by declaring that the road from the Upper Palatinate (which lay along the western boundary of Bohemia) to Prague led through Moravia and Silesia! Thus much, then, for a volume in which the greatest assurance and the happiest ignorance are lovingly united in a "pictorial style;" thus much also for the literature of the subject generally. And now, with such help as we can get from any or all these sources, do we address ourselves to the history of the first and only "Protestant Queen of Bohemia."

For many a year had not more genuine national joy vibrated through the length and breadth of our island than on merry St. Valentine, A.D. 1613. Whitehall chapel was gayly decorated for a bridal ceremony: outside, the streets thronged with joyous, eager multitudes; inside, a royal procession, and by the steps of the altar, a very youthful couple, over which prelates are invoking the blessing of Heaven and the blessing of peoples. Although neither Elizabeth Stuart nor her youthful husband, Elector Frederic of the Palatinate, had completed their seventeenth year, their names were already the watchword of two great parties. In a court whose religious principles were sufficiently loose, Elizabeth was looked upon as the representative and the hope of Protestant Christianity. Without questioning either the zeal or theological acumen of James, the moral instinct of a nation awakening into deep religious earnestness, shrunk from the trifling pedant, as if it felt that his "lararium" was only large enough to



hold one statue in life-size—that of himself. His consort, Anne of Denmark, was a Papist, and as such had but lately communicated in the private chapel of the Spanish ambassador, Don Alonzo de Velasco. Prince Henry of Wales, the idol of the nation, and trained a staunch Protestant, had a few months ago been snatched by the hand of death; and the slender health of Charles, the only remnant member of the royal family, seemed not likely to interpose a lasting barrier between the Princess Elizabeth and the throne of Britain. All the more needful, then, that she should be saved from court intrigues and Popish machinations, and bestowed on one every way so worthy her hand as Frederic, the leading and traditional representative of continental Protestantism. Besides, this union between the most powerful prince of Germany, whose House had long headed the resistance to Papist aggressions and Hapsburg encroachments, with the daughter of the most puissant Protestant king, whose resources even at that time might have been almost unlimited, promised to complete the great anti-Papal federation so long planned and essayed. In truth, this marriage was the most—if not the only—popular act of James' reign. All Germany regarded it as a significant fact; all Britain, save Popish abettors and conspirators, rejoiced in it as a great national event, as a political triumph, and even a religious achievement.

Two very young people these, on whom to devolve such work, duties, and cares; whose training had indeed supplied all that artificial means could—mostly in eliciting what already existed—but whose native strength must, each of its own kind, be almost gigantic to carry this burden. Providence has destined the few for commanding, the many for obeying; and accordingly among the multitudes who, as circumstances indicate, become respectable councilors, instructors, officers, officials, or peddlers, they are exceptions whose keen glance can penetrate beyond that of the commonalty, whose secret purpose can steadily follow its own object, or whose strong hand can manfully grasp and firmly retain its hold. However this may be, the early years of the royal children had passed pleasantly and usefully. Born at Falkland Palace nineteenth August, 1596, Elizabeth had been baptized in Holyrood Abbey on the

twenty-eighth November; Ambassador Bowes, representing the Virgin Queen of England, carried the infant to the font. Her first seven years were spent chiefly at Linlithgow and Dunfermline, under the charge of Ladies Livingstone and Ochiltree. Early in 1603, James succeeded to the throne of England, to which country his consort and family soon followed him. Our countrymen never again saw her, whom afterwards, by a special envoy, they claimed as the “eldest daughter of Scotland”—in whose cause so much of our best blood was shed, and for whose deliverance and success rose so many and so earnest prayers. In October, 1603, the education of the Princess was confided to Lord and Lady Harrington. The affectionate child, to whom parting from Lady Ochiltree had been so great a calamity, found in Combe Abbey, the residence of the Harringtons, others to love; and the friendships formed in the home of her childhood continued through life. Between the Princess and her brother Henry, to whom she clung with passionate attachment, tender, we had almost said romantic, letters passed. Nothing broke the quiet of her retreat except the Gunpowder Plot, the design of the conspirators being to elevate the Princess to the throne of England. As all other parts of the plot, so the attempt to gain possession of her person, failed through the vigilance of her guardians. It was on this occasion that the youthful Frederic penned his first epistle to his future father-in-law. Matrimonial projects were at all times a favorite pursuit with “the wisest of fools.” Accordingly, before Elizabeth was more than seven years old, he had planned a double alliance with France to which the poor child was made privy. This was in due time followed by numberless other suits; among them, notably one with the widowed and intensely Popish monarch of Spain, strongly supported by Anne and the Papist party, and which the King contemplated with more zest than accords with his Protestant zeal. Had the temper of the people or the character of Elizabeth brooked it, James might not have found it very difficult to assuage his own scruples. The proposal of the youthful Gustavus Adolphus—the only suitor worthy her hand—was put aside from deference to the prejudices of the King of Denmark. Among all the other applicants, the

Elector Palsgrave seemed the most promising; and him, accordingly, James chose. Even Queen Anne, who at first had given the match a more than passive resistance, at last relaxed so far as to honor the wedding with her presence.

The beautiful and fertile domains of the Counts Palatine, presently forming part chiefly of the kingdom of Bavaria, were divided into the Rhenish or Lower, and the Bavarian or Upper Palatinate, which bordered on Bohemia. The residence of the Elector was fixed in romantic Heidelberg, at that time a populous and prosperous city. Passing through narrow streets, and across the market-place, a stranger would find himself at the entrance to a castle, of which each portion had its own romantic story. Successive Electors had added to its vast dimensions, till its size exceeded that of any British palace. From the windows the eye roamed over a smiling landscape of gardens and vineyards, of river and dale. The subjects of the Palatinate were an eminently peaceful and loyal race. Blessed with a succession of good sovereigns, they had been allowed to obey the dictates of their consciences to a greater extent than perhaps any of their German compatriots. Miss Strickland is entirely mistaken in asserting that "the Rhenish princes had been foremost in Luther's Reformation, and in the first religious war of Germany (can Miss S. say *which*?) the whole Palatinate had been Lutheran, the people following the religion of the temporal ruler, just as sheep are driven by the shepherd's dog." It happens that in *this* case the people were Lutherans before their princes left the old Church, and that the *first* Protestant Palsgrave—Frederic III., (*ob.* 1570)—whose singular piety and earnestness, at a period when such qualities were rare, were owned by friend and foe, was not Lutheran, but *intensely Calvinistic*.\* Louis VI., the son of Frederic, adopted Lutheranism; but with his successor, Frederic IV., Calvinism became again the religion of the State—the creed of Luther remaining, however, dominant in the Upper Palatinate. Frederic IV. was, on the whole, a good monarch, and his reign prosperous for his country. Without the deep principle of his sire, or the broad political sympathies which had in-

duced him to give aid to the French Huguenots, in an age of braggards, sots, and bigots, he at least "saw and approved what was more excellent." Under his rule Mannheim rose, and the great Protestant Union, which afterwards deserted his son, was formed. But alas! the good old German manners had sadly given way to finical luxuriousness on the one hand, and to unbounded coarseness on the other.\* In olden days a Palatine Regent would spend his evening over a convivial cup in the house of the pastor or the apothecary, or of some favorite official. The plate of the richest noble in the land would consist of a tankard, some cups, a couple of salts, and a score or so of spoons; his wardrobe, of a few silken or velvet doublets and hose; his furniture, of lumbering bedstead, oaken chairs and tables. How different now! costly tapestry, three or four scores of suits, and jewelry of which the tale would cover we know not how many folio pages, are deemed necessary part of a nobleman's equipment. And though the refined court of Heidelberg was far from indulging in the drunken orgies which disgraced the household of the Elector of Saxony, the candid entry of having "been drunk," recurs in the Elector's diary more frequently than seems consistent with the *juxta-notation* of religious duties. But so far as the education of the Elector's children was concerned, these failings of Frederic were amply compensated by the wisdom and virtues of his spouse, Louisa Juliana, whose highest praise (despite Miss Strickland's sneers) it is, that she proved not unworthy her heroic father, William of Orange, and her noble mother, Charlotte de Montpensier. With singular prudence, the electoral couple had committed the training of their eldest son to the Duke of Bouillon, who had wedded the sister of Juliana. Far from the flatterers of Heidelberg, at the small court of Sedan, Bouillon taught young Frederic V. every knightly accomplishment, and, better still, imbued him with deep and unaffected attachment to the religion of his fathers. The death of Frederic IV. (1610) left these arrangements undisturbed. In 1612 the Prince was still in Sedan—the following year he stood in Whitehall chapel by the side of Elizabeth Stuart.

\* Comp. C. Olivianus u. F. Ursinus von K. Sudhoff, and Struve's Pfälzische Kirchenhistorie.

\* Comp. the details in Häusser's *Gesch. d. Pfälz.*, vol. ii. *passim*.

The marriage-rejoicings in England had been brought to a somewhat abrupt termination. Both parties had disbursed more money than they could well afford. Besides a dower of forty thousand pounds and an annual pension of four thousand pounds, James had expended upwards of fifty-three thousand pounds. The young Palatine had been equally lavish with his means, and even more so with his promises, agreeing to every absurd claim — among the rest, to that of giving his wife the precedence over himself. But as yet every augury seemed favorable. The festivities which had greeted the young couple in Britain were renewed on a larger scale during their progress over the Continent, from the moment when, amid salvos of artillery, they set foot on Dutch ground, (twenty-ninth April,) to that when, wearied with sham-fights, triumphal arches, florid speeches, and mythological compliments, the bride was locked in the arms of the good Juliana in Heidelberg Castle, (seventeenth June.) The mind gets bewildered amidst all these demonstrations, theological, oratorical, mythological — amidst fireworks, chases, daily consumption of twenty thousand bottles of wine, and other indications of courtly and popular joy, of which the curious reader may find ample and even poetic description in the chroniclers of the time. These past, life in earnest ought to begin, and in some measure, indeed, may be said to have begun. Of Elector Frederic V. we catch occasional glimpses, coursing beside his merry spouse, or in deliberation with his council and German princes on things too high for him, or else buried in deepest melancholy, from which he can scarcely be roused. Already it is evident, that for all rule, even domestic rule, but especially such as now devolves on him in Germany, his hand is too weak. As for Electress Elizabeth, her childhood is not yet past. In vain the methodical Schomberg inculcates the duty of economy, and of learning to say *No*, converting his aphorisms even into written regulations for “the guidance of her Highness.” At length the good man gets quit both of English attendants and of English and other debts — Elizabeth, all the time, only playing, racing, hunting. What she is, lies yet concealed most probably from herself as well as others. On second January, 1614, the young Electress bore her first

son, Frederic Henry — somewhat in advance of the slow movements of Lady de Burgh and Mrs. Mercer, sent to her from England; in honor of which occasion, King James entertained nobles, liberated prisoners, and settled additional two thousand pounds on Elizabeth; “Auld Reekie” consumed “six score fourteen pound weight of powder at xvi s. the pound,” “for joy of the news;” while the chronicler of “the fair city” records “bonfires, ringing of bells, and other pastimes,” and German knights and burghers may be supposed to have again feasted right loyally.

Of the three conditions of greatness — broad principle, clear vision, and energetic action — poor Frederic possessed not one in degree sufficient to serve him in any good stead. A conscientious Calvinist, a good husband, a laborious man of details, he might have proved an excellent prince, had it not been for such circumstances as constitute the fitting occasion for the development of true power, or the rock on which mediocrity splits. Since the religious treaties of Passau and Augsburg, (1552, 1555,) the contest between the rival parties in Germany had been only delayed, not averted. Apparently a victory to the Protestants, this pacification was in reality a hollow truce, which gave the Popish phalanx time to gather, while the strength of Protestantism was dissipating in controversies worse than useless. A period had been when, at least, the Teutonic race seemed about to break the yoke of Rome. Britain, Sweden, and Denmark were already ruled by Protestant sovereigns; of the seven Electors of Germany, (three clerical and four secular,) three (the Palatinate, Brandenburg, and Saxony) were attached to the new Church; while the greater part of the minor princes, and even the majority of the subjects of Popish rulers in the Empire, professed the same faith. But all these advantages were more than counterbalanced by the disputes and the incapacity of the Protestants. If, according to a modern historian\* — himself a convert to Popery — half the blame of the Thirty Years’ War rests with the Jesuits, the other share must in all fairness be imputed to that sectarian inanity and bitterness without which priestly intrigues would have proved comparatively harmless. No doubt, in

\* *Gfrörer*, Gustav Adolph, p. 261.

this respect also, the greater blame falls upon the Lutherans, whom only the historical ignorance of Miss Strickland could have characterized as "liberal." Why—an orthodox Lutheran would hate Calvinism quite as cordially, if not more so, than Popery; and would commend the zeal of the Saxon court-preacher, whose pamphlet enumerated no less than ninety-nine points in which "Calvinists agreed with Arians and Turks." Even the massacre of St. Bartholomew could be excused at Dresden, since its victims were Calvinistic heretics\*—all the more, perhaps, that in Lutheran countries those of that creed suffered, if not so extensive, yet equally determined persecution. Under these circumstances, the Jesuit party found it not difficult to divide the Protestant camp. Saxony, the representative of Lutheranism, stood aloof from any common action which would have implied alliance with the Calvinistic Palatinate, while, much to the annoyance of the Saxon Electors, the Palatine princes were acknowledged leaders of the Protestant and anti-Hapsburg party. Considering the incapacity of the drunken rulers of Saxony, and the venality of their councilors, it required little adroitness to improve this state of feeling so far as ultimately to induce a Protestant prince to lend the Popish League active aid against his own co-religionists. As yet, however, these were merely prospects to be realized when a stronger arm guided the helm of the Empire. The successors of Charles V. had, indeed, rapidly degenerated into helpless imbecility, and the disputes and the weakness of Protestants were outdone by the dissensions and the incapacity of the Hapsburg family. At the time of which we write, the scepter of the Cæsars trembled in the hand of Rodolph II., whom at last his relatives, in solemn conclave, declared incompetent to wear the crown. Shut up in his palace at Prague with astrologers and curious artificers, visible only at rare intervals, or in his stables, the scene of his frequent and low debauches, the business of the state, the demands of ambassadors waiting for an audience, and even the pressing requirements of his own attendants, re-

mained entirely unheeded. But the desired opposition to Rodolph could not be organized without the aid of the malcontent Protestants in Austria. Accordingly, Matthias, the Emperor's brother, was obliged to make certain concessions in favor of religious liberty, before they furnished him with the army at the head of which he marched against Bohemia. The affair ended in a compromise: Matthias was invested with the government of Austria, Hungary, and Moravia, and designated Rodolph's successor in Bohemia; the Protestants of that country being promised speedy redress of their grievances. But the danger was no sooner past than Rodolph repented his concessions. It required a rising in Prague before the charter of Protestant liberty could be obtained: a second time Matthias was at the head of a rebel army, this time to oblige Rodolph to cede the last of his possessions—that of Bohemia.

In the small University of Ingolstadt, in Bavaria, two very different characters had been silently cast in the same Jesuit mold. The cousins, for such they were, had no trait in common save unlimited devotion to the interests of the Romish Church. Ferdinand of Styria was naturally morose, suspicious, and, as all weak persons, stubborn. Under priestly training, he became a pure bigot, whose self-chosen title of "Son of the Jesuits" well accorded with the characteristic saying of his confessor, that if a priest and an angel had met Ferdinand, he would have made obeisance to the representative of Rome before he noticed the heavenly visitor. Maximilian of Bavaria, on the other hand, was resolute, energetic, calm, and intensely selfish; while, therefore, he became a champion of the Church, he never forgot to contend for his own interests also—the two, by a singular process, happening indeed to be always identified. The alliance between the cousins was still further cemented by the union of Ferdinand with the sister of Maximilian. Each had struck out his own course, but in his own way each served the great purposes of the Popish party. If Ferdinand openly proclaimed uncompromising hostility to Protestantism, and at the shrine of the Virgin in Loretto vowed its extermination, Maximilian prepared, without making such professions, to carry his arms against all heretics, and, by obtaining their possessions, to achieve the double result of

\* Comp. *K. A. Menzel*, *Neuere Gesch.* d. Deutschen, vol. v. p. 40; for other instances of the same spirit, comp. that and the following vol. *passim*.

converting a country to Popery and of enlarging his own dominions. When Ferdinand entered on his hereditary government of Styria, he found the greater and by far the most industrious part of his subjects Protestants. Refusing to confirm the boon of religious liberty granted them by his father, a trival pretext sufficed for commencing that counter-Reformation, in which, with unsparing determination, every Protestant church and school was pulled down, every pastor and teacher, and ultimately every Protestant, banished from the country. In the course of a few years, the work was effectually accomplished: instead of flourishing and numerous communities, a few isolated remnants are all which to this day represent the Protestant Church of Styria. The procedure was all the more noteworthy, as, besides the difficulties to be overcome, it was instituted in the face of the Protestants of Austria, Bohemia, and Hungary, whose future ruler Ferdinand expected to be. If Maximilian had no heretics to combat in his own country, he found sufficient employment in his immediate neighborhood. The pretensions of a Popish minority in the free city of Donauwörth had excited the Protestant burghers to acts of violence, and afforded the desired opportunity of interfering. As might have been expected, the affair terminated with the suppression of Protestantism, and the annexation of Donauwörth to the Bavarian dominions. The measures of Ferdinand, the determination of Maximilian, the weakness of the Imperial Court, and the monstrous proceedings at Donauwörth, opened the eyes of the Protestants to their imminent danger. In May, 1608, they formed an offensive and defensive "Union," of which Henry IV. of France was the real, although the Palatine Prince (Frederic IV.) the nominal chief. The Papists replied to this measure by entering into a "Holy League" (tenth July, 1609,) of which Maximilian was both the head and the arm. Nor did the time for hostile encounter seem distant. Already had a disputed succession to the principalities of Juliers, Cleves, and Bergue, gathered the two parties into hostile camps; Henry IV. was preparing to develop all his power, and to carry out a long-cherished plan of remodeling the map of Europe, when the knife of a Jesuit assassin freed the Popish party from its most dangerous opponent, (four-

teenth May, 1610.) On ninth September, 1610, the Elector Palatine also died; but as the "League" was not yet strong enough to prosecute its advantages, the much dreaded Juliers dispute had a peaceful termination. Amidst these troubles in the Empire, family feuds raged in Austria, Matthias deprived his brother of the Bohemian crown, (May, 1611,) and the Emperor Rodolph was gathered to his fathers of the House of Hapsburg, (Jan. 1612.)

Never has energetic action been known to spring from protracted deliberation—far less to be the result of a policy of vacillation and delay. Men too often confound greatness with length, and deem that counsel best matured which has taken longest to ripen. But the opportunity which passes unimproved never returns, and what to-day you might dare, to-morrow is beyond your reach. The election of Matthias to the Imperial dignity trembled in the balance. As yet the "Holy League" was unable to offer any effective assistance: had the Protestant Princes only combined, they might have broken the Hegemony of Hapsburg, or at least better secured their own rights, in view of future struggles. But the only favorable moment was allowed to pass. The age, decrepitude, and known weakness of Matthias, decided his election. After all, he was only to serve as a stop-gap—necessarily for a short period—till a substitute were got, or else till the next vacancy found the electors equally unprepared. To weak persons, the future is ever big with eventualities, which somehow will shape what their trembling hands can not form. Meantime the "Union" had entered into defensive treaties with England\* and Holland,† according to which, these states were respectively to assist the Protestant Princess with four thousand auxiliaries. "The League," though paralyzed by internal dissensions, also prepared for war. It is characteristic, that the Protestant Elector of Saxony, who steadily refused to join "the Union," should have sought admission into "the League," and perhaps still more so, that Maximilian should have resisted the overture. The Diet of Regensburg, (Aug. 1613,) the last before the Thirty Years' War, broke up in bitterness and estrange-

\* Häusser, *Gesch. d. rh. Pf. ii. p. 254.*

† Landorp, *Acta Publica, i. p. 112.*

ment. The Protestant, or, as they now called themselves, "the correspondent" Estates, insisted on redress of their grievances before considering the proposals of the Emperor for aid against the Turks. The Popish Estates voted the supplies without the concurrence of their dissenting colleagues—both parties only awaited a signal.

As all mere vociferation, a "clamor-revolution" is an exceedingly unhealthy phenomenon. If, to obtain its reasonable and right demands, a nation requires, but needs no more than clamor, it were better both for that people and its ruler if the boon were either wholly denied, or else the clamor ended in violence. What is easily obtained is also readily forfeited; a concession made to a multitude of angry brawlers neither insures their gratitude nor secures its object—emphatically, it is a possession which requires to be guarded by the same means by which it was first obtained. Its only guarantees are the uprightness of the monarch, or his weakness; and if either or both should fail, the "clamor-revolution" has only evoked noisy confidence, too frequently in the inverse ratio of the real bravery requisite to warrant it. There had lately been three bloodless revolutions in Austria: by one, Matthias had supplanted his brother Rodolph; by another, the Protestants of Austria had secured their privileges; in the third, Bohemia had obtained its charter of religious liberty. Dangerous lessons these for Princes and people to learn! Few documents have had a more momentous interest attaching to them, or formed the subject of keener discussions, than the so-called "Letters of Majesty," in which, on twelfth July, 1609, Rodolph II. broke the chains that for centuries had bound the Protestant Church of Bohemia. Despite persecutions, the movement inaugurated by Huss, and which in the Taborite wars had undergone its baptism of blood, progressed till the majority of nobles and people belonged to the National Church. Formerly divided into Utraquists and "Brethren," afterwards into Lutherans and Calvinists, a happy compromise, of which the basis was mutual recognition and forbearance, had in 1575 united the two sects into one Church. This great Protestant Church of Bohemia now obtained imperial sanction, and utmost liberty of conscience was granted to every inhabitant of the realm. From first

to last, the "Letters of Majesty" expressed it as their main object, to secure to all, "none excepted," every where, the free "exercise of religion," without let or hindrance from any, whether layman or cleric; it laid down the principle "of perfect religious equality," and gave leave to build Protestant churches in every place, whether owned by a member of the Three Estates, (lords, knights, and cities,) or by the King himself. Terms so ample might have been expected to obviate every doubt and difficulty. The result proved different. The Popish clergy, whose possessions had not been expressly named in the document, refused to allow Protestant churches to be erected on their property. In the bitter controversy which ensued, the court, under influences to which we shall immediately refer, took the part hostile to the Protestants, and the "bloodless revolution" terminated in a thirty years' war.

To the Hapsburg family, as to the Protestant Princes of the empire, Matthias was only a stop-gap; the hopes of the Popish party centered not in him, but in his successor, Ferdinand of Styria. The jealousies and unequal contests formerly witnessed between Matthias and Rodolph, were now repeated, and with the same result. Ferdinand was acknowledged the successor of Matthias in Austria, Hungary, and Silesia, though not without considerable hesitation on the part of the Protestant Estates, who dreaded another Styrian counter-Reformation. Despite such significant warnings, the Bohemian Diet also was persuaded (June, 1617) to elect Ferdinand successor—with the twofold *proviso*, however, that he confirmed all their civil and religious privileges, and that during the lifetime of Matthias he abstained from all interference in the affairs of the realm—conditions which sufficiently indicate the relation between the new monarch and his subjects. When afterwards vindicating the deposition of Ferdinand, the Bohemians have maintained that this Diet had been attended by only a small part of the electors, and that many of them had been cajoled or coerced into submission.\* The statement is not correct; there is ample evidence that the Protestant leaders took part in the election, and that the few who objected (notably Counts Thurn and Fels) finally

\* *Deductio*, warumb Kayser Ferdinandus II. die Regiments im K. Boheim verlustigt, etc., p. 101.

withdrew their opposition, and took part in the ceremony of the coronation.\* With the exception of the Imperial crown, Ferdinand had now obtained every object of his ambition; it only remained to show that the titles he had acquired were not empty honors. From the first, the measures of his party were taken in utter disregard of public feeling in Bohemia; if the eventuality of a popular rising occurred to his mind, we believe he rather hailed the event as offering an occasion for annulling the religious concessions made. In proof, we appeal to a state-paper which will immediately be mentioned, and to the significant fact that even at that period Spanish troops were retained for the House of Austria. It is of course impossible to say whether, if peace had been preserved, Ferdinand would have respected the "Letters of Majesty." His antecedents and the measures of his party lead us to suppose that he would have sought, and probably soon discovered, a pretext for breaking what to him must have seemed an unholy compact. Equally difficult is it to determine whether, at the period to which we refer, he actually abstained from interference with Bohemian affairs. At any rate, the counsels of his party prevailed; a year later, himself openly assumed the direction of affairs. Meantime, poor Matthias was hurried out of Bohemia; Thurn, the Protestant leader, deprived of the custody of the state papers; and ten Governors selected to administer the affairs of the realm. Their names were a sufficient indication of what the Protestants had to expect: among them, most odious of all stood Lobkowitz, Martinicz, and Slavata (the last an apostate "brother") — the *only* Bohemian nobles who had formerly refused their assent to the "Letters of Majesty."

Under such administration redress of the Protestant grievances could scarcely be anticipated. The Court ordered the refractory church-builders to be imprisoned, and in harsh terms rejected the appeal of the "Defenders," whose duty it was to watch over the observance of the "Letters of Majesty." Popular opinion or prejudice had fixed on the hated names of Martinicz and Slavata as the instigators of the Popish measures, and now exacted terrible vengeance. On the twenty-third of

May, 1618, a number of the Protestant Estates appeared armed at the Council-board; after considerable altercation, the most forward dragged the two obnoxious councilors and Secretary Fabricius to the window, and "according to the old Bohemian fashion," threw them into the moat, a height of some twenty-five yards. The first act this in the great Bohemian drama — ill-advised and ill-executed. The unpopular Governors, whose fall a dunghill had broken, escaped without serious hurt, and soon returned to rule over conquered enemies. But meantime Prague and Bohemia resounded with preparations for the coming warfare. Thirty "Directors" were named to take the place of the Imperial Governors; an "Apology" was addressed to the Emperor, bearing expressions of undiminished loyalty, and justifying the late procedure; ambassadors were dispatched, soliciting the sympathy and help of the Protestant Princes of Germany; troops and contributions levied in Bohemia, and the aid of Moravia and Silesia demanded and obtained; lastly, the Jesuits, as the authors of all mischief and disturbance, banished from the country, (first June, 1618.) It will readily be conceived how the tidings of these events affected different parties. In Vienna the utmost confusion and uncertainty prevailed. The favorite advisers of Matthias counseled peaceful measures, the party of Ferdinand immediate war. Very remarkable is the state-paper in which Ferdinand insists that "the Bohemian troubles had been specially ordained by God," to become the means for the suppression of heresy.\* But in the multitude of devices there was little wisdom. Peaceful overtures and warlike preparations alternated; Matthias offered to intrust the settlement of the dispute to the mediation of friendly Princes, and at the same time marched troops into Bohemia, who laid the country waste; the Bohemians accepted the overture, and likewise dispatched an army against Austria. In the midst of these helpless measures Matthias expired in March, 1619 — as his spouse had on one occasion reproached Ferdinand, "the Emperor had lived too long," and to little purpose.

When the Bohemian clamor-revolution assumed more serious proportions, the in-

\* *Huter*, *Gesch. Kaiser Ferdinand's II.*, vol. vii. pp. 203-208.

\* Comp. the document in *Khevenhiller's Annales Ferdinandeæ*, vol. ix. p. 78.

surgent nobles reckoned, next to the resources of their own country, on the co-operation of Saxony and the Palatinate. The forced contribution of three dollars from every house was computed to yield, in the seven hundred and forty-two towns of the realm, the sum of 474,000 dollars; the levy of every tenth man over the 3470 nobles and 307,120 families in the land, an army of 84,000 men.\* Nor was the hope of foreign aid unreasonable. It was evidently the policy of Saxony and the Palatinate, both of which bordered on Bohemia, not to allow the Protestant cause to be crushed in that country. Besides, the ruler of Bohemia was the fourth secular Elector of the Empire, and his voice would decide the otherwise equal votes of Papists and Protestants. Lastly, it must not be forgotten that John George of Dresden and Frederic of Heidelberg had personal interests at stake in the matter. The Lutherans of Bohemia looked to the former, the Calvinists regarded the latter as their natural protector; both these Princes accordingly had their ambassadors at Prague, who advised the Directors and at the same time catered for their masters; only that John George, besides encouraging his Bohemian friends, negotiated on their behalf at Vienna, while Frederic, or rather his counselors, prepared to aid them in their armed resistance. If even before the death of Matthias the Palatine Court had been busy revolving the question of his successor, the former bootless correspondence and negotiations were now resumed with tenfold vigor. The most extraordinary plans were seriously discussed at Heidelberg. Ultimately the Palatine choice fell on the most unlikely person: Maximilian of Bavaria. Whether there is a natural tendency in the weak to succumb to the strong, or this clumsy piece of statesmanship was only intended to divide the Catholic party, it experienced the fate of all such devices, and signally failed. Busiest of all at Heidelberg was Prince Christian of Anhalt, who had long drawn liberal allowance as "General" of the "Union" army—a man of many shifts but little counsel, who could suggest innumerable schemes, but himself was incapable of carrying out any. At his suggestion Count Ernest Mansfield—the first among

the many military adventurers of that period—was ceded by the "Union" to Bohemia. Pressed as Ferdinand was on all sides—with a doubtful election in Germany before him, with Hungary in open rebellion, and the Austrian Estates any thing but satisfied with his rule—he would readily have come to terms with his Bohemian subjects. But in their sanguine view, it seemed utter folly to rest satisfied with any thing short of the complete humiliation of the House of Hapsburg; and the circumstance that Ferdinand addressed his overtures to the Governors whom the Estates had lately deposed, was deemed sufficient ground for refusing to enter on their consideration. Even at that time the Austrian finances were utterly bankrupt,\* and Ferdinand could with difficulty procure what was requisite for his journey to Frankfort, where the electors were about to meet. A Bohemian army, led by Count Thurn, marched through Moravia against Vienna. Already the suburbs were occupied, and an Austrian deputation had penetrated into the palace, almost forcing Ferdinand to yield their demands. But by one of those fatal and often unaccountable delays or mistakes, Vienna remained unoccupied; and the success of the Hapsburg arms in Bohemia soon obliged Thurn to retrace his steps, leaving Ferdinand at liberty to set out on his decisive journey to Germany.

As usually, the eve of the election found the Protestant princes entirely undecided. Saxony instructed its representatives to object to any nomination, since, according to the constitution of the Empire, (the "Golden Bull,") the elector monarch of Bohemia must be in actual possession of the country before taking part in the vote.† Had the Palatine, and with him the Brandenburg Prince, taken the same course, the imminent danger might yet have been averted, and the Bohemian question peaceably settled. But once more the Heidelberg Council wasted its energies in deliberating day and night, wavering between Bohemian pacification, Bavarian nomination, a simple protest, and even an armed demonstration at Frankfort. As might have been anticipated

\* Comp. *Huter*, *Gesch. Kaiser Ferdinand's II.* vol. vii. p. 277, and Book lxi. *passim*.

\* Comp. the interesting chapter on Austrian finances in *Huter*, vol. viii. pp. 232-314.

† On the Saxon share in the Bohemian business generally, comp. *K. A. Müller*, *Fünf Bücher von böhm. Kriege*—one of the ablest contributions to the history of that period.



ed, half measures were taken. Every emergency was contemplated, but none averted. The Palatine envoy was instructed first to urge the Bohemian business, but to vote with the *majority* should an election be resolved on. There was some excuse for it when John George of Saxony, in a fit of drunken fury, declared to the Palatine ambassador that he now washed his hands of the affair, "they might choose and crown whom they liked."\* A Bohemian deputation, which claimed to represent the electoral vote of their country, was not admitted, despite the solicitations of the three secular electors; and on the twenty-eighth August, Ferdinand was unanimously chosen Emperor of Germany—the Palatine representative yielding to the majority, and promising, in name of his master, all due loyalty and support. On the evening of that very day tidings reached Frankfort that the Bohemian Diet had formally deposed the new Emperor.

Though the elevation of Ferdinand to the throne of the Cæsars invested him with fresh powers, and nominally placed the whole Germanic Empire between him and his rebel subjects, the position of the new monarch was far from secure. Maximilian of Bavaria had indeed promised his aid; but the Austrian exchequer was completely drained, and time must necessarily elapse before even the forces of the League could be ready. The Bohemians, on the other hand, were in arms, and confident; the sympathies of a powerful party in Austria went with them; the Palatine Prince was evidently prepared to interfere on their behalf; while the army of the Union, which the League could not well leave in its rear, might at any moment decide the contest. Once more the fate of the House of Hapsburg seemed to depend on the rapidity and energy of its enemies. The Bohemians at least were decided; not so the Prince on whose help they mainly relied. Frederic was at Amberg, on the Bohemian frontier, watching the progress of events, when tidings of Ferdinand's deposition reached him. The event took the poor Prince by surprise. "I never thought matters would go so far! This is indeed a bold step. Good heavens! What if they proceeded to a new election, and it fell on me—what would I

do?" A question to which an answer must speedily be returned, for already Dohna intimated from Prague that the Palatine party was in the ascendant. A courier is dispatched to England, whence neither advice nor help can be expected; only Anhalt is calm, for, according to his good adage, "time would bring counsel." Meanwhile events were speeding: on the twenty-seventh August, the Estates of Bohemia, by a large majority, elected Frederic their King, insisting on his immediate acceptance or rejection of the crown. From all sides letters arrived, dissuading the Palgrave from the enterprise; his brother Electors, the Emperor, and Duke Maximilian of Bavaria, warned. Even the members of the Union hesitated. John George of Saxony, whose pride was deeply wounded, prepared to take the part of Austria; the Pope and Spain had promised their aid; the League was arming—all betokened a conflict to which Frederic was entirely unequal.

The lawfulness of Ferdinand's deposition has generally been represented as turning on the following points. It has been asserted that, as Bohemia was an elective, not a hereditary monarchy, the title of the Bohemian ruler depended solely on the will of the Diet, and that the manifest violation of the "Letters of Majesty" had freed the Estates from their former obligations. In regard to the first question—which to us, who are no way convinced of the "Divine right of Kings to misgovern," seems the least important—it might fairly be urged, that hitherto every monarch had been chosen by the Diet; and that, whatever family treaties might secure to the House of Hapsburg, the right of the Estates had been practically acknowledged, even by Ferdinand himself. In regard to the second point, impartial historians have never denied that the refusal to build churches on ecclesiastical property was a thorough infringement on the *spirit*, if not the letter, of the Bohemian charter.\* Even the verbal omission, on which it was grounded, could be fairly vindicated, since in practice, if not in law, the property of the Bohemian clergy was regarded as

\* "Il me sembloit qu'il étoit bien yvré." Comp. *Huter*, viii. p. 43.

\* Even *Gindely*, an Austrian and Popish historian, admits the former, if not the latter. Comp. his admirable "Böhmen u. Mähren im Zeitalter d. Reform," vol. ii. second sect.

forming part of the royal domains.\* But the real question at issue was not one of law or of logic; it concerned the civil and religious liberties of a nation, threatened under the rule of a monarch whose past conduct and well-known convictions rendered it morally certain that neither Protestantism nor free government would be allowed to continue. The deeper, however, our sympathy in the Bohemian struggle, the more painful and strong is our conviction that the Estates made a fatal mistake in choosing Frederic as the hero of a war of liberation. Well had it been both for him and for Bohemia had he listened to the counsels of his experienced mother, and declined the dangerous honor; had he, at least, made inquiries about the state of the national defenses, or contented himself with the title of "Protector of Bohemian liberties." As it was, the poor Palsgrave, with tears in his eyes, listened to opposite opinions; his Council put on paper a number of reasons *for* and *against* his acceptance of the crown; endless correspondence was carried on—at last, Frederic proclaimed himself to the world King of Bohemia. The question, whose advice had induced him to take this step, has been the topic of serious discussion. The Duke of Bouillon, Anhalt, Maurice of Orange, perhaps his court chaplain also, may have had part in it; but the blame, if any, of this decision, rests with Frederic himself. We readily acquit him of ambitious, or indeed of other motives. While the helm trembled in his hand, the bark was carried forward by elements which he could not control. Only one person are we careful to have acquitted from all share in this transaction. While Frederic deliberated, Elizabeth Stuart was far from him, and at Heidelberg; these sudden events started her from her childhood and plays. As every true Protestant in Europe, she felt, indeed, desirous that Ferdinand should not wear the imperial diadem; yet, as her grand-daughter has rightly noted, the royal child knew more of toys and the chase than of affairs of state.† Consulted by her husband in a letter, which unfor-

tunately has not been preserved, she replied lovingly, frankly, firmly, calmly—and on her reply we are willing to stake the question of her part in Frederic's resolve. "Since God had directed and disposed every thing in this manner," wrote Elizabeth, "she left it to himself whether he deemed it advisable to accept the crown; if he did so, she was ready to follow the Divine call, and prepared to bear whatever God might ordain, yea, in case of need, to the loss of her jewels, or of whatever else she might possess in the world." By omitting the first clause of this extract, and adding an expression which it is well known Elizabeth never used, Miss Strickland has managed to get up the charge of reckless ambition against Elizabeth; by dropping the last clause, our ingenious historian is enabled to convert the contemplated sacrifices of the Princess into a subject for ridicule. We much mistake if impartial readers will acquiesce in this measure of historical justice—at any rate, the latest and ablest historical inquirers have fully absolved our Princess, and internal and external evidence amply prove that their verdict is according to truth.\*

An autumn sun poured down his light on a gay scene. All Prague was astir to welcome its new king; estates, burghers,

\* We may as well here put down a few of Miss Strickland's extraordinary assertions, in the hope that the reader may absolve us from further criticism. According to our authoress, Elizabeth had from the first "goaded" her husband into all his ambitious schemes, in the hope of being some day called "Queen." We are further informed that the first act of the Bohemian revolution occurred under the reign of Ferdinand, not of Matthias, and that it had been caused by "a furious persecution of the Taborites (!) and other wild sectaries." Waxing in her admiration of the Taborites, Miss Strickland treats us to a description of the part they took at the entry of Frederic into Prague. It seems they "carried, hung to their belts," "pots and pans, flagons and platters, made of beech-wood"—"the coldest mazers, or wooden vessels," "out of which they took the sacrament every day." "Ever and anon, with sharp yells as a slogan, the Taborites clashed these utensils together, in a sort of wild cadence, like the Turkish cymbals." Truly our authoress is gifted with a singularly exuberant imagination. After the above, we scarcely wonder at any thing. The poor Taborites (extinct for one hundred and fifty years) are made to serve at the table of Elizabeth, and harpooned in a clever vignette; court-preacher Smalke (or Schulze) has his name gravely translated into "Scull-head;" Rusdorf, the Palatine envoy, becomes a "Dutch counselor," etc. Yet such reckless assertions and gross blunders are passed as undoubted facts!

\* Comp. the arguments *pro* and *con* in *Gindely u.s.* See also "Die andere Apologie d. Stände d. König. Boheimb., (1619.)" App. No. 102-104.

† Letters of Elizabeth (Charlotte of Orleans, (Ed. Menzel, p. 287:)) "The Queen knew not a word about it; and, indeed, at the time thought only of comedies, ballets, and novels."

their wives and daughters, had adorned themselves with white and blue favors—the colors of the Palatine princes—and streamed beyond the Strohoff Gate to meet the procession. Such joy had never greeted royal entrance or coronation; blue and white silk are not to be got in the city—nay, during those days grim death himself is believed to have reprieved in Prague his usual victims.\* But to more serious onlookers the state of affairs looks by no means prosperous. Councilor Camerarius has left in two letters, dating from the first days in Prague, evidence which, according to his own statement, confirms the saying of the Pope: "This prince has got himself into a pretty labyrinth." The fifty thousand florins which Prague has spent in festivities ought rather to have gone to the army, which for many months had not received regular pay; everything is in direct confusion—a perfect Augean stable; England has not yet acknowledged the new king; Saxony is threatening, the exchequer empty, and can only be filled with Palatine money; bickerings and jealousies are rampant in Prague and in the Bohemian camp.† Withal, the youthful King and Queen know not how to command respect or to enforce obedience. Their free manners, so unlike the majestic reserve of former monarchs—the continual feasts, which seemed at least unseasonable—above all, the narrow Calvinistic zeal of court-preacher Scultetus, who would have purged town and churches of statues and images, which all parties regarded as identified with the political and religious history of Prague, threatened to deprive Frederic and Elizabeth of even their brief popularity.

While Frederic was playing the king at Prague, and obtaining the succession for his son, Ferdinand was vigorously preparing to contend for the disputed crown. The conditions on which Maximilian of Bavaria had promised his aid, resembled indeed rather the terms of a conqueror than the treaty of an ally. He was to hold Austrian territory in security for the expenses he might incur in the war; not only were his own possessions guaranteed

to him, but in reward for his services, he was to obtain the electoral dignity of which Frederic was to be deprived. Under such incitements, Maximilian rapidly reorganized the League, and assembled an army of twenty-five thousand men, under the command of Tilly. But before employing these troops in Bohemia, it was necessary to arrest the action of the "Union." Even the first meeting of that heterogeneous assembly, after the coronation of Frederic, showed how little dependence could be placed on its co-operation. French envoys did the rest—from motives which we are almost ashamed to mention. At their suggestion, the Union concluded a peace with the League, which bore that while the Union abstained from active interference in Bohemia, the League would not invade the Palatinate territory. The treacherous compromise removed every obstacle. Maximilian could now march into Austria, quell the rebellious Protestants, hold part of the country as a "material guarantee," and then advance on Prague; while the Elector of Saxony broke into Silesia, and Spanish troops ravaged the Rhenish Palatinate. To meet this threefold attack, Frederic had scarcely one well-appointed corps. A whole year had passed since his entry into Prague—spent by the new monarch chiefly in triumphal progress through the country. The Bohemian army had, indeed, again appeared before the walls of Vienna; but treachery or cowardice once more had frustrated the results of this bold advance. When Maximilian entered Bohemia, with Jesuits and priests in his train, the national army was entirely disorganized—its officers indulged in orgies, its pay-masters alienated even the partial supplies which might have quelled the murmurs of dissatisfaction, the King was helpless, and his advisers paralyzed.\* Only one hope remained. The army of the League was in nearly as bad a condition as that of Frederic; winter was fast approaching; and if a decisive action could only be warded off, natural causes would effect what the national army could not accomplish. But Maximilian was not to be arrested by negotiations. Rapidly advancing, he offered Frederic battle on the very site which, a year before, had witnessed his triumphal

\* Our description is taken partly from a contemporary tract in our possession, partly from the official accounts in *Londorp*, Acta Publ. i. pp. 722-729.

† See these two important letters, *ut supra*, pp. 860-862.

\* See the description of the state of matters by "an English officer," in *Londorp*, ii. pp. 220-223.

entry. The issue was not long doubtful. The cowardice of some Bohemian and Hungarian regiments decided the combat, and the gates of Prague were thrown open to receive a fugitive rabble. This battle, which bears the name of "the White Mountain," decided the campaign. A resolute man might indeed have held Prague, recruited his army, and yet crushed the League. But neither would such a commander have lost a year, an army, or this battle. In the precipitate flight, even the private papers and effects of Frederic were left behind. Prague capitulated, and prepared for such vengeance as an offended monarch would take on his rebellious and heretical subjects. To the last, Elizabeth Stuart had refused to leave Bohemia and her husband. She was now hastily conveyed, first to Brandenburg, where, sheltered by church relatives, she gave birth to a son, and thence to Holland. Meantime the Spanish troops had conquered, or by stratagem gained the greater part of the Rhenish Palatinate. Even a small army could have resisted these marauders, but the "Union" gave only increasing proofs of its weakness and incapacity; and the Prince of Orange, seeing the hopelessness of fighting by the side of such allies, retired in disgust. In Heidelberg itself the utmost confusion prevailed—the dowager Electress, councilors, professors, officials, fled. All seemed, nay was, lost, and Frederic resigned himself, an helpless exile, to his fate. If the restoration of his crown and the pacification of Germany had been the sole object of Ferdinand, the sword might now have been sheathed. Bohemia had been conquered, the Palatine Prince was a fugitive, the Union dissolved. But Ferdinand cherished other aims. The long anticipated period of Popish restoration seemed come, and the "son of the Jesuits" prepared to fulfill his mission. Without being summoned in his own defense, Frederic was put under the imperial ban; soon afterwards, his Electorate, (February, 1623,) and ultimately his dominions, (March, 1628,) were given to the Duke of Bavaria.

It was evident the counter-Reformation which Ferdinand had so successfully carried through in Styria, and Maximilian in Upper Austria, was to be introduced in Bohemia, and, if possible, over all Germany. Happily, most of the leading Bohemian nobles had fled with Frederic.

On those who remained, frightful vengeance was taken. We will not repeat the sickening details connected with that dreadful morning, when twenty-seven of the noblest and best in Bohemia—men laden with years and honors—died on the scaffold. Suffice it to say that, despite past promises to the Saxon Elector, Protestantism was crushed, and every dissident from Rome exiled or obliged to recant.\* In the Palatinate the same policy prevailed.† The splendid library of Heidelberg was sent to Rome;‡ Protestant ministers, teachers and citizens exiled; violence and artifices sought every where to restore worship and rites to which the Palatinate had for more than half a century been unaccustomed. Busiest of all in Bohemia and Germany were the Jesuits, whose anxious aim it was so to remodel the political division of Germany, as to paralyze, if not destroy, the influence of Protestantism. The so-called "edict of restitution," (6th March, 1629,) by which all the Papists had lost since 1552 was ordered to be restored them, and Calvinists were excluded from religious toleration, completed the series of their triumphs. Thenceforth the Popish cause gradually declined, till the peace of Munster, in 1648, again restored peace and safety to the Empire.

The reverses of Frederic and Elizabeth produced in our own country the most intense excitement and indignation. James, whose folly consisted not so much in incapacity as in boundless vanity and selfishness, had never acknowledged the new dignity of his son-in-law. He now resorted to his usual stronghold of diplomacy. Innumerable ambassadors and proposals passed between the Court of St. James and those of Vienna, Madrid, and Brussels. Meanwhile, Frederic was cajoled or coerced into complete inactivity, and surrender of every fortified place which he could still call his own. The money which Parliament had voted for the succor of the Palsgrave family was shamefully wasted; and Jesuit policy amused the King of Britain with proposals of a union between the Prince of Wales and the Infanta of Spain, in consequence

\* See the detailed account in *The Reformation and Anti-Reformation in Bohemia*, 2 vols.

† Comp. Carusa, *Germania Sacra Restaurata*.

‡ Not to Vienna, as Miss Strickland asserts, who makes Tilly an Austrian, instead of a Bavarian general.

of which the Palatinate was, by some miraculous process, to be restored to its rightful owners. The bait took; James became the dupe of continental powers, and the object of contempt at home. Even after the Spanish match was finally broken off, the weak monarch had neither the heart nor the power actively to interfere on behalf of his children.

The same indecision and folly continued under the troubled reign of Charles I. We can not chronicle the varying fortunes of the Thirty Years' War. In Germany the contest was sustained chiefly by enthusiastic admirers of Elizabeth, or by freebooters, on the one side, and by generals such as Tilly and Wallenstein on the other. What the issue of a contest so unequal must have been, need not be detailed, when, unexpectedly, two events occurred, which completely changed the aspect of affairs. True to its traditional policy of jealousy against the House of Hapsburg, France had witnessed with displeasure the success of Ferdinand's arms. Frederick's envoys had for some time kept up negotiations both in that country and in Sweden, when at last, in alliance with France, the heroic Gustavus Adolphus drew the sword to vindicate the rights of his co-religionists in Germany. Nobler picture than that of the Swedish King has not been drawn on the page of history: pious in the truest sense of the term, humble, energetic, wise, and brave, he seemed made to be loved and obeyed.\* Like an avalanche, his army swept over Germany, burying or chasing the Popish legions before it. Already Bavaria was overrun, and the Palatinate in his hands; all Germany was free, and the Swedish troops prepared to advance against Vienna, when death arrested his victorious career at the battle of Lützen, sixteenth November, 1632. In the beginning of that year, Frederic had joined the victorious army; brave English, and especially Scottish volunteers, coöperated in the war, as, indeed, they had all along borne arms for the "afflicted Queen of Bohemia,"† and though the Palsgrave was

jealous of the conditions on which Gustavus Adolphus insisted, before his restoration to the Palatinate, every thing promised a speedy termination of his exile and sufferings. But this unexpected blow proved too heavy for Frederic, whom cares and sorrows had already enfeebled; he only survived Gustavus for thirteen days. The death of the two principal actors in this drama staid not the progress of the war. For other sixteen years it laid Germany waste; Ferdinand II., Tilly, Wallenstein, as well as Frederic, Gustavus Adolphus, Christian of Brunswick, and Bernhard of Weimar, were no more when, despite Papal protests, the most terrible conflict which has ever ravaged Europe was brought to an end. At the peace of Munster, Bavaria was allowed to retain the electoral dignity and the Upper Palatinate, while the Rhenish Provinces were restored to Frederic's son and successor, in whose favor an eighth electorate was created; best of all, the religious liberty of Protestants was secured on the Continent. But Germany was exhausted, and split into factions and parties, which have never since ceased. The country was desolate; war, disease, crime, and horrors, such as were only equaled during the last siege of Jerusalem, had laid it entirely waste. Murder and violence were of every day occurrence; the fruitfulest districts resembled a wilderness; men and women feasted on dead bodies, parents on their children, and graveyards had to be guarded against famishing robbers; packs of wolves scoured the country unmolested; the land was without inhabitants; and the once flourishing Palatinate numbered, in 1636, scarcely one hundred persons, left to till the ground.

As soon as circumstances had permitted, Elizabeth Stuart retired to Holland. In the midst of her family, and surrounded by sympathizing friends, she now displayed those qualities of the heart which, in our opinion, alone constitute woman's title to greatness. Never, under any circumstances of her life of trials, did the Queen of Bohemia forget either her mission or its duties. The faithful adviser, the constant comfort of Frederic, the friend and guide of her children, she earned in exile that title which her bitterest enemies have not disputed. Suddenly aroused from childhood and play, she never disappointed any hope or failed

\* So far as we know, Miss Strickland is almost solitary in her aspersions on Gustavus Adolphus. Comp. also Chapman: *History of Gustavus Adolphus*—a valuable contribution to the history of that hero.

† Comp. *Capt. Munro*, (the original of Sir Du-gald Dalgetty,) *his Exped. with the worthy Scots Regiment*. Grant's *Memoirs and Advent.* of Sir J. Hepburn scarcely deserves serious notice.

under any difficulty. All the vicissitudes which fall to the lot of man were experienced by one who seemed but ill prepared to bear them. From the throne of Bohemia she cheerfully descended to poverty and dependence; her husband a homeless fugitive, her children deprived of every prospect, she alone preserved, amidst the wreck of fortune, that calmness and trustful faith which made even the sorest trial comparatively easy. One after another of her defenders was laid low, her husband despaired, her father forsook her, her brother fell on the scaffold—she alone remained, not unbent, but unbroken. Patience, faith, and love—the rich dower with which a gracious Heaven has gifted those whom it designs to support and cheer—were never bestowed in richer measure than on Elizabeth. During those long and weary years of suffering not a murmur had escaped her; cheerfully she did her part, and nobly she bore, still looking forward to a brighter future; above all, enriching from the treasury of her heart those who had been deprived of every thing else besides. One and another of her children were taken from her, and she endured it patiently; the heaviest stroke of all, the loss of Frederic, left her shaken, indeed, in her inmost being, but still erect. She, who for her daily wants depended on the bounty of Britain, refused to compromise or to dissemble, when an indignant nation, in the frenzy of the moment, avenged years of misrule. She could bear poverty, but not flatter those whom she regarded as the murderers of her brother. Such warm sympathy and scanty aid as she could give, were devoted to the Royalist cause; for Charles II. she would have made the sacrifices for which a life of suffering had prepared her. But above all, was it deep and unaffected piety which throughout supported and guided her. Amidst the repeated and tempting offers of peace and restoration held out, she rejected all which involved any degree of unfaithfulness to her God or her convictions. Of all her trials, the most severe was the apostasy of some of her children. And she lived to see her hopes realized: her son was restored to his dominions just as the head of Charles I. fell on the scaffold; her nephew reascended

the throne of Britain; and though her portionless daughters were loved by many but courted by few, her descendants have ruled over the mightiest empires of Europe. Her great-grandson, George I., succeeded to the British crown, and both the House of Orleans and the Hapsburg family count her among the mothers of their rulers. Thus, through a remarkable arrangement of Divine Providence, the landless Queen of Bohemia has, in the persons of her children, reigned over the countries of both friends and foes. Elizabeth Stuart returned to London soon after the accession of her nephew, and fell asleep in the Lord on the eve of her marriage-day, A.D. 1661. A midnight procession accompanied her bier to Westminster Abbey, where they laid her body near that of her father, in the royal vault. Her death interrupted not the gayeties of a court for which she had been but ill suited. Of all her children and relatives, only Rupert, well known in cavalier warfare, followed her remains. *Requiescat in pace*—till the resurrection morning, the noblest, the bravest, the best of the Stuarts!

The Thirty Years' War, with its horrors, is long past—the schemes of its originators have perished with them—and still the Protestant Church strikes its roots downwards and spreads its branches into all the world. Yet has Rome not forgotten her aims, nor changed her tactics. These three centuries has the House of Hapsburg acted as the minister of her vengeance, and the source of her power has been at Vienna, rather than by the banks of the Tiber. The lands once covered with flourishing churches have been swept by the storm of persecution, and to this day Protestantism in Austria remains a byword. Thousands of slaughtered saints witness against Hapsburg rule, and are not yet avenged. But the harvest of judgment has been ripening slowly for centuries, and even while we write are its first fruits gathered. Another hour, and perhaps another, may be marked on the great dial of history: but amidst the plagues which shall descend on the seven-hilled city, surely not the lightest will fall to the share of the race which, beneath its iron heel, has ever crushed all religious and political liberty.

From Titan.

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF LITERARY FORGERIES.

MONTAIGNE observes with his accustomed shrewdness, that, "as there is an abecedarian ignorance which precedes knowledge, so there is a doctoral ignorance which succeeds it; an ignorance which knowledge begets at the same time that she dispatches and destroys the first." Every one is familiar with the characteristics of learned folly, from its illustration in the figure of Oldbuck poring over A. D. L. L., and triumphantly extracting *Agricola dicavit libens libens* out of *Aiken Drum's lang ladle*, or that of the distinguished Pickwick, equally profound and equally ridiculous, over "Bill Stubbs, his mark." But the dictum of the great Gascon essayist announces an historical law, which has not yet, we think, been sufficiently recognized. It may thus be briefly stated—that at periods most noteworthy for intellectual brilliancy and profundity, the most monstrous impostures have appeared and succeeded. Before attempting any explanation of this paradoxical theory, we propose to illustrate its conditions from the history of Literary Forgeries.

During the last century and a half, the literary forgery has generally assumed the form of a modern antique, addressed as a lure to the prevalent taste for archæology. A well-marked period of some sixty or seventy years, may be defined in English literature during the eighteenth century. It was an age of versatile intellectual culture, scholarly enterprise, and eager archæological zeal; an age distinguished by the publication of several classics, by a vigorous exhumation of national antiquities, and excavations in the mine of Indian philosophy and romance. The reading public, during a large portion of this era, accepted Johnson as an autocrat; Hume, Gibbon, Burke, Goldsmith, Sterne, Collins, Gray, Fielding, and Smollett, as living statesmen of the literary empire; and Tyrrwhitt, Percy, and the Wartons, as its critical police. Despite this array

of names, and prestige of influence, the record of literary imposture is ample.

In 1760 appeared the publication of Macpherson's *Fingal*. It would be tedious to reopen the long and fierce controversy that ensued between the defenders of this work as genuine, and its impugners, headed by Dr. Johnson. The researches that have since been made into the history of the ancient Gaelic poems have thrown sufficient doubt on the subject, to preclude dogmatism as to the entire falsity of Macpherson's statements. It is probably safe to affirm that he can not be acquitted of unauthorized interpolation, if the other counts against him are not proven. Of a less doubtful character is the accusation preferred against Chatterton, of having forged the *Rowley* poems, which he gave to the world in 1769. The details of this imposture are too well known to bear repetition, and we need only call attention to its brilliant though brief success. After duping, by a series of minor literary frauds, his friends in Bristol, Chatterton flew at higher game. In Horace Walpole, he found at first a credulous listener, though subsequently a harsh censor. Dean Milles, President of the Antiquarian Society, and the eminent scholar Bryant, were long warm adherents of the Rowley faith. An animated contest was waged on one occasion between Johnson and Walpole on the side of the skeptics, and Goldsmith on that of the believers, whose cause he is said to have vindicated with earnest enthusiasm. Chatterton's reviewer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1777, argued stoutly for the antiquity of the poems, and named among his fellow-partisans, Lord Lyttelton, Dean Woodward, and Dr. Fry, the President of St. John's, Oxford. The detection of the imposture, and the correlative recognition of the poet's genius came, alas! too late to avert the presentation of a tragedy, sadder, perhaps, than any that *Æschylus* or *Shakspeare* ever conceived.

In 1781, the well-known Pinkerton published a collection of Scottish ballads. These were accepted as valuable historical relics, and the erudition displayed by their editor procured him a high reputation as an antiquary. Nine years afterwards, during which time the cheat was undiscovered, Pinkerton published his *List of Scotch Poets*, and spontaneously confessed that his former work was a medley of genuine antiques and spurious compositions of his own. As a specimen of candid effrontery, his apology is worth transcription: "The fiction, as the publisher can inform, could not possibly have any sordid views, as the MS. was presented to him, and half of the future profits, which was offered, was refused. For the imposition, it was only meant to give pleasure to the public, and no vanity could be served where the name was unknown. As to the vanity or pleasure of imposing on others—if there be such ideas—they are quite unknown to the editor. Perhaps, like a very young man as he was, he had pushed one or two points of the deception a little too far, but he always thought that novel and poetry had no bounds of fiction."

The most elaborate forgery since Chatterton's, is that of the Shakspeare MSS., by William Henry Ireland. The details of this imposture should be better known, as they afford a striking illustration of the law to which we have called attention. In the year 1795, the literary world was roused by the announcement of Mr. Samuel Ireland, an antiquarian, and general dilettante of fair reputation, that he was the fortunate owner of certain valuable papers in the hand-writing of Shakspeare, which had just been discovered. The documents were very numerous, consisting of two unpublished plays, the whole MS. of *Lear*, containing much new matter, portions of *Hamlet*, and other plays, letters, and legal instruments. The originals were inspected by many distinguished scholars and antiquarians of the day, who afforded their testimony to the authenticity of the documents. In 1796 appeared the first volume of the new Shakspeare MSS., published by subscription at four guineas. Among the subscribers were Dr. Parr, Sheridan, Warren Hastings, Pyc the Laureate, Granville Sharp, Sir Abraham Hume, James Boswell, and the Committees of several public Libraries. Samuel Ireland was the editor, and in the

preface narrated the manner in which he had become possessed of the MSS. He received them from his son William Henry Ireland, a young man under nineteen, "by whom the discovery was accidentally made at the house of a gentleman of considerable property." The name of this person could not be divulged, it was said, without his consent, which could not be obtained. The reason for his refusal was a secret, but this—it was urged—did not affect the evidence for the authenticity of the papers, which must be judged on their own merits. As proofs of their genuine character, Mr. Ireland adduced the testimony of such men as Dr. Parr, Joseph Warton, and numerous antiquarians; and expatiated on the internal evidences of a style which none could imitate, and the external evidences of the hand-writing and paper-marks. The most important of the documents published in this volume, were a letter from Queen Elizabeth to Shakspeare; a letter to the same from the Earl of Southampton, and the poet's reply; verses to Anne Hathaway; Profession of Faith; two or three legal instruments, and the entire MS. of *Lear*, the text of which contained several deviations from that of the printed copies. These alterations, the editor contended, were of transcendent excellence, and left no room for doubt that the printed editions were garbled versions of the play.

Shortly after the publication of the volume, several pamphlets appeared *pro* and *con* the authenticity of the MSS. On the side of the incredulous, objections were generally taken to the orthography as extravagantly antique. The principles on which it seemed to be framed, were the duplication of nearly every consonant, and the insertion of the vowel *e* wherever possible. Anachronisms were dwelt on, the radical worthlessness of the additional poetry pointed out, and the blundering narrative of the discovery severely criticised. Now that the imposture is notorious, it is certainly surprising that any one acquainted with Elizabethan literature could have been deceived by the orthography of the Ireland MSS., could have accepted with unstaggering credulity the spelling of "forre," "usse," "reteme-tyonne," and "unnetennederre." The hand-writing of the period was ingeniously imitated, and the internal evidence of the documents would have been plausible had not the forger tried the crucial experiment



of imitating Shakspeare as a poet. The legal instruments were formal, and generally accurate, and the letters from the Queen and Southampton might pass current. But let the reader judge if the author of *Hamlet* could have written thus, even as a youth of eighteen, to Anne Hathaway :

"Synce thenne norre forretune, deathe, norre  
age  
Canne faythfulle Willy's love asswage,  
Thenne doe I live and die forre you,  
Thy Willye sincere and moste trewe."

The letter to the Earl of Southampton contains this sad fustian: "Gratitude is alle I have toe utter, and that is tooe greate ande toe sublyme a feeling for poore mortalls toe expresse. O my lord, itte is a budde which blossomes, bloomis, butte never dyes. Itte cherishes sweet Nature, and lulls the calme breast toe soft repose!" The "Profession of Faith" is too lengthy for quotation here. It is a composition destitute, as we think, of a spark of original thought; but in justice to the author we must cite the rapturous exclamation of Dr. Joseph Warton respecting it. "We have very fine things in our Church Service," he cried, "and our Litany abounds with beauties, but here is a man who has distanced us all!"

While the controversy waxed hot between friends and foes, public interest was stimulated by the announcement, that the as yet unpublished drama of *Vortigern* was in preparation at Drury Lane. The manager of Covent Garden offered Mr. Ireland a *carte blanche* for the MS., but Sheridan finally won the prize, giving £300 for the privilege of representation, and promising to divide the profits of a fixed number of nights. The fate of the play forms an amusing episode in the history of the Ireland forgery. *Vortigern* was no sooner announced for performance, than the eminent Shakspearian critic, Malone, a stern infidel as to the new papers, issued an advertisement warning the public against the hoax, which he promised speedily to dissect. The Irelands issued a counter-statement, ridiculing Malone, and asking for a fair hearing. In the green-room the controversy was yet more exciting. The great Kemble, then stage manager and leading actor at Drury Lane, set his face against the imposture, which was as ardently defended by Sheridan, the lessee. The latter triumphed, and

engaged Linley to compose the music for the songs, and Sir James Bland Burgess to supply the prologue. Finding resistance unavailing, Kemble endeavored to fix the day of performance for the *first of April*. In this he was foiled, but succeeded in choosing as an afterpiece the farce of *My Grandmother*. He carried his animosity on to the boards. The house was of course crowded, and, according to the statement of the younger Ireland, the first part of the play was received with applause. Kemble at last came to the line—

"And when this solemn mockery is o'er,"

which he gave with such withering scorn of manner that the audience clamored satisfaction for several minutes. When order was restored, instead of proceeding with the speech, he repeated the fatal line with renewed emphasis. This decided the matter, the rest of the piece being wholly unintelligible. The verdict of the public can not be gainsaid, the play being generally vapid and pointless, although the diction in some passages is ingeniously assimilated to the Shakspearian model. The author must be at least allowed hardihood in saddling Shakspeare with such an epithet for tears as—*moist*!

The fate of *Vortigern* accelerated that of the whole fraud. Malone's elaborate exposé appeared, and, though not wholly satisfactory, considerably damaged his enemy's cause. The elder Ireland answered Malone with some ability and more asperity, adducing in his tract the names of the *literati* whose testimony to the MSS. had decided him on publication. The certificate of authenticity was thus worded:

"We whose names are hereunto subscribed, have, in the presence, and by the favor of Mr. Ireland, inspected the Shakspeare papers, and are convinced of their authenticity." Upwards of twenty signatures were appended, including those of Dr. Parr and Valpy among scholars, Pinkerton the antiquary, Pye poet-laureate, Heard Garter King-at-arms, and others of literary or archæological experience. James Boswell, one of the witnesses, before signing fell on his knees, and thanked God that he had lived so long, and could now die happy. Any effect that the elder Ireland's pamphlet might have had in sustaining the imposture was obliterated by a counter-influence. The mystery of the hoax was at last revealed by its sole au-

thor, the younger Ireland, who in 1796 published his *Authentic Account of the Shakspeare MSS.* This curious narrative exonerated the father from all but credulity. The author asked for a lenient verdict from the public, in consideration of his youth, and declared that his only motives for deception were the desire to see to what lengths antiquarian weakness would run, and the amiable hope of gratifying his father's ardent love for Shakspearian relics. Though the confession is ample in detail, particularizing the names of accomplices, and the localities where the materials employed in the forgery were obtained, and bears throughout strong marks of sincerity, it is not surprising that some of the dupes, and among them Mr. Ireland, senior, were obstinate in adhering to their delusion. The controversy did not wholly cease until 1805, when the author of the fraud treated the public to a fuller confession, and the matter dropped. There is probably not to be found now a single skeptic on the question.

The present century has given birth to a plentiful crop of literary shams, which we proceed to consider in their relation to the age. The platitudes that express popular belief in its intellectual greatness seem the utterances of wonder rather than pride. The intensity of the mental energy manifested in almost every area open to human exertion is the theme no less of our sternest censor than our blandest flatterer. It is of immediate consequence to the present subject to notice that an especial development of the critical faculty has distinguished the mental growth of this age. Those sciences which are essentially dependent on the exercise of critical acumen date their origin or strongest impulse in this century. We may particularize ethnology and philology. The histories of ancient nations that passed current fifty years since, are obsolete now; for the annals of Egypt, Assyria, Mexico, and even early Greece and Italy, have been for the first time unfolded. A few master-spirits of an era no longer monopolize its intellectual power, which the great free-trader Time now distributes more impartially among the many. The cycle of progress wherein we move opens to us a vision of the galaxy, and the "bright particular stars" are rarer. This extensive distribution of force may conceal its magnitude, but the paradox that

in such an age impostors should be fortunate is thereby heightened.

We would be understood to use the term impostor with some latitude of meaning, so as to include alike criminal, mischievous, and even harmless deceivers of the public. We fear that M. Simonides must take rank in the first class. This gentleman has been recently detected as a successful forger of MSS., which he has sold for large sums to divers public libraries as genuine antiques. Among his eminent dupes on the last occasion was, it has been said, the German scholar Dindorf. M. Simonides is not alone in his vocation. British critics, we believe, are nearly agreed as to the spurious credentials of *Moredun*, the romance lately given to the world as a posthumous work of Sir Walter Scott, discovered in Paris. A year or two since, a collection of letters was sold to a London publisher as genuine autographs of the poet Shelley, and the authority of one of his oldest friends was procured as a guarantee. They were published with an admirable preface from the pen of Robert Browning, but in a few days were discovered to be mainly compiled from articles in the *Quarterly*, written by Sir Francis Palgrave. Yet more recently some manuscript letters of Schiller were announced to be in the press, and the poet's last surviving daughter was said to have certified them to be in her father's hand writing. Internal evidence, however, overpowered her testimony, and the fraud was detected.

A forgery of a more innocent type was perpetrated in Germany some years since. Certain leaders of the Rationalistic school had laid down canons of criticism which an ingenious orthodox divine held to be unsound, and resolved to impugn. He accordingly framed a narrative in harmony with the said canons, and palmed it on the public as a discovery made by him in an ancient manuscript. The fiction is doubtless known to many of our readers under the translated title of *The Amber Witch*. On its appearance the Tübingen critics were in ecstasies at so valuable a literary discovery, and triumphantly demonstrated the correspondence of the evidence for its genuineness with the canons they had laid down. On this, the author, in a louder tone of triumph, avowed himself, and defied the critics. They, not to be outdone, manfully re-

torted on the romancer, and scouted his avowal; but, doubtless, like Michael Angelo on a similar occasion, he had taken the precaution to establish his veracity.

Pinkerton has had many followers in his line of mischievous deception. Allan Cunningham, we believe, confessed to the manufacture of two or three national ballads, which he had sent to a learned collector as genuine antiques, and in whose volume they have descended to posterity. The late Mr. Surtees was an accomplished ballad-manufacturer, and some of his compositions are introduced as ancient remains in Scott's *Border Minstrelsy* and Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*. Campbell, at the outset of his editorial connection with the *New Monthly*, fell a victim to the artful designs of some wag who enlisted his poetic sympathies on behalf of one Clithero, stated to be a glorious but neglected dramatist of the seventeenth century, but who proved to be a myth of the nineteenth.

It would be easy to multiply illustrations of a similar kind to those cited above. As a climax of literary imposture in our day, may be noticed the *Book of Mormon*, which, though received as the inspired canon of thousands of the Anglo-Saxon race, has been shown to be based on a religious romance of the Rev. Solomon Spaulding, an obscure American minister.

An explanation of the historical paradox, to which we have called attention, suggests itself in our most familiar observations of mental pathology. The health of the intellect is known to consist in the conservation of a balance between its divers parts. In whatever direction this balance is overthrown, disease is generated. The equilibrium of one organism may be disturbed by the preponderance of reason over imagination, or the converse; in another, the affections may enervate the judgment, or the conscience be morbidly sensitive. Viewed by the light of this axiom, the delusions under our notice are soon recognizable. They take rank among "signs of the time." An intellectual excitement having pervaded any epoch—the healthy balance of mind is overthrown, and the appropriate disease sets in. The enthusiasm which too ardently prosecutes legitimate enterprises will deviate into the bypaths of contraband traffic. History has been justly named a larger biography, and the radical fact of

the philosophy of delusion can be tested by the experience of daily life. Students will call to mind, as the result of excess in brain-work, many a spectral visitant invoked by the magic of disordered nerves, many a ghastly dream that has dogged the footsteps like a shadow. The bereaved will not forget how, in the immediate severity of his loss, the universe seemed centered in a single grave; how the sheen of sun and stars, of earth and sea, was hidden by the undying "reflex of a human face." The fiend who interferes in the course of our every day existence, and perverts us from the obedience which insures health, to the disobedience which entails disease, is equally active in the more extended area of history. The tendency of the age is not thwarted, but exaggerated. Men are seen to be hungry, and are forthwith filled to repletion.

It remains to connect the theory with its exemplifications.

The narrative of the passion for archaeological research might be compiled of chapters taken from the annals of perhaps every nation that has passed through the ordinary phases from barbarism to civilization. An able historian of ancient Greece has observed of the Homeric epics, that they may be safely received as faithful portraiture of the time when they appeared, since "their author lived in an age when antiquarian research was unknown. His poems were addressed to unlettered hearers, and any description of life and manners which did not correspond to the state of things around them would have been uninteresting and unintelligible to his contemporaries." The non-existence amongst barbarous nations of the art of writing almost necessitates the absence of any interest in the past. This can scarcely be found where no pains are taken to record the present. The pressing necessity, moreover, for the supply of daily wants, the combative propensities, and easy sensualism, which are the usual characteristics of barbarism, would naturally preclude the growth of a taste so essentially refined, peaceful, and absorbing as that of antiquarian investigation. The efforts of undeveloped intellects to travel out of the present, furnish negative evidence in support of this presumption. The fictions thence resulting, such as the Heroic Age, are rarely more than reflexes of the social conditions existing in the present, thrown in outline, more or less

distorted, upon a shadowy background. How gradually a real reverence for the past arises, even after the attainment of considerable refinement, is testified in such an act as the burning of the Alexandrian Library by the Caliph Omar. In the unthinking youth of Arabian nationalism, no value could possibly be attached to aught extrinsic. The past! what was it? a wraith of "creeds outworn," and worm-eaten philosophies, fated to pale and fade before the burning sunrise of Islam! But the past is always destined

"To win  
A glory from its being far,"

and some age is sure to build, even too lavishly, the sepulchers of the fathers. There is a period in every individual and national history when the mind comes to the end of its tether. Its stock of experiences has become stale and wearisome, and a new assortment is necessary. The strongest, healthiest natures will strike their tents in the present, and journey into the land of the future. But even for such, this is not always possible, and for perhaps the majority of natures, in average moods, it is quite impossible. The hazard is too great; the toil too severe. To avoid stagnation in the present, they invert their gaze. The past is pleasant to look upon, as it lies bathed in the purple-golden haze of sunset, with its harsh features veiled, and its crude tints softened, and thither the dissatisfied spirits bend their steps. The period of the "Renaissance" most aptly exemplifies the efflorescence of antiquarian zeal. In Italy, the enthusiasm for classical conservation and reproduction approached the intensity of a mania. Rienzi kindled his aspirations for freedom at the precious ashes of the Eternal City, with the fond hope that those ashes could be relighted on the hearth of his age. He found too late that the eternity of Rome was not of empire as well as fame, and fell a martyr to his disbelief in progress. Like Orpheus, he lost his Eurydice by looking back. Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio cramped their creations to the proportions of antique shapes. The greatest architects, painters, and sculptors of the period, found in the ruins of Greek and Roman art, not merely forms of beauty, inspiring love and admiration, but models for imitation; and it must enhance our wonder at the intellectual strength of the

Cinque Cento, to see how mightily it worked in such fetters. The mania had its ludicrous side. "The loss of a single chest of MSS.," says a recent writer, turned the hair of Guarino gray in a night. "When Leontius was drowned, Petrarch, as became him, was painfully affected at the loss of his friend, but he was still more distressed at the loss of his friend's Euripides, which had descended with him to the bottom of the sea."

The age that in England distinguished itself by its capacious swallow for such shams as those of Pinkerton and Ireland, was, as we have seen, noteworthy for activity in archaeological research. The *Gentleman's Magazine* issued in 1731 as the pioneer of antiquarian enterprise. The editions of the classics that left the presses of Baskerville, Brindley, and Foulis, are not yet forgotten. The Commentaries of Tyrwhitt on Chaucer, and of Warburton, Steevens, Farmer, and Malone on Shakspeare; Percy's *Ancient Reliques*, Lye's *Gothic Gospels*, and Pinkerton's *bona fide* publication of the Maitland MSS., will sufficiently evidence the zeal, industry, and ability of British archaeologists in the eighteenth century. But the enthusiasm boiled over. Dr. Percy's genuine admiration for our ancient ballads, and regret at the defective preservation of several choice specimens, led him to essay the restorations and interpolations with which he has disfigured more than one noble torso. Johnson's strong sense kept him from such blunders, and his parody on a modern antique has much caustic humor. We make no apology for transcribing it from Boswell.

"Hermit hoar in solemn cell,  
Wearing out life's evening gray,  
Smite thy bosom, sage, and tell  
What is life, and which the way!

"Thus I spoke, and speaking sighed,  
Scarce restrained the starting tear;  
When the smiling sage replied:  
'Come, my lad, and have some beer!'"

Percy, however, had his partisans. Shenstone's *Schoolmistress*, and Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*, both Spenserian revivals, are their masterpieces, but with all deference to the fame of Goldsmith, we think his *Hermit* as poor as it is popular. A ludicrous illustration of the temper of the time is to be found in the *Annals* of Pye's laureateship. In 1795, on the menace of war between England and

France, he gave to the world an imitated version of Tyrtæus, adapted to the existing state of politics. The lame Athenian schoolmaster who sang to stimulate the Spartans in their contest with Messenia in 685 B.C., would have been aghast to behold his martial muse, stripped of spear and shield, and furnished with musket and bayonet, cheering on British grenadiers against perfidious Gaul in 1795 A.D. But the metamorphosis was highly approved of by the military authorities of the day, who considered Mr. Pye's verses well fitted to excite national enthusiasm. Accordingly, they were read aloud, says Mathias, "at Warley Common, and at Barham Downs, by the adjutants at the head of five different regiments at each camp. But before they were half finished, all the front ranks, and as many of the others as were within hearing or verse-shot, dropped their arms suddenly, and were all found asleep." Slumber, unless we greatly mistake, has usually escaped observation among the phenomena of enthusiasm. Horace Walpole personified the folly of his age: a dilettante of the "remainder biscuit" of history and literary gossip; the type of relic-worshippers and curiosity shopkeepers; a brilliant butterfly perpetually hovering above exuvie and dead leaves.

That Pinkerton, Chatterton, and Ireland studied their age carefully—as indeed the latter affirmed of himself—and planted their blows in its weakest part, is a fair inference from the facts. To delude an age afflicted with such an infirmity as we have indicated, demanded both genius and industry; and as the laws of disease are said to be as beautiful as those of health, one can not withhold admiration at the adroitness of the accomplished charlatans.

The passion for retrospection has raged in our own epoch even more strongly than in the last century. The tendency to reproduce the past, naturally arising from an excessive love of it, seems to pervade most departments of mental activity. If we are less indebted to Palestine for our theology than our grandfathers were, in art and literature we are more earnest worshippers of the dead. They were content with obligations to the Italy of Palladio for architectural taste. We ransack pagandom as well as Christendom for models. Rameses the Great would recognize the shadow of familiar life were he

transported to-morrow into Piccadilly, and Saladin would be comparatively at home in Leicester Square. A student of modern English literature can hardly take up a volume of poems without finding a "faint Homeric echo," in the shape of an epical or lyrical fragment—an attempt to fetter Anglo-Saxon with hexameters—a Cavalier or a Jacobite ballad. Other departments of literature have teemed for the last twenty years with imitations, more or less accurate, of sixteenth and seventeenth century diaries, biographies, and novels, spelt in duly antiquated orthography, printed in quaint prim type, and bound in embossed covers with brass clasps. Some of these productions have been creditable endeavors to recall the spirit and color of the epochs they profess to portray. On the other hand it may be desirable to hint in some cases, that modern sentiment is not made less vapid by being rendered into uncouth diction and barbarous spelling. That an article is the better for being dusty, is a theory of literary commerce against which we feel bound to enter a protest.

The likeliest haunt for a mannerism is the promenade of society, and here we find the affectation of mediævalism, even in the orthography of family names. There are few who have not among their acquaintance one who spells his patronymic Figgins with two small *f*s and two *y*s—inserts an apostrophe between the two first letters of Dabbs, or changes the plebeian Smith into the patrician Smijth or Smythe. As the extreme vagary of the reproductive movement, take the recent aberrations of dress. Probably the goddess of fashion who presided over the revival of hoops, and instituted the "capillary attraction" of gold dust, little thought, that in imitating her great-grandmother, and rivaling Caligula, she was contributing to the "signs of the times." But the same wind that harries the Atlantic into tempest turns over an apple-stall in a village street. The whole reproductive movement, in its largest and least manifestations, seems to us a notable phenomenon of constitutional weakness. If the nation which, in essentials equally with trifles, exhibits these retrospective tendencies, did not in divers other of its aspects contradict and outweigh them, its destiny would indeed be piteous. What more fitting retribution could befall it than stagnation; a penalty such as the

Hebrew chronicler relates fell upon Lot's wife, who, looking back, became a pillar?

But we are open to attack in another breach of our bulwarks. The refinements of criticism *ad unguem*, have been strained to the verge of fastidiousness and caprice. Some, wealthy with the literary treasures of centuries, have become misers of the past, and supercilious towards the present. Long feasting on one favorite dish of intellectual fare had made others dainty in relishing all alien food. And intimate correspondence with the world-history of to-day, while in process of action, has made many over-skeptical as to the pretensions of yesterday. *A priori* assumptions, word-juggleries, forced allegories, and, above all, arbitrary canons of evidence have too often of late usurped the place of legitimate induction. The Jesuit Hardouin, who contended that all the classics, save Cicero's works, Pliny's *Natural History*, Virgil's *Georgics*, and Horace's *Satires* and *Epistles*, were the forgeries of mediæval monks, should have been a professor at Tübingen. The importation of hyper-criticism, however, into this country can not be wholly charged on traders with Germany, nor is it even there confined to any particular school of theology. The precision with which some of our own orthodox critics have ventured to define the limits between simple candor and subtle artifice of narration, has justified a recent defender of the *Book of Mormon* in urging its bad grammar among the evidences of its inspiration. Criticism has "put too fine a point upon it" in secular literature no less than in theological. The ingenious theory, mooted both here and in America, according to which the name of Bacon or Raleigh should be substituted for that of Shakspeare, on the title-pages of *Hamlet* and *Lear*, is a strong *prima facie* illustration in point. What fantastic tricks have not the theorists of mythology played before high heaven, and who can put a limit to the vagaries of etymologists? Of one and all we must say—"he o'er refines—the scholar's fault."

If the foregoing considerations be duly weighed, we think the explanation of the phenomena under notice will be found extremely simple. We have loved the past to excess, and gone mad in aiming to be preternaturally acute. It has been a just punishment that some clever by-

standers have profited by the occasion, and stabbed us with our own weapons.

Those who agree with the author of *Hudibras*, that

"The pleasure is as great  
In being cheated as to cheat,"

will find a justification for their tenet in the conclusion at which they will probably arrive, from a consideration of the preceding narratives—namely, that critical science must be a very unreliable talisman, since in ages eminent for its cultivation impostures have been rife. We must reply, that a parallel argument would establish the inutility of a police force on account of the prevalence of burglary. It would be nearer the truth to say, that the prosperity of imposture has been owing to the deficiency of critical acumen. In proof of this let it be noted, that criticism has amply vindicated its claims to development as a science. The sages of the eras when flourished the pseudo-Manetho, the false Dionysius the Areopagite, the interpolator of Josephus, and the forgers of the Apocryphal Gospels, innocently accepted the frauds which it has been reserved for the last two centuries to expose. Ages passed before a suspicion of imposture stirred. On the other hand, modern frauds have generally had an ephemeral existence, notwithstanding their greater elaboration. Chatterton's detection occupied but a few months; that of Ireland about a year; the Shelley letters were no sooner published than withdrawn; the Schiller letters did not see the light. Sounder principles of discrimination than we now possess would preserve the literary world from those excesses on which charlatans have built their fortunes.

"Tis life whereof our nerves are scant,  
Oh! life, not death, for which we pant,  
More life, and fuller, that we want."

The conclusion that seems to us most fairly deducible from the premises, is that temperate historical skepticism is wise and safe. The synchronism of intellectual brilliancy and successful fraud must be noticed in connection with another fact, no less historical, that dark ages have been dens of hypocrisy as well as ignorance. Familiar to every national chronicle are the annals of a magnetism, wherein a strong-willed priest or king was the

mighty mesmerist, and a weak people the passive "subject."

There is no purpose to be gained by an evasion of the fact that history is full of monstrous shams, which, when first originated, subjugated thousands, and subjugate hundreds now. The magicians would not fail to throw their spells over public records, and defile the stream of history, lest its purity should be fatal to their fame. What then is left us but to filter it ere we drink? In fine, travelers into the Past must guard against the directions of both fools and pedants, and be ready even to stand still rather than go astray.

It has been urged against the advocacy of a skeptical temper, that, in the search for truth, a prepossession nullifies the aim. But historical skepticism involves no more bias than every wise man finds it needful to take with him in a walk up Saffron Hill or Seven Dials. A writer who should start a theory that bread was deleterious, would have no right to complain of the

world's *a priori* prejudices against his view. These would be justified by the uninterrupted testimony of centuries on one side of the question. And so, when urging the necessity of wariness in accepting historical statements, we do but adopt an argument which the wisdom of many minds has crystallized into a proverb—"A burnt child dreads the fire." Nor, we think, is this position affected by what has been adduced as to the extravagance of critical skepticism at the present day. The vagaries of criticism, as of every other science, are aberrations from a defined highway. The balance of probabilities here, as always, will keep the mind straight. If this seem to any one an unsatisfactory guide, he must fight out his quarrel with the laws of the universe. The quaint apothegm of Isaak Walton's friend, worthy Dr. Boteler, on the strawberry, will bear a wider application: "Doubtless," he used to say, "God might have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did."

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From the Edinburgh Review.

## THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS.\*

THE authentic history of the Athenian Acropolis reaches back from the present time to a period of scarcely less than two thousand four hundred years. No other fortress has embraced so much beauty and splendor within its walls; none has witnessed a series of more startling and momentous changes in the fortunes of its possessors. Wave after wave of war and conquest has beaten against it. The city which lies at its feet has fallen beneath

the assaults of the Persian, the Spartan, the Macedonian, and the Roman. It has opened its gates to the barbarous hordes of Alaric, and the not less savage robbers of Catalonia. It has passed from the representatives of the Crusaders into the hands of the Ottoman Sultans; and the shrine of Athena has seen the offerings of heathenism give place to the holier ritual of Greek and Latin Christianity, and these in their turn succeeded by the cold and lifeless ceremonial of Islam. Through all these and other vicissitudes it has passed, changing only in the character of its occupants, unchanged in its loveliness and splendor. With a few blemishes and losses, whether from the decaying taste of later times or the occasional robberies of a foreign conqueror, unaffected in its general aspect, it presented to the eyes of the victorious Otto-

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\* *L'Acropole d'Athènes.* Par E. BEULÉ, Ancien Membre de l'École d'Athènes. 2 vols. Paris: 1853.

*Études sur le Péloponnèse.* Par E. BEULÉ. Paris: 1855.

*Athènes aux Xe, XVe et XVIIe Siècles.* Par le COMTE DE LABORDE. 2 vols. Paris: 1854.

*La Minerve de Phydias restituée par M. Simart d'après les textes et les monumens figurés.* Par ALPHONSE DE CALONNE. Paris: 1855.

man the same front of unparalleled beauty which it had displayed in the days of Pericles. The professors of new creeds had worshiped within its beautiful temples; but, beneath the deep blue of the Athenian sky and the dazzling splendor of the Athenian sun, the shrine of the gray-eyed Goddess and the hall of Erechtheus had lost but little of their earlier glory, long after the one had become a mosque and the other a harem. To him who looks upon it now, the scene is changed indeed; changed not only in the loss of its treasures of decorative art, (for of many of these it had been robbed before,) but with its loveliest fabrics shattered, many reduced to hopeless ruin, and not a few utterly obliterated. Less than two centuries have sufficed to bring about all this dilapidation: less than three months sufficed to accomplish it. If the Venetian by his abortive conquest inflicted not more injury on the fair heritage of Athenian art than it had undergone from all preceding spoliations, he left it, not merely from the havoc of war but by wanton subsequent mutilation, in that state which rendered the recovery of its ancient grace and majesty impossible.

Yet the Acropolis still rises above a city whose inhabitants cling with the pride of ancient lineage to the memories of Conon and Mnesicles, of Pericles and Phidias. In the darkest days of barbaric inroads, abandoned by the feeble Cæsars of Byzantium, cut off from the knowledge and lost to the sympathy of Western Christendom, the people of Athens have still cherished the Hellenic name, still exhibited some characteristics of those whom they termed their forefathers. But history has threatened to deal harshly with this proud inheritance; and while some rest their Philhellenic aspirations on the identity of the modern Greeks with those who fought at Salamis or fell at Syracuse, there are not wanting those who look back to the inundations of the Slavonic hordes as to the grave of the pure Hellenic race. Athens, indeed, and its people during the Slavonic ages are to us almost as obscure and unknown as Athens before the dawn of contemporary history. But the scanty notices which remain prove sufficiently that the influx of Goths and Slaves, of Bulgarians and Wallachians, must have diminished the numbers and changed the character of the old population, even if we do not adopt

the extreme conclusion that the Hellenic element was annihilated.

There are the old places, and not a few of the old familiar names. There is the magic still of sun and sky; and the scanty stream of Kephissus still leads us in thought to the ivy groves where the nightingale sang in the dells of old Kolonos. But if it have this power in our colder and harsher regions, the spell must be stronger still in the enchanted land itself; and the error may be pardoned which leads the Athenian of our own day to claim kindred with those who achieved its greatness and created its glories.

It is, however, a grave question of fact which sentiment will help us but little to answer, and of which it is probably hopeless to expect a full solution. Athens in the Slavonic age is to us almost as obscure as Athens before the dawn of contemporary history; and if an examination of the scanty notices which remain fail of convincing us that the modern Greeks are merely Byzantinized Slavonians, it will still less lead us to consider them the kinsmen of Pericles and Phormion. The fifth century of the Christian era finds Athens sunk in a darkness scarcely less deep than that from which it emerged five centuries before it; but the many causes then at work throughout Greece to diminish the old population, and in some parts to annihilate it, together with the new elements constantly poured in by Goths and Slaves, Bulgarians and Wallachians, are more than sufficient to set aside the claim of the modern Athenians to any thing like purity of blood.

The causes which contributed to this change of population account also in great measure for the astonishing ignorance of modern Greek history which prevailed throughout Europe till towards the close of the seventeenth century. With its population steadily decreasing from fiscal oppression and consequent social demoralization, Greece presented to the migratory hordes of the seventh and eighth centuries a tempting field which the Eastern Emperors scarcely cared to defend. Thus isolated from the interests of the Empire, it became practically an unknown land until the Crusades brought the warriors of the West to usurp the throne of the Cæsars. With the establishment of the Latin empire of Constantinople, Greece became a prize for some of the most powerful crusading



chieftains, and under their rule the courts of Thessalonica, Athens, and the Peloponnesus, attained to no small reputation even throughout Western Europe. But their magnificence was entirely modern. It centered wholly round their own persons and interests; and although the condition of the people was in no respect worse, in some respects palpably better, still they did but minister to the glory of the houses of Neri or Acciajuoli, of De la Roche or Brienne. The beautiful structures of Athens and its Acropolis were prized, not as heirlooms of departed greatness, but as the ornaments of a feudal court and the rewards of successful valor. Yet the darkness was to be thicker and deeper still; and with its submission to the Ottoman Turks the city of Athena passed under a veil which was lifted up only to reveal the havoc wrought by the friendly arms of Morosini. The depth of this general ignorance it is almost impossible to exaggerate or even to realize; but its causes were sufficiently complex. M. de Laborde expresses surprise that the so-called Renaissance of the fifteenth century did not at once direct public attention to Greece. But that revival, so far as concerned art, was simply the abandonment of the real strength and glory of every form of national architecture, and the substitution of an adventitious and utterly unmeaning decoration. It would have been therefore a more legitimate cause for wonder, had so false and hollow a movement led to a genuine study of the spirit and laws of Greek art, of which it borrowed, and borrowed only to mar and corrupt, its external forms. Beyond this lay other and more constraining causes. For many a weary century Greece had been a theater of almost uninterrupted convulsion. Real lovers of Greek art there were none. Commercial enterprise and religious devotion chose naturally the shortest and the safest route; and the sleepless jealousy of the Turks prompted them to close up to the utmost all access to their conquered territories. Thus, from a Christian, Athens became a Moslem city, unnoticed by any state of Western Europe with the single exception of Venice.

"She alone," to adopt the words of M. de Laborde, "from a merely material point of view could feel the force of the blow struck at the interests of Europe and her own commerce by the submission of almost the whole of Greece.

But Venice, without the aid of religious fanaticism, was then powerless; and the Christians concerned themselves only with the Holy Places. While the route to Jerusalem lay open, and in some measure protected, that which lay beyond or beside it struck them but little amidst the general desolation of Eastern Christendom." — *Athènes, etc.*, vol. i. p. 8.

Thus, for more than two centuries, was Athens almost wholly withdrawn from the observation of the civilized world. The archæologist and the architect feared, the religious pilgrim cared not, to approach it; and the few who ventured to brave the jealousy or wrath of the Turks have left us specimens of ignorance and misconception which we might be pardoned for putting aside with impatience, but which M. de Laborde has set himself to examine with commendable perseverance. He is in truth the first writer, gifted with a fine appreciation of Greek art, who has applied his erudition and his taste to elucidate the most obscure and ungrateful period of the history of Athens, and he is fully entitled to the grateful acknowledgments of all whom his labors may, as he hopes, relieve from "painful researches and great loss of time." The "dark ages" may almost be said to have lasted down to the commencement of the present century, as far as the critical exploration of the monuments of Greece is concerned. A hundred years ago Athens was not much better known than Nineveh.

The few travelers who in earlier times professed some acquaintance with Athenian archæology, did but share in that ludicrous inaptitude for all such criticism, which, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, was almost universal. When by the same corruption which formed the word "Stamboul," Athens was known in mariner's charts as "Settines;" when an anonymous Greek writer could limit all its buildings to theaters and schools; when, even to the most important of them, names were assigned arbitrarily and at random; when the Propylæa became the palace of the dukes of Athens, and the temple of *νίκη ἀντρεως* the School of the Musicians; when Francesco Giamberti (San Gallo) could purchase from an itinerant Greek, and embody in his own Italian researches, pretended copies of ancient buildings, every one an impudent forgery, we can but repay with a smile the cautious prudence of the artist, who, not caring to prosecute his studies on the spot

at the risk of imprisonment or torture, "pleasantly" transformed Athens into a Gothic town of Flanders. This design is so far honest that, even in the disposition of its buildings there is not the slightest approximation to Athenian topography. Another, by Michael Wohlgemuth, in the same fifteenth century, has in one corner a castle on a hill to represent the Acropolis, and a cathedral, much like that of Mayence, to serve for any chance building at its base.

The reports of travelers, or professed travelers, of the sixteenth century deserve more serious strictures. We may pardon the man who paints plans of Athens in a studio of Ghent or Mayence, but the same indulgence can not be extended to those who speak of it as a place almost uninhabited, and a mere scene of desolation. Such was the account of André Thevet, in 1550, (Laborde, i. 40,) who maintains that he saw at Athens nothing worth describing but a statue shown to him by a renegade Christian as having been recently dug up. This statue, after a minute description, he states was inscribed *Ἀχιλλῆ φίλτατῳ*. He admits that there are some columns and obelisks, but "all in ruins, and also some vestiges of several colleges, (where, according to the common opinion of the inhabitants, Plato read,) shaped like the Colosseum at Rome." Another, in 1564, tells us that of Athens there was nothing left but a small castle and a hamlet unprotected even against the attack of wild beasts, "en quoi," he piously adds, "on peut bien voir le jugement de Dieu, d'avoir, mis ceste désolation en lieu tant illustre pour le mépris de sa parole. Car si onques ville fut bien assise et bien policée, cest cy l'estoit, et néanmoins on n'y voit que ruyne et apparence de lieu désert."

Shortly after the battle of Lepanto, Martin Kraus (or Krusius) of Tübingen addressed to Symeon Kabasilas at Constantinople the following question: "Our German historians tell us that Athens is completely destroyed, and that in its place stand some fishermen's huts. Is this true?" The answer of Kabasilas, while it refutes this fable, betrays also his general ignorance. With his contemporary Theodore Zygomalas the Parthenon was a Pantheon, with Kabasilas it becomes a temple of "the unknown God." The same dedication is given in 1621 by

Louis des Hayes, the ambassador of Louis XIII., or, as M. de Laborde thinks, by his secretary, who describes it as of *oval* form both internally and externally. Shortly before this, in 1613, the work of artistic spoliation was inaugurated under the auspices of the Earl of Arundel, and the English public began to acquire an acquaintance with at least some fragments of Hellenic art. But the merit of introducing any thing like a real study of Athenian topography belongs unquestionably to the Capuchin Fathers, who succeeded the Jesuits in Athens in 1658. These missionaries, amongst other things, purchased and preserved the choragic monument of Lysicrates, and drew up a plan of Athens and its vicinity far exceeding in value any which had been hitherto designed.

But new troubles ensued. Rhodes and Cyprus had submitted to the Turks; and in 1669 followed the surrender of Crete by Morosini. The most rigorous measures were enforced by Mohammedan hatred and jealousy against all Christians throughout the Archipelago: and so closed a period of nearly five and twenty years, during which scarcely any traveler had ventured to approach Athens. The spell was broken by the Marquis de Nointel, the magnificent but eccentric ambassador of Louis XIV. to the Ottoman Porte. Of his not injudiciously pompous embassy, of the self-conceit which made that splendor a source of constant delight, of his extended travels, of his lavish expenditure in collecting things valuable or curious, of his consequent pecuniary difficulties, of the neglect and ingratitude of the King which darkened his declining days, the pages of M. de Laborde contain a lengthy but interesting account. We must, however, confine ourselves to his visit to Athens, into which, in presence of the Turkish officers, and amidst the waving of banners and blowing of trumpets, he made his imposing entry in the year 1674. In an official position, which presented him some facilities and secured him from all molestation, M. de Nointel made an excellent use of his opportunities; and the few weeks of his sojourn may be considered as a new era for Athenian archaeology. To insure accurate drawings, he had brought with him, on the recommendation of the celebrated Le Brun, his pupil Jacques Carrey of Troyes. On the fourteenth of November permission was obtained for making

drawings: on the seventeenth of December M. de Nointel and his train were in preparation for immediate departure. During that time, under the risk of having that permission withdrawn at any moment, without scaffolding or the help of any contrivance to enable him to work in an unconstrained attitude, obliged to stand close to the building whose precincts were by no means open then as now, he made designs of the two pediments of the Parthenon, of ninety-two metopes and of more than 300 feet of the frieze. "Il faillit s'y crever les yeux," says Spon, who visited Athens the year after. Yet he has produced drawings which, depreciated by Colonel Leake as rude and inaccurate, fully deserve in our judgment the praise bestowed on them by M. de Laborde. To the keen eye of the archæologist they may not be faultless: but M. de Laborde justly asks that they may be contrasted with the drawings of the Parthenon furnished by Spon, by Wheler, by Cornelio Magni, and d'Ottières. So compared, they are as gold amongst the dross, while the remarkable vigor and ease of the outline go far towards guaranteeing their general truthfulness and accuracy. M. de Laborde may well pronounce them worthy of admiration, apart from the difficulties under which they were executed, and the service which he has rendered by them, "a service great indeed when we remember that many of these bas-reliefs and statues have been either altogether lost, or so broken into fragments that without the help of his designs the task of repiecing them would be hopeless." The intention of de Nointel, that these sketches should be accompanied by a memoir on the Parthenon, was unfortunately prevented by his pecuniary embarrassments and his sudden recall.

The account drawn up in 1672 for the Abbé Pecoil by the Jesuit J. P. Babin, sufficiently attests the worthlessness of the written reports of those days. Amidst the many passages which even M. de Laborde confesses himself unable to comprehend, coupled with edifying narratives of courageous martyrdoms and prodigious births, it is difficult to know what value to assign to one or two expressions which would otherwise be of great moment. The question whether the Parthenon was hypæthral might approach its solution, could we trust his assertion that "he saw

therein three ranges of vaults supported on very high marble columns, that is, the nave with its two aisles." This account of Babin was published by Spon before he visited Greece, with a view of Athens, which betrays the weak sense still prevalent on the subject of topographical veracity, but which M. de Laborde estimates at more than its right value. The Propylæa are in it two miserable castle turrets, the Parthenon a contemptible Basilica.

The name of Spon is associated with more than one controversy which has been allowed unjustly to detract from his fair fame. While he was occupied with the narrative of Babin, the Capuchin Fathers were forwarding similar documents with plans to Paris, all which came into the hands of M. Guillet de St. George. The history of this man and his work scarcely deserves the space which M. de Laborde has devoted to it. It may suffice to say that, having examined these accounts, he must needs publish them in the form of a romance. A brother serving with the army is taken prisoner in Hungary and conveyed to Athens, and the narrative is the fruit of his captivity. His critical acumen and sense of veracity are on a par with this brilliant introduction. With the written statement of the Capuchins he mingled others gathered from hearsay, and the romancer of la Guilletière averred that his own eyes had seen on the pediment of the Parthenon the inscription  $\tau\omega \delta\gamma\nu\omega\sigma\tau\omega \theta\epsilon\omega$ . Spon, while he contradicted this, impugned the veracity of the whole work; and M. Guillet in reply procured or forged letters from two Capuchins, affirming that they had constantly read this inscription on the spot, although a part of it was certainly somewhat defaced.

Throughout his short career (he died in the greatest distress at Geneva at the age of thirty-eight) Spon showed himself the very reverse of M. Guillet de St. George. After careful study at home, he determined to test his knowledge by a journey to Athens. If he falls sometimes into palpable mistakes, and adopts conclusions on very insufficient premises, his work is still that of a man who records what he saw without fiction or exaggeration. Misled, like all before him, by the changes made on the introduction of the Christian ritual, Spon takes the Opisthodomos to be the original entrance to the

Parthenon; but, as a remark of his own, he assigns its sculptures to the age of Hadrian, from a resemblance of one of the figures to his portraits, and because the whiteness of the marble was not in keeping with the tints of the architectural portions. Such mistakes are, however, redeemed by genuine confessions of uncertainty or ignorance and a spirit of scientific research which make his early death a cause for deep regret. The companion of his travels, Sir George Wheler, has obtained (in M. de Laborde's judgment, very undeservedly) a happier reputation. Spon's work is undoubtedly reproduced, or rather translated in that of Wheler; but the addition of some original matter has led M. Beulé and others to quote in preference from the latter, and to attribute to him greater critical skill and power of thought. Wheler's remarks are, however, confined to popular manners and botanical notes; and his scholarship M. de Laborde tries by the fact that but for the help of Spon's third volume he could not have decently given two inscriptions; in fact, "the moment that Spon fails him, his inscriptions fail him also."

With these names (the visit of some military engineers excepted) close the series of travelers who visited Athens before its siege by Morosini; and for none perhaps, with the exception of Carrey as a draftsman, and Spon as an archæologist, is there any reason to regret that their facilities for observation were not greater. Whatever be the value of his letter press, the plans of Spon are miserable, those of Wheler worse, and most of their precursors appear destitute of the very faculty of archæological criticism.

The time was now at hand when the magnificence of the Acropolis was to suffer its first irreparable catastrophe. Hitherto the alterations for military and other purposes had not marred the general effect of the buildings, although the injuries inflicted at various times had been neither few nor slight. With the walls of the city, those also of the Acropolis had been more or less injured by Lysander and Sylla. The Cæsars of Rome and Byzantium had raised their defensive works against Gothic and Slavonic invaders. By the dukes of Athens, the Propylæa had been converted into a palace, and a high tower rose on the ruins of the southern portico. The work of

Mnesicles was destined to be yet more roughly dealt with by the Turks. A huge bastion was raised in front of the Propylæa, which, from a palace, were now turned into a powder magazine. In 1686, this was struck by lightning, and the Turkish aga and all his family destroyed; but the splendid construction of the building left it in great part uninjured. Finally, the year before the attack of the Venetians, the beautiful temple of *ἡ ἑστὴ ἀντιπροῦς* was demolished to make room for a battery of six guns. Some injuries also the Acropolis had sustained both from friends and foes, inflicted directly on its works of art. The sacrilegious hands of Macedonian and Roman robbers had plundered it of its treasures: the Hippodrome of Constantinople could boast of some of the works of Phidias. The rising sun greeted no more the image of Athena, for the requirements of the Christian ritual had reversed the internal arrangements of the Parthenon, and six statues of the Eastern pediment had been knocked down to make room for a window. The victorious Turk, scarcely perhaps consistent with his creed, was more merciful than the Christian. That glorious temple was not withdrawn from the Christian worship until the infatuation of the deposed Acciajuoli drew down the wrath of Mohammed II. A veil of white-wash was then thrown over the seductive pictures of the Christians, while the muezzin's minaret rose up at the south-west angle of the building. No attempt, however, was made to deface the sculptures, and even the high altar remained in its place in the days of Carrey and de Nointel.

The second volume of M. de Laborde's work is mainly occupied with a very animated and interesting narrative of the campaign of Morosini. But the fortunes of "the Peloponnesian" concern us here only in so far as they affected those of the Athenian Acropolis. To this rock-shrine of Athens his exploits in war and his depredations in peace were more fatal than any injuries from Goths or Slavonians, from the early converts to Christianity or the wild Latin crusaders. The victory of Sobieski, which turned the culminating fortunes of the Ottoman, inspired Venice, in 1684, with an unwonted bravery, and the insults of the Turk were repaid and anticipated by a voluntary declaration of war. While her trembling representative

was summoning courage to make the announcement at Constantinople, the proud republic was gathering a motley army of mercenaries, amongst whom the Italian element was very sparsely mingled. A magnificent fleet under Morosini transported the troops commanded by Otto of Königsmark, and the victory of Patras, in 1687, laid the Peloponnesus in the power of Venice. At Corinth, a council of war was held to determine the course for the campaign of the ensuing year, and justice to Morosini requires the statement that he was earnest in deprecating the attack on Athens, and eloquent in pointing out the difficulties in which its success would involve them. His warnings were overborne; his designs to winter at Tripolitza abandoned. An immediate departure for Athens was determined on, and towards the close of September the Venetian fleet rode at anchor within the harbor of Piræus.

The land forces marched by the Long Walls to invest the Acropolis, whither the Turkish garrison had retired. A battery from the *Musæum* opened its fire on the *Propylæa*, a second from the *Pnyx* on the batteries raised midway by the Turks, and four mortars, each of five hundred pounds, hurled their fatal burdens on the doomed Acropolis. Other batteries were raised, as these were found defective, and an attempt at undermining was carried on for some time in vain. A well-directed shell accomplished more than all their laborious efforts. The Turkish garrison had habitually used the most splendid buildings for their powder stores, and in an evil hour for the annals of art a deserter announced that the cella of the *Parthenon* was full of gunpowder. The skill of a *Lüneburg* engineer soon hurled a shell into the midst of it, and the work of *Ictinus* and *Callicrates* was shattered by the explosion.

"The walls of the sanctuary, including that which separated it from the *Opisthodomos*, were overthrown, and with them three fourths of the frieze of *Phidias*, together with all the columns of the *Pronaos* except one, and eight columns of the *Peristyle* on the north and six on the south. But when we speak of a wall of three hundred and fifty feet in length and more than forty in height, formed of marble blocks three feet in thickness and six in length, of twenty-one columns more than thirty feet high, we give but a faint idea of this terrific catastrophe. We must also figure to ourselves the

wonderful and enormous architrave which surmounted these columns, those marble blocks sculptured in compartments, those slabs which covered, the one the *peristyle*, the other the interior of the temple, and which, as by a thunderstroke, were hurled upon the ground and lay there a mass of ruins. The explosion was so violent that it hurled the debris from the temple into the camp of the besiegers, that is, as far as the foot of the fortress where the miners were assailing the Acropolis. As the *Parthenon* fell enveloped in flames, there rose from the camp of the besiegers, a cry of joy and victory, a savage hurrah, in which the Venetian historians heard the words, '*Viva la nostra repubblica*;' but which the surrounding echoes returned in German phrase, '*Siege, lebe hoch Graf Königsmark*.' It matters little in what language a European army expressed such feelings of triumph and exaltation at sight of this wretched spectacle; we only remark that the Turks were not cast down by their disaster. They awaited their deliverance from without, and they adhered to their resolution of maintaining their position until the *Seraskier* came to drive out the infidel. Early on the twenty-eighth, on the news of his approach, they doubled the strength of their fire, hoping thus to engage the exclusive attention of the besiegers; but *Königsmark* was not a general to be surprised. Warned on his side by his advanced posts, he set forth to encounter the coming troops. The *Seraskier* declined the combat thus boldly offered to him, and retired without engaging his forces. The Turks of the Acropolis were encouraged in their resistance by the hope of his aid; in a few moments, and in their very sight, this hope melted away. Awakened to their real case, they saw themselves surrounded by the flames caused by the explosion of the *Parthenon*, which were gaining on all the houses; they felt the impossibility of holding out long, from their want of ammunition and their loss in men, amongst whom were their chiefs, the pacha and his son. Some white flags announced the wish of the garrison to surrender; and at the same instant that they were hung out from the battlements, five hostages came down to propose the terms of capitulation and guarantee their execution. . . . The arrangements were concluded on the morning of the twenty-eighth. The advanced posts were immediately occupied by the besiegers, and the banner of *St. Mark* floated on the *Propylæa*.

"The captain-general announced his new conquest to the Venetian senate, and offered this trophy, this new title to glory, with the proud modesty which marked all his dispatches. 'I do not seek,' he wrote, 'any amplifications to give value to my weak services. Whatever they are, it is enough that the world should know and my country accept them. Athens is in your hands. Athens, so illustrious and renowned, with its famous city of vast circumference, and its magnificent monuments, to which are attached memorable associations of history and science.'—Vol. ii. p. 152.

A scene of havoc opened to the view of the captain-general as he ascended the Acropolis. The effect was sad and sobering:

"The very soldiers, black with powder and heated by the contest, were softened and calmed by the sight of beauties so sublime. To their praise it must be said that they were shocked at the desolation which they had caused amongst these wonderful works of art. . . . The remorse which filled the hearts of the victors betrays itself as much in their enthusiastic expressions of admiration as in the many shifts and evasions in the accounts given of the event. Morosini was the first to evade the responsibility, by recurring to the counsel which he had vainly pressed at Corinth. Königsmark had been most anxious to spare the temple, but the shells would have their way: while a Venetian officer insinuates that the awkwardness of a Turkish engineer in pointing one of his own cannon, must have been the cause of the catastrophe."—Vol. ii. p. 174.

The arms of the Republic had triumphed; but the hour of its victory was the prelude to disaster and ruin. The keen eye of Morosini saw the imperious necessity of instant action; and the old man of fourscore years who had so earnestly deprecated the attack on Athens now urged on with the vehemence of youth an immediate attack upon Eubœa. Königsmark resisted and finally refused to obey orders; and the golden opportunity was lost. It had been resolved to winter at Athens; but the approach of the plague from the Peloponnesus rendered this impossible; and the question to abandon the town or destroy it, was debated anxiously in the council. All their energy and valor had been crowned with a success which few would envy. It had won for them the power of deliberating whether they should demolish all that their arms had been unable to mutilate, and banish from their ancient homes a population which they had found moderately happy if not politically free. The compunction with which they had looked on the havoc of the Parthenon, could not deter them from a more cold-blooded devastation. The prayers of the inhabitants, their offers to maintain the Venetian garrison, to do any thing, to sacrifice any thing, could not avert the boon of deportation which their fatal friends were forcing on them. The strange drama drew to a close. Athens was to be abandoned, not destroyed; her inhabitants to be removed to a safer dwelling-place. It only remained to secure

some token to attest their brief and unprofitable success. The Basilica of St. Mark should acquire from the city of Pericles a relic not less costly and precious than the golden horses of Byzantium; the halls of Morosini should not lack some trophy of the most conspicuous if not the happiest of his exploits. His choice fell on the western pediment of the Parthenon, and his dispatch to the Venetian senate dated March nineteenth, 1688, coolly relates the result:

"Before abandoning Athens I conceived the project of taking away some of the most beautiful ornaments to add to the glory of the Republic. With this intention I ordered that efforts should be made to detach from the façade of the temple of Minerva, which has the best sculptures, the statue of a Jupiter and the reliefs of two magnificent horses. But scarcely had they begun to remove the upper part of the great cornice, than the whole came crashing down from this extraordinary height, and it is wonderful that no harm should have befallen any of the workmen."

Still Morosini could not depart without taking something; and his decision reveals the taste and knowledge possessed by the old warrior:

"I decided nevertheless to carry away a lioness, beautifully formed, although it had lost its head. But it can be replaced perfectly well with a piece of marble of the same kind, which shall be forwarded along with it."

Since the time of Morosini's ill-starred conquest, the history of the Acropolis tells of little but the dilapidations of time and the more active spoliations of man. Later inroads and sieges have contributed to the general decay; travelers, who, as Colonel Leake admits, "often destroy more than they carry away, have, perhaps, contributed more." It would be unjust, however, in those who condemn such proceedings as those of Lord Elgin, to forget that no little harm has been done by the gross apathy or wanton violence of the Greeks themselves. M. de Laborde claims for the Athenians of the days of Morosini, "if not the same intelligence, at all events, a reverence for all that had excited the enthusiasm of their ancestors in the days of Pericles." But while the fact is indisputable, it is not easy to estimate the amount of mischief caused by the habitual use of old materials, whether carved or plain, for new buildings. Colonel Leake affirms that there is scarcely a village

which does not attest the practice. The more costly marbles furnished plaster and cement; and, where too large, statues or reliefs were broken into pieces for facilities of use or transport. A better spirit has now we hope arisen, and the Greeks have once more become jealous of the inheritance of their race. It is probable, however, that the removal of the Elgin Marbles at the time it was accomplished saved the greater portion of those immortal works from total destruction, in the war of Greek independence. Morosini was neither the best nor the worst of the commanders who ravaged Attica and assailed the Acropolis.

But the Acropolis in its humiliation must carry our thoughts to the Acropolis in the days of its glory. The mind must strive to realize, however faintly, the splendors of that gorgeous assemblage of structures—to restore in idea, however feebly, these most beautiful creations of human genius. We can not but form some picture of those superb portals, and that majestic flight of steps by which the Panathenaic pomp ascended to the shrine of the virgin goddess; of the glorious sculptures which almost lived and breathed on pediment and frieze and metope; of the long lines of sculptured forms which graced every avenue, while far above all the brazen statue of Athena kept watch over her beloved city. Something also we must realize of the accessories of this marvelous scene—the brilliancy of sky and sun, the lustrous purity of the marble, the tints of gold and crimson and azure which imparted depth of light and shade to the moldings and sculptures of its magnificent temples. And with the pictures of these exquisite structures must be associated the men who planned and reared them; and an array of questions comes crowding upon us, some of which we may perhaps seek in vain to answer. What is it which invests the works of these men with their mysterious and touching beauty? Whence came the grace and loveliness which they imparted to all on which they laid their hands? Were the forms and the spirit of their art their own, or had both come to them from some other land? What were the laws which influenced their works even to their pettiest details, and infused boundless vigor and freedom into the arts, the literature, and the social life of Greece?

These are questions which no superficial

or hasty thought can ever solve; they are the promptings of no artificial curiosity; no mere antiquarian or archaeological problems. The answer to them will not merely lay open a most important phase in the history of the human mind, but involves results directly practical. The city which Pericles proclaimed as the school of Greece has become also the school of the world, and its influence is still seen in every form of our art and architecture. To trace this influence and assign its cause, to analyze the principles of that art which attained to a degree of beauty never perhaps equaled, certainly never surpassed, are questions of no slight moment and difficulty, and the more so because indubitably the aim of that art was preëminently simple and definite. Emotions of grandeur and sublimity, still more of solemnity and awe, may be awakened in a higher degree by the works of other times and countries. The Athenian cared not to oppress the spectator with the cumbersome grandeur of Thebes or Babylon; he sought not to delight and awe him with the soaring height and intricate magnificence of the Gothic minster, or impress him with the sense of indomitable strength and power manifest in the genuine works of ancient Rome: and yet, with a scale just sufficing to save it from meanness, Attic art revealed to the world an exquisite grace and dignified beauty as little marred by defect or blemish as can be any works of merely human hands. Unrivalled in elegance and purity of form, it disdained no aids of metals or of colors, which some might look upon as adventitious and unworthy. It raised its statues in stone or marble, in gold and ivory, or in bronze. It decked its superb pediments and architraves in somber or in brilliant hues; and the colors which modern use would reserve for internal decoration, gleamed on the eye of the spectator beneath the lustrous atmosphere of Attica.

We have spoken throughout, almost unconsciously, of Athens and Athenian art. But were the countrymen of Æschylus and Phidias alone the gifted possessors of this wonderful creative genius? or were they but the representatives of the aggregate Hellenic races? Has the funeral oration of Pericles unjustly depreciated the art of Lacedæmon? or had Corinth, Sicyon, and Sparta the same title to our homage and admiration?

These questions occupy necessarily a

large space in the volumes of M. Beulé on the Athenian Acropolis. On some of them we confess ourselves entirely at variance with his conclusions. But even where we differ from him most, we admit the ingenuity and skill which he has brought to bear on his researches: and the happy light which he has thrown on several obscure topics calls for no slight praise and gratitude. Without the imagination and rhetoric of M. de Laborde, he possesses the patient and minute research which is the first quality of the archaeologist. He is disposed, however, to be too dogmatic in his statements; a habit which has provoked strong animadversions from M. de Calonne, who impugns his theory respecting the chryso-elephantine statues of Phidias. And if we ourselves offer some remarks on points whereon we conceive him to be seriously mistaken, it is that we may with the more freedom commend those portions of his work in which he has done no slight service to the cause of art.\*

To discuss here the canons of historical credibility, or propound a theory of myths, would be impertinent and happily is superfluous. But it is no unfairness to demand of any writer that if he relates a myth, half-suspecting it to be such, he should record that belief or suspicion, and that the same assertions should not be treated as partly or wholly mythical in one page, and employed insidiously as an historical argument in another. We think that M. Beulé's own words will on this point convict him of a very grave inconsistency. The question of the originality of Greek art, or of its affiliation on Egypt, is obviously one which can only be answered, if it be ever answered at all, on the strictest historical or archaeological grounds. Fancy or prejudice, rhetoric and sentimentality, can not be permitted to affect the decision. M. Beulé's method is very different. To the statement in his first chapter that Cecrops, by the attraction of a new civili-

zation, drew round himself the vagrant and miserable population of Attica, he appends a note which we will give in his own words:

"Dans tout ce chapitre je ne fais que recueillir les légendes qui se rattachent à l'Acropole sans en discuter l'origine ni la valeur. Quel est le peuple dont le berceau n'est pas entouré de fables d'autant plus charmantes souvent qu'elles sont plus absurdes?"—*L'Acropole, etc.*, vol. i. p. 16.

It would, perhaps, be hard on M. Beulé to confine his remarks to this chapter alone, for very many similar narratives are interspersed throughout his work on the Acropolis, and his *Studies on the Peloponnesus* absolutely bristle with them. In spite of his declaration, we more than suspect that M. Beulé's faith discovers a large amount of historical truth which may be culled from these ancient tales. He may, however, claim illustrious companions amongst his countrymen and our own. Under the countenance of Mr. Fynes Clinton and Dr. Thirlwall, Colonel Leake sees "some reason to believe that Cecrops was contemporary with Moses, and that he introduced the worship of Neith among the Pelasgians." M. Beulé draws apparently a similar conclusion; but, regarding solely his own admission, we can not conceive why he should have been at the pains to introduce such narratives at all. With great expenditure of time and trouble he has raked up a mass of stories which occupy no small portion of his work on the Acropolis, and which are the staple commodity of his Peloponnesian studies. If we are not to examine their origin and their value, what useful purpose can they serve? At best they are but unnecessary excrescences. We cannot, however, do more than cite a few examples and then leave it to impartial readers to decide whether his method of employing these myths is or is not at variance with his own admission.

After giving the dimensions of the Acropolis, he commences by saying that "Cecrops was the first to choose it for his residence; he there planted himself with the Egyptian colony which followed him. He gave to the rising town, not only his name, but that of *dorv*, a word adopted by the Attic Greeks alone, and which seemed to consecrate their relation to Egypt. Cecrops came originally from Sais, the capital of the Delta, and from thence brought with him the worship of

\* It is to be regretted that the usefulness of M. Beulé's plans and drawings should be diminished by one or two omissions. In vol. i. p. 134, a reference is made to plate III. E; but on looking at the plate no such letter is to be found, nor is it set down in the index to the plates. A more serious defect is the want of scales to the plans of the second volume. In addition to an excellent plan of the Acropolis, there are restored plans of the Parthenon and Erechtheum, drawn on very different scales; but these scales are not given, and their absence might, to a superficial observer, occasion many errors.



Neith or Athena." This last statement is repeated at page one hundred and eighty-five, where he is speaking of the account given by Herodotus of the Propylæa, which Amasis had built at that place. "The coincidence," he remarks, "is curious; nor is it less singular that Herodotus admires in the Saitic Propylæa precisely that which Pausanias admired in the Athenian," (that is, the size and beauty of the stone-blocks.) Of the Erechtheum, M. Beulé says that Erechtheus had given his name to it, either because he had raised the first altar or the first temple, or because it had been his residence or his tomb." Again, "Cecrops had been buried in the precinct consecrated to Minerva; his tomb occupied a distinct and considerable space," etc. Cecrops also "had presented the statue of Minerva to the adoration of the Pelasgians, and raised to her a simple altar. Erechtheus had surrounded the statue with a covered building attached to his residence." His assertions throughout the volume of *Studies on the Peloponnesus* are still more remarkable, because they are introduced with no such qualifications, and because he constantly makes them the ground of distinct historical conclusions. We do M. Beulé no injustice in saying that Lycurgus is with him a personage quite as historical as Brasidas. "From Crete," he tells us, "Lycurgus sailed to Asia. He there found the poems of Homer preserved by the descendants of Kreophylus. Struck by the beauties of Epic poetry . . . he hastened to write down the poem, in order to present it to his countrymen." Amongst the many temples at Sparta, "Lycurgus himself consecrated one to Laughter, as though to declare that his laws did not banish from his city all that could soften and humanize life." In the Isthmian games it was the object of Theseus "to establish a political connection between the Attic Ionians with the Ionians and Æolians of the Peloponnesus." To the Arcadian games on Mount Lycæus he traces the origin of the Roman Luperalia, and adds, "Livy in fact affirms that this custom had been introduced by Evander;" and when speaking of the fondness of the Arcadians for human sacrifices, he notices that "the Romans, their descendants, inherited this ferocity." The Arcadian traditions are, in his judgment, "so singular, and their simplicity gives them, at the same time,

such an air of probability, that one knows not what kind of doubt or criticism to apply to them. As at bottom they possess but little importance, the best way is to believe them blindly." We should be glad to know what sort of belief this is; but assuredly, when used for M. Beulé's purposes, these legendary statements are any thing but unimportant. On the contrary, they do better service than a whole mass of historical authorities which may be arrayed against them. Their uses are indeed multiform; they are sometimes fables, sometimes facts, sometimes the subjects of a little fanciful criticism. The dedication by Telemus of three altars to Hera, as child, wife, and widow, suggests the reflection that in the marriage we may discern an attempt to introduce the Argive divinity into Arcadia, and in the widowhood the ill success of this attempt, (ib. p. 192.)

But, whether regarded as fact or fable, these statements furnish important arguments for his conclusions respecting Spartan and Athenian art. The latter is affiliated on Egypt, mainly on the strength of the Cecropian myth; and the legends of Lycurgus and his legislature are cited to prove that Pericles was mistaken in his view of the character and tendencies of the Spartan constitution. The unfair and illogical nature of the inference, on M. Beulé's own admission, is obvious. The utter worthlessness for historical purposes of the tales of Cecrops, Erechtheus, and other mythical heroes, has been abundantly proved by other writers as well as by Mr. Grote, and seems faintly to suggest itself to M. Beulé. On this question we need not enter, and our reasons for declining to trace Greek art to an Egyptian source have been given in a previous number of this *Review*. But M. Beulé fairly assumes the point at issue, when he concludes, from the occurrence of a single word in Herodotus, that the idea of the Athenian Propylæa was borrowed from those of Amasis, and still more when he comes to discuss Mr. Penrose's masterly treatise on the Principles of Athenian Architecture. The entasis or swell of the Doric column was a fact well known previously; but Mr. Penrose, by the most careful admeasurements, discovered that, in addition to this, every vertical line of the Parthenon converged to a fixed point (necessarily at an immense height) above the building, and not only this, but that

all the horizontal lines, whether above or below the columns, and including the steps of the platform, possess a curvature corresponding to that of the columns. Whether Mr. Penrose was right in the reasons assigned by him for this curvature is a question fairly open to doubt. But M. Beulé arms himself with the Cecropian legend, and proceeds "to distinguish between the vertical and horizontal curves—the first being of a foreign origin, on a principle common to the ancient temples; the other, the creation of Greek art in the course of its development. The entasis of the columns and the aiming at a pyramidal form are the secret of all deviations from the perpendicular, and it is from Egypt that these traditions arrived with the Doric order, just as Greece received from Asia the elements of the Ionic order and its elegant richness." But the legends of Egyptian influence\* are either false or inadmissible as arguments. No such influence can be proved, while we have a reason which adequately explains any resemblance which may be traced between them. The architecture of Greece and Egypt, as of India and Assyria, sprang from an original type in wood. *A priori*, therefore, we might, in all of them, expect to find sloping walls, and it seems impossible to trace any further connection. M. Beulé himself remarks that, "in approaching towards its perfection, the Doric architecture gradually diminished the entasis of its columns—a proof that, far from having invented it, the age of Pericles reduced it to its happiest measure"—a proof, as it seems to us, still more of a fact which might equally have been looked for, that lapse of time brought about a corresponding departure from the primitive type.

But if the old legends furnish M. Beulé with materials for settling the origin of Athenian architecture, they do far greater service for that of the Peloponnesus and of Laconia in particular. Of old Sparta

no building has come down to us, scarcely indeed the traces of any; and amongst the writers of ancient times she has none to plead on her behalf against the anticipations of Thucydides and the contemptuous comments of Pericles. The former characterizes her structures as generally insignificant; the latter more than insinuates the poverty, if not the vulgarity, of her art. It is true that Sparta might have fought her own battles; and if M. Beulé's suppositions are correct, her silence is still more wonderful. But, in default of all testimony from her own children, there was something inviting in the attempt to prove that poetry, music, architecture, and sculpture were there appreciated and honored—that the people, whose voluntary ignorance even of reading and writing is more than a suspicion, were "given to intellectual pleasures"—and that the much maligned character of her citizens was a compound of all manly and amiable virtues. To this end the legends of Lycurgus are diligently ransacked, and the names of Thaletas, of Alkman, Terpander, and many others, are brought to swell the tale. It is, indeed, true that her poets, her sculptors, and her painters were all, with one or two insignificant exceptions, foreigners, and that at best, she could only admire what she was utterly unable to produce. It is true, as M. Beulé remarks, that the lion has not painted his own portrait; but he has a strong witness on the lion's behalf, the geographer Pausanias. M. Beulé has scrutinized his tedious and wearisome pages with praiseworthy diligence and zeal, and from him he learns that Sparta was singularly rich in the number of her temples and public buildings, that the city was full of grand works of art, and that the general effect was majestic. This is pressing his testimony somewhat too far. Pausanias may be a very good authority for the number of buildings, their position, size, or date, but he is a very bad authority for epithets. His catalogues are faultless, but his criticism is contemptible. Happily he does not often indulge us with any. He has, in the opinion of M. Beulé himself, related nakedly and meagerly all that he saw, and taken down with an indiscriminate credulity the merciless harangues of the *ἐξηγηταί*, the worthy representatives of guides in all ages. But the man who had no other epithet for the loveliest ac-

\* M. Beulé lays a stress on the name *δορυ* as connected with the tale of Egyptian migration. The word, however, is not peculiar to Greek and Egyptian; and it is strange that he should not see how inconclusive it is as a philological argument. We would refer him to some very forcible remarks on the growth of this idea of Egyptian influence in the first volume of Colonel Mure's *Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece*. They appear to us to set the question finally at rest.

ations of human genius than that they are "worth looking at," and who seems to have eyes for nothing but number and magnitude, is not one by whose aid we may hope to reconstruct an obliterated city. His description of Athens is valuable, simply because Athens has not thus perished. But if such had been her fate, it is no injustice to say that his description would have conveyed no idea of her magnificence or her beauty. So long as any local evidence remains, his topography is of the utmost service; but at Sparta all evidence is wanting, and M. Beulé can but indulge in suppositions, and frame pictures on the dry catalogues of Pausanias. From these we can assure ourselves of the number of public buildings, their names, and situation; but when M. Beulé says that the tombs of the house of Agis presented an effect full at once of majesty and variety, he says what may be true, but is not warranted by any authority. The whole volume is, indeed, an elaborate piece of constructive reasoning on grounds which are either fallacious or inconclusive. With the exception of a ruined temple at Corinth, and a few fragments in Arcadia, he describes no buildings from his own personal knowledge; and a probable restoration of extinguished splendors by the help of myths and topographies can scarcely arrogate to itself any high amount of credibility.

We have spoken candidly on these points, because we believe that M. Beulé's method is both illogical and unjust, and may be productive of serious mischief. We turn readily to others, in which we gladly acknowledge our obligations for his critical sagacity as well as his laborious researches.

In the popular notion of the Panathenæic procession, along with the train of sacrificial victims, priests, virgins, magistrates, etc., figures a long array of chariots and horsemen winding through the Propylæa and careering round the Parthenon. M. Beulé has ably shown that the approach to the Propylæa, being at an angle of at least twenty degrees, was such as to preclude the ascent, much more the descent, of any vehicles; and, moreover, the main entrance through the Propylæa was so narrow that the slightest accident or deviation from the path must have inflicted irreparable injury on costly works of art which were closely ranged on either side.

Yet more, he remarks that the notion is unsupported by any written authorities, nor is there any sign of a track such as must have been caused by the passage of vehicles. These with the horsemen, he affirms, followed the ship which bore the sacred *pephus*, and which, we are distinctly told, was not carried up the Acropolis. How, again, could it have been possible to convey through the Propylæa the materials (marble blocks, many fifteen feet long) for such buildings as the Erechtheum? M. Beulé's hypothesis is that they were craned up, a quicker and much less costly process; and he holds it superfluous to ask whether the men who raised the architraves and pediments of the Parthenon possessed means, simple enough after all, for lifting the heaviest masses.

With equal ability and, we think, success, he has combated the idea (entertained by Colonel Leake and others, and systematically worked out by M. Bournouf) that the Propylæa were erected for purposes of defense. His arguments clearly prove their inefficiency for this, had they ever been tested; nor is it easy to meet his objection that, if such were their object, their character was singularly inappropriate. Porticos, columns rising in tiers, friezes and pediments exquisitely sculptured, equestrian statues, a temple and a chamber for paintings placed in front of the fortifications, seem strange barriers against a hostile force. The Greeks derided the Persians for going into battle with the flowing robes of women. M. Beulé asks whether it would have been less strange that the Athenians should raise a fortress on the model of a Pœcile and a Parthenon.

That a system of decoration by polychrome was adopted in Greek buildings, both externally and internally, is now an unquestioned fact: but the exact character and limits of that system it is much less easy to define. In this, as in many cases, the incredulity with which, not very long since, the idea of such decoration was received, has been followed by a tendency to conclude that no single portion of a Greek temple was left uncolored. M. Beulé considers the evidence at present forthcoming as insufficient to warrant any positive assertions; but there is enough to show that the Greek was entirely free from modern prejudices, whether for or against decoration by color. The mingling of stone or marble, or of marble

of different colors, the introduction of metallic ornaments on statuary or works in relief, all subserved this purpose, not less than the employment of polychrome; and even without the use of a single pigment, the sculptor was enabled to produce works not less gorgeous than the painter. Formed of materials altogether more facile and malleable, the chryso-elephantine statue gave (what modern sculpture has not so much as aimed at) the living hues of the human form, and the varying tints of embroidered garments. With the most sumptuous of these statues is associated the immortal name of Phidias; but the works themselves have perished. The colossal statue of Athena was plundered of its golden raiment by Lachares, and finally transported by order of Justinian to adorn the Hippodrome of Byzantium, whither that of the Olympian Zeus had been conveyed before. The restoration, therefore, of these statues must depend on the statements of writers like Pausanias, together with any designs on stone or metal which may chance to throw light upon it. M. Beulé's attempt to restore it by confining himself altogether to the description of Pausanias has called forth the vehement animadversion of M. Alphonse de Calonne. At the great Parisian Exposition of 1855 was exhibited a restoration of the Athena of Phidias (on a smaller scale) by M. Simart, who had chiefly followed the *Vienna* stone, with the name of Aspasia subscribed. This remarkable work was executed at the cost of the Duc de Luynes, whose liberal patronage and exquisite taste suggested this revival of one of the most famous works of antiquity. It now adorns the Chateau de Dampierre, the Duke's residence. In spite, however, of the vast expenditure lavished on this chryso-elephantine statue, the effect it produces is scarcely equal to the idea we conceive of the Athenian Goddess; and a controversy has arisen as to the accuracy of the representation which has been followed. On this point we think that too rigid an adherence to the expressions of Pausanias has led M. Beulé into some mistakes. From those expressions he infers a complete absence of all ornamentation, except on those parts of the statue which were nearest to the spectator, and thus confirms his own theory of the uniform simplicity and extreme severity of the art of Phidias. The contra-

ry ideal furnished by the sculptured stone of Aspasia he rejects on the ground that the lunated sigma, which occurs in the inscription, was not employed in Greece till the second century of the Christian era, and that this work was therefore not produced in the golden age of Greek art. On this point M. Beulé's case seems to us altogether weaker than that of M. de Calonne, who, first asserting that the name may possibly be the forgery of a later age, brings several inscriptions to prove that the lunated sigma occurs as early as a century and a half before the Christian era, and that it was not, as M. Beulé supposes, a Roman introduction. If then this stone represents the Athena of the Parthenon, it must, M. de Calonne forcibly urges, belong to the best epoch of art, because it must have been executed before the statue of Phidias was robbed of its ornaments; and if it be of that epoch, can it possibly represent any other type than that which Phidias evoked, and which was every where regarded as a miracle of beauty? But the ideal set forth in this stone is that of extreme richness over the whole figure; and, after all, the expressions of Pausanias scarcely justify M. Beulé in using them as negative arguments. Pausanias says nothing of the crest of her helmet, of a collar or ear-rings. He denies therefore that they were found on the statue of Phidias. "This system," says M. de Calonne, "will carry us a long way: and by the help of Pausanias we shall soon succeed in robbing the chaste Minerva of her dearest attribute, for Pausanias says nothing of her girdle; let us therefore remove the cincture from the virgin of the Hecatompedon; but M. Beulé does not go quite so far, and in spite of his silence he allows her a girdle." Nor has M. Beulé less exposed his weakness in maintaining that the Medusa of the shield was represented as a monster only in the decay of art, while that of Phidias was "une admirable jeune fille, avec ses yeux mourants, ses lèvres immuables, sa chevelure, dont les boucles volaient librement et rayonnent autour de sa tête, comme la chevelure d'Apollon." If this be so, Attic art in the days of Pericles grievously violated all the traditions of earlier ages. The glaring eyes of a maiden, lovely even in death, can never be the sight which could appall the warrior amid the din of battle, or freeze a living man into stone. The γοργὸν βλεψ-

ῥῶπος δεινὸν δερκομένη of the Iliad, the snake-haired beldames of Æschylus, ἄς θνητὸς οὐδὲις εἰσὶδὼν ἔξει πνοάς, no more resembled the Medusa of M. Beulé than Athena is identical with Aphrodité. But on the main point, the extreme beauty, namely, of this form of art, and the many advantages of working with these materials, M. Beulé and his opponent are in agreement. The whole subject may well suggest the possibility that our theories of sculpture may yet require very grave modifications.

Many points of deep interest still remain; but our limits preclude us from bestowing upon them even a passing notice. We would gladly have followed M. Beulé in his researches into the earlier fortifications of the Acropolis, and the various changes which the ascent of the Propylæa has undergone — through the several temples of the Wingless Victory, of Artemis Brauronia, of Athena Ergané, and Athena Polias — through the Pinacotheca and the Erechtheium. We could have wished to devote more space to the Parthenon itself, on the question of its internal arrangement, its furniture, and its roofing, and to do some justice to the great critical skill with which M. Beulé has analyzed its sculptures, for the purpose of determining what portion of the work each sculptor contributed.

We linger round the glorious works of the Athenian Acropolis, and the illustrious names which are associated with them. Of most of them our knowledge is scanty indeed. Mnesicles, Ictinus, Callicrates, and Alcamenes are but a few with whom time has dealt more gently than with others once not less illustrious; yet even these are to us but little more than a name. Phidias alone stands forth, solitary alike in his greatness and his misfortunes; and in his history, so glorious in its course, so disastrous in its close, we see the full working of that mysterious spell which lured the countrymen of Pericles to reject and dishonor the most eminent of their race in philosophy and art as in civil government. The workman was gone; but his work remained to win for Athens an undisputed supremacy. The choice of the Sage Goddess was fully justified: the statesman and the sculptor had both made her city a pride and a wonder for all ages. They left to their children a glorious heritage; but a scanty surface on a craggy rock, scarcely more than nine hundred feet in length or four hundred in breadth, sufficed to contain it. On what other spot of equal size has so much of faultless beauty and grace and majesty been ever brought together?

PROPOSED SCIENTIFIC BALLOON VOYAGE.—On the 16th a balloon ascent was to have been made under the immediate direction of the members of the Royal Astronomical Society, from Wolverhampton. Mr. Green, the celebrated aeronaut, had nearly inflated his balloon when the silk suddenly burst, and the project was for a time defeated. Lord Wrottesley, the President of the Royal Society, and a party of savans and friends were present, and it is understood that the experiments to be made included amongst other things the ascertaining the density of the atmosphere at certain altitudes. The voyage has been postponed *sine die*.

A most valuable discovery of diamonds has lately been made at the foot of the Oural mountains. One consigned to Mr. R——, of Batheaston, as a specimen, fetched £60,000. There is every reason to believe that a mine of inexhaustible wealth has been discovered.

THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.—The friends of Messrs Frith and Wenham, who went out in the Pera steamer, with their small screw steamer on the upper deck, will be pleased to hear that these enterprising gentlemen safely launched their little craft, the Wasp, in Alexandria harbor, and departed for the river Nile, on their perilous expedition to endeavor to discover its source, on the 22d of June. They bear with them the best wishes of all who know them, and of the scientific world generally, that they may be able to solve the mighty problem, and return in safety to receive the congratulations of their countrymen on the success of their mission.

ACCORDING to a report made to the Minister of Public Instruction, there are now in Turkey 10,897 schools for Mussulmans, which are frequented by 230,645 boys and 121,259 girls, and superintended by 11,226 teachers. There are also 2249 schools for Christians, receiving 105,361 boys and 7806 girls with 2259 teachers.

From the London Review.

## HISTORY AND TIMES OF M. GUIZOT.

Too many autobiographies of eminent Frenchmen, that have appeared within the last quarter of a century, are characterized by a gross and repulsive egotism. At once sentimental and heartless, the heroes of these stories are self-adoring to a degree that is quite astounding, full of bitterness and insult towards their rivals, and breathing but mere disdain towards the few they called their friends. The *Memoirs of Chateaubriand* and of *Lamartine* are the most illustrious and most offensive examples of this class. After such works, it is a relief to meet with a man, great both by his public career and his literary labors, who tells us his remembrances in a style of frank simplicity, without overrating his own importance, and without, on the other hand, falling into those affected suggestive reticences which betray the more refined type of self-complacency. He is really the writer he proposed to be at the outset—faithful to his friends, just to his adversaries, and not over-lenient towards himself.

The *Memoirs* carry us back no farther than 1807, when M. Guizot, as well as we can calculate approximately, was a young man of nineteen; a preceptor, we believe, in the family of the Duc de Broglie. He enjoyed the privilege of admission to the few remaining drawing-rooms at Paris which retained the traditions of a time that had passed away forever; its taste for intellectual pleasures, for social sympathy, and for conversation, without any other object than the pleasures of exchanging thought, together with its liberal toleration of diversities of origin, rank, and ideas; those characteristics, in short, which had made Paris the intellectual center of Europe, to such an extent, that, for the half-century preceding the Revolution, not only princes, but private per-

sons of wealth and refinement, in England, Germany, and Italy, used to have their stated and paid correspondents to enable them to keep up with the higher gossip of its drawing-rooms, in politics, in science, and in speculative philanthropy.

The few remaining survivors of the liberal and philosophical aristocracy of the eighteenth century, who used to meet each other at Madame d'Houdetot's, Monsieur Suard's, and the Abbé Morellet's, had not abjured the principles and the aspirations of the generation which had brought about the Revolution, and along with it such great disasters and such cruel disappointment. They remained sincerely liberal, says M. Guizot; but with the reserve of men who had succeeded little and suffered much in their projects of reform. "They prized the freedom of thought and speech, but did not aspire to power. They detested despotism, and were ever blaming its acts; but without doing any thing to restrain or to overthrow it. It was an opposition of enlightened and independent spectators, who had no chance and no wish to become actors."

It required a kind of courage under the Empire to assume even this harmless attitude of independence. None but those who personally witnessed those evil days can conceive the degree of timidity and restraint that was almost universal; and how, at the least glimpse of a trespass upon the forbidden ground of politics, men's features became cold, and their words official. "They only who have once lived under the air-pump, know what a charm there is in liberty to breathe." When France did obtain liberty to breathe, the disinterested talkers of these privileged drawing-rooms were succeeded by more practical men, who went to the opposite extreme of party spirit and party animosity—that terrible disease of free countries which narrows the horizon of the wisest, makes them see every thing in a false light, and is fatal at once to large views and generous feelings.

\* *Memoirs: a Contribution to the History of my own Times. (Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de mon Temps.)* By M. GUIZOT. Vols. I. and II. Leipzig, Paris, Geneva. 1858 and 1859.

M. Guizot himself hated the rule of Napoleon with all the energy of a first passion. He felt that the nation was degraded and demoralized, and the very development of its faculties arrested under the despot's sway. It is evident that the system of Napoleon III. must recall to the mind of the veteran liberal that under which he chafed in his youth. But no parallel is drawn intentionally. There are no allusions slightly veiled; no words of double application intended to afford the writer or the reader the feminine pleasure of wounding the nephew through the uncle's doublet. The strongest anti-imperialist passages in the book are to be found in the Appendix, in speeches pronounced, or documents composed, when Louis Napoleon was in obscurity. M. Guizot is a foe who will only strike in earnest, and in front; and it is easy to surmise that he possesses the haughty consciousness that the antagonism of his principles to all forms of despotism is so self-evident as to make any particular application of them superfluous.

The future minister and parliamentary orator became known, as a writer, by his critical notes on Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, and by his contribution to the *Annals of Education*. M. Fontanes, then Master of the University, was so favorably impressed by his talents and character, that he founded, expressly for him, the Professorship of Modern History. It was in December, 1812, that M. Guizot first appeared in the character of lecturer, before an audience more select than numerous.

While Napoleon was wearing out the remnant of his good fortune and his power in the desperate struggle of the spring of 1814, M. Guizot had occasion to travel in the center and south of France. He was painfully affected by the lassitude of the popular mind, its morally helpless and prostrate state. The nation had become so unused to decide upon its own interests, and work out its own destiny, that it was wholly devoid of political wisdom and settled purpose. It was a people of perplexed spectators, who hardly knew what issue they ought to hope or fear from the terrible game of which they were the stake, now execrating Napoleon as the author of so much suffering, and anon celebrating him as the defender and avenger of their country. As the Emperor himself expressed it, after the

flight of Louis XVIII., and his own return from Elba: "They have *allowed* me to come, just as they allowed him to go away."

The Restoration saw Guizot, for the first time, a man in office—the comparatively humble one of Secretary to the Minister of the Interior. The return of Napoleon, of course, sent him back to his lectures in the University. Towards the close of the Hundred Days, the young ex-secretary was dispatched to the emigrant court by a committee of constitutional royalists at Paris, to plead with Louis XVIII. personally, in their name, against the reactionary influences by which he was letting himself be surrounded. The summary of the impression made upon him by the monarch is not very complimentary: "A mind with a fair measure of common-sense and independence, superficial with dignity, politic in conversation, and careful of appearances, thinking and understanding little about the real substance of things, and almost equally incapable of the faults which ruin and the successes which secure the future of royal races."

Returning to Paris with the court after the battle of Waterloo, Guizot was restored to his post, and was soon afterwards advanced to that of Master of Requests in the Council of State—a body which may be explained to English readers as a sort of Privy Council, with positive and not merely nominal functions. In June, 1820, MM. Royer Collard, Guizot, and others of their friends, were struck off the list of the Council of State, for having given all the opposition in their power to a new electoral law, intended to make the representative system of France even less popular than it had been. This liberal section of the royalist party, who contended for liberty without revolution and order without despotism, were nicknamed the *Doctrinaires*. The measure which first threw them into formal opposition to the government had been suggested by the panic consequent on various revolutionary plots, and, above all, upon the assassination of the Duc de Berri.

It can be gathered, from various indications, that the loss of his place was a serious matter to M. Guizot, in a pecuniary point of view. He betook himself, for the third time, to his historical pursuits; but the Abbé Frayssinous, now Master of the University, thought that his lectures had a dangerous tendency, and suppressed

them in October, 1822. The Martignac ministry allowed him to begin them again after an interval of five years. The lectures of the winters of 1828-9, and 1829-30, afterwards given to the world, became the celebrated works on *The History of Civilization in Europe*, and *The History of Civilization in France*. M. Cousin was, at the same time, Professor of Philosophy, and M. Villemain of Literature: a brilliant trio, of whom France, and the liberal party especially, was justly proud.

While in favor with the early governments of the Restoration, M. Guizot had been sometimes selected as royal commissioner, to plead at the bar of the Chamber of Deputies in favor of measures proposed by government—a curious and somewhat superfluous office in the organism of the French legislature. He had since published several works on political subjects; and contributed to *The Globe*, and other journals of his party. But he did not become a member of the Chamber until his election for Lisieux in January, 1830. Thus the first session in which he bore a part was the momentous one which issued in irremediable conflict between Charles X. and his people, the violation of the constitution by the monarch, and the Revolution of July.

However little he may be believed, the experienced observer of characters with whose remembrances we have to do, does not hesitate to affirm that Louis Philippe was not an ambitious man. Moderate and prudent, notwithstanding his active mind and lively impressions, that Prince had long foreseen the chance that might raise him to the throne; but it was with more anxiety than satisfaction. The feeling predominant in his mind was the determination not to be involved in the consequences which might follow the faults of the elder branch of his house. He wished to be neither conspirator nor victim; and, as he said himself three months before the Revolution: "Come what will, I will not separate my lot, and that of my children, from the fate of my country."

Moreover, as King, Louis Philippe was not, according to M. Guizot, the exaggeratedly wary and plotting character, which he has been considered by many. "In his oral or written demonstrations, he gave, perhaps, a little more room than was necessary to that *acting*, of which

there is always more or less between political personages." (!) He was over-passionable. His first impulses frequently carried him too far; and one of his greatest faults was the fidgety nature which made it impossible for him to conceal a very natural and commendable uneasiness about the future prospects of his children.

M. Guizot became Minister of the Interior in the first Cabinet of Louis Philippe; a most laborious office, partly because he was the principal spokesman of the ministry in the Chamber; but chiefly because he had to make the most extensive changes among the vast numbers employed in every department of public service. "I had to bear the pressure of all the pretensions, hopes, enmities, offers, complaints, and dreams, that drew to my office, by thousands, from all corners of France, solicitors and denouncers, the projectors and the inquisitive, busybodies and idlers." The over-tasked Minister soon perceived the evils of the French centralization, and the folly of the French tendency to look to the government for every thing. Those countless details which in England, America, and even in Holland, are settled by local authorities, are all referred to a central authority under the administrative system established by Louis XIV. and Napoleon. At this moment a bridge can not be mended, nor a religious meeting opened, in any corner of France, without permission from a minister in Paris, founded on a formal report, and a pompous list of considerations! It was the misfortune of the eighteen years' experiment of constitutional monarchy in France, that it found no habits of local self-government among the people; so that it was obliged to work upon discordant principles—liberty and the representative system on the one hand, centralization on the other; a state of things in which, as M. Guizot says judiciously, the government will either neglect local affairs, or else make them subservient to its own interests; "and the whole administration, from the hamlet to the palace, become a means of government in the hands of the political parties that contend for supremacy." To put the matter in more homely phraseology, the bureaucracy is the saddle on the nation's back; and whoever is skilful enough to leap into the saddle, has the nation at his mercy.

It is no wonder that the Minister of the



Interior soon became unpopular. He became noted for his uncompromising resistance to all revolutionary tendencies; and he had incurred the hostility of all those whose pretensions, or vanity, or local animosity, or blind impatience, he had been unable to satisfy. After holding office only about three months, he withdrew from the Cabinet, along with his friends, M. Casimir Perier and the Duc de Broglie. These statesmen had not much confidence in their more radical associates, M. Lafitte, etc. They were aware, too, that it would be easier for the more popular ministers to resist the reigning outcry for the blood of the ministers of Charles X.

From this time forward until 1848, M. Guizot may be considered as the most eminent working statesman of his country. He was oftener in than out of office, sometimes head of the Cabinet, and occupied the post of ambassador to this country at a most important juncture. His policy was distinguished by two leading features—the determination to maintain the peace of Europe, and the most persevering and vigilant hostility to what he believed to be the anarchical principles of the republican party. As regards the former, the sort of passion for peace which prevailed in Europe for those eighteen years was, as he says, a rare and a grand spectacle. Never did so many events, which might lead to war, occur within so short a time—the revolution in France itself, and the prolonged agitation that followed it; revolutions on all its frontiers, in Belgium, Switzerland, and Spain; revolutions attempted in Germany, Poland, and Italy, with all the international questions and complications that naturally arose from them; the Ottoman Empire more and more tottering; Asia more and more disputed between Russia and England; France making conquests in Africa; France, England, and the United States in conflict from various causes in the New World: and yet no war grew out of these circumstances which seemed to make it inevitable. The increasing empire of moral ideas went for something in this result; the resolution with which Louis Philippe embraced the policy of peace, was also a great point gained; but M. Guizot evidently considers the self-denial and pacific spirit of the English people to have been the most effectual influence for good.

"In England," he says, "it was the nation itself that, from 1880 to 1858, insisted energetically upon peace. It was moved to do so by good sense, and by the understanding of its true interests, by its taste for the productive activity of peaceful life, and by its Christian spirit. Among this people Christian beliefs are not simple rules for private life, nor mere satisfactions given to the heart and intellect; they enter into political life, and bear upon the conduct of public men. It is generally the dissenting communities first of all that rouse themselves to the pursuit of some practical object recommended in their eyes by religious reasons. The movement soon communicates itself to the whole Christian Church of the country, then to civil society, and the government in its turn is obliged to follow."

Under the influence of this spirit, England bore with the revolution of July and all its consequences, the fall of the kingdom of the Netherlands, the independence of Belgium, the dislocation of the old European coalition against France: we may add, it bore too with aggravated provocation from the United States. M. Guizot confesses his own countrymen did not imitate this pacific spirit. They remained restive and pugnacious under the policy of Louis Philippe and his ministers, sighed for war, and patronized revolution. "France, though she can not suffer revolutions at home, even when she has allowed them to be made, is still fond of revolutions abroad. The movement caused by her example gives her pleasure, and she fondly thinks that in all her imitators she will find friends."

As has been already intimated, resistance to the revolutionary spirit in all its forms was the struggle of M. Guizot's public life. It is true, as he says, that he alternately defended liberty against absolute powers, and order against revolution; but circumstances rendered his agency in the latter respect by far the more prominent and persevering. He believes monarchy to be the form of government natural to France, the most favorable at once to liberty and to public quiet. The republican *régime*, on the other hand, being inconsistent with the habits and wishes of the classes who are the natural friends of order, is necessarily given over to the dominion of bad passions, and can only find a momentary strength in violence and anarchy. It puts forth at the outset the noblest motives, but it is only in order to cover the march and prepare

the triumph of the vilest. We subjoin a few characteristic passages.

"The peculiar taste of the revolutionary spirit, and its capital sin, is a criminal taste for destruction, in order to give itself the proud pleasure of creation. In times possessed by this disease, man considers all that exists under his eyes, persons and things, facts and rights, past and present, as so much inert matter of which he may freely dispose, handling and fashioning it at his will. He imagines that he possesses within him certain perfect ideas, which confer upon him an absolute power over all things, and in the name of which he may, at any price, and at all risks, break up that which exists and remodel it after their image."

"Formerly, political bodies, or the nation itself, often resisted the encroachments of the monarch, even by arms, without thinking of changing the dynasty or the form of government: insurrection had its limits. But nowadays, and especially with us, the fate of society at large is at stake at every crisis; all great political struggles become questions of life and death; peoples and parties, in their blind participation, betake them at once to the last extremities; resistance is hurriedly transformed into insurrection, and insurrection into revolution. Every thunder-storm becomes a deluge."

"The revolutionary spirit of our days admits of no regular and stable system of society or government; it is nothing but universal destruction and continuous anarchy; it is able to excite conspiracies and insurrections; it is able, when it triumphs for a moment, to make conquests which are also but for a moment; it has every where, among various populations, adepts, accomplices, and dupes; but it can not have governments for its allies, since it is itself an impossible ally for any government."

"The French revolutionists promised that there should be no more wars or conquests, and really meant to be sincere; yet it was their destiny to make the noblest ambition and the worst passions of mankind to break forth at the same time, and they tried to expiate their pride in disappointment and confusion. The Revolution stirred up the most violent and iniquitous external policy that the world had ever known, that of armed propagandism and indefinite conquest, the forcible overthrow of all European societies, to bring out of them republics one day, and a universal monarchy the next. . . . From 1792 to 1814, the essential character of the relations of France with Europe was war, a war of revolution and conquest, incessant attempts upon the existence of governments and the independence of nations."

From what precedes it will be seen, that the Empire, in M. Guizot's eyes, is but another form of the Revolution, the same old enemy disciplined, but not re-

formed. He prophesies that, so long as liberty shall not have completely broken with the revolutionary spirit, and order with absolute power, unhappy France will pass from illusion to illusion, and be tossed about from one crisis to another. Absolute power can for the future be wielded in France by the children of the revolution only, because they alone can for a certain lapse of time reassure the masses about their interests, while refusing them liberty. It was this that made the restoration of the house of Bourbon in 1814 so necessary for the country. Its sway is anti-revolutionary by nature, and liberal by necessity; for there is nothing in the origin or in the name sufficiently revolutionary to enable it to dispense with being liberal. Its sway was a guarantee of peace to Europe, as well as of liberty to France, since war was not for the Bourbons either a necessity or a passion; they could reign without having recourse every day to some new exhibition of power, or exciting in some new way the popular imagination.

It is evident M. Guizot means the reader to understand that he does not believe in the stability of the Empire. "Neither terror nor despotism are durable," said he, forty years ago; but he has a purpose in repeating the saying now, and his remembrance of such aphorisms has been sharpened by circumstances. If, as we have already said, he avoids mere innuendoes destined only to wound, and all such undignified warfare, he freely makes use of his past utterances, or reflects upon his past career, in such a way as to make his present sentiments very intelligible; as when he says of his forced silence in 1832: "It is a very difficult, but very necessary, attainment in public life, to know how to resign one's self at certain moments to immobility without giving up success, and to wait without despairing, although without acting."

Upon the occasion of one of the rare glimpses which we are allowed of scenes of domestic happiness in M. Guizot's family, he says he is not of Dante's opinion, that the remembrance of former happiness embitters present sorrow; on the contrary, heart-felt happiness is a light of which the reflection is prolonged over the space which it has ceased to illuminate. We think that the bard and the statesman, though contradicting each other, are both right within the limits of their own

experience. The various aspects in which bygone bliss may appear to us, and act upon our present feelings, depend partly upon its nature, and in a great measure too upon the way in which we were deprived of it; the ties, for instance, which have been gently severed by the more immediate hand of God, do not bleed like those that man has ruthlessly or violently rent asunder. M. Guizot's observation, though only partially true, reveals a mind capable of the deepest feeling, as persons of cold exterior often are; but his generally unexpansive character makes him one to be admired and respected, rather than one likely to attract warm sympathy out of the circle of his own family and most intimate friends. He speaks somewhere of Louis Philippe's having been much less familiar and caressing with him than with other ministers, who did not more really enjoy his confidence; and we can quite understand it.

M. Guizot seems to consider himself of a temperament naturally hopeful: we can not help thinking he is mistaken; he is rather himself what he asserted of M. Casimir Perier, "bold, with doubts of success, and almost with sadness." His whole genius is retrospective rather than prospective, fitted to philosophize upon the past much more than to dwell upon pleasing visions of the future. His very features, and, above all, those thin compressed lips, bespeak him a man whose strength lies in firm and tenacious resistance; and his whole career has been of a kind to confirm the tendency. A Protestant, educated at Geneva, called to pass his life in a Roman Catholic country, and to identify himself with its fortunes; an English character, strayed into France, and chosen to govern unwilling Frenchmen; in youth, an ardent aspirant after freedom under an illimited and jealous despotism; in riper years, a conservative statesman, struggling against prevalent radical tendencies, much maligned, moreover, and misunderstood; in old age, a witness of his country's abasement under the despotism which had been thrown off forty years before, despoiled as it is of its free institutions, and condemned to silence after those years of brilliant discussion, in which he had himself borne so distinguished a part; these are not circumstances to make a man sanguine. To us he seems like a granite boulder, not to be shaken but by an earthquake; a man rigid, un-

yielding, austere; accustomed to disappointment, apt to reckon little upon the virtues of others or upon favorable chances, and looking upon the spectacle of human follies, illusions, and arrogance, with a mixture of melancholy and disdain. He is in short the opposite extreme of the character which he has sketched in these words:

"M. Odilon Barrot belongs to the school of confiding politicians, who, for the accomplishing of the good they desire, reckon upon the spontaneous and enlightened concurrence of the people. A generous school, which has often done good service to mankind by entertaining on its behalf the loftiest hopes; yet at the same time an improvident and a dangerous school, which forgets within what limits and by what restraints mankind must be curbed, in order that its good instincts may get the better of its evil tendencies. Politicians of this school possess neither the mistrustful prudence that is taught by long experience of public life, nor that at once severe and tender intelligence of human nature which Christian convictions bestow; they are neither tried practicians, nor profound moralists; they are liable to break the social machine for want of understanding its springs; and they know man so little as to be unable to love him without flattering his vanity."

The perusal of these volumes has made us understand that the republican party in France remained much more powerful from the times of the first Revolution onwards than we had ever apprehended, so that the catastrophe of 1848 becomes more intelligible than it seemed before. Those veteran revolutionists who under the first Empire had been the instruments of absolute power without scruple, took up once more their old ideas and passions, when from 1815 to 1848 they found themselves under a *régime* of liberty: the people remained like the ocean, immovable at bottom, whatever the winds that ruffled its surface. The Republic was avoided very narrowly in 1830. It would certainly have been proclaimed had La Fayette been either an earnest or an ambitious man; but he contented himself with popularity, and with the general recognition that the monarchy of Louis Philippe was established with his consent and under his patronage. The perpetual conspiracies, and the ever-recurring riots on the most frivolous occasions, which continued throughout the whole period of the representative monarchy, showed that the existing order of things rested upon a

volcano. The strength of republicanism in our day is, that it promises every thing that peoples wish for; its weakness is, that it can not keep its word. It is the government of great hopes, and equal disappointments. "France would be blind indeed if she allowed the republican party again to dispose of her destiny; but equally blind would be that government which should not understand the importance of this party, and reckon with it seriously, whether to resist or to enlighten it."

It was at once his excessive conservatism, and his slowness to hope in changes for the better, that led M. Guizot, although a decided Protestant, to assume unhesitatingly not only that France is irrevocably Roman Catholic, but even that her actual policy and *prestige* are associated with the fortunes of Catholicism! All political leaders learn to bear with more or less satisfactory compromises, to content themselves with what they suppose to be the lesser good, or to endure the lesser evil; but it was a deplorable mistake for such a man to resign himself to the permanence of a counterfeit Christianity. One of its results was that great blot upon his government—the confirmation of the usurpation imposed on Tahiti by Admiral Dupetit-Thouars. The same weakness, not to call it by a worse name, led him to discountenance the advocate of the claims of the French Protestants, Count Agénor de Gasparin, and even to make that generous young nobleman lose his seat for the tenth arrondissement of Paris, by the withdrawal of government support. We fear that experience has not corrected M. Guizot's error in this respect; he is not one who allows himself to be much taught by experience in any matter in which it contradicts his deliberate judgment. The first volume of the *Memoirs* contains a lecture addressed to the ultramontane party on their want of wisdom in declaring war against the principles and institutions which are at the very foundation of modern society; liberty of conscience, publicity, the legal separation of civil and religious life, the lay character of the state, etc. We must say, M. Venillot and the editors of the *Univers* seem to us to understand much better the real interests of Catholicism; they, at least, have consistency and moral courage enough to recognize the fact, that either Roman Catholicism or modern society must perish.

Taking M. Guizot all in all, his is a rare case of the union in one person of the thinker, the statesman, the orator, the historian, the moralist, and the man of refined literary taste. We know not where to look for his equal among our own literary statesmen. It certainly was not the first Lord Clarendon. Lord Macaulay is superior to M. Guizot in brilliancy, dramatic power, and picturesque description, and he, too, has excelled in various kinds of literature; but his is a less philosophic mind; and the time he devoted to the political affairs of his country, or the influence he exerted, can not be mentioned in the same breath with the labors of his great contemporary. Nearly the same remarks may be made of Mr. Gladstone. The part borne by Lord John Russell in the councils of his country has been worthy of the traditions of his house and his own great abilities; but, as a writer, his lordship is a mere amateur, compared to one whose works amount to some thirty volumes, evidencing, all of them, a degree of literary skill, patient research, and comprehensive thought, that would have made him one of the first men of his age, had he done nothing else to merit such a rank.

As a historian, M. Guizot's secret is his power of tracing the great current of ideas in any given period, and seizing the general bearing of those countless details which illustrate the providential education of the human race. When he has to speak of individuals, he dwells upon the moral features rather than the external and superficial originality of the man. He is not of the pictorial school; his style is sculptural, condensing and resuming, rather than painting. He is not generally in the habit of characterizing historical personages formally and at length, when they are introduced into his horizon. His opinion of them must be gathered ~~little~~ by little; and several passages have to be collated in order to possess it completely. Here are thoughts upon the character of Napoleon:

"Incomparably active and mighty genius, admirable by his horror of disorder, by his profound instinct of government, and by his energetic and efficacious rapidity in the reconstruction of the social frame-work. At the same time, genius without measure and without restraint, who would not accept from God or from men any limit to his desires and will, and thereby remained a revolutionist even while

combating the revolution : superior in the discernment of the general conditions of society, but understanding only imperfectly—shall I say coarsely?—the moral wants of human nature ; and now giving them satisfaction with sublime good sense, now ignoring and offending them with impious pride.”

“ By his greater instincts Napoleon was a spiritualist : men of his order have flashing lights and soaring thoughts that bring them within view of the region of higher truths. The spiritualism that began to recover new life in his reign, and to sap the materialism of the last century, attracted his sympathy, and gave him pleasure, in his good moments. But then a sudden change would come over the spirit of the despot, as he bethought him that the independence of the soul is in proportion to its elevation.”

“ No promises, no treaties, no difficulties, no reverses, could give the allies confidence in his future moderation ; his character and his history made it impossible to give credit to his professions.”

The reader may be interested in the following analysis of the character and talents of a person very unlike Napoleon :

“ I say nothing that I do not think, but I am not obliged to say all that I think about the men I meet upon my way. I owe nothing to M. de Talleyrand ; but when one has seen much of a man of high standing, and been upon friendly terms with him, one owes to one's self the maintenance of a certain reserve in speaking of him. M. de Talleyrand had just displayed in the crisis of the Restoration a hardy and cool sagacity, a great act of preponderance, and he was soon to display at Vienna, in the service of France and the house of Bourbon, the same qualities, with others as rare and as useful. But he was not equally fitted for other scenes. A courtier and a diplomatist, he was no statesman, and was most of all out of his element in a free government : he excelled in treating with isolated individuals, by conversation, and by the skillful use of social relations ; but he was wholly wanting in the authority of character, the fertility of mind, the promptitude of resolution, the oratorical power, the sympathetic intelligence of general ideas and public passions, which are the great means of action upon collective bodies of men. Neither had he any taste for the hard and unremitting toil which is another condition of good government. Ambitious and indolent, given to flattery, and yet disdainful, he was consummate in the art of pleasing and serving without servility, ready to lend himself to any thing that would further his fortune, while retaining all the airs ready to resume, when necessary, the reality of independence ; unscrupulous in his policy, indifferent as to means, and almost as to ends, provided his personal success were secured ; more hardy than profound in his views, cool and self-collected in peril ; suited to carry on the negotia-

tions of an absolute government, but unable to bear the open air and broad daylight of liberty.”

Really, if this be *reserve*, the author's outspoken opinion of M. de Talleyrand would be any thing but complimentary ; we may suppose it would be something like what is said of the diplomatist's diminutive and ugly likeness, Fouché :

“ I only saw the Duke of Otranto twice, and for short conversations : no man ever gave me more completely the idea of hardy, ironical, cynical indifference, of a coolness remaining imperturbable throughout an immoderate desire of movement and importance, of a fixed determination to do every thing for success, not in any given design, but in the design, and according to the chance, of the moment.”

M. de Chateaubriand is sketched with the hand of a master, and not at all too severely. It was his weakness to be thought a great politician, as well as a great writer ; he wanted to rival Milton and Napoleon at the same time. The English fashionable world did not admire him enough, nor long enough, nor for the reasons that he would have chosen ; and so he indignantly declared that he would rather be a galley-slave than live in London.

“ M. de Chateaubriand passed through the most varied phases of opinion, made trial of every sort of career, aspired to every sort of glory, drank deeply of some, tasted of others ; nothing satisfied him. ‘ My capital force,’ said he himself, ‘ is *ennui*, distaste for every thing, perpetual doubt.’ Strange disposition for a man devoted to the restoration of religion and of the monarchy ! Thus M. de Chateaubriand's life was a contrast and a perpetual combat between his enterprises and his tendencies, his position and his nature. Ambitious, as became the head of a party, and independent as the most unfettered and irresponsible ; yearning after all great things, and susceptible, even to suffering, about the smallest ; immeasurably careless about the common interests of life, but passionately anxious about the place given to his person and his glory on the stage of the world ; and more hurt by the slightest check, than satisfied by the most splendid triumphs. In public life more jealous of success than of power ; capable of conceiving, and even of executing, great designs, but incapable of following out with energy and patience a line of firm and self-consistent policy. He had a sympathetic intelligence of the moral impressions of his country and his time, with more ability to meet them and win their favor, than to direct them towards solid and durable satisfactions. A great and noble spirit, who, both in letters and in politics, knew how to touch the highest

chords of the human soul, but more suited to strike and charm the imagination than to govern men; ever thirsting for noise and praise to satisfy his pride, for emotion and novelty to escape his ennui."

Alas! M. de Chateaubriand, both in his powers and in his feelings, was the personification of his countrymen. We can not repeat the above life-like description without sighing over that great and generous nation, that remains vain, frivolous, and unhappy, because it does not know the truth that gives peace, and freedom, and a purpose to life.

We might quote from this book many a pithy saying, exhibiting that sagacity and knowledge of human nature which French moralists know so well how to dress in appropriate, pointed, and antithetic phrase. Such are—the observation that malevolent people mistake their spirit of suspicion for sagacity; the axiom that men belong to their real convictions more than is commonly thought, and more than the actors themselves think; the assertion that great men possess the privilege, too often corrupting and fatal, of inspiring an affection and a devotedness which they do not themselves feel. But our limits compel us to confine ourselves to sundry maxims and lessons of political wisdom; which we take leave to string together, like so many extracts from a common-place book, without attempting to establish any connection between them.

"Of all the kinds of wisdom necessary to a free people, the hardest is the being able to bear what displeases them, in order to preserve the goods they possess, or to acquire what they desire."

"When emulation between parties is exchanged for hostility between classes, it is no longer the movement of health, but a principle of dissolution and destruction."

"Nations which aspire after freedom run a great danger,—that of making mistakes in matter of tyranny. They give this name too readily to every system that displeases or troubles them, or does not grant them all that they desire."

"It is not given to human wisdom to save a people that does not itself contribute to the work."

"One can not build a house with engines of war; one can not found a *régime* of liberty with ignorant prejudices and bitter hate."

"Forgetfulness and disclaim of its past history is a serious disorder and a great cause of weakness to any nation; . . . and a people that falls into this gross error, falls also into depression and anarchy; for God does not allow the nature

of the laws of his works to be thus ignored and outraged with impunity."

"There are in this world but two great moral powers, faith and good sense. Woe be to the times in which they are kept asunder! They are the times in which revolutions come to nothing, and in which governments fall."

"The fatuity of makers of conspiracies is immense; and when the event has answered to their desires, they attribute to themselves what has been the result of causes much more vast and complicated than their machinations."

"The jealous passion for independence and for national glory doubles the strength of nations in the day of prosperity, and saves their dignity in that of adversity."

"Diplomacy abounds in proceedings and conversations, without any positive value: they are neither to be left unnoticed, nor to be believed; but the real thought and purpose of the different governments persists beneath them."

"When honest men do not know how to understand and to accomplish the designs of Providence, rogues take it upon themselves to do so: under the spur of general necessity, and in the midst of general helplessness, there never are wanting minds corrupt, sagacious, and bold, who make out what is to happen, what may be tried, and make themselves the instruments of a triumph which does not belong to them, but of which they succeed in giving themselves the air and appropriating the fruits."

"Men are so constituted that chimerical dangers appear to them the worst of all: one can fight flesh and blood, but in presence of phantoms one gets out of one's wits, whether it be with fear or with anger."

"In our modern societies, wherever there is full play allowed to our liberty, the struggle between the government and the opposition is too unequal: on the one devolves the whole burthen, and an unlimited responsibility; nothing is let go with them: the others enjoy complete liberty, without responsibility; every thing that comes from them is borne with. At least the French public is so disposed, when it is free."

"One hears much of the power of material interests; and many people think they show sagacity and good sense, when they say that interest alone makes men act. They are vulgar and superficial observers. History shows how much oppression, iniquity, suffering, misfortune, and can bear without having recourse to conspiracies and insurrections, so long as personal interests only are involved. But if, on the contrary, they believe, or if only certain groups among them are persuaded, that the power that governs them has no right to do so, you may be sure that conspiracies and insurrections will start up, and be renewed with obstinacy. Such an empire does the idea of right exert over men."

"There is a degree of bad government which the nations, be they great or small, enlightened or ignorant, will no longer bear with now, in the midst of the immoderate and insatiable ambitions which ferment among them, it is not

their honor, and it is the surest progress of modern civilization, that they require, at the hands of those who govern them an amount of justice, of good sense, of enlightenment and care for the common weal, far superior to what was once sufficient for the maintenance of human societies."

"Duty and devotedness towards one's country have now assumed, in most minds, an empire greater than the ancient one of duty and devotedness towards the royal person."

"A constitutional throne is not a mere empty arm-chair, which has been fitted with a lock and key, in order that no one may be tempted to sit down in it. It is occupied by a person, intelligent and free, having his own ideas, feelings, and will."

"It is not the hazard of events, nor the ambition of men, but instinct and public interest, that have called into being, in free countries, great political parties, avowedly and permanently such."

"The center, or floating and impartial part of the Chamber, is the habitual moderator between parties; . . . but it is harder for it than for them to conquer and retain a majority in a political assembly, because, when the center is called to govern, it finds before it, not uncertain spectators waiting for its acts before they judge it, but passionate adversaries."

"If party organization be not strong, and if the men that contract political relations be not resolved never to break them except at the last extremity, and through the most imperious motives, they soon lead not only to a state of helplessness, but of disorder; and their too easy rupture brings about all sorts of perturbation and difficulty."

We are afraid that this last maxim breathes a little too much the spirit of the old party leader who often had to deplore a want of discipline and strong cohesion among his followers. It may be very inconvenient for a Cabinet to have a large section of its supporters in the shape of independent friends, who approve of its general policy, and defend it as volunteer guerrillas; but obey no orders, bear no burdens, share no responsibility. Yet no one is more ready than M. Guizot himself to recognize the necessity of moral and intellectual independence. We suspect that his sentiments, if thoroughly analyzed, would come to this: that political men should be very docile towards their leaders, but very independent of popular wishes and clamors. Be that as it may, we recommend the passage to the consideration of whichever of our own political parties it may most concern. We will also recommend, for the private perusal and meditation of "the most energetic of

British statesmen," the following lessons on the necessity of possessing some fixed principles of policy:

"Parties never give in their adhesion seriously, except on two conditions—certain principles and brilliant talents. They want to be both sure and proud of their chiefs."

"Nothing is more legitimate than to combat a policy which one believes pernicious; provided always that one has determined upon a policy essentially different, and that one feels in a position to put it in practice."

"When the ideas and passions of a people have been stirred up, good sense, moderation, and ability are not long sufficient to govern them. And the day is not slow in coming round in which, whether to do good, or to hinder evil, convictions and a will, precise, lofty, and strong, become indispensable to the heads of government."

The second volume of the *Memoirs* must have been written before the present war became imminent; yet they both contain much that bears upon the subject; the allusion, for instance, already mentioned, to the necessity imposed upon the Napoleon dynasty of dazzling the popular imagination; the reference to war as a diversion from disquietude at home, which is always dearly paid for, even when it succeeds; above all, the explanation of the motives which led to the French occupation of Ancona in February, 1832. "We can not consent to the Austrian occupation of Romagna, unless it be of short duration," wrote M. Casimir Perier to Talleyrand, then French Ambassador at Vienna. "What the Austrian government wishes," said M. Guizot, in the French Chamber, "is, that Italy should belong to it as far as influence goes; and this is what France can not allow. Each must assume its own position. Austria has taken up hers; we take up ours, and shall continue to do so. We will maintain the independence of the Italian states, the development of Italian liberties. We will not suffer Italy to fall altogether under Austrian preponderance; but we will avoid all general collision." There can be no doubt that, since the explosion of 1848 broke the charm of the long peace, any nations that found themselves at variance have been more ready to go to extremities; and it is equally certain, that the origin and traditions of the Empire make it much more disposed to draw the sword than the liberal Monarchy can have been.

From the North British Review.

## PHENOMENA OF GLACIERS.\*

IN the preparation of the earth for the occupation of the human family, physical causes of great energy, and acting during long periods of time, were, doubtless, required; but it is a problem yet unsolved whether these periods amounted to the millions of years required by the geologist, or were of much shorter duration, owing to the operation of laws different from those now in action, or to quicker and more energetic processes than those which we now witness.

During the six thousand years which have nearly elapsed since the creation of man, the universal deluge is the only grand event which could have greatly modified the general surface of the earth; but since that time powerful agents have been in operation, and great changes have been effected in different parts of the globe. Floods of vast extent, as we have had elsewhere occasion to remark, rushing from the ocean or from the bowels of the earth, have swept over its surface, carrying with them the soil and the blocks of stone over which they passed, and grinding and polishing the rocks which they laid bare. Successions of mighty forests have flourished and decayed on the same spot, leaving beneath strata of roots to the fourth and fifth generation. The seas have, in some regions, quitted their native beds; and, in others, invaded and destroyed the fields and the habitations of man. Is-

lands have risen and disappeared in the ocean. Earthquakes have shaken or overturned the mightiest fabrics of human wisdom, shattering even the mountain crests, and dislocating the solid pavement of the globe. The everlasting hills have arisen above their native level, and lifted up from the ocean the very sea-beach which it had formed. Volcanoes have buried whole cities under their ashes, and covered with their burning lava the productive fields within its reach. Extensive lakes have poured out their contents, and recorded upon their ancient shores the erosions of the winds and the waves. Huge masses of rock have been transported from their mountain crags to vast distances in the plains below; and that element, with whose desolating power we are all familiar, seems to have once exercised a more tremendous energy when it fell in avalanches of snow from its mountain home, and in the form of glaciers descended our valleys with slackened pace but increasing power—grinding the granite flanks which embraced it—crushing the forest trunks that opposed it—poising on its crystalline pinnacles huge blocks of stone, and carrying them along its glassy viaduct over valleys now smiling with lakes, and plains luxuriant with vegetation.

Among such of these agents as are in continual operation, the glaciers possess a peculiar interest. They have afforded to the traveler and the naturalist curious topics of research, and to the artist rich materials for his pencil. Among their moraines and debris the mineralogist has pursued his crystal chase. In the solid ice, as well as in the more recent snow, the botanist has discovered the organizations of vegetable life, and in the same localities the zoölogist has found "that the glacier is not a desert, but is inhabited by myriads of minute creatures, not less perfect in their species than the terrestrial animals and those which inhabit the waters of the earth."\*

\* *Travels through the Alps of Savoy and other parts of the Pennine Chain, with Observations on the Phenomena of Glaciers.* By JAMES D. FORBES, F.R.S., Sec. R.S. Ed., F.G.S. 8vo. Edinburgh: 1843. pp. 424.

*Norway and its Glaciers visited in 1851, followed by Journals of Excursions in the High Alps of Dauphiné, Berne, and Savoy.* By JAMES D. FORBES, F.R.S., Sec. R. S. Ed. 8vo. Edinburgh: 1853. Pp. 350.

*Etudes sur les Glaciers.* Par I. AGASSIZ. Neuchâtel: 1840. Un vol. 8vo. Accompagné chez Atlas, in folio, de 32 planches.

*The Glacial Theory and its Recent Progress.* By I. AGASSIZ. Edin. New Phil. Journal, 1842, vol. xxxiii, pp. 217-284.

*Nouvelles Etudes et Expériences sur les Glaciers Actuels, leur Structure, leur Progression, et leur Physique sur le Sol.* Par I. AGASSIZ. Avec un Atlas de 3 cartes et 9 planches. 8vo. Paris: 1847. Pp 600.

\* Agassiz: *Nouvelles Etudes*, 1847, p. 137.



But, though the [naturalists of Switzerland, where the glaciers have been specially observed and studied, have devoted themselves to the work with ardor and success, yet it is chiefly to their exterior character and their more obvious phenomena that they have limited their attention. It is strange to say, that it is to passing travelers, and those travelers English, that we owe the earliest and the most correct description of the internal structure of glaciers, and the best theory of their formation and movements. And that this should have been the case is the more remarkable when we consider the vast number of memoirs and treatises which have been published by foreigners, and especially by those who had daily opportunities of visiting the glaciers at every season of the year, and under all the conditions of weather and of climate, by which they are modified. It is scarcely credible, indeed, did we not possess the list of works on Glaciers published by Agassiz in 1847, that *one hundred and thirty-four* memoirs and treatises were written on the subject, and yet we have no hesitation in stating, that it is in the *fifteen* or *twenty* publications which have appeared in England that the best account of the glacier world is to be found—the most accurate description of its economy and movements, and the most philosophical views of its formation.

As an important branch of physical geography, the distribution of glaciers over the globe is a subject of primary interest. It is, of course, only in those mountainous regions where the snow lies during the whole year that a glacier can be formed. In such regions there is a line called *the limit of perpetual snow*, or *congelation*, whose height generally depends on the latitude, and the distance from the sea, and on the summer temperature of the locality. In the tropical regions of America and Asia—in the Andes and Himalaya, the height of perpetual snow varies from fifteen thousand to eighteen thousand or nineteen thousand feet, while in the south of Europe the same line is found between heights of eight thousand and nine thousand feet, and in Norway between heights of seven thousand and five thousand feet. It is, therefore, only among mountains perennially capped with snow that glaciers can be found; but, as a glacier is not a mere accumulation of snow, there may be many lofty mountains in which glaciers

do not exist; and there are certainly forms, and positions, and structures of mountains, as well as conditions of climate, which prevent their formation. If a mountain, for example, is too steep to allow the snow to adhere to its sides, it will not produce glaciers. In like manner, an insulated mountain will not produce them, even though it rises above the line of perpetual snow. In the Siedelhorn, for instance, there are no glaciers, though it is covered with snow during nearly the whole year, while a great number of glaciers are formed in mountains of inferior height, such as those which separate the lower from the upper glacier of the Aar.

A glacier is a mass of ice lying in Alpine valleys, or resting on the flanks of mountains. It is produced from the accumulation of perpetual snow in the hollows of mountains, which detaches itself from their summit and descends into the valleys. It there becomes solid ice, which melts when it comes into contact with the warmer air, earth, and rains, of the valley, the quantity melted being replaced from the reservoirs of snow in the higher mountains. In order to distinguish a glacier from an iceberg, Professor Forbes describes a glacier as *ice in motion under gravity*.

Although the glaciers which have been well described and carefully studied are those which exist in the south of Europe, in Switzerland, and Savoy, yet similar accumulations of ice, having the same origin, the same structure, and the same movements, are found in nearly all mountainous countries. Numerous glaciers have been found in different parts of the Himalaya mountains, and in those of the Caucasus and Altai range. M. Vigne, in his *Travels in Kashmir*, has described the glaciers at the source of the river Indus, in the territory of Little Thibbet. Captain Strachey has examined those of the central Himalaya, at the source of the rivers Pindur and Kuphinée, where the line of perpetual snow is about 15,000 feet above the sea. Dr. Thomas Thomson has described numerous glaciers which occupy the valleys of the central Himalaya, and he mentions the glacier on the north side of the Barder or Umasi Pass, as probably the largest that has yet been described. In the eastern portion of the same range, where Kinchinjunga rises to the height of 28,178 feet above the sea, Dr. Joseph Hooker observed the ice descending from its

summit, in one unbroken mass of 14,000 feet of vertical height, to the source of the Thlonok river.

In every part of Europe where groups of mountains rise above the line of perpetual snow, glaciers are more or less numerous. The average height of this line in the Alps is 7200 feet; and, according to Schlagintweit, includes glaciers of all kinds, the great glaciers in the whole Alpine chain amounting to 60. According to Ebel, there are 400 glaciers in the chain which stretches from Mont Blanc to the borders of the Tyrol, the greater number of them being six or seven leagues long, between a half and three fourths of a league wide, and from 100 to 600 feet thick, and forming, if they were all united, a *mer de glace* of 130 square leagues. According to Professor Forbes, the best known and most important glacier-bearing groups of mountains between Mount Pelvoux and Monte Viso, in lat. 45°, and the Gross Glockner in Carinthia, are those of Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, the Bernese Alps, (Finsteraarhorn and the Jungfrau,) and the Oertler Spitz in the Tyrol; and the most considerable individual glaciers, the Mer de Glace of Chamouni; the Gorner glacier near Zermatt, (Monte Rosa;) the lower glacier of the Aar, in Bernese Oberland; the Aletsch glacier, the glacier of the Rhone in the Vallais, and the Pasterze glacier, in Carinthia.

In the north of Europe the most important glaciers are those in Norway, where two leading groups of glacier-bearing mountains are found—the one in the Bergenstift, and the other within the Arctic circle. M. Durocher has described the former, and Professor Forbes has made observations on most of them, and compared their conditions and structure with those of the Alps. On the Fjærlandsfiord, in lat. 61°, there are two important glaciers, one of which terminates only 105 feet above the level of the sea. A fine glacier, the Bondhuusbræ, occurs on the Hardanger Fiord. The glaciers commencing at Fondal, within the Arctic circle, descend nearly to the level of the sea. At the Jokulsfiord, in lat. 70°, there is a glacier which actually enters the sea, and breaks off in miniature icebergs. Glaciers abound in Iceland, Spitzbergen, and Greenland, and they are found also in South-America, in lat. 47°, where the climate is said to be the worst in the world.

As the glaciers of the Alps have been more carefully surveyed and studied than those in any other part of the world, we shall consider them as the proper representatives of the glacier system, and proceed to describe the various phenomena which they exhibit to the general observer, as well as to the philosopher.

Saussure has divided glaciers into two classes, to which all their varieties, however numerous, may be referred.

The *first* class consists of glaciers which lie in valleys of greater or less depth, and which are surrounded on all sides by mountains higher than themselves.

The *second* class consists of glaciers which are not contained in valleys, but rest on the declivities of mountains.

M. Agassiz, who has given his sanction to this classification, has added another mark of distinction, namely, that the glaciers of the *first* class have in general a slight declivity of from 3° to 10°, while the declivity of glaciers of the *second* class is much greater, and varies from 15° to 50° and upwards.

When seen from above and from a distance, a glacier resembles a long stream of snow, detaching itself from the higher mountain peaks, and flowing into the valleys below; and even when we approach it closely, we still believe that it is a line of snow, and can hardly persuade ourselves that it is an enormous mass of ice, quite different in aspect from that which is formed on our lakes and rivers. The icy composition of glaciers of the first class is best seen at their termination at the bottom of the large valleys which contain them, as in those of the Mer de Glace of Chamouni, the Brenva, the Rhone, the Lower Aar, and those of Grindelwald. From a vault of greenish-blue ice annually formed, issues the torrent which drains the valley, and is increased by land springs and by the melting of the ice. At this end of the glacier masses of stones and of rock, that have been transported on the surface of the glacier, are deposited in heaps or mounds, called *moraines*, which are named *terminal moraines* when they lie in front of the lower end of the glacier, and mark the greatest limit of its extension. "A glacier," as Professor Forbes remarks, "is seen to have withdrawn itself very far within its old limits, leaving a prodigious barren waste of stones in advance of it, which,

being devoid of soil, nourishes not one blade of grass. At other times, the glacier pushes forwards its margin beyond the limit which it has ever before reached, tears up the ground with its icy plowshare, and shoves forward the yielding turf in wrinkled folds, uprooting trees, moving vast rocks, and scattering the walls of dwelling-houses in fragments before its irresistible onward march." At this end of the glacier the ice is frequently broken up by cracks into prismatic masses, which, when melted by the sun and rains, take the shape of pyramids of the most grotesque forms.

On ascending to the surface of the glacier, the traveler is surprised by the number of cracks or fissures, called *crevasses*, which extend across it, and are, generally speaking, perpendicular to its sides. They are often hundred of yards long and hundreds of feet deep. These cracks, which are seldom quite vertical, are found principally where the declivity of the glacier is great, and they are most numerous, and occur in groups, round the projecting points of its bed, in the upper and middle regions of the glacier. They are sometimes found of great length, but comparatively narrower and insulated in the middle of the glacier. In many instances there are few crevasses, as in that of the Aar, and when this is the case, the glacier may be crossed in all directions.

In some cases a glacier is cut up by crevasses into squares or trapezoidal blocks, which takes place "when a glacier of the second order descends over a boss of granite, or a surface convex in all directions. We have then," continues Professor Forbes, "radiating crevasses combined with concentric ones, producing a tartan-like appearance."

When the crevasses are rare, the surface of the glacier presents numerous *ruisseaux*, or streamlets of limpid water of considerable volume, flowing in a shining channel, and exciting the admiration of the observer. Agassiz found one of these upwards of 1200 yards long, in a straight line. They disappear when the crevasses are produced, as the water soon loses itself in their depths.

In the parts of a glacier which have little inclination, the streamlets we have mentioned, when collected into a mass, rush into the first fissure in their course, and convert it into what is called a *puit*

or *moulin* or an open vertical shaft, frequently of immense depth, and generally circular or elliptical. M. Agassiz has descended into these pits to the depth of fifty-four feet, and found water there, the sides of the pit exhibiting distinct traces of stratification, and also irregular fissures.

On the surface of several glaciers M. Agassiz had found *puits* or openings of a very interesting nature, to which he has given the name of *Baignoires*. They are circular or elliptical holes, from half a foot to two or three feet in diameter, and generally about three feet, though sometimes eighteen feet deep. The greater number of them are filled with water, the temperature of which varies according as their bottom is covered or not with gravel. When they are again closed up they occasion what is called *Roses* or *etoiles de glacier* — glacier stars. Their ice differs from that of the glacier, being formed in concentric layers round the center of their circumference, as is seen in those pits which are only half filled up. In one of these pits the surface of the water was found covered with small black insects, resembling *Poduræ*.

Besides these remarkable openings, M. Keller discovered others not less interesting, which he calls *meridian holes*, and to which, in honor of the discoverer, M. Desor has given the name of *Kellerlöcher*. These holes are commonly two feet long, from a foot to a foot and a half wide, and from half a foot to a foot deep. They are all *semi-circular, having the arch turned to the north and the chord to the south*. Their bottom is covered with gravel, and there is always found on the south side of them a small hill of ice, while their greatest depth is on the north side. The following is the explanation of them given by M. Keller: "When some portions of gravel accumulate behind an excrescence or elevation on the surface of the ice, the gravel, heated by the sun, sinks into the ice, and forms a small hollow or miniature basin. As the gravel absorbs more of the heat than the ice, it follows that it will be on the side upon which the sun's rays act longest and with the greatest intensity, that this basin will be widest, and that the gravel will sink to the greatest depth. But this side must be the north side, and hence it is that these basins have their convexity turned to the north.

These holes are called *meridian holes*,

because they give us a rude meridian line, and may serve as a compass to direct the traveler in fogs, and tell him the time of the day when the sun shines. In order to do this he must place his staff in the hole, so that it touches on one side the top of the little hill of ice, and on the other the summit of the arch. The staff will then point north and south. A line perpendicular to this will run east and west, and the point of noon being known, the hour of the day may be approximately found in sunshine by the angle which the sun forms with the meridian.

Among other peculiarities in the surface of glaciers, M. Agassiz mentions *ravines* and *small lakes*. The ravines are great excavations, having the form of immense ditches, and sometimes resembling valleys of erosion. They are met with near the termination of glaciers, and the greater number are dry. Some of these in the glacier of the Aar are upwards of a mile long. The lakes occur near the sides of glaciers, where the water is prevented from descending, by the ice being frozen to the soil. It is a remarkable fact, that these small lakes, though in different glaciers, empty themselves annually at the same time of the year.

The phenomenon of *glacier tables* is one of peculiar interest. They are huge and flat blocks of stone, resting upon high pedestals of ice, so as to resemble a large table. When one of these blocks has separated itself from a moraine, it first melts the ice at its margin; but as it protects the ice beneath it from melting and evaporation, while the ice around it disappears, it gradually rises till it is poised on the column upon which it rests, all the ice around it having melted in the summer at the rate of a foot per week. Agassiz has seen blocks of this kind twenty feet long and ten or twelve wide; and in 1840 he observed one fifteen feet long, twelve feet wide, and six feet high, detach itself from its icy pedestal, and slide to a distance of thirty feet, crushing to powder the ice over which it passed. In June, 1842, Professor Forbes saw, on the Mer de Glace, one of these tables, twenty-three feet by seventeen, and three and a half feet thick. It was then easily accessible; but as the season advanced, it apparently rose rapidly, till, on the sixth of August, the pillar of ice was thirteen feet high. About the end of August it slipped from its icy col-

umn, and in September it was beginning to rise upon a new one.\*

Of equal interest with these tables, and equally rare, are the *gravel cones*, which are found on the lower glacier of the Aar, and on the great glacier of Zermatt. They are often so small as from five to six inches high, and from seven to eight inches at their base; but M. Agassiz has seen them thirteen feet high and thirteen feet broad. These cones are formed in the following manner. Gravel and earthy matter are carried by the streamlets of water into hollows in the ice, or into the bottom of the *mouliens*. The ice, being protected by the gravel above, is not melted, while all the surrounding ice disappears by evaporation and melting. The gravel is thus raised like the table, and forms a cone, which, though it appears to be entirely formed of gravel, is in reality ice at the core. In the case of the *mouliens*, the gravel at their bottom takes a much longer time to rise into a cone than when it has been deposited in cavities of little depth.

The phenomena which we have just described exhibit in a striking manner what is called the *ablation* of a glacier, or its superficial waste. During the time that the *glacier table* of 1842 apparently arose on a pedestal thirteen feet high, the surface of the glacier must have been lowered by the ablation of thirteen feet of ice. This effect takes place superficially during the months between spring and autumn, and is occasioned by the direct heat of the sun, by the warmth of the superincumbent air, by the washing of rains, which act upon the surface of the glacier, and by the contact of the lower surface of the glacier with the warmer soil, and the washing of the inferior streams. To these two subglacial causes Professor Forbes has given the name of *subsidence*; and he adds a *third* cause to those of ablation and subsidence, namely, that owing to the natural slope of the rocky bed of the glacier, any point of its surface must stand absolutely lower each day, in consequence of the progressive motion of the whole. The geometrical depression of the ice

\* On the immense glacier which descends from the Kinchinjunga, on the Himalaya, Dr. Hooker saw gigantic blocks perched upon pinnacles of ice, and has drawn one of them, apparently as large as that described by Professor Forbes.—*Himalayan Journal*, vol. ii. pp. 134, 135.

produced by these three causes has been measured on the Mer de Glace by Professor Forbes. In July and August, 1846, he found that the daily ablation was 3·62 inches, and the daily subsidence 1·63, making in all 5·25 inches; *seven tenths* of this being the effect of ablation, and *three tenths* that of subsidence. He found it impossible to estimate how much of the subsidence was owing to the declivity, but he thinks it probable that the greater part may be thus accounted for. Owing to this rapid diminution of the vertical thickness of a glacier in summer, the amount of its waste must determine the position of the lower end of it. To illustrate this, Professor Forbes "supposes a glacier to move along its bed at the rate of three hundred feet per annum, and imagines (merely for the sake of illustration) its yearly superficial waste to be twenty feet for every three hundred feet of its length, or at the rate of three hundred and fifty-two feet per mile; so that the longitudinal section of a glacier has the form of a wedge, and however enormous be its original thickness, we must at length, after a certain course, come to the thin end of the wedge, and *that* the more rapidly, as the causes of melting increase toward the lower extremity."

In treating of the *moraines*, or heaps of stones and rocks brought down by the glaciers, we referred only to the *terminal moraines*; but on the surface of every glacier there are two kinds of *moraines*, *lateral* and *medial*. The *lateral* moraines, which are formed on the flanks or sides of a glacier, consist of stones and rocks which fall or are torn away from the mountain sides, with which the glacier is in contact. These stones or rocks are detached by rains, snows, avalanches, and even thunder; but the most active agent is the water, which, when frozen in the fissures of rocks, breaks them in pieces. Stratified and fissile rocks are thus easily broken up, and form the chief materials of the moraines. The stony *débris* thus detached form lines parallel to the sides of the glacier, extending throughout its length, and not mixing with one another. When two separate glaciers unite in a common valley, the two inner moraines unite also, and form what is called a *medial moraine*, running along the axis or middle line of the glacier. In like manner *three* glaciers would produce *two* medial, and *four* glaciers *three* medial moraines. These for-

mations are beautifully seen in Agassiz's drawing of the lower glacier of the Aar, which is formed by the union of the *Lauteraar* glacier with that of the *Finsteraar*. On the great medial moraine thus formed, at a height of seven thousand five hundred feet above the sea, M. Agassiz erected his celebrated dry-stone hut, built and roofed with the stones of the moraine, in which he received and entertained for a month numerous visitors, while he himself studied and explained to his guests the interesting phenomena which he had discovered.

This hut, which was called the *Hotel des Neuchatelois*, though it sometimes accommodated five or six persons, was only twelve feet long, six broad, and four high. It rested upon pure ice, and was floored with the broad stones of the moraine. Above this floor was laid a mattress of grass, gathered from the side of the glacier, and this mattress was covered with a double fold of wax-cloth. The interstices between the stones were filled up with bunches of grass; but notwithstanding this precaution, "hurricanes blew fearfully through the wall."

Among the numerous visitors of M. Agassiz were Lord Enniskillen, and Sir Walter and Lady Trevelyan; and among those who "shared his habitation," and took an active part in his labors, were Professor Forbes, M. Escher de la Linth, and M.M. Desor, Vogt, and Heath—all whose names were cut on the surface of the large block by which the hut was sheltered. The ice-philosophers prepared themselves for their work by bathing every morning in a large tub of iced water, which the guides placed every evening at the door of the hut, and which in the morning was often covered with ice half an inch thick. Those who thus hardened themselves could wear their ordinary dresses with impunity, while those who neglected the precaution shivered with cold, though wrapped in their fur cloaks. The party breakfasted about five o'clock on a cup of chocolate, and the guides on cheese soup. On returning at mid-day from their researches, the philosophers dined in the open air round the large flat block of stone which served as their table. Mutton and rice and sometimes goat's meat—a meal of which they never tired, formed their dinner, which was followed by a cup of coffee and a cigar. The party then separated, to carry on their respective researches, or to write their notes and

observations; and when the night closed in, they returned to the hut, and, exchanging the light dresses of the day for good cloaks and furs, they drew the curtain which served as a door, and "lighting the candles," retired to rest.

In rainy and snowy nights, even the deep sleep of fatigue and toil was often disagreeably disturbed. The large block of stone with which the hut was roofed, was so full of fissures, notwithstanding its enormous thickness, that the water penetrated its mass, and ran in streams along its lower surface. "Whenever," says Agassiz, "one of these little streamlets encountered an inequality, a cascade was formed, which awoke in an annoying manner those who happened to be under it. Sometimes one, sometimes another, was then seen rising up, and seizing a candle, endeavoring with his finger to give another direction to the troublesome rill. But soon recovering its first direction, it would proceed to moisten the person to the right or the left, and thus rouse him by dropping provokingly into his ear or mouth. The unfortunate individual would then get up in his turn, and try to correct the course of the water, or probably send it to sprinkle his companion. I remember one night when the rills of water and the cascades were so abundant, that change of direction was useless; and seeing it was impossible to shut an eye, we began to amuse ourselves with our cascades, by communicating to them all sorts of directions."

In order to form a correct opinion of the nature of glaciers we must consider their origin, formation, and development. Glaciers have their origin in the higher parts of mountains. They commence in the fields or reservoirs of powdery and crystalline snow, which occupy the shoulders and plateaux of mountains. In its descent or overflow this snow becomes more granular, and forms what is called the *névé* in French, and the *firn* in German. This *névé* is the true origin and material of the glacier. Its leading characteristic is uniformity of appearance, having neither moraines, streamlets, tables, nor *aiguilles*; and in consequence of this uniformity it is easy to determine the *line of the névé* where the glacier or the region of compact ice commences, with its moraines, streamlets, tables, gravel cones, *aiguilles*, *baignoires*, and meridian holes. Crevasses are so rare in the *névé*,

that M. Agassiz has walked more than a league on the *névé* of Aletsch without meeting a single one, and it is very seldom that its surface has any of the inequalities of the compact ice. The smooth *névé* is distinctly stratified, consisting of horizontal annual layers or beds, produced by successive snow-falls. The stratification extends to a great depth; but in the transition state of the *névé* into glacier, "the ice-falls which produce them succeeding one another," according to Professor Forbes, "at regulated intervals, corresponding to the renewal of each summer's activity." "Stratified appearance ceases at an inconsiderable depth, the interior of the mass being granular and without structure or bands of any kind."

From the structure of the *névé* we come to consider that of the *compact ice*, which forms the true glacier—a subject which has given rise to much controversy, and a knowledge of which is essentially necessary in estimating the value of the different glacier theories which have been submitted to the public. It is a remarkable fact that Gruner, Saussure, and the early writers on glaciers, seem to have never observed with care the inner condition of the compact ice, and that they were entirely ignorant of its peculiar structure. Upon examining the sides of crevasses, where the face of the ice is exposed to great depths, several observers discovered that it had apparently a veined structure throughout, similar to the laminated structure, or slaty cleavage of rocks, and that these strata or veins were vertical, lying in the direction of the valley or sides of the glacier.

Sir David Brewster seems to have been the first person who observed this remarkable structure, when examining the *Mer de Glace* of Chamouni on the tenth of September, 1814. "Where the ice is most perfect," he remarks in his *Journal*, "which is on the side of the deep crevasses, its color is a fine blue."

One of the most remarkable phenomena in glaciers is their progressive motion down the valley in which they lie, their disappearance at their lower extremity, and their renewal at their source. Although the motion of glaciers had been known to Saussure and others, yet it was considered by some German writers; and no attempt was made to prove its existence, to measure

its amount in different glaciers, and still less to ascertain its variations in different parts of the length and breadth of the same glacier—facts essentially necessary in the formation of any correct theory on the subject.

It is to Professor Forbes alone that we owe the first and most correct researches respecting the motion of glaciers; and in proof of this, we have only to give the following list of observations which had been previously made.

| Observers.        | Name of the glacier. | Annual rate of motion. |
|-------------------|----------------------|------------------------|
| Ebel              | Chamouni             | 14 feet                |
| Ebel              | Grindelwald          | 25                     |
| Hugi              | Aar                  | 240*                   |
| Agassiz           | Aar                  | 200†                   |
| Bakewell          | Mer de Glace         | 540                    |
| De la Beche       | Mer de Glace         | 600 } ‡                |
| Sherwill          | Mer de Glace         | 300                    |
| M. Rendu          | Mer de Glace         | 365                    |
| Saussure's Ladder | Mer de Glace         | 375                    |

This ladder, which was used by Saussure in crossing the crevasses, was left at the Aiguille de Noir in 1788, and was found in 1832 near the Moulins, having traveled a distance of 16,500 feet in 44 years, giving 375 feet per annum as the mean motion of this part of the glacier. §

Such was the state of our knowledge of the motion of glaciers when Professor Forbes undertook the investigation of the subject. No person had attempted to determine whether the glacier advanced by jerks or by a continuous motion; whether it moved more rapidly in its upper or lower regions; whether its velocity was the same at its sides as at its middle; whether its surface moved at the same rate as its inferior portion; whether its motion took place in the night or during the day, in the summer or in the winter; and whether its motions were affected by the form, the breadth, and the depth of the glacier. All or most of these questions Professor Forbes had to solve; and he did it with a success which could hardly have been expected from a traveler who had not long resided on the glaciers or in their immediate vicinity.

The earliest observations of Professor Forbes were made opposite the rocky

promontory called L'Angle, on the twenty-seventh, twenty-eighth, twenty-ninth, and thirtieth June, 1842; and he found that the glacier moved at the average rate of sixteen and a half inches in twenty-four hours.

Among the remarkable facts connected with the motion of glaciers, is their oscillation, or their advance into the valley, and their retreat from this advanced position. When a great quantity of snow falls on the mountains, the mass of the glacier is increased, and it is pushed forward into the valley; and, on the other hand, the glacier will retreat when less snow is supplied to the *nevé*, and when there is a succession of warm summers. The advance of glaciers is often accompanied with the most disastrous inundations. According to M. Venetz, a glacier in the Valley of Herens advanced with a noise like that of thunder, and with steps nearly ten feet long!

In the year 1818, the advance of the glacier of Getroz was attended with the most distressing consequences. This glacier is situated amidst the defiles of Mount Pleureur. It terminates in a cliff of enormous height, over which, in the advance of the glacier, avalanches of icy fragments are precipitated, and form a secondary glacier resembling masses of unmelted snow. In 1545 and 1595, this second glacier advanced so far as to dam up the River Drance, which waters the Val de Bagnes. When the icy barrier gave way under the heat of summer, the accumulated water rushed out with irresistible force, charged with enormous masses of rock, tearing up and destroying every thing in its course, till it fell into the Rhone. In 1545, one hundred and forty persons perished in the flood; and in 1595, when it destroyed the town of Martigny, the peasantry who dwelt in the valleys were reduced to abject poverty, and from sixty to eighty perished in the torrent.

For some years previous to 1818 the avalanches of ice and snow had enlarged the secondary glacier; and as soon as it was able to resist the summer heat, it acquired new magnitude, and from a height of 100 feet it descended a declivity of 45°, and threw itself in the form of a homogeneous mass of ice across the Drance, the base of the cone resting on the precipitous flanks of Mount Mauvoisin on the opposite side of the valley. In the month of April

\* Average of 2200 feet in nine years, from 1827–1836, deduced from the descent of Hugi's Cabin.

† 1839 to 1840; advance of Hugi's Cabin. *Etudes*, p. 150.

‡ Estimates by the guides.

§ Forbes' *Travels*, etc., p. 87.

when the river was completely stopped, a lake continued to form till it became 14,000 feet (nearly three miles) long, its absolute average breadth 400 feet, its average depth 200 feet, and its contents at least 800 millions of cubic feet. The certainty of its bursting having been perceived, M. Venetz, an able engineer, began on the tenth of May to cut a tunnel through the ice in order to drain it; and by the thirteenth of June it was completed. The tunnel was 68 feet long; and by the sixteenth of June the height of the lake was diminished 45 feet, and its contents reduced to 500 millions of cubic feet. In this process, the water flowing over the lower end of the tunnel melted the ice, and reduced it to a few feet; while the water of the lake, penetrating the crevasses of the glacier, or the retaining wall of the lake, detached from it enormous fragments, and weakened it to such a degree, that the cascade excavated a passage when the glacier rested upon Mount Mauvoisin.

"As soon as this happened, the water rushed out, the ice gave way with a tremendous crash, the lake was emptied in half an hour, and the sea of water which it contained, precipitated itself into the valley with a rapidity and violence which it is impossible to describe. The fury of this raging flood was first staid by the narrow gorge below the glacier, formed between Mount Pleureur and a projecting breast of Mount Mauvoisin.

"Here it was engulfed with such force, that it carried away the bridge of Mauvoisin, ninety feet above the Drance, and even rose several fathoms above the advanced mass of the mountain. From this narrow gorge the flood spread itself over a wider part of the valley, which again contracted into another gorge; and in this way, passing from one basin to another, it acquired new violence, and carried along with it forests, rocks, houses, barns, and cultivated land.

"When it reached Le Chable, one of the principal villages of the valley, the flood, which seemed to contain more debris than water, was pent up between the piers of a solid bridge, nearly fifty feet above the Drance, and began to attack the inclined plane upon which the church and the chief part of the village is built. An additional rise of a few feet would have instantly undermined the village; but at this critical moment the bridge gave way, and carried with it the houses at its two extremities. The flood now spread itself over the wide part of the valley between La Chable and St. Branchier, undermining, destroying, and hurrying away the houses, the roads, the richest crops, and the finest trees loaded with fruit.

"Instead of being encumbered with these spoils, the moving chaos received from them new force; and when it entered the narrow valley from St. Branchier to Martigny, it continued its work of destruction till its fury became weakened by expanding itself over the great plain formed by the valley of the Rhone. After ravaging Le Bourg and the village of Martigny, it fell with comparative tranquillity into the Rhone, leaving behind it, on the plain of Martigny, the wreck of houses and of furniture, thousands of trees torn up by the roots, and the bodies of men and of animals whom it had swept away. As the flood took half an hour in passing every point which it reached, it follows that it furnished 300,000 cubic feet of water every second — an efflux which is five times greater than that of the Rhone below Basle."\*

In 1819, a catastrophe of a different kind was occasioned by the glacier of Randa, situated six leagues from Vierge and in the valley of St. Nicholas. At six A.M. on the twenty-seventh December, a part of the glacier detached itself from the side of the Weisshorn, and fell with a noise like thunder on the lower masses of the glacier. At the same instant the curé and many others saw a bright light, which was followed by great darkness. A violent gust of wind, which immediately followed the light, transported millstones several fathoms, uprooted large trees, tossed blocks of ice upon the village, overturned houses, and carried the beams of several of them into the forest half a league above the village. The detached mass, composed of snow, ice, and stone, covered the meadow with its fragments to the extent of 2400 feet long, 1000 wide, and 150 deep, equivalent to a volume of 360,000,000 cubic feet.

An inundation similar to that of the Val de Bagnes took place in 1845, in the valley of Rosenthal in the Tyrol, in consequence of the advance of the united glaciers of Vernagt and Rofen, which do not meet in ordinary seasons. In 1840, the glacier of Rofen increased greatly, and advanced at the rate of about 1640 feet annually. At the end of 1844 the two glaciers were united, and advanced at the rate of five and a half feet in a day, increasing both in width and height. It

\* This account of the fall of the glacier of Götts is taken from an interesting description of it, illustrated with drawings and a map of the Val de Bagnes, communicated to the writer of this article by Professor Pictet in 1819. See *Edin. Phil. Journ.* 1819, vol. i. p. 187-192.



was subject to violent movements, which tore up its mass, and produced detonations like thunder, which resounded through the valley. At last, in 1845, it passed in twelve days over the space of 400 feet, which separated it from the valley of Rosenthal, and cut off the water which flowed in the upper part of the valley. A large lake was thus formed; and on the thirteenth June the dike broke, and the water, rushing on, produced the usual disasters.

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From the London Review.

## HISTORY OF THE OLD COVENANT.\*

THE series of expositions which gives the *Foreign Theological Library* its chief value has been lately enriched by several excellent contributions to the exegesis of the Old Testament. The foundation was laid some years ago by the translation of Hävernick's *Introduction to the Old Testament* generally, and to the *Pentateuch* in particular—works which we can scarcely scruple to recommend as standing at the very head of this kind of sacred literature. The former is a treatise of extraordinary learning, wonderfully condensed and arranged; with all its disadvantages as a foreign production, and written, as all German criticism must in these days be written, with a controversial and defensive design, it has no rival; and every student of the ancient Scriptures would do well thoroughly to master it. The commentaries of Keil, Bertheau, and Kurtz, have continued the expositions of the historical books; a few more volumes, which might easily be selected for translation, would complete that department of the Old Testament, and form perhaps the best helps to the understanding of the earliest books of the Bible contained in our language.

German Neology has been very industrious, for the last quarter of a century, in its investigation of the old "Shemitic traditions" which have so marvelously bound themselves up with the history of the

world. Having successfully shown the process by which the New Testament was invented out of the Old, it proceeded to show how the Old itself was invented out of the legends of a singular wandering race. When it had traced out the steps of the delusion which converted a half-mythical personage of Judea into a Divine incarnation, and invested him with a garment of doctrines and claims woven clumsily by his apostles out of ancient national traditions, it became necessary to go back to those traditions themselves, and explain how *they* were originated and preserved their marvelous consistency of development through successive ages. The bondage of the West to the East, the despotic tyranny of the unsubstantial Hebrew superstition over European civilization and thought—Japheth's ignominious dwelling in the tents of Shem, and submitting to a spiritual slavery worse than his brother Ham's—is the intolerable yoke which they have thrown off themselves, and would help all others to throw off. This is the secret of their destructive criticism; and in pursuing their object they take the sacred archives, and resolve them into their original elements. Beginning at Moses and all the Prophets, they expound to their disenthralled hearers the things concerning Jesus: showing how easily the beautiful but unreal imagination arose in the primitive aspirations of an enthusiastic tribe; how cunningly it was interwoven with a national constitution; how mighty an auxiliary it was to the ambition of lawgivers, and judges, and leaders, and kings;

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\* *History of the Old Covenant, from the German of J. H. KURTZ, D.D., Professor of Theology at Dorpat.* Translated by Rev. A. EDERSHEIM, Ph. D. Edinburgh: Clark. 1859.

how wonderful a series of poets conspired to give shape and continuance to the vast delusion; how at the critical conjuncture one man arose who made the daring attempt to embody the fantasy of ages in himself; and how, though in his own person he failed and died for his failure, his followers found multitudes foolish and slow-hearted enough to believe in his delusion, and to propagate what has since become the prevalent faith of the world.

Of course, this represents the worst phase of infidel Rationalism. Not all the Rationalists are of this extreme type: in fact *its* representatives and patriarchs are fast dying out. But the same spirit of restlessness under the yoke of Shem infests a large host of biblical critics, who do not desire to throw it off altogether. Many of them accept the fact that Christianity is a development for the world of Judaism for a nation; but they compound for their submission by demanding license to reconstruct the records of that great development after their own fashion. And that fashion is endlessly diversified: every man has his theory, his interpretation, his *view*, through the whole gamut of empirical skepticism, of which a denial of *inspiration*, however, is the key-note. Many of them are men of consummate learning, and of perseverance which no labor can damp while life continues its pulsation. Some of them are acknowledged as the highest philological authorities in the sacred language, and all its cognate dialects: their grammars and dictionaries are *as yet* the most popular, notwithstanding the latent infidelity which lurks amid their roots and derivations.

It would take many pages to sum up the theories which have been adopted by those who would save the Bible as a whole, but who think it requires a thorough reconstruction. They are toiling now with prodigious ardor upon their several schemes for reconciling the Bible to Geology, Chronology, and common-sense; and every year brings to light some new scholar busy with his own particular "Bible-work." We thought that we were pretty well acquainted with the old Rationalist "supplement hypothesis" and "crystallization theories" and "Jehovah-Elohistic fragment-compilers;" but Dr. Kurtz opens up a range of more modern reconstructions, which will require that we begin our studies anew before we can present our summary to the reader.

These laborers in the dark are toiling, like the poor Israelites about whom they write, to make bricks without straw. The Babel they build is perpetually crumbling under their hands, before one has time to tell its towers. Meanwhile, it is an unspeakable comfort to know that they provoke the pious emulation of other men, as learned and as furnished with all subsidiary instruments as themselves; and, as far as we can judge, every new contribution to theological exegesis is soon matched, if it is not anticipated, by another equally full of sound research, and written on the right side.

Dr. Kurtz, Theological Professor in Dorpat, is a very voluminous, and at the same time a very careful, writer. What is still better, he is a thoroughly evangelical, right-hearted man, whose reverence for the word of God is as profound as his study of it is exact. These two volumes are the first installment of what will be his greatest work; but he had prepared for it by several lesser treatises, which have been partially absorbed in this publication. His *Bible and Astronomy* has been very much valued in Germany, as being the best attempt to solve the great questions which science has raised upon the *Mosaic* account of the Creation. An able abridgment of it is prefixed to the present translation; and it will be read with much interest, on account of its happy admixture of speculation and good sense, by many who will dissent from a considerable number of its conclusions. It may be mentioned also that he is the author of a succinct *Manual of Church History*, which, as we perceive, is destined to take its English place by the side of Neander and Gieseler.

The present work is avowedly a History of the Old Covenant, that is to say, a history of the dealings of Providence with the Jewish people, as the elect race in which God preserved, and by which he transmitted, the great mystery of redemption to be accomplished in the fullness of time. This is a simple statement of the author's design: to trace the great *Evangelical Preparation*, the preparatory history of the Incarnation, from the time when the divine purpose narrowed the sphere of its operation to the stock of Abraham. But the elaborate way in which the historian reaches and establishes his particular object is singularly characteristic of the German mind. That ~~and~~ was never yet known to plunge ~~in~~

*dias res*. The proper starting-point of this work is the covenant of God with Abraham; but that starting-point is itself a goal which we must reach through three hundred pages of preliminary matter. For the introductory history of the pre-Adamite earth—which was left, according to a theory common in Germany, *without form and void* as the result of the fall of angels—the author is of course not responsible, as it was not prefixed through any design of his, though, had it been so, it would not have been at all surprising. And, as it respects the Introduction proper, we have no complaint to make against it; on the contrary, it opens up a great deal of very valuable discussion, and is generally of equal importance with the rest of the work.

“The Incarnation of God in Christ, for the salvation of man, constitutes the central point in the history and in the developments of mankind. *The fullness of time*, for which all pre-Christian history was merely meant to *prepare*, commences with this event, and rests upon it. In the preparatory stage, history took a twofold direction. In the first, man's powers, left to their own bent, resulted in the various forms of pre-Christian *Heathenism*. The second, guided and directed by divine influence, constituted pre-Christian *Judaism*. These two series of developments—differing not only in the *means*, but also in the *purpose and aim* of their development—run side by side, until, in the fullness of time, they meet in Christianity, when the peculiar results and fruits of these respective developments are made subservient to its establishment and spread. The separation of these two series, and the point where the distinctive development of each commences, dates from the selection of *one* particular nation. From that time onward every revelation of God clusters around that nation, in order to prepare it, so that ultimately the climax and the final aim of all revelation, the incarnation of God, might be attained in the midst of that people, and thence a salvation issue, adapted not only to that nation, but also to other nations. The *basis* of this history is a *covenant* into which God entered with *that* nation; and which, amid all the vicissitudes and dangers attending every human development, he preserved and directed till its final aim was attained. This covenant, whose object was a salvation which *was to be accomplished*, is designated the *Old Covenant*, in contradistinction to the *New Covenant* which God made with *all* nations, on the basis of a salvation which, in the fullness of time, *had actually been accomplished*.”—Vol. i. p. 1.

Consistently with this general statement, the author gives a rapid but suggestive sketch of sacred history from the

creation, as it was preparatory to the vocation of the father of the Israelites. The calling of Abraham was the new beginning of a series of developments of which the incarnation was the fulfillment and end; and thus the history of the Old Covenant, having begun by giving a *particular* aspect to God's general designs, ends by being merged in a general covenant with the whole race in Christ. The covenant with Abraham is regarded as preëminently *the* covenant of the Old Testament. Former covenants were merged and for a season, so to speak, lost in this; while the subsequent covenant on Mount Sinai was merely a subordinate appendage. We shall state briefly our author's views on both these points.

The covenant of grace into which God entered with our first father, before Paradise was left, and on the very scene of his fall, determined with the Flood. In the language of our author: “The economy which had preceded the Deluge had not attained its goal, namely, to exhibit salvation by the seed of the woman.” If this purpose was not to be given up, the former development had to be broken off by a universal judgment, and a new one to be commenced. The whole antediluvian history of the kingdom of God was an utter failure: sin prevailed and increased universally; and even the pious descendants of Seth yielded to the general contagion. The *human* character of the race was marred and perverted by the mysterious intercourse of angels and men; so that a new beginning was imperatively needed. The sinfulness was universal, and it was more than mortal sinfulness: it became necessary that the race should begin again with one man; and that man was found. The history of this first sad stage of man's relations to the divine government will be read with much interest; but it must be read with great caution. The disquisitions on the sinful elements already present in the world, on the tempter, the cherubim, the commerce of the sons of God with the daughters of men, and other topics which rise on that ancient enchanted ground, are learned and exhaustive, and, on the whole, temperate. We might expect that a German theologian would be driven, by his instincts, to side in every case with the more mysterious interpretation. But he is not always wrong in following his instincts; and Dr. Kurtz, in particular, is too thorough-

ly orthodox to allow speculation to lead him astray in any essential article of faith.

The renewal of the covenant with mankind, in the person of Noah, began afresh the probation of mankind. Man's *sacrifice* expressed his sinfulness and hope of salvation; and God, on his part, restored his benediction to the earth, and man's pre-eminence upon it. The new world was placed under a dispensation of *forbearance*, (Gen. 8:2,) until the fullness of time. Ararat pointed to Calvary in the far distance; but Sinai lay between; and a *preliminary law* was given as the first elementary schoolmaster, containing the basis and commencement of the law given afterwards upon Sinai. This Elohim covenant was entered into with all nations; and the *rainbow*, spanning all the earth, was the Lord's secret handwriting and attestation, to be always legible when the dark storms, recalling a former judgment, gave place to the shining of the sun which assures a present, and predicts a future, grace. But this general covenant stands in close connection with the pre-eminence which was destined for Shem in the history of the great preparation for the fullness of time. Jehovah, in Noah's prophecy, is to be the God of Shem; Elohim, the God of Japhet, will enlarge his race and borders, but only so that ultimately it shall find its spiritual way to the tents of Shem. Canaan is, for a long season, placed under the curse. Meanwhile, sin, in all the three races, went on, as before the flood, to its consummation. Another flood was not to purify the earth; but a new development must begin in the history of the covenant. A fearful punishment, which contained the prophecy of an ultimate blessing, descended upon the race which made Babel their tower of defiance. The nations were suffered to go their own way of heathenism; the prodigal son was permitted, under a certain awful divine sanction, to go into the far country, carrying his perverted traditions with him, until the great meeting again in Christianity with his elder brother.

But it was not until the call of Abraham that Heathenism and Judaism began their distinctive development. The father of the faithful was taken out of the midst of an idolatry which was universal, and in which the reserved and predestinated race of Shem participated. He began a new beginning, as distinctively the third as

Noah's had been the second, after Adam's the first. There was, after him, no other beginning till Christ came to end and to begin all things. The giving of the law on Mount Sinai was no interruption of this development, as the flood and the dispersion had broken off former developments. The history which commenced with Abraham was an entirely new history, and continued unbroken till the judgment which Titus was called to execute against the covenant people. "The giving of the law on Mount Sinai is only a high point, although the most prominent, in the history between Abraham and Christ. It is not the commencement of a new history. True, it is called a *covenant*; but it does not differ essentially from that with Abraham. It does not stand in the same relation to the Abrahamic as the latter to the Noachic covenant. The covenant with Noah was made with all mankind; the covenant with Abraham was made with him as the ancestor of the holy people, while that on Sinai was made with the people as the seed of Abraham."

All this is certainly true, as far as the definition of the author's object is concerned. He did not undertake the history of *revelation*, which would have set the whole Bible before him; nor the history of the *kingdom of God*, which would have embraced all the economies of the divine dealings from the first promise to the consummation of Christ's glory in his saints; nor the history of the *preparation of the Gospel* which would have included the former half of this last vast subject; nor the history of the *Theocracy*, which commenced with the giving of the law; nor that of the Noachic covenant, which would terminate with the Christian missions that brought the descendants of Japhet into the tents of Shem. But his object is to give the entire history of the Old Covenant, entered into with one people in the person of their father Abraham, and continued through a series of vicissitudes, of which the following is the author's summary:

"The history of the Old Covenant passes, from its commencement to its termination, through *six* stages. In the *first* stage it is only a *FAMILY-HISTORY*. During that period we are successively made acquainted with each of three patriarchs, *Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob*. The twelve sons of the latter form the basis of the national development. In the *second* stage these *twelve tribes* grow into a *People*, which

under *Moses* attains independence, and receives its laws and worship. Under *Joshua* it conquers its country, while during the time of the Judges the Covenant is to be further developed on the basis of what had already been obtained. The **THIRD** stage commences with the institution of **ROYALTY**. By the side of the royal office, and as a counterpoise and corrective to it, the *prophetic office* is instituted, which is no longer confined to isolated appearances, but remains a continuous *institution*. The separation of the one commonwealth into two monarchies divides this period into two sections. The **FOURTH** stage comprises the **EXILE AND RETURN**. Prophetism survives the catastrophe of the exile, so as to rearrange and to revive the relations of the people who returned to their country, and to open the way for a further development. The **FIFTH** stage, or the time of *expectation*, commences with the cessation of prophecy, and is intended to prepare a place for that salvation which is now to be immediately expected. Lastly, the **SIXTH** stage comprises the time of the **FULFILLMENT**, when salvation is to be exhibited in Christ. The Covenant-people reject the salvation so presented, the Old Covenant terminates in judgment against the Covenant-people, but prophecy still holds out to them hopes and prospects for the future."—Vol. I. p. 171.

Now, it may be questioned whether the completion of this vast sketch will not be rather the history of the Covenant-people, than of the Old Covenant; and that for two reasons: First, the Old Covenant, as distinguished from the New—and as such the author regards it—did not, strictly speaking, begin with the vocation of Abraham, nor end with the abandonment of Israel. And, secondly, the covenant of God with that people—the People, preëminently, throughout the Scriptures—while it certainly began with Abraham, was not so absolutely absorbed and lost in the New Testament but that a certain residuum of it stands over still for final ratification. Into this latter point, that is, into the question what is the extent and what is the character of that Covenant promise which is still suspended over blinded Israel, we shall not now enter; and on the former point shall offer only a very few observations.

The New Testament usage of the sacred term "covenant" does not perfectly bear out the author's distinction between the New and the Old. It may appear to some a needless refinement to take exception to a title which all well understand, and which may be allowed, as a title, some latitude of interpretation. But the author

too distinctly defines his use of the word to give him the benefit of that plea; and, moreover, the theological importance of the true antithesis between the Old and New Covenants is very great. *Old* and *New* are terms which have a very diverse correlative significance in the teaching of our Lord and of his Apostles. The Great Householder brought out of his ancient treasury—the Jewish Scriptures—things new and old: many old things he abolished, leaving them in the Bible only as a memorial; many old things he made new by renewing their youth, or rather by exhibiting their identity with his own Gospel, and their everlasting sameness from the beginning to the end of time.

There is a sense in which the Redeemer's coming made "all things new;" and therefore made every thing that preceded his incarnation *old*. All the Jewish Scriptures, with all their covenants, institutions, promises, and prophecies—from the first promise of that Deliverer down to Malachi's last prediction of his coming—formed one old dispensation—the religious history of the world, Jewish and Gentile, before the entrance of Christ into it began a new era. The Old Testament is the collection of all the Old Covenants, in their sequence, connection, and involution; the Book of the *Ancient of Days*, the Book of the Memorial (Exod. 17: 14) of all his dealings with men in the *old time*.

There was a covenant, made with the fathers, which was abolished in Christ, and which is called "old" in another sense, as belonging not merely to a former time, and a former dispensation, but as being superseded and done away. Of nothing is this word "old," in this sense of it, more frequently used than of the covenant. But the Old Covenant, in contradistinction to the New, is always declared to date from the "Mount Sinai, which gendereth to bondage," of which Hagar and her son were the typical anticipation. It was when he led the people out of Egypt that Jehovah entered into a transitory covenant with the elect race, to last until the Mediator of a better Covenant, established upon better promises, should come with his new charter and ratifying blood. The *New* Covenant stands in antithesis to no other than that; but to *that* it stands in the boldest antithesis throughout the writings of St. Paul, the great expositor of the Gospel before

the Law, and in the Law, and after the Law.

But the covenant with Abraham, which is the starting-point of this great work, was not among the old things that passed away before the brightness of the appearance of the grace of God in Christ. Before Abraham was the father of the circumcision he was the father of the faithful. God, who "gave him the covenant of circumcision," had "before preached the Gospel to him." He was singled out from the race of Shem as the father of the seed, (as of one,) before he was singled out as the father of the many. (Gal. 3.) The first covenant transaction with him embraced the world, and the only condition on his part was faith. Abraham accepted the promise, and believed in the future Christ, and was the great representative of salvation by faith, both for Jews and Gentiles, before he entered into the covenant of circumcision on behalf of his seed according to the flesh. That covenant "was confirmed before of God in Christ;" confirmed in such a manner that the law, which was four hundred and thirty years after, could not disannul it. Abraham, the father of Christ, in whom all the nations should be blessed, and enter into the true Canaan, was before Abraham, the father of the seeds, as of many. His first covenant could never be *old* in any sense of antithesis to the new: and this is the only point we wish to guard.

The glorious history of the covenant-people, who for nearly two millenniums were, notwithstanding all their rebellions, the depository of God's revealed will, whose great prerogative it was to be themselves the *Ark of the Covenant* among the nations, can be worthily written only in the form of a running commentary upon the Holy Scripture. There have been many histories of the Israelites attempted by Christians, infidels, and Jews. But all have been failures—many, very mischievous failures—which have been constructed on the plan of taking the Old Testament as merely a collection of archives and materials, to be interwoven with the archives of other nations, and reduced to consistency with any general historical system. The divine historian is jealous of his honor. He has written the history of the people; and all that other historians can do, is to follow with humble reverence in his track as

expositors of his words. Hence, we feel the consummate excellence of the plan which Dr. Kurtz has sketched out for himself. But that plan must be worked out to the end before his execution of it can be fairly criticised, or even fully appreciated. This much, however, we may say now, that as far as he has gone he has left very little to be desired. He follows the scriptural record closely; giving first the summary of its narrative, and then appending his own disquisitions, in which every topic of peculiar interest or difficulty is discussed with sound learning and conscientious candor. With deep reverence and fidelity he has, in these two volumes, pursued the traces of the guidance of Jehovah's hand, from the day when he led Abram out of Ur, to the day when he "called his Son out of Egypt."

But we feel it right to dwell for a while on the principles which regulate the author's researches in this great undertaking; and on that supreme one of them particularly, namely, that the primitive documents of revelation have a divine attestation stamped upon every sentence—an attestation which sacred learning, scientific criticism so called, will, in proportion as it disencumbers itself of its willful prejudices, perfectly confirm.

Speaking of the original materials which the author of the Pentateuch used in its formation, he says: "But a critical reply to these inquiries is of small importance to *us* in deciding as to the faithfulness, trustworthiness, or credibility of these legends themselves. For their highest authentication we depend not on the human origin of the biblical records, but on the divine coöperation which supported and assisted those who wrote them. Of this divine coöperation we are not only assured by certain express statements to that effect in the Scriptures, and by the testimonies of Moses, of Christ, and of the prophets and apostles, but also by the divine power which has wrought and still works by them, by Christianity itself, which is their ripe fruit, (for the tree is known by its fruits,) and by the history of the world, which, on its every page, bears testimony to the divine character of Christianity." In harmony with this avowal we find every where—making allowance for some wavering expressions here and there which err more in the phrase than in the sense—an absolute,

implicit reliance upon the divine authorship and inspiration of the Old Testament records. It is very refreshing to meet with this in a German divine, more especially in a German professor: a single instance of the kind would have been hard to find a few years ago; but now there are tokens which promise that the rule and the exception will ere long change places. At least we may comfort ourselves with the hope that our own generation will witness a great revolution tending that way; and, in this expectation, it is the wisdom of the evangelical public of Great Britain to give the reviving orthodoxy of Germany every encouragement in their power. Approbation on this side the Channel is more valued, and exerts more influence as an incentive, than many of our more rigid censors imagine.

The Christian critic can not pay much honor to the words of his Master, if he carries any doubt to the study of Moses in the law and the prophets. The true and faithful witness set his own eternal seal to the rolls which he held in his hand; which he opened when he commenced his ministry in Nazareth, and read and quoted from throughout the whole of its course; to which he made his constant appeal, and from which he drew all his arguments as a teacher; which he sprinkled anew with his own blood, and expounded still after his resurrection. The ancient Scriptures testified of him, and he gave his testimony in return to them. "The Scripture can not be broken:" it can not by the divine fidelity, it can not by any infidel researches of man. The Old Testament is not only irradiated and confirmed, it is defended and protected also by the New. It is one of the happiest signs of the times that biblical critics are beginning, in Germany as in England, to carry this axiom with them in all their investigations. Its good effect is seen, first, in the confidence with which they rely on the result of all sound research; and, secondly, in the dignified humility with which they are content to submit to leave for a while an obscurity which may seem hopelessly dark.

Many things there are, doubtless, in the primitive records which seem hopelessly dark; things in the Old Testament, as there are things even in the New, hard to be understood, and hard to be recon-

ciled with each other. That sacred learning will ever be so far prospered of God as to make all the difficulties of Scripture plain, even to simple faith, may be doubted. This has never seemed to be the divine purpose. There is no promise or pledge of it in Scripture itself. Ezra and Nehemiah did not give *all* the sense. Evangelists and Apostles passed away without solving problems which must have presented these difficulties to them as well as to us. The one only great connected exposition of the Old Testament doctrine of Christ, which our Lord gave on the way to Emmaus, has not been preserved to us, though we would give a vast Talmud of Jewish and Christian Christology in exchange for a tradition of it. And, generally speaking, it is as probable that the world will pass away without having understood *all* its Bible, as it is certain that the most sanctified and enlightened of its students are continually going safely hence with numberless difficulties unsolved.

Meanwhile, it is a pure satisfaction in reading books of this class to find that so many difficulties do retire, and that so many obscure places are illuminated, when the original text is searched into by men competently furnished with lights for the task. Our present author gives us a very noble example of the combination of implicit faith in the trustworthiness of the records, and resolution to give a good scientific account of his faith. He evades no difficulty which philology, ethnology, chronology—the three teraphim in the tents of modern rationalism—have evoked in such awful forms and countless numbers to harass the Christian's faith in the Pentateuch. Many of these difficulties he absolutely dispels: the reader will find among the disquisitions which accompany the text some very valuable summaries of all that may be defensively said as it respects the apparent fragmentary character of the books of Moses; the use and relative bearings of the *Elohim* and *Jehovah* names of the Deity; the angel of the covenant, (though this is not so entirely satisfactory in its issue as could be wished;) circumcision, the Sabbath, and other primitive institutions; the seeming reproductions in the histories of the patriarchs; with many other questions which Neology has borrowed from the Infidel Egyptians. Some of these difficulties he lessens, and reduces to their just proportions, bringing

them within reasonable compass, so that even a weak faith may more easily submit to endure them. Others, such as those connected with the chronology of the early part of the Old Testament, he admits in all their force; but pleads his rights to stand on the defensive, and wait till all the argument against the biblical archives is complete. For the witnesses do not agree among themselves; the chronological cycles which are worked up to confront or correct the only *Book of the Generations* may be suffered to demonstrate their own fabulousness, and explode their own theories, before the scriptural account of men's dispersion and spread through the earth is triumphantly vindicated.

It is wisdom not to be impatient in demanding, on many points, the final defense of the champions of revelation. There is a *standing still* before the *going forward*. Biblical criticism is as surely under the supervision and controlling providence of the Divine Spirit, as the holy book itself was the fruit of his inspiration. But biblical criticism has its probation. It has had its times of ignorance which God winked at; it has had its times of mad rebellion which God has borne with; but it has never been without its sanctified laborers, whose toils have been more or less blessed from on high. In its darkest and dreariest stages it has not been without its tokens of being owned of God; he has interposed, in his own time and in his own way, to give a right direction to its efforts, to open up new regions of investigation, and to provide, sometimes very suddenly, the materials for the settlement of long-disputed questions. When the time has come, and biblical learning has proved itself more worthy of the honor, he will make it still more abundantly triumphant over all its enemies. There are documents and evidences unknown as yet to men, which Divine Providence can easily open up and unseal when his purposes have ripened. Nineveh and Babylon waited long for the disentanglement of their precious memorials and vouchers. Meanwhile, he will keep his servants humble, and let his enemies do their worst. When their schemes, and theories, and calculations have taken their final laborious shape, it will be a light thing for him to point his servants to some hidden facts which will upset them all. Biblical criticism has had its critical periods of

signal intervention. Excavations, inscriptions, disinterred manuscripts, discoveries and new generalizations in science, have always hitherto been in favor of the word of God, without one solitary exception. The student, therefore, who believes, may bide his time: he will never be made ashamed. Learned servants of revelation are working indefatigably, and God is working with them. Our own generation is destined to behold a great revolution in the relative position of believers and rationalists; and if for a season, the serpents of the wise men's and magicians' Egyptian enchantments are not all at once swallowed up by Aaron's rod, we must regard it as the trial of our faith. They will all disappear in due time, with every other vestige and relic of that old serpent, the father of the lie.

Before concluding this short notice, we would embrace the opportunity which these volumes fairly afford of urging the claims of Old Testament literature upon all students, and especially upon all young students, of the word of God. Old Testament literature is, undoubtedly, a very extensive term; and it would be easy to exhibit its comprehensiveness in such a manner as to overwhelm the imagination—in the manner of the programmes of the old Biblical Introductions—and thus defeat our own object. The consummate study of the ancient Scriptures involves, indeed, a tremendous curriculum of preliminary equipment, the application and use of which would task the unflagging energies of the longest life. In the nature of things this can be required as a duty, or permitted as a privilege, in the case only of a few men. In this sense, there must be a vicarious toil, the benefits of which the common mass of biblical students must be content gratuitously to enjoy. God sends some of his servants—and many who scarcely know that he sends them thither—into their closets, that they may carry on indefatigable processes of research, the results only of which the great bulk of us can enter into. For here the great rule holds good—"Other men labor, and we enter into their labors."

Most of those who study the word of God—of those, at least, whom we have in view—are engaged in the absorbing work of expounding and preaching it: while, therefore on the one hand, there is every reason why they should reap the fruit of the learned labors of others, their time



and opportunity for doing so is of necessity restricted. To them it is of the utmost importance to know *how* to enter into other men's labors: this is a great art of itself; an humble one comparatively, yet ample in its compensation for toil: to have the keys of learned men's treasures, and to use them well; to know their *language*, and thus to understand their words. But, without any figure, it is *language* that is here concerned—the Hebrew, the sacred tongue preëminently; the Greek, the language of the Old Covenant made new; and the Latin, as the handmaid of both. With the first of these alone we have now to do.

Few young ministers go out into their great work—and fewer still will henceforward go out into it—without a fair grounding in the elements of the Hebrew. There is no study for the further prosecution of which, after the foundation is well laid, there are more facilities. In this, more than in most branches of learning, it is the good beginning that makes the heaviest tax. When a thorough working acquaintance with the structure of the language is once acquired, the highest and noblest career of sanctified study is thrown open. With a few well-chosen guides, the young divine may search the ancient Scriptures for himself, in a sense in which no one can search them who is altogether unacquainted with the original tongues. For, although he may never arrive at, or even aspire to, independent critical skill, he will be able to follow intelligently those who do possess it, and enter thoroughly into the spirit of investigations which he might not be able to conduct for himself. The best modern commentaries, moreover, whether on the Old or the New Testament, presuppose in the reader some familiarity with the originals: not only in Germany, but in England also, it is the original text which is expounded: and, consequently, much

of their value is lost to the reader who has suffered his Hebrew and Greek to fall into disuse. The work which suggests these reflections owes much of its excellence to disquisitions which can be only very partially understood by the mere English reader, but which, on the other hand, require a knowledge of Hebrew which may be very slight, provided it be accurate.

Much might be said—were these remarks more than mere closing suggestions—on the claims of Hebrew literature. We might dwell on its profound interest, as opening the Bible to the student in its own primitive unmatched simplicity, which no earthly translation can adequately re-produce; on its amazing exactitude, the result of that miracle of generations which preserved the Canon before the time of Christ, and the supervision of Providence over the dark labors of the Masorites afterwards; and on the absolute obligation which rests, in these golden days of opportunity, upon all young ministers to cultivate a study which, perhaps, was not made so obligatory upon many of their predecessors. But we must refrain; and close with one word of advice. Let the young man in whose hands God has placed the price to buy this wisdom, esteem it one of the most precious blessings of his early training. Let him give the first place in his studies to the *sacred letters* in which it pleased the Holy Ghost to enshrine the Old and New Covenants. Let him interweave these studies with all his devotional, practical, and professional communion with God's word. This will require unwearied diligence, and involve, perhaps, a large sacrifice of other literature; but any such sacrifice will be repaid a hundred fold; and, whatever other pursuits he may have to lay aside, let him never forget that the vows of the Bible are upon him.

## FUNERAL OBSEQUIES OF RUFUS CHOATE.

ACCOMPANYING the portrait of this eloquent and lamented man it is quite fitting to record the testimonials of public sorrow and respect which his demise called forth from the citizens of Boston. At noon, on the twenty-second of July, 1859, while the remains were hourly expected by steamer from St. John's, a public meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, to give expression to the sentiments of affectionate respect which were entertained by the community for the late Rufus Choate. The Mayor, Mr. Lincoln, presided.

The hall was richly decorated with emblems of mourning. From the center of the ceiling, lines of alternating black and white crape radiated to the cornices, which were festooned with black and white. From the beak of the eagle in the front gallery, lines of crape descended and festooned the entire fronts of the galleries. Over the gallery windows were similar emblems. The light of day was partially excluded from the hall by curtains of black crape, and the hall was lighted by gas.

The rostrum was covered with crape, and black and white crape was appropriately disposed in the rear of it. On the south side of the rostrum was elevated Ames' portrait of Choate, painted many years ago. The entire appearance of the hall was highly appropriate and solemn.

## REMARKS OF MAYOR LINCOLN.

We have assembled, fellow-citizens, to-day, under peculiar circumstances. Our busy occupations have been laid aside, and we have come together at the noon-tide hour to commune with each other upon a common loss.

That matchless orator, whose inspiring eloquence has so often thrilled the multitudes which have crowded this venerated hall, has finished his earthly career, and we are here not to unite in an idle pageant, but to give an utterance to such feelings as the proprieties of the occasion will allow.

The official position which it is my fortune to sustain to the city which he made

his home, which was the scene of his greatest intellectual triumphs, and where he was best known and loved, is the only reason why I should be called to preside over your deliberations. It does not become me at this time to enumerate the virtues of the illustrious dead, or to attempt to give an expression to the grief which has bowed down the hearts of the community.

Eloquent lips will discuss upon such themes—my duty is simply in your behalf to guide the order of proceedings, and to testify by my presence the sorrow which I believe all classes feel in the death of so distinguished a citizen of Boston as Rufus Choate.

The Mayor then said: I will invite the Hon. Edward Everett, the friend of Mr. Choate, to address you.

## ADDRESS OF MR. EVERETT.

*Mr. Mayor and Fellow-Citizens:* I obey the only call which could with propriety have drawn me at this time from my retirement in accepting your invitation to unite with you in the melancholy duties which we are assembled to perform. While I speak, sir, the lifeless remains of our dear departed friend are expected; it may be have already returned to his bereaved home. We sent him forth, but a few days since, in search of health; the exquisite bodily organization, overtaken and shattered, but the master intellect still shining in unclouded strength. Anxious, but not desponding, we sent him forth, hopeful that the bracing air of the ocean, which he greatly loved, the respite from labor, the change of scene, the cheerful intercourse, which he was so well calculated to enjoy with congenial spirits abroad, would return him to us refreshed and renovated—but he has come back to us dust and ashes, a pilgrim already on his way to

"The undiscovered country, from whose bourne No traveler returns."

How could I refuse to bear my humble part in the tribute of respect which you

we assembled to pay to the memory of such a man; a man not only honored by all, in common with the whole country, but tenderly cherished as a faithful friend, from the morning of his days, and almost from the morning of mine; one with whom through life I was delighted to take sweet counsel; for whom I felt an affection never chilled for a moment, during nearly forty years since it sprung up. I knew our dear friend, sir, from the time that he entered the law school at Cambridge; I was associated with him as one of the Massachusetts delegation, in the House of Representatives of the United States, between whom and myself there was an entire community of feeling and opinion on all questions of men and measures; and with whom, in these late years, I was his near neighbor, and especially when illness confined him at home, I have enjoyed opportunities of the most intimate social intercourse. Now that he is gone, sir, I feel that one more is taken away of those most trusted and loved, and with whom I had most hoped to finish the journey; nay, sir, one whom, in the course of nature, I should have preceded to its end, and who would have performed for me the last kindly office, which I, with drooping spirit, would fain perform for him.

But although with a willing heart I undertake the duty you have devolved upon me, I can not but feel how little remains to be said. It is but echoing the voice, which has been heard from every part of the country—from the Bar, from the Press, from every association from which commendation could with propriety be uttered, to say that he stood at the head of his profession in this country. If, in his own or any other part of the Union, there was a man superior in any branch of legal knowledge, there was certainly no one who equaled, to the same extent, profound learning in the law, with a range almost boundless of miscellaneous reading, reasoning powers of the highest order, intuitive quickness of perception, a wariness and circumspection never taken by surprise, and an imagination, which rose on bold and easy wing to the highest heaven of invention. These powers, trained by diligent cultivation, these attainments, combined and applied with sound judgment, consummate skill and exquisite taste, necessarily placed him at the head of the profession of his choice; where,

since the death of Mr. Webster, he shone without a rival. With such endowments, formed at the best schools of professional education, exercised with unwearied assiduity, through a long professional life, under the spur of generous ambition, and the heavy responsibility of an ever growing reputation to be sustained—if possible to be raised—he *could* fill no second place.

But he did not, like most eminent jurists, content himself with the learning or the fame of his profession. He was more than most men in any profession, in the best sense of the word, a man of letters. He kept up his academical studies in after life. He did not think it the part either of wisdom or good taste to leave behind him at school, or at college, the noble languages of the great peoples of antiquity; but he continued through life to read the Greek and Roman classics. He was also familiar with the whole range of English literature; and he had a respectable acquaintance with the standard French authors. This wide and varied circle of reading not only gave a liberal expansion to his mind, in all directions, but it endowed him with a great wealth of choice but unstudied language, and enabled him to command a richness of illustration, whatever subject he had in hand, beyond most of our public speakers and writers. This taste for reading was formed in early life. While he was at the law school at Cambridge, I was accustomed to meet him more frequently than any other person of his standing, in the alcoves of the Library of the University. As he advanced in years, and acquired the means of gratifying his taste in this respect, he formed a miscellaneous collection, probably as valuable as any other in Boston; and he was accustomed playfully to say, that every Saturday afternoon, after the labor of the week, he indulged himself in buying and bringing home a new book. Thus reading with a keen relish, as a relaxation from professional toil, and with a memory that nothing worth retaining escaped, he became a living storehouse of polite literature, out of which, with rare facility and grace, he brought forth treasures new and old, not deeming these last the least precious.

Though living mainly for his profession, Mr. Choate engaged to some extent in public life, and that at an early age, as a member of the Legislature of Massachu-

setts, and of the National House of Representatives, and in riper years as a Senator of the United States, as the successor of Mr. Webster, whose entire confidence he enjoyed, and whose place he, if any one, was not unworthy to fill. In these different positions he displayed consummate ability. His appearance, his silent demeanor in either house of Congress commanded respect. He was one of the few whose very presence in a public assembly was a call to order. In the daily routine of legislation he did not take an active part. He rather shunned clerical work, and consequently avoided, as much as duty permitted, the labor of the committee room; but on every great question that came up while he was a member of either house of Congress, he made a great speech; and when he had spoken there was very little left for any one else to say on the same side of the question. I remember, on one occasion, after he had been defending, on broad national grounds, the policy of affording a moderate protection to our native industry, showing that it was not merely a local but a national interest, and seeking to establish this point by a great variety of illustrations, equally novel and ingenious, a Western member, who had hitherto wholly dissented from this view of the subject, exclaimed that he "was the most persuasive speaker he had ever heard."

But though abundantly able to have filled a prominent place among the distinguished active statesmen of the day, he had little fondness for political life, and no aptitude whatever for the out-door's management; for the electioneering legerdemain; for the wearisome correspondence with local great men; and the heart-breaking drudgery of franking cart-loads of speeches and public documents to the four winds, which are necessary at the present day to great success in a political career. Still less adroit was he in turning to some personal advantage whatever topic happens for the moment to attract public attention; fishing with even freshly baited hook in the turbid waters of an ephemeral popularity. In reference to some of the arts by which political advancement is sought and obtained, he once said to me, with that well-known characteristic look, in which sadness and compassionate pleasantry were about equally mingled: "They did not do such things in Washington's day."

If ever there was a truly disinterested patriot Rufus Choate was that man. In his political career there was no shade of selfishness. Had he been willing to purchase advancement at the price often paid for it, there never was a moment, from the time he first made himself felt and known, that he could not have commanded any thing which any party could bestow. But he desired none of the rewards or honors of success. On the contrary he, not only for his individual self, regarded office as a burden—an obstacle in the way of cultivation of his professional and literary tastes—but he held that of necessity, and in consequence of the strong tendency of our parties to assume a sectional character, conservative opinions, seeking to moderate between the extremes which agitate the country, must of necessity be in the minority; that it was the "mission" of men who hold such opinions, not to fill honorable and lucrative posts, which are unavoidably monopolized by active leaders, but to speak prudent words on great occasions, which would command the respect, if they do not enlist the sympathies, of both the conflicting parties, and insensibly influence the public mind. He comprehended and accepted the position; he knew that it was one liable to be misunderstood, and sure to be misrepresented at the time; but not less sure to be justified when the interests and passions of the day are buried beneath the clods of the valley.

But this ostracism to which his conservative opinions condemned him, produced not a shade of bitterness in his feelings. His patriotism was as cheerful as it was intense. He regarded our confederated Republic, with its wonderful adjustment of State and Federal organization—the States bearing the burden and descending to the details of local administration, the General Government molding the whole into one general nationality, and representing it in the family of nations—as the most wonderful phenomenon in the political history of the world. Too much of a statesman to join the unreflecting disparagement, with which other great forms of national polity are often spoken of in this country; he yet considered the oldest, the wisest, and most successful of them, the British Constitution, as a far less wonderful political system than our confederated republic. The territorial extent of the country; the beautiful

play into each other of its great commercial, agricultural, and manufacturing interests; the material prosperity, the advancement in arts and letters and manners already made; the capacity for further indefinite progress in this vast theater of action, in which Providence has placed the Anglo-American race; stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Arctic circle to the tropics, were themes on which he dwelt, as none but he could dwell; and he believed that with patience, with mutual forbearance, with a willingness to think that our brethren, however widely we may differ from them, may be as honest and patriotic as ourselves, our common country would eventually reach a height of prosperity of which the world as yet has seen no example.

With such gifts, such attainments, and such a spirit, he placed himself, as a matter of course, not merely at the head of the jurists and advocates, but of the public speakers of the country. After listening to him at the bar, in the Senate, or upon the academic or popular platform, you felt that you had heard the best that could be said in either place. That mastery which he displayed at the forum and in the deliberative assembly was not less conspicuous in every other form of public address. As happens in most cases of eminent jurists and statesmen, possessing a brilliant imagination and able to adorn a severe course of reasoning with the charms of a glowing fancy or a sparkling style, it was sometimes said of him, as it was said before him of Burke and Erskine, of Ames and Pinkney—that he was more of a rhetorician than a logician, that he dealt in words and figures of speech more than in facts or arguments. These are the invidious comments by which dull or prejudiced men seek to disparage those gifts which are furthest from their own reach.

It is, perhaps, by his discourses on academic and popular occasions that he is most extensively known in the community, as it is these which were listened to with delighted admiration by the largest audiences. He loved to treat a purely literary theme; and he knew how to throw a magic freshness—like the cool morning dew on a cluster of purple grapes—over the most familiar topics at a patriotic celebration. Some of these occasional performances will ever be held among the brightest gems of our literature. The

eulogy on Daniel Webster at Dartmouth College, in which he mingled at once all the light of his genius and all the warmth of his heart, has, within my knowledge, never been equaled among the performances of its class in this country for sympathetic appreciation of a great man, discriminating analysis of character, fertility of illustration, weight of sentiment, and a style at once chaste, nervous, and brilliant. The long sentences which have been criticised in this as in his other performances, are like those which Dr. Channing admired and commended in Milton's prose—well compacted, full of meaning, fit vehicles for great thought.

But he does not deal exclusively in those ponderous sentences. There is nothing of the artificial Johnsonian balance in his style. It is as often marked by a pregnant brevity as by a sonorous amplitude. He is sometimes satisfied, in concise epigrammatic clauses, to skirmish with his light troops and drive in the enemy's outposts. It is only on fitting occasions, when great principles are to be vindicated and solemn truths told; when some moral or political Waterloo or Solferino is to be fought, that he puts on the entire panoply of his gorgeous rhetoric. It is then that his majestic sentences swell to the dimensions of his thought; that you hear afar off the awful roar of his rifled ordnance; and when he has stormed the heights, and broken the center, and trampled the squares, and turned the staggering wings of the adversary, that he sounds his imperial clarion along the whole line of battle, and moves forward with all his hosts, in one overwhelming charge.

Our friend was, in all the personal relations of life, the most unselfish and disinterested of men. Commanding from an early period a valuable clientelage, and rising rapidly to the summit of his profession, and to the best practice in the Courts of Massachusetts and in the Supreme Court of the United States, with no expensive tastes or habits, and a manner of life highly unostentatious and simple, advancing years overtook him with but slender provision for their decline. He reaped little but fame, where he ought to have reaped both fame and fortune. A career which in England would have been crowned with affluence, and probably with distinguished rank and office, found him at sixty chained to the treadmill of laborious practice.

He might, indeed, be regarded as a martyr to his profession. He gave to it his time, his strength, and, neglecting due care of regular bodily exercise and occasional entire relaxation, he might be said to have given to it his life. He assumed the racking anxieties and feverish excitements of his clients. From the courts, where he argued the causes intrusted to him, with all the energy of his intellect, rousing into corresponding action an over-tasked nervous system, these cares and anxieties followed him to the weariness of his midnight vigils, and the unrest of his sleepless pillow. In this way, he led a long professional career, worn and harassed with other men's cares, and sacrificed ten added years of professional usefulness to the intensity with which he threw himself into the discharge of his duties, in middle life.

There are other recollections of our friend's career, other phases of his character, on which I would gladly dwell; but the hour has elapsed, and it is not necessary. The gentlemen who have preceded me, his professional brethren, his pastor, the press of the country, generously allowing past differences of opinion to be buried in his grave, have more than made up for any deficiency in my remarks. His work is done—nobly, worthily done. Never more in the temples of justice—never more in the Senate Chamber—never more in the crowded assembly—never more in this consecrated hall where he so often held listening crowds in rapt admiration, shall we catch the unearthly glance of his eye, or listen to the strange sweet music of his voice. To-morrow we shall follow him—the pure patriot—the consummate jurist—the eloquent orator—the honored citizen—the beloved friend, to the last resting-place; and who will not feel, as we lay him there, that a brighter genius and a warmer heart are not left among living men?

#### REMARKS OF J. T. STEVENSON.

*Gentlemen:* The prevalence of a public sorrow, which seemed to be seeking an appropriate form of expression, has induced a number of our fellow-citizens to take the necessary steps for having this place opened for your meeting to-day.

Death, with its summons, which will not be unheeded, has called us here, to contemplate its victory over all that was mortal of a brilliant man—one of the most

brilliant of the age—not to recite his biography nor to pronounce his eulogy.

The impressive silence of this great assembly of men, who have laid aside their peculiar cares, at noontide, in token of an affectionate respect, speaks more than any tongue, that is here, could give utterance to.

Mr. Choate was not a native of Boston; but here was the chosen seat of his study and his toil.

Here was the field over which he scattered the ripe fruits of his trained genius. It was this community which he adorned. It was here, in this chosen home, which no accident of birth had assigned to him, that he loved to labor and to rest.

Rarely in public office, he was still a public man in the largest sense, and all were proud of him. The old honored him, and the young loved him, and both old and young admired him.

It seldom comes to pass that such an accumulation of learning, practically applied without a tinge of pedantry, is laid low, by a single arrow, in the dust.

He exhibited a marvelous combination of powers, which seldom act together.

What in most men would have seemed to be inconsistencies, conspired in him to thoroughness.

Who, that has listened to him, has not been dazzled almost to dizziness by the vivid flashes of his imagination, at the same time that he has been carried steadily forward by the irresistible force of the logic of prose-poet and the imaginative logician?

Most men, with an imagination like his, are tempted to let all their thoughts run riot in its luxuries.

Most men, with logical powers to be compared with his, leave them unadorned in their exercise.

But the offspring of his brain had all the commanding strength of the one, and all the bewitching grace of the other.

He captivated while he convinced. Probably none, before whom he was called upon to hold up the protecting shield of the law, were unjustly convicted; while some, who needed mercy more than justice, may have found it through the seductive power of his eloquence.

A careful culture, deep research, accurate learning, a refined wit, an exuberant fancy, a brilliant imagination, quick perceptions, a cloudless intellect, a genial disposition, a full heart and magnetic

ners, each pressed, with its varied forces, into the active service of a passion for intellectual eminence, made Mr. Choate, what he certainly was, inimitable.

He stood out among men a genius; though he walked with them, a charming companion.

He will be remembered. The music of his voice will still play upon the chords of our memories, though the lips which gave tone to it are sealed.

The expressive eye will still beam upon us, though its lids are closed in the unbroken sleep.

The smile which lighted up his study-worn features into beauty, will not be soon forgotten, though it has ceased to play.

It seemed, therefore, proper that we, who may have been connected with him by no other ties than those of a common citizenship, should come together to acknowledge the void that is left, not only in the profession, which he courted and adorned, but in the larger circle of the whole community, in which he labored and shone.

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## ORATION OF THE HON. EDWARD EVERETT.\*

[DELIVERED IN BOSTON, SEPT. 17, 1859, AT THE INAUGURATION OF THE STATUE OF DANIEL WEBSTER, IN THE STATE-HOUSE GROUNDS, ON THE TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF THE CITY OF BOSTON.]

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY :

ON behalf of those by whose contributions this statue of Mr. Webster has been procured, and of the Committee intrusted with the care of its erection, it is my pleasing duty to return to you, and through you to the Legislature of the Commonwealth, our dutiful acknowledgments, for the permission kindly accorded to us, to place the Statue in the Public Grounds. We feel, sir, that in allowing this monumental work to be erected in front of the Capitol of the State, a distinguished honor has been paid to the memory of Mr. Webster.

To you, sir, in particular, whose influence was liberally employed to bring about this result, and whose personal attendance and participation have added so much to the interest of the day, we are under the highest obligations.

\* We depart from our usual rule in regard to Foreign Literature in this journal, in order to place before our readers in this permanent form, a great oration on a memorable occasion, rich in the eloquence and affluence of historic interest and thought, worthy of the theme, the character and the memory of the great American Statesman, whom his countrymen delight to honor. This discourse has been corrected by the Author, and published in this form by his permission.—ED. ECLEC.

To you, also, Mr. Mayor, and to the City Council, we return our cordial thanks for your kind consent to act on our behalf, in delivering this cherished Memorial of our honored fellow-citizen into the custody of the Commonwealth, and for your sympathy and assistance in the duties of the occasion.

To you, our distinguished Guests, and to you, Fellow-Citizens, of either sex, who come to unite with us in rendering these monumental honors, who adorn the occasion with your presence, and cheer us with your countenance and favor, we tender a respectful and grateful welcome.

The inclemency of the weather has, as you are well aware, made a change in our arrangements for your reception necessary, and compelled us to flee from the public grounds to this spacious hall. But we will not murmur at this slight inconvenience. We are not the only children for whom the Universal Parent cares. The rain, which has incommoded and disappointed us, is most welcome to the husbandman and the farmer. It will yield their last fullness to the maturing fruits and grains; it will clothe the parched fields with autumnal verdure, and revive the failing pasturage; it will replenish the

exhausted springs, and thus promote the comfort of beast and of man. We have no reason to lament, that, while, with these simple ceremonies, we dedicate the statue of Daniel Webster within these walls, the work of human hands, the genial skies are baptizing it with gentle showers, beneath the arch of Heaven.

It has been the custom, from the remotest antiquity, to preserve and to hand down to posterity, in bronze and in marble, the counterfeit presentment of illustrious men. Within the last few years, modern research has brought to light, on the banks of the Tigris, huge slabs of alabaster, buried for ages, which exhibit in relief the faces and the persons of men, who governed the primeval East in the gray dawn of History. Three thousand years have elapsed since they lived and reigned, and built palaces, and fortified cities, and waged war, and gained victories, of which the trophies are carved upon these monumental tablets—the triumphal procession, the chariots laden with spoil, the drooping captive, the conquered monarch in chains—but the legends inscribed upon the stone are imperfectly deciphered, and little beyond the names of the personages, and the most general tradition of their exploits is preserved. In like manner the obelisks and the temples of ancient Egypt are covered with the sculptured images of whole dynasties of Pharaohs—older than Moses, older than Joseph—whose titles are recorded in the hieroglyphics, with which the granite is charged, and which are gradually yielding up their long-concealed mysteries to the sagacity of modern criticism. The plastic arts, as they passed into Hellas, with all the other arts which give grace and dignity to our nature, reached a perfection unknown to Egypt or Assyria; and the heroes and sages of Greece and Rome, immortalized by the sculptor, still people the galleries and museums of the modern world. In every succeeding age and in every country, in which the fine arts have been cultivated, the respect and affection of survivors have found a pure and rational gratification, in the historical portrait and the monumental statue of the honored and loved in private life, and especially of the great and good who have deserved well of their country. Public esteem and confidence and private affection, the gratitude of the community and the fond memories of the fire-side, have ever sought, in

this way, to prolong the sensible existence of their beloved and respected objects. What though the dear and honored features and person, on which while living we never gazed without tenderness or veneration, have been taken from us; something of the loveliness, something of the majesty abides in the canvas, the bronzo and the marble. The heart bereft of the living originals turns to them, and cold and silent as they are, they strengthen and animate the cherished recollections of the loved, the honored, and the lost.

The skill of the painter and sculptor which thus comes in aid of the memory and imagination, is, in its highest degree, one of the rarest, as it is one of the most exquisite accomplishments within our attainment, and in its perfection as seldom witnessed as the perfection of speech or of music. The plastic hand must be moved by the same ethereal instinct, as the eloquent lips or the recording pen. The number of those who, in the language of Michael Angelo, can discern the finished statue, in the heart of the shapeless block and bid it start into artistic life—who are endowed with the exquisite gift of molding the rigid bronzo or the lifeless marble into graceful, majestic, and expressive forms, is not greater than the number of those, who are able, with equal majesty, grace, and expressiveness, to make the spiritual essence—the finest shades of thought and feeling—sensible to the mind, through the eye and the ear, in the mysterious embodiment of the written and the spoken word. If Athens in her palmiest days had but one Pericles, she had also but one Phidias.

Nor are these beautiful and noble arts, by which the face and the form of the departed are preserved to us—calling into the highest exercise as they do all the imitative and idealizing powers of the painter and the sculptor—the least instructive of our teachers. The portraits and the statues of the honored dead kindle the generous ambition of the youthful aspirant to fame. Themistocles could not sleep for the trophies of Miltiades in the Ceramicus; and when the living Demosthenes to whom you, sir, (Mr. Felton) have alluded had ceased to speak, the many lips remained to rebuke and exhort the degenerate countrymen. More than a hundred years have elapsed since the great Newton passed away; but from age to age his statue by Roubillac, in the ante-chapel



of Trinity College, will give distinctness to the conceptions formed of him by hundreds and thousands of ardent youthful spirits, filled with reverence for that transcendent intellect, which from the phenomena that fall within our limited vision, deduced the imperial law, by which the Sovereign Mind rules the entire universe. We can never look on the person of Washington, but his serene and noble countenance, perpetuated by the pencil and the chisel, is familiar to far greater multitudes than ever stood in his living presence, and will be thus familiar to the latest generation.

What parent as he conducts his son to Mount Auburn or to Bunker Hill, will not, as he pauses before their monumental statues, seek to lighten his reverence for virtue, for patriotism, for science, for learning, for devotion to the public good, as he bids him contemplate the form of that grave and venerable Winthrop, who left his pleasant home in England to come and found a new republic in this untrodden wilderness; of that ardent and intrepid Otis, who first struck out the spark of American independence; of that noble Adams, its most eloquent champion on the floor of Congress; of that martyr Warren, who laid down his life in its defense; of that selftaught Bowditch, who, without a guide, threaded the starry mazes of the Heavens; of that Story, honored at home and abroad as one of the brightest luminaries of the law, and by a felicity, of which I believe there is no other example, admirably portrayed in marble by his son? What citizen of Boston, as he accompanies the stranger around our streets, guiding him through our busy thoroughfares, to our wharves crowded with vessels which range every sea and gather the produce of every climate—up to the dome of this capitol, which commands as lovely a landscape as can delight the eye or gladden the heart, will not as he calls his attention at last to the statues of Franklin and Webster, exclaim—"Boston takes pride in her natural position, she rejoices in her beautiful environs, she is grateful for her material prosperity; but richer than the merchandise stored in palatial warehouses, greener than the slopes of seagirt islets, lovelier than this encircling panorama of land and sea, of field and hamlet, of lake and stream, of garden and grove, is the memory of her sons, native and adopted; the character and fame of

those, who have benefited and adorned their day and generation. Our children, and the schools at which they are trained, our citizens and the services they have rendered; these are our monuments, these are our jewels—these our abiding treasures."

Yes, your long rows of quarried granite may crumble to the dust; the cornfields in yonder villages, ripening to the sickle, may, like the plains of stricken Lombardy, a few weeks ago, be kneaded into bloody clods by the madding wheels of artillery; this populous city, like the old cities of Etruria and the Campagna Romana, may be desolated by the pestilence which walketh in darkness, may decay with the lapse of time, and the busy mart, which now rings with the joyous din of trade, become as lonely and still as Carthage or Tyre, as Babylon and Nineveh, but the names of the great and good shall survive the desolation and the ruin; the memory of the wise, the brave, the patriotic shall never perish. Yes, Sparta is a wheat-field: a Bavarian prince holds court at the foot of the Acropolis; the traveling virtuoso digs for broken marbles in the Roman Forum and beneath the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus; but Lysurgus and Leonidas, and Miltiades and Demosthenes, and Cato and Tully "still live;" and ~~he~~ still lives, and all the great and good shall live in the heart of ages, while marble and bronze shall endure; and when marble and bronze have perished, they shall "still live" in memory, so long as men shall reverence Law, and honor Patriotism, and love Liberty!

#### EULOGIES AT THE TIME OF MR. WEBSTER'S DECEASE.

Seven years within a few weeks, have passed since he, whose statue we inaugurate to-day, was taken from us. The voice of respectful and affectionate eulogy, which was uttered in this vicinity and city at the time, was promptly echoed throughout the country. The tribute paid to his memory, by friends, neighbors, and fellow-citizens was responded to, from the remotest corners of the Republic, by those who never gazed on his noble countenance, or listened to the melody of his voice. This city, which in early manhood he chose for his home; his associates in the honorable profession of which he rose to be the acknowledged head; the law school of the neighboring university

speaking by the lips of one so well able to do justice to his legal preëminence; the college at which he was educated and whose chartered privileges he had successfully maintained before the highest tribunal of the country; with other bodies and other eulogists, at the bar, in the pulpit, and on the platform, throughout the Union, in numbers greater I believe than have ever spoken on any other similar occasion, except that of the death of Washington, joined with the almost unanimous Press of the country, in one chorus of admiration of his talents, recognition of his patriotic services, and respect and affection for his memory.

Nor have these offerings been made at his tomb alone. Twice or thrice since his death, once within a few months—the anniversary of his birthday, has called forth, at the table of patriotic festivity, the voice of fervid eulogy and affectionate commemoration. In this way and on these occasions, his character has been delineated by those best able to do justice to his powers and attainments, to appreciate his services, to take the measure, if I may so say, of his colossal mental stature. Without going beyond this immediate neighborhood, and in no degree ungrateful for the liberality or insensible to the ability with which he has been eulogized in other parts of the country, what need be said, what can be said in the hearing of those who have listened to Hillard, to Chief-Justice Parker, to Cushing, and to our lamented Choate, whose discourse on Mr. Webster at Dartmouth College appears to me as magnificent a eulogium as was ever pronounced?

What can be said that has not been better said before; what need be said now that seven added years in the political progress of the country, seven years of respectful and affectionate recollection on the part of those who now occupy the stage, have confirmed his title to the large place, which, while he lived, he filled in the public mind? While he yet bore a part in the councils of the Union, he shared the fate which, in all countries, and especially in all free countries, awaits commanding talent and eminent position; which no great man in our history—not Washington himself—has ever escaped; which none can escape, but those who are too feeble to provoke opposition, too obscure for jealousy. But now that he has rested for years in his honored grave,

what generous nature is not pleased to strew flowers on the sod? What honorable opponent, still faithful to principle, is not willing that all in which he differed from him should be referred, without bitterness, to the impartial arbitrament of time; and that all that he respected and loved should be cordially remembered? What public man, especially who, with whatever differences of judgment of men or measures, has borne on his own shoulders the heavy burden of responsibility—who has felt how hard it is, in the larger complication of affairs, at all times, to meet the expectations of an intelligent and watchful, but impulsive and not always thoroughly instructed public; how difficult sometimes to satisfy his own judgment—is not willing that the noble qualities and patriotic services of Webster should be honorably recorded in the book of the country's remembrance, and his statue set up in the Pantheon of her illustrious sons?

#### POSTHUMOUS HONORS.

These posthumous honors lovingly paid to departed worth, are among the compensations which a kind Providence vouchsafes for the unavoidable conflicts of judgment and stern collisions of party, which make the political career always arduous, even when pursued with the greatest success, generally precarious, sometimes destructive of health and even life. It is impossible under free governments to prevent the existence of party; not less impossible that parties should be conducted with spirit and vigor without more or less injustice done and suffered, more or less gross uncharitableness and bitter denunciation. Besides, with the utmost effort at impartiality, it is not within the competence of our frail capacities to do full justice at the time to a character of varied and towering greatness, engaged in an active and responsible political career. The truth of his principles, the wisdom of his counsels, the value of his services must be seen in their fruits, and the richest fruits are not those of the most rapid growth. The wisdom of antiquity pronounced that no one was to be deemed happy until after death; not merely because he was then first placed beyond the vicissitudes of human fortune, but because then only the rival interests, the discordant judgments, the hostile passions of contemporaries are, in ordinary cases, no

longer concerned to question his merits. Horace, with gross adulation, sung to his imperial master, Augustus, that he alone of the great of the earth ever received while living the full meed of praise. All the other great benefactors of mankind, the inventors of arts, the destroyers of monsters, the civilizers of states, found by experience that unpopularity was appeased by death alone.\*

That solemn event, which terminates the material existence, becomes by the sober revisions of contemporary judgment, aided by offices of respectful and affectionate commemoration, the commencement of a nobler life on earth. The wakeful eyes are closed, the feverish pulse is still, the tired and trembling limbs are relieved from their labors, and the aching head is laid to rest on the lap of our mother earth, but all that we honored and loved in the living man begins to live again, in a new and higher being of influence and fame. It was given but to a limited number to listen to the living voice, and they can never listen to it again, but the wise teachings, the grave admonitions, the patriotic exhortations which fell from his tongue, will be gathered together and garnered up in the memory of millions. The cares, the toils, the sorrows; the conflicts with others, the conflicts of the fervent spirit with itself; the sad accidents of humanity, the fears of the brave, the follies of the wise, the errors of the learned; all that dashed the cup of enjoyment with bitter drops and strewed sorrowful ashes over the beauty of expectation and promise; the treacherous friend, the ungenerous rival, the mean and malignant foe; the uncharitable prejudice which withheld the just tribute of praise, the human frailty which wove sharp thorns into the wreath of solid merit;—all these in ordinary cases are buried in the grave of the illustrious dead; while their brilliant talents, their deeds of benevolence and public spirit, their wise and eloquent words, their healing counsels, their generous affections, the whole man, in short, whom we revered and loved and would fain imitate, especially when his image is impressed upon our recollections by the pencil or the chisel, goes forth to the admiration of the latest posterity. *Extinctus amabitur idem.*

#### THE OBSEQUIES OF MR. CHOATE.

Our city has lately witnessed a most beautiful instance of this reanimating power of death. A few weeks since, we followed toward the tomb the lifeless remains of our lamented Choate. Well may we consecrate a moment even of this hour, to him who, in that admirable discourse to which I have already alluded, did such noble justice to himself and the great subject of his eulogy. A short time before the decease of our much honored friend, I had seen him shattered by disease, his all persuasive voice faint and languid, his most spiritual eye quenched, and as he left us in search of health in a foreign clime, a painful image and a sad foreboding too soon fulfilled dwelt upon my mind. But on the morning of the day when we were to pay the last offices to our friend, the twenty-third of July, with a sad, let me not say repining, thought, that so much talent, so much learning, so much eloquence, so much wit, so much wisdom, so much force of intellect, so much kindness of heart were taken from us, an engraved likeness of him was brought to me, in which he seemed to live again. The shadows of disease and suffering had passed from the brow, the well-remembered countenance was clothed with its wonted serenity, a cheerful smile lighted up the features, genius kindled in the eye, persuasion hovered over the lips, and I felt as if I was going not to his funeral but his triumph. "Weep not for me," it seemed to say, "but weep for yourselves." And never while he dwelt among us in the feeble tabernacle of the flesh; never while the overtaken spirit seemed to exhaust the delicate frame; never as I had listened to the melody of his living voice, did he speak to my imagination and heart with such a touching though silent eloquence, as when we followed his hearse along these streets, that bright mid-summer's noon, up the *via sacra* in front of this capitol, slowly moving to the solemn beat of grand dead marches, as they rose and swelled from wailing clarion and muffled drum, while the minute guns from yonder lawn responded to the passing bell from yonder steeple. I then understood the sublime significance of the words, which Cicero puts in the mouth of Cato, that the mind, elevated to the foresight of posterity, when departing from this life,

\* *Comperit invidiam supremo fine domari.*

begins at length to live; yea, the sublimer words of a greater than Cicero, "O death, where is thy sting; O grave, where is thy victory!" And then, as we passed the abodes of those whom he knew, and honored and loved, and who had gone before; of Lawrence here on the left; of Prescott yonder on the right; this house where Hancock lived and Washington was received; this where Lafayette sojourned; this capitol where his own political course began, and on which so many patriotic memories are concentrated, I felt, not as if we were conducting another frail and weary body to the tomb, but as if we were escorting a noble brother to the congenial company of the departed; and I was ready myself to exclaim: "*O præclarum diem, cum ad illud divinum animorum concilium cætumque profisciscar, cumque ex hac turba et colluvione, discedam.*"

#### THE PERIOD IN WHICH MR. WEBSTER LIVED.

It will not, I think, be expected of me to undertake the superfluous task of narrating in great detail the well-known events of Mr. Webster's life, or of attempting an elaborate delineation of that character to which such ample justice has already been done by master hands. I deem it sufficient to say in general, that, referred to all the standards by which public character can be estimated, he exhibited in a rare degree the qualities of a truly great man.

The period at which Mr. Webster came forward in life, and during which he played so distinguished a part, was not one in which small men, dependent upon their own exertions, are likely to rise to a high place in public estimation. The present generation of young men are hardly aware of the vehemence of the storms that shook the world, at the time when Mr. Webster became old enough to form the first childish conceptions of the nature of the events in progress at home and abroad. His recollections, he tells us in an autobiographical sketch, went back to the year 1790—a year when the political system of continental Europe was about to plunge into a state of frightful disintegration, while, under the new constitution, the United States were commencing an unexampled career of prosperity; Washington just entering upon the first Presidency of the new-born republic; the reins of the oldest monarchy

in Europe slipping, besmeared with blood, from the hands of the descendant of thirty generations of kings. The fearful struggle between France and the allied powers succeeded, which strained the resources of the European governments to their utmost tension. Armies and navies were arrayed against each other such as the civilized world had never seen before, and wars waged beyond all former experience. The storm passed over the continent as a tornado passes through a forest, when it comes rolling and roaring from the clouds, and prostrates the growth of centuries in its path. England, in virtue of her insular position, her naval power, and her free institutions, had more than any other foreign country, weathered the storm; but Russia saw the Arctic sky lighted with the flames of her old Muscovite capital; the shadowy Kaisers of the House of Hapsburg were compelled to abdicate the crown of the Holy Roman Empire and accept as a substitute that of Austria; Prussia, staggering from Jena, trembled on the verge of political annihilation; the other German States, Italy, Switzerland, Holland, and the Spanish Peninsula were convulsed; Egypt overrun; Constantinople and the East threatened; and in many of these states, institutions, laws, ideas and manners were changed as effectually as dynasties. With the downfall of Napoleon a partial reconstruction of the old forms took place; but the political genius of the continent of Europe was revolutionized.

On this side of the Atlantic, the United States, though studying an impartial neutrality, were drawn at first to some extent into the outer circles of the terrific maelstrom; but soon escaping, they started upon a career of national growth and development, of which the world has witnessed no other example. Meantime, the Spanish and the Portuguese Viceroyalties south of us, from Mexico to Cape Horn, asserted their independence, that Castilian empire on which the sun never set was dismembered, and the golden chain was forever sundered, by which Columbus had linked half his new-found world to the throne of Ferdinand and Isabella.

Such was the crowd and the importance of the events, in which, from his childhood up, the life of Mr. Webster, and of the generation to which he belonged, was passed, and I can with all sincerity say,

that it has never been my fortune, in Europe or America, to hold intercourse with any person, who seemed to me to penetrate further than he had done into the spirit of the age, under its successive phases of dissolution, chaos, reconstruction and progress. Born and bred on the verge of the wilderness, (his father a veteran of those old French and Indian wars, in which, in the middle of the eighteenth century, wild men came out of the woods, to wage war with the tomahawk and the scalping knife, against the fire-side and the cradle,) with the slenderest opportunities for early education, entering life with scarce the usual facilities for reading the riddle of foreign statecraft, remote from the scene of action, relying upon sources of information equally open to all the world, he seemed to me nevertheless, by the instinct of a great capacity, to have comprehended in all its aspects the march of events in Europe and this country. He surveyed the agitations of the age with calmness, deprecated its excesses, sympathized with its progressive tendencies, rejoiced in its triumphs. His first words in Congress, when he came unannounced from his native hills in 1813, proclaimed his mastery of the perplexed web of European politics, in which the United States were then but too deeply entangled; and from that time till his death I think we all felt, those who differed from him as well as those who agreed with him, that he was in no degree below the standard of his time; that if Providence had cast his lot in the field where the great destinies of Europe are decided, this poor New-Hampshire youth would have carried his head as high among the Metternichs, the Nesselrodes, the Hardenbergs, the Talleyrands, the Castlereaghs of the day, and surely among their successors, who now occupy the stage, as he did among his contemporaries at home.

#### HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

Let me not be thought, however, in this remark, to intimate that these contemporaries at home were second-rate men; far otherwise. It has sometimes seemed to me that, owing to the natural reverence in which we hold the leaders of the revolutionary period—the heroic age of the country—and those of the constitutional age who brought out of chaos this grand system of confederate repub-

licanism, we hardly do full justice to the third period in our political history, which may be dated from about the time when Mr. Webster came into political life, and continued through the first part of his career. The heroes and sages of the revolutionary and constitutional period, were indeed gone. Washington, Franklin, Greene, Hamilton, Morris, Jay, slept in their honored graves. John Adams, Jefferson, Carroll, though surviving, were withdrawn from affairs. But Madison, who contributed so much to the formation and adoption of the Constitution, was at the helm; Monroe in the cabinet; John Quincy Adams, Gallatin and Bayard negotiating in Europe; in the Senate were Rufus King, Christopher Gore, Jeremiah Mason, Giles, Otis; in the House of Representatives, Pickering, Clay, Lowndes, Cheves, Calhoun, Gaston, Forsyth, Randolph, Oakley, Pitkin, Grosvenor; on the bench of the Supreme Court, Marshall, Livingston, Story; at the bar, Dexter, Emmet, Pinkney and Wirt; with many distinguished men not at that time in the general government, of whom it is enough to name Dewitt Clinton and Chancellor Kent. It was my privilege to see Mr. Webster, associated and mingling with nearly all these eminent men, and their successors, not only in later years, but in my own youth, and when he first came forward, unknown as yet to the country at large, scarcely known to himself, not arrogant nor yet unconscious of his mighty powers, tied to a laborious profession in a narrow range of practice, but glowing with a generous ambition, and not afraid to grapple with the strongest and boldest in the land. The opinion pronounced of him, at the commencement of his career by Mr. Lowndes, that "the South had not in Congress his superior nor the North his equal," savors in the form of expression of sectional partiality. If it had been said, that neither at the South or the North had any public man risen more rapidly to a brilliant reputation, no one I think would have denied the justice of the remark. He stood from the first the acknowledged equal of the most distinguished of his associates. In later years he acted with the successors of those I have named, with Benton, Burges, Edward Livingston, Hayne, Poinsett, McDuffie, McLean, Sergeant, Clayton, Wilde, Storrs, our own Bates, Davis, Gorham, Choate, and

others who still survive; but it will readily be admitted that he never sunk from the position which he assumed at the outset of his career, or stood second to any man in any part of the country.

#### THE QUESTIONS DISCUSSED IN HIS TIME.

If we now look for a moment at the public questions, with which he was called to deal in the course of his career, and with which he did deal, in the most masterly manner, as they successively came up, we shall find new proofs of his great ability. When he first came forward in life, the two great belligerent powers of Europe, contending with each other for the mastery of the world, despising our youthful weakness and impatient of our gainful neutrality, in violation now admitted of the Law of Nations, emulated each other in the war waged upon our commerce and the insults offered to our flag. To engage in a contest with both would have been madness; the choice of the antagonist was a question of difficulty, and well calculated to furnish topics of reproach and recrimination. Whichever side you adopted, your opponent regarded you as being, in a great national struggle, the apologist of an unfriendly foreign power. In 1798 the United States chose France for their enemy; in 1812 Great Britain. War was declared against the latter country on the eighteenth of June, 1812;—the orders in Council, which were the immediate cause of the war, were rescinded five days afterwards. Such are the narrow chances on which the fortunes of States depend!

Great questions of domestic and foreign policy followed the close of war. Of the former class were the restoration of a currency, which should truly represent the values which it nominally circulated; a result mainly brought about by a resolution moved by Mr. Webster;—the fiscal system of the Union and the best mode of connecting the collection, safe-keeping, and disbursement of the public funds, with the commercial wants, and especially with the exchanges of the country;—the stability of the manufactures, which had been called into existence during the war; what can constitutionally be done, ought any thing as a matter of policy to be done by Congress to protect them from the competition of foreign skill, and the glut of foreign markets; the internal communications of the Union, a question of

paramount interest before the introduction of railroads;—can the central power do any thing;—what can it do—by roads and canals, to bind the distant parts of the continent together;—the enlargement of the judicial system of the country to meet the wants of the greatly increased number of the States; the revision of the criminal code of the United States, which was almost exclusively his work;—the administration of the public lands and the best mode of filling with civilized and Christian homes this immense domain, the amplest heritage which was ever subjected to the control of a free government; connected with the public domain the relations of the civilized and dominant race to the aboriginal children of the soil; and lastly the constitutional questions on the nature of the government itself, which were raised in that gigantic controversy on the interpretation of the fundamental law itself. These were some of the most important domestic questions, which occupied the attention of Congress and the country, while Mr. Webster was on the stage.

Of questions connected with foreign affairs were those growing out of the war, which was in progress when he first became a member of Congress—then the various questions of International Law, some of them as novel as they were important, which had reference to the entrance or the attempted entrance of so many new states into the family of nations; in Europe—Greece, Belgium, Hungary;—on this continent, twelve or fourteen new republics, great and small, bursting from the ruins of the Spanish colonial empire—like a group of asteroids from the wreck of an exploded planet; the invitation of the infant American Republics to meet them in Congress at Panama; our commercial relations with the British Colonies in the West-Indies and on this continent;—demands on several European States for spoiliations on our commerce during the wars of the French Revolution; our secular controversy with England relative to the boundary of the United States on the North-eastern and Pacific frontiers;—our relations with Mexico, previous to the war; the immunity of the American flag upon the common jurisdiction of the ocean;—and more important than all other questions, foreign or domestic, in its influence upon the general politics of the country, the great sectional controversy—

first commenced, but greatly increased in warmth and urgency, which connected itself with the organization of the newly acquired Mexican territories.

Such were the chief questions on which was Mr. Webster's duty to form opinions; as an influential member of Congress; as a political leader to speak and to lead; as a member of the executive government to exercise a powerful, overruling control. Besides these, there was another class of questions of great public importance, which came for adjudication in the Courts of the United States, which he was called upon occasionally to discuss. Many of the questions of each class now referred to, divided and still divide opinion; excited and still excite the feelings of individuals, of families, of sections of the country. There were some of them, which in the course of long life, under changing circumstances, were likely to be differently viewed at different periods by the same individual.

Am I not here to-day to rake off the warm ashes from the embers of controversies, which have spent their fury and are dying away, or to fan the fires of those which still burn. But no one, I think, whether he agreed with Mr. Webster, or differed from him, as to any of these questions, will deny that he treated each and all as they came up in the Senate, in the Courts, or in negotiation with foreign powers, in a broad, statesman-like and masterly way. There are those who would not confess, when they differed with him, that he had expressed his opinions better than they could do themselves; few when they differed from him, who would not admit that he had maintained his own views manfully, bravely, and liberally.

#### HIS CAREER AS A STATESMAN.

Such was the period in which Mr. Webster lived, such were the associates with whom he acted, the questions with which he had to deal as statesman, jurist, the head of an administration of the government, and a public speaker. Let us contemplate him for a moment in either capacity.

Without passing through the preliminary stage of the State Legislature, and elected to Congress in six years from the date of his admission to the Superior Court of New-Hampshire, he was on his

first entrance into the House of Representatives placed by Mr. Speaker Clay on the Committee of Foreign Affairs, and took rank forthwith as one of the leading statesmen of the day. His first speech had reference to those famous Berlin and Milan decrees and orders in Council, to which I have already alluded, and the impression produced by it was such as to lead the venerable Chief-Justice Marshall eighteen years afterwards, in writing to Mr. Justice Story, to say: "At the time when this speech was delivered I did not know Mr. Webster, but I was so much struck with it that I did not hesitate then to state, that he was a very able man, and would become one of the very first statesmen in America, perhaps the very first." His mind at the very outset of his career had by a kind of instinct soared from the principles, which govern the municipal relations of individuals, to those great rules which dictate the Law of Nations to Independent States. He tells us, in the fragment of a diary kept while he was a law-student in Mr. Gore's office, that he then read Vattel through for the third time. Accordingly in after life, there was no subject which he discussed with greater pleasure, and I may add with greater power, than questions of the Law of Nations. The Revolution of Greece had from its outbreak attracted much of the attention of the civilized world. A people, whose ancestors had originally taught letters and arts to mankind, struggling to regain a place in the great family of independent States; the convulsive efforts of a Christian people, the foundation of whose churches by the apostles in person is recorded in the New Testament, to shake off the yoke of Mohammedan despotism, possessed a strange interest for the friends of Christian Liberty throughout Europe and America. President Monroe had called the attention of Congress to this most interesting struggle in December, 1823, and Mr. Webster returning to Congress after a retirement of eight years, as the Representative of Boston, made the Greek Revolution the subject of a motion and a speech. In this speech he treated what he called "the great question of the day—the question between absolute and regulated governments." He engaged in searching criticism of the doctrines of the "Holy Alliance," and maintained the duty of the United States as a great free power to

protest against them. That speech remains in my judgment to this day the ablest and most effective remonstrance against the principles of the allied military powers of continental Europe. Mr. Jeremiah Mason pronounced it "the best sample of parliamentary eloquence and statesman-like reasoning which our country had seen." His indignant protest against the spirit of absolutism and his words of sympathy with an infant people struggling for independence were borne on the wings of the wind throughout Christendom. They were read in every language, at every court, in every cabinet, in every reading-room, on every market-place, by the Republicans of Mexico and Spanish South-America, by the reformers of Italy, the patriots of Poland; on the Tagus, on the Danube, as well as at the head of the little armies of revolutionary Greece. The practical impression which it made on the American mind was seen in the liberality with which cargoes of food and clothing, a year or two afterwards, were dispatched to the relief of the Greeks. No legislative or executive measure was adopted at that time in consequence of Mr. Webster's motion and speech; probably none was anticipated by him, but no one who considers how much the march of events in such cases is influenced by the moral sentiments, will doubt that a great word like this, spoken in the American Congress, must have had no slight effect in cheering the heart of Greece, to persevere in their unequal but finally successful struggle.

It was by these masterly parliamentary efforts that Mr. Webster left his mark on the age in which he lived. His fidelity to his convictions kept him for the greater part of his life in a minority—a position which he regarded not as a proscription but as a post of honor and duty. He felt that in free governments and in a normal state of parties, an opposition is a political necessity, and that it has its duties not less responsible than those which attach to office. Before the importance of Mr. Webster's political services is disparaged for want of positive results, which can only be brought about, by those who are clothed with power, it must be shown that to raise a persuasive and convincing voice in the vindication of truth and right; to uphold and assert the true principles of the government under which we live, and bring them home to the

hearts of the people—to do this from a sense of patriotic duty and without hope of the honors and emoluments of office, to do it so as to instruct the public conscience and warm the public heart, is a less meritorious service to society than to touch with skillful hand the springs of party politics, and to hold together the often discordant elements of ill-compacted majorities.

The greatest parliamentary effort made by Mr. Webster was his second speech on Foot's resolution; the question at issue being nothing less than this: is the Constitution of the United States a compact without a common umpire between confederated sovereignties, or is it a government of the people of the United States, sovereign within the sphere of its delegated powers, but reserving a great mass of undelegated rights to the separate State governments and the people? With those who embrace the opinions which Mr. Webster combated in this speech, this is not the time nor the place to engage in an argument; but those, who believe that he maintained the true principles of the Constitution, will probably agree, that since that instrument was communicated to the Continental Congress seventy-two years ago this day, by George Washington as President of the Federal Convention, no greater service has been rendered to the country than in the delivery of this speech. Well do I recollect the occasion and the scene. It was truly what Wellington called the battle of Waterloo, a conflict of Giants. I passed an hour and a half with Mr. Webster, at his request, the evening before this great effort; and he went over to me, from a very concise brief, the main topics of the speech, which he had prepared for the following day. So calm and unimpassioned was the memorandum, so entirely was he at ease himself, that I was tempted to think, absurdly enough, that he was not sufficiently aware of the magnitude of the occasion. But I soon perceived that his calmness was the repose of conscious power. He was not only at ease but sportive and full of anecdote; and as he told the Senate playfully the next day, he slept soundly that night on the formidable assault of his gallant and accomplished adversary. So the great Condé slept on the eve of the battle of Rocroi; so Alexander slept on the eve of the battle of Arbela; and so they awoke to deeds of immortal fame. As I saw him in the evening, (if I may borrow an illustration



from his favorite amusement,) he was as unconcerned and as free of spirit, as some here have often seen him, while floating in his fishing-boat along a hazy shore, gently rocking on the tranquil tide, dropping his line here and there, with the varying fortune of the sport. The next morning he was like some mighty Admiral, dark and terrible, casting the long shadow of his frowning tiers, far over the sea, that seemed to sink beneath him; his broad pendant streaming at the main, the stars and the stripes at the fore, the mizzen, and the peak; and bearing down like a tempest upon his antagonist, with all his canvas strained to the wind, and all his thunders roaring from his broadsides.

#### AS A JURIST.

Mr. Webster's career was not less brilliant as a jurist than as a statesman. In fact he possessed in an eminent degree a judicial mind. While performing an amount of congressional and official labor sufficient to fill the busiest day and to task the strongest powers, he yet sustained with a giant's strength the Herculean toils of his profession. At the very commencement of his legal studies, resisting the fascination of a more liberal course of reading, he laid his foundations deep in the common law; grappled as well as he might with the weary subtleties and obsolete technicalities of Coke Littleton, and abstracted and translated volumes of reports from the Norman French and Latin. A few years of practice follow in the Courts of New-Hampshire, interrupted by his service in Congress for two political terms, and we find him at the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington, inaugurating in the Dartmouth College case what may be called a new school of constitutional jurisprudence.

It would be a waste of time to speak of that great case, or of Mr. Webster's connection with it. It is too freshly remembered in our tribunals. So novel at that time were the principles involved in it, that a member of the Court, after a cursory inspection of the record of the case, expressed the opinion that little of importance could be urged in behalf of the plaintiff in error; but so firm is the basis on which in that and subsequent cases of a similar character those principles were established, that they form one of the best settled, as they are one of the most

important, portions of the constitutional law of the Union.

Not less important, and, at the time, not less novel were the principles involved in the celebrated case of Gibbons and Ogden. This case grew out of a grant by the State of New-York to the assignees of Fulton of the exclusive right to navigate by steam the rivers, harbors and bays of the Empire State. Twenty-five years afterwards, Mr. Justice Wayne gave to Mr. Webster the credit of having laid down the broad constitutional ground on which the navigable waters of the United States, "every creek and river and lake and bay and harbor in the country," were forever rescued from the grasp of State monopoly. So failed the intention of the Legislature of New-York to secure a rich pecuniary reward to the great perfecter of steam navigation; so must have failed any attempt to compensate by money the inestimable achievement. Monopolies could not reward it; silver and gold could not weigh down its value. Small services are paid with money and office; large ones with fame. Fulton had his reward when, after twenty years of unsuccessful experiment and hope deferred, he made the passage to Albany by steam; as Franklin had his reward when he saw the fibers of the cord which held his kite stiffening with the electricity they had drawn from the thunder-cloud; as Galileo had his when he pointed his little tube to the heavens and discovered the Medicean stars; as Columbus had his when he beheld from the deck of his vessel a moving light on the shores of his new-found world. That one glowing unutterable thrill of conscious success is too exquisite to be alloyed with baser metal. The midnight vigils, the aching eyes, the fainting hopes turned at last into one bewildering ecstasy of triumph, can not be repaid with gold. The great discoveries, improvements, and inventions which benefit mankind can only be rewarded by opposition, obloquy, poverty and an undying name!

Time would fail me, were I otherwise equal to the task, to dwell on the other great constitutional cases argued by Mr. Webster; those on State insolvent laws, the Bank of the United States, the Sailor's Snug Harbor, the Charlestown Bridge Franchise, or those other great cases on the validity of Mr. Girard's will, in which Mr. Webster's argument drew forth an

emphatic acknowledgment from the citizens of Washington, of all denominations, for its great value "in demonstrating the vital importance of Christianity to the success of our free institutions, and that the general diffusion of that argument among the people of the United States is a matter of deep public interest;" or the argument of the Rhode Island charter case in 1848, which attracted no little public notice in Europe at that anxious period, as a masterly discussion of the true principles of constitutional obligation.

It would be superfluous, I might almost say impertinent to remark, that if Mr. Webster stood at the head of the constitutional lawyers of the country, he was not less distinguished in early and middle life in the ordinary walks of the profession. From a very early period he shared the best practice with the most eminent of his profession. The trial of Goodridge in 1817, and of Knapp in 1829, are still recollected as specimens of the highest professional skill, the latter, in fact, as a case of historical importance in the criminal jurisprudence of the country.

But, however distinguished his reputation in the other departments of his profession, his fame as a jurist is mainly associated with the tribunals of the United States. The relation of the Federal Government to that of the States is peculiar to this country, and gives rise to a class of cases in the Supreme Court of the United States, to which there is nothing analogous in the jurisprudence of England. In that country nothing, not even the express words of a treaty, can be pleaded against an act of Parliament. The Supreme Court of the United States entertains questions which involve the constitutionality of the laws of State legislatures, the validity of the decrees of State Courts, nay, of the constitutionality of acts of Congress itself. Every one feels that this range and elevation of jurisdiction must tend greatly to the respectability of practice at that forum, and give a breadth and liberality to the tone with which questions are there discussed, not so much to be looked for in the ordinary litigation of the common law. No one needs to be reminded how fully Mr. Webster felt, and in his own relations to it, sustained the dignity of this tribunal. He regarded it as the great mediating power of the Constitution. He believed that while it commanded the confidence of the country, no serious de-

range of any of the other great functions of the government was to be apprehended; if it should ever fail to do so, he feared the worst. For the memory of Marshall, the great and honored magistrate, who presided in this Court for the third part of a century, and did so much to raise its reputation and establish its influence, he cherished feelings of veneration, second only to those which he bore to the memory of Washington.

#### AS A DIPLOMATIST.

In his political career Mr. Webster owed almost every thing to popular choice, or the favor of the Legislature of Massachusetts. He was, however, twice clothed with executive power, as the head of an Administration, and in that capacity achieved a diplomatic success of the highest order. Among the victories of peace not less renowned than those of war which Milton celebrates, the first place is surely due to those friendly arrangements between great powers, by which war is averted. Such an arrangement was effected by Mr. Webster in 1842, in reference to more than one highly irritating question, between this country and Great Britain, and especially the North-Eastern Boundary of the United States. I allude to the subject, not for the sake of reopening obsolete controversies, but for the purpose of vindicating his memory from the charges of disingenuousness and even fraud, which were brought against him at the time in England, and which have very lately been revived in that country. I do it the rather as the facts of the case have never been fully stated.

The North-Eastern Boundary of the United States, which was described by the treaty of 1783, had never been surveyed and run. It was still unsettled in 1842, and had become the subject of a controversy, which had resisted the ability of several successive administrations, on both sides of the water, and had nearly exhausted the resources of arbitration and diplomacy. Border collisions, though happily no bloodshed, had taken place; seventeen regiments had been thrown into the British Provinces; General Scott had been dispatched to the frontier of Maine; and our Minister in London (Mr. Stevenson) had written to the commander of the American squadron in the Mediterranean, that a rupture, in his opinion, was inevitable.

Such was the state of things when Mr. Webster came into the Department of State in the spring of 1841. He immediately gave an intimation to the British government that he was desirous of renewing the interrupted negotiation. A change of ministry took place in England, in the course of a few months, and a resolution was soon taken by Sir Robert Peel and Lord Aberdeen, to send a special Envoy to the United States, to make a last attempt to settle this dangerous dispute by negotiation. Lord Ashburton was selected for this honorable errand, and his known friendly relations with Mr. Webster were among the motives that prompted his appointment. It may be observed that the intrinsic difficulties of the negotiation were increased by the circumstance, that, as the disputed territory lay in the State of Maine, and the property of the soil was in Maine and Massachusetts, it was deemed necessary to obtain the consent of those States to any arrangement that might be entered into by the general government.

The length of time, for which the question had been controverted, had, as usually happens in such cases, had the effect of fixing both parties more firmly in their opposite views of the subject. It was a pledge at least of the good faith with which the United States had conducted the discussion, that every thing in our archives bearing on the subject had been voluntarily spread before the world. On the other side, no part of the correspondence of the ministers who negotiated the treaty had ever been published, and whenever Americans were permitted for literary purposes to institute historical inquiries in the public offices in London, precautions were taken to prevent any thing from being brought to light, which might bear unfavorably on the British interpretation of the treaty.

The American interpretation of the treaty had been maintained, in its fullest extent, as far as I am aware, by every statesman in the country, of whatever party, to whom the question had ever been submitted. It had been thus maintained in good faith by an entire generation of public men of the highest intelligence and most unquestioned probity. The British government had, with equal confidence, maintained their interpretation. The attempt to settle the controversy by a reference to the King of the

Netherlands had failed. In this state of things, as the boundary had remained unsettled for fifty-nine years, and had been controverted for more than twenty; as negotiation and arbitration had shown that neither party was likely to convince the other; and as in cases of this kind it is more important that a public controversy should be settled than how it should be settled, (of course within reasonable limits,) Mr. Webster had from the first contemplated a conventional line. Such a line, and for the same reasons, was anticipated in Lord Ashburton's instructions, and was accordingly agreed upon by the two negotiators; a line convenient and advantageous to both parties.

Such an adjustment, however, like that which had been proposed by the King of the Netherlands, was extremely distasteful to the people of Maine, who, standing on their rights, adhered with the greatest tenacity to the boundary described by the treaty of 1783, as the United States had always claimed it. As the opposition of Maine had prevented that arrangement from taking effect, there is great reason to suppose that it would have prevented the adoption of the conventional line agreed to by Mr. Webster and Lord Ashburton, but for the following circumstance.

This was the discovery, the year before, by President Sparks, in the archives of the Bureau of Foreign Affairs, at Paris, of a copy of a small map of North-America, by D'Anville, published in 1746, on which a red line was drawn, indicating a boundary between the United States and Great Britain more favorable to the latter than she herself had claimed it. By whom it was marked, or for what purpose, did not appear, from any indication on the map itself. There was also found, in the Bureau of Foreign Affairs, in a bound volume of official correspondence, a letter from Dr. Franklin to the Count de Vergennes, dated on the sixth of December, (six days after the signature of the provisional articles,) stating that, in compliance with the Count's request, and on a map sent him for the purpose, he had marked, "with a strong red line, the limits of the United States, as settled in the preliminaries."

The French archives had been searched by Mr. Canning's agents as long ago as 1827, but this map either escaped their notice, or had not been deemed by them of im-

portance. The English and French maps of this region differ from each other, and it is known that the map used by the negotiators of the treaty of 1783 was Mitchell's large map of America, published under the official sanction of the Board of Trade in 1754. D'Anville's map was but eighteen inches square; and on so small a scale the difference of the two boundaries would be but slight, and consequently open to mistake. The letter of the Count de Vergennes, transmitting a map to be marked, is not preserved, nor is there any indorsement on the red-line map to show that it is the map sent by the Count and marked by Franklin. D'Anville's map was published in 1746, and it would surely be unwarrantable to take for granted, in a case of such importance, that, in the course of thirty years, it could not have been marked with a red line, for some other purpose, and by some other person. It would be equally rash to assume as certain, either that the map marked by Franklin for the Count de Vergennes was necessarily deposited by him in the public archives; or, if so deposited, may not be still hid away among the sixty thousand maps contained in that depository. The official correspondence of Mr. Oswald, the British negotiator, was retained by the British minister in his own possession, and does not appear to have gone into the public archives.

In the absence of all evidence to connect Dr. Franklin's letter with the map, it could not, in a court of justice, have been received for a moment as a map marked by him; and any presumption that it was so marked was resisted by the language of the treaty. This point was urged in debate, with great force, by Lord Brougham, who, as well as Sir Robert Peel, liberally defended Mr. Webster from the charges which the opposition journals in London had brought against him.

Information of this map was, in the progress of the negotiation, very properly communicated to Mr. Webster by Mr. Sparks. For the reasons stated, it could not be admitted as *proving* any thing. It was another piece of evidence of uncertain character, and Mr. Webster could have no assurance that the next day might not produce some other map equally strong or stronger on the American side; which, as I shall presently state, was soon done in London.

In this state of things, he made the only use of it which could be legitimately made, in communicating it to the commissioners of the State of Maine and Massachusetts, and to the Senate, as a piece of conflicting evidence, entitled to consideration, likely to be urged as of great importance by the opposite party, if the discussion should be renewed, increasing the difficulties which already surrounded the question, and thus furnishing new grounds for agreeing to the proposed conventional line. No one, I think, acquainted with the history of the controversy, and the state of public opinion and feeling, can doubt that, but for this communication, it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to procure the assent either of Maine or of the Senate to the treaty.

This would seem to be going as far as reason or honor required, in reference to an unauthenticated document, having none of the properties of legal evidence, not exhibited by the opposite party, and of a nature to be outweighed by contradictory evidence of the same kind, which was very soon done. But Mr. Webster was, at the time, severely censured by the opposition press in England, and was accused of "perfidy and want of good faith," (and this charge has lately been revived in an elaborate and circumstantial manner,) for not going with this map to Lord Ashburton; entirely abandoning the American claim, and ceding the whole of the disputed territory, more even than she asked, to Great Britain, on the strength of this single piece of doubtful evidence.

Such a charge scarcely deserves an answer;—but two things will occur to all impartial persons—one, that the red-line map, even had it been proved to have been marked by Franklin, (which it is not,) would be but one piece of evidence, to be weighed, with the words of the treaty, with all the other evidence in the case, and especially with the other maps; and, secondly, that such a course, as it is pretended that Mr. Webster ought to have pursued, could only be reasonably required of him, on condition that the British government had also produced, or would undertake to produce, all the evidence, and especially all the maps in its possession, favorable to the American claim.

Now, not to urge against the red-line

map, that, as was vigorously argued by Lord Brougham, it was at variance with the express words of the treaty, there were according to Mr. Gallatin, the commissioner for preparing the claim of the United States, to be submitted to the arbiter in 1827, at least twelve maps, published in London in the course of two years after the signature of the provisional articles in 1782, all of which give the boundary line precisely as claimed by the United States; and no map was published in London, favoring the British claim, till the third year. The earliest of these maps were prepared to illustrate the debates in Parliament on the treaty; or to illustrate the treaty in anticipation of the debate. None of the speakers on either side intimated that these maps are inaccurate, though some of the opposition speakers attacked the treaty as giving a disadvantageous boundary. One of these maps, that of Faden, the royal geographer, was stated on the face of it to be "drawn according to the treaty." Mr. Sparks is of opinion that Mr. Oswald, the British envoy by whom the treaty was negotiated, and who was in London when the earliest of the maps were engraved, was consulted by the map-makers on the subject of the boundary. At any rate, had they been inaccurate in this respect, either Mr. Oswald, or the minister, "who was vehemently assailed on account of the large concession of the boundaries," would have exposed the error. But neither by Mr. Oswald nor by any of the ministers was any complaint made of the inaccuracy of the maps.

One of these maps was that contained in "Bew's Political Magazine," a respectable journal, for which it was prepared, to illustrate the debate on the provisional articles of 1782. It happened that Lord Ashburton was calling upon me, about the time of the debate in the House of Commons on the merits of the Treaty, on the 21st of March, 1843. On my expressing to him the opinion, with the freedom warranted by our intimate friendly relations, that his government ought to be much obliged to him, for obtaining so much of a territory, of which I conscientiously believed the whole belonged to us, "What," asked he, "have you to oppose to the red-line map?" I replied that, in addition to the other objections already mentioned, I considered it to be outweighed by the numerous other maps

which were published at London at the time, some of them to illustrate the treaty; and, among them, I added, "the map in the volume which happens to lie on my table at this moment," which was the volume of "Bew's Political Magazine," to which I called his attention. He told me that he was unacquainted with that map, and desired that I would lend him the volume to show to Sir Robert Peel. This I did, and in his reply to Lord Palmerston, in the House of Commons, Sir Robert Peel, holding this volume of mine in his hand, referred to the map contained in it, and "which follows," said he, "exactly the American line," as an offset to the red-line map, of which great use had been made by the opposition in England, for the purpose of showing that Lord Ashburton had been overreached by Mr. Webster. In the course of his speech he defended Mr. Webster in the handsomest manner, from the charges brought against him in reference to this map, by the opposition press, and said that in his judgment "the reflections cast upon that most worthy and honorable man are unjust."

Nor was this all. The more effectually to remove the impression attempted to be raised, in consequence of the red-line map, that Lord Ashburton had been overreached, Sir Robert Peel stated—and *the disclosure was now for the first time made*—that there was, in the library of King George the Third, (which had been given to the British Museum by George the Fourth,) a copy of Mitchell's map, in which the boundary as delineated "follows exactly the line claimed by the United States." On four places upon this line are written the words, in a strong, bold hand: "The boundary as described by Mr. Oswald." There is documentary proof that Mr. Oswald sent the map used by him in negotiating the treaty to King George the Third, for his information; and Lord Broughman stated in his place, in the House of Peers, that the words, four times repeated in different parts of the line, were, in his opinion, written by the King himself! Having listened, and of course with the deepest interest, to the debate in the House of Commons, I sought the earliest opportunity of inspecting the map, which was readily granted to me by Lord Aberdeen. The boundary is marked, in the most distinct and skillful manner, from the St. Croix all round to the St. Mary's, and is precisely that which has

been always claimed by us. There is every reason to believe that this is the identical copy of Mitchell's map officially used by the negotiators, and sent by Mr. Oswald, as we learn from Dr. Franklin, to England. Sir Robert Peel informed me that it was unknown to him till after the treaty; and Lord Aberdeen and Lord Ashburton gave me the same assurance. It was well known, however, to the agent employed under Lord Melbourne's administration in maintaining the British claim, and who was foremost in vilifying Mr. Webster for concealing the red-line map! \*

#### AS A PUBLIC SPEAKER.

I had intended to say a few words on Mr. Webster's transcendent ability as a public speaker on the great national anniversaries, and the patriotic celebrations of the country. But it would be impossible, within the limits of a few paragraphs, to do any kind of justice to such efforts as the discourse on the twenty-second December, at Plymouth; the speeches on the laying the corner-stone and the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument; the eulogy on Adams and Jefferson; the character of Washington; the discourse on laying the foundation of the extension of the Capitol. What gravity and significance in the topics; what richness of illustration, what soundness of principle, what elevation of sentiment, what fervor in the patriotic appeals, what purity, vigor, and clearness in the style!

With reference to the first-named of these admirable discourses, the Elder President Adams declared that "Burke is no longer entitled to the praise—the most consummate orator of modern times." And it will, I think, be admitted by any one who shall attentively study them, that if Mr. Webster, with all his powers and all his attainments, had

done nothing else but enrich the literature of the country with these performances, he would be allowed to have lived not unworthily, nor in vain. When we consider that they were produced under the severe pressure of professional and official engagements, numerous and arduous enough to task even his intellect, we are lost in admiration of the affluence of his mental resources.

#### GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS OF STYLE AND MANNER.

In all the speeches, arguments, discourses, and compositions of every kind proceeding from Mr. Webster's lips or pen, there were certain general characteristics which I am unwilling to dismiss without a passing allusion. Each, of course, had its peculiar merits, according to the nature and importance of the subject, and the degree of pains bestowed by Mr. Webster on the discussion; but I find some general qualities pervading them all. One of them is the extreme sobriety of the tone, the pervading common-sense, the entire absence of that extravagance and over-statement which are so apt to creep into political harangues, and the discourses on patriotic anniversaries. His positions are taken strongly, clearly, and boldly, but without wordy amplification, or one-sided vehemence. You feel that your understanding is addressed on behalf of a reasonable proposition, which rests neither on sentimental refinement or rhetorical exaggeration. This is the case even in speeches like that on the Greek Revolution, where in enlisting the aid of classical memories and Christian sympathies, it was so difficult to rest within the bounds of moderation.

This moderation not only characterizes Mr. Webster's parliamentary efforts, but is equally conspicuous in his discourses on popular and patriotic occasions, which, amidst all the inducements to barren declamation, are equally and always marked by the treatment of really important topics in a manly and instructive strain of argument and reflection.

Let it not be thought, however, that I would represent Mr. Webster's speeches in Congress or elsewhere as destitute on proper occasions, of the most glowing appeals to the moral sentiments, or wanting, when the topic invites it, in any of the adornments of a magnificent rhetoric. Who that heard it, or has read it, will ever

\* Sir Robert Peel, with reference to the line on Oswald's map, observes: "I do not say that that was the boundary, ultimately settled by the negotiators." Such, however, is certainly the case. Mr. Jay's copy of Mitchell's map (which was also discovered after the negotiation of the treaty) exhibits a line running down the St. John's to its mouth, and called "Mr. Oswald's line." This is the line which Mr. O. offered to the American negotiators on the eighth of October. It was, however, not approved by the British government, and the line indicated in the map of King George the Third, as the "Boundary as described by Mr. Oswald," was finally agreed to.

forget the desolating energy of his denunciation of the African Slave Trade, in the discourse at Plymouth; or the splendor of the apostrophe to Warren, in the first discourse on Bunker Hill; or that to the monumental shaft and the survivors of the Revolution in the second; or the trumpet-tones of the speech placed in the lips of John Adams, in the eulogy on Adams and Jefferson; or the sublime peroration of the speech on Foot's resolution; or the lyric fire of the imagery by which he illustrates the extent of the British empire; or the almost supernatural terror of his description of the force of conscience in the argument in Knapp's trial. Then, how bright and fresh the description of Niagara! how beautiful the picture of the Morning in his private correspondence, which, as well his familiar conversation, were enlivened by the perpetual play of a joyous and fertile imagination! In a word, what tone in all the grand and melting music of our language is there which is not heard in some portion of his speeches or writings; while reason, sense, and truth compose the basis of the strain? Like the sky above us, it is sometimes serene and cloudless, and peace and love shine out from its starry depths. At other times the gallant streamers, in wild fantastic play—emerald, and rose, and orange, and fleecy white—shoot upward from the horizon, mingle in a fiery canopy at the zenith, and throw out their flickering curtains over the heavens and the earth; while at other times the mustering tempest piles his lowering battlements on the sides of the north, a furious storm-wind rushes forth from their blazing loop-holes, and vollied thunders give the signal of the elemental war!

Another quality, which appears to me to be very conspicuous in all Mr. Webster's speeches, is the fairness and candor with which he treats the argument of his opponent, and the total absence of offensive personality. He was accustomed, in preparing to argue a question at the bar, or to debate it in the Senate, first to state his opponent's case or argument in his own mind, with as much force and skill as if it were his own view of the subject, not deeming it worthy of a statesman discussing the great issues of the public weal to assail and prostrate a man of straw, and call it a victory over his antagonist. True to his party associations, there was the

least possible mingling of the partisan in his parliamentary efforts. No one, I think, ever truly said of him that he had either misrepresented or failed to grapple fairly with the argument which he undertook to confute. That he possessed the power of invective in the highest degree is well known, from the display of it on a few occasions, when great provocation justified and required it; but he habitually abstained from offensive personality, regarding it as an indication always of a bad temper, and generally of a weak cause.

I notice, lastly, a sort of judicial dignity in Mr. Webster's mode of treating public questions, which may be ascribed to the high degree in which he united, in the range of his studies and the habits of his life, the jurist with the statesman. There were occasions, and these not a few, when, but for the locality from which he spoke, you might have been at a loss, whether you were listening to the accomplished senator unfolding the principles of the Constitution as a system of government, or the consummate jurist applying its legislative provisions to the practical interests of life. In the Dartmouth College case, and that of Gibbons and Ogden, the dryness of a professional argument is forgotten in the breadth and elevation of the constitutional principles shown to be involved in the issue. While in the great speeches on the interpretation of the Constitution, a severe judicial logic darts its sunbeams into the deepest recesses of a written compact of government, intended to work out a harmonious adjustment of the antagonistic principles of federal and state sovereignty. None, I think, but a great statesman could have performed Mr. Webster's part before the highest tribunals of the land; none but a great lawyer could have sustained himself as he did on the floor of the Senate. In fact, he rose to that elevation at which the Law, in its highest conception, and in its versatile functions and agencies, as the great mediator between the state and the individual; the shield by which the weakness of the single man is protected from the violence and craft of his fellows, and clothed for the defense of his rights with the mighty power of the mass; which watches, faithful guardian, over the life and property of the orphan in the cradle; spreads the ægis of the public peace alike over the crowded streets of great cities

and the solitary pathways of the wilderness; which conveys the merchant and his cargo in safety, to and from the ends of the earth; prescribes the gentle humanities of civilization to contending armies; sits serene umpire of the clashing interests of confederated states, and molds them all into one grand union—I say, Mr. Webster rose to an elevation at which all these attributes and functions of universal law—in action alternately executive, legislative, and judicial; in form successively constitution, statute, and decree—are mingled into one harmonious, protecting, strengthening, vitalizing, sublime system; brightest image on earth of that ineffable Sovereign Energy, which, with mingled power, wisdom, and love, upholds and governs the universe.

#### THE CENTRAL IDEA OF HIS POLITICAL SYSTEM.

Led equally by his professional occupations and his political duties to make the Constitution the object of his profoundest study and meditation, he regarded it, with peculiar reverence, as a Covenant of Union between the members of this great and increasing family of States; and in that respect he considered it as the most important document ever penned by the hand of uninspired man. I need not tell you that this reverence for the Constitution as the Covenant of union between the States was the central idea of his political system, which, however, in this, as in all other respects, aimed at a wise and safe balance of extreme opinions. He valued, as much as any man can possibly value it, the principle of state sovereignty. He looked upon the organization of these separate independent republics—of different sizes, different ages, and histories, different geographical positions, and local interests—as furnishing a security of inappreciable value for a wise and beneficent administration of local affairs, and the protection of individual and local rights. But he regarded as an approach to the perfection of political wisdom, the molding of these separate and independent sovereignties, with all their pride of individual right and all their jealousy of individual consequence, into a harmonious whole. He never weighed the two principles against each other; he held them complementary to each other, equally and supremely vital and essential.

I happened one bright starry night, to

be walking home with him, at a late hour, from the Capitol at Washington, after a skirmishing debate, in which he had been speaking, at no great length, but with much earnestness and warmth, on the subject of the Constitution as forming a united government. The planet Jupiter, shining with unusual brilliancy, was in full view. He paused as we descended Capitol Hill, and unconsciously pursuing the train of thought which he had been enforcing in the Senate, pointed to the planet and said: “‘Night unto night showeth knowledge;’ take away the independent force, emanating from the hand of the Supreme, which impels that planet onward, and it would plunge in hideous ruin from those beautiful skies unto the sun; take away the central attraction of the sun, and the attendant planet would shoot madly from its sphere; urged and restrained by the balanced forces, it wheels its eternal circles through the heavens.”

#### HE CONTEMPLATES A WORK ON THE CONSTITUTION.

His reverence for the Constitution led him to meditate a work in which the history of its formation and adoption should be traced, its principles unfolded and explained, its analogies with other governments investigated, its expansive fitness to promote the prosperity of the country for ages yet to come developed and maintained. His thoughts had long flowed in this channel. The subject was not only the one on which he had bestowed his most earnest parliamentary efforts; but it formed the point of reference of much of his historical and miscellaneous reading. He was anxious to learn what the experience of mankind taught on the subject of governments, in any degree resembling our own. As our fathers, in forming the Confederation, and still more the members of the Convention which framed the Constitution—and especially Washington—studied with diligence the organization of all the former compacts of government—those of the Netherlands, of Switzerland, and ancient Greece—so Mr. Webster directed special attention to all the former leagues and confederacies of modern and ancient times, for lessons and analogies of encouragement and warning to his countrymen. He dwelt much on Amphiktyonic league of Greece, one of the confederacies to which the framers of the Constitution often referred, and which



is frequently spoken of as a species of federal government. Unhappily for Greece, it had little claim to that character. Founded originally on confraternity of religious rites, it was expanded in the lapse of time into a loose political association, but was destitute of all the powers of an organized efficient government. On this subject Mr. Webster found a remark in Grote's History of Greece, which struck him as being of extreme significance to the people of the United States. Occasionally, says Grote, "there was a partial pretense for the imposing title bestowed upon the Amphiktyonic league by Cicero, 'Commune Græciæ Concilium,' but we should completely misinterpret Grecian History, if we regarded it as a federal council habitually directing, or habitually obeyed." "And now," said Mr. Webster, "comes a passage which ought to be written in letters of gold over the door of the Capitol and of every State Legislature: 'Had there existed any such "Commune Concilium," of tolerable wisdom and patriotism, and had the tendencies of the Hellenic mind been capable of adapting themselves to it, the whole course of later Grecian History would probably have been altered; the Macedonian kings would have remained only as respectable neighbors, borrowing their civilization from Greece, and exercising their military energies upon Thracians and Illyrians; while united Hellas might have maintained her own territory against the conquering legions of Rome.'"<sup>\*</sup> A wise and patriotic federal government would have preserved Greece from the Macedonian phalanx and the Roman legions!

Professional and official labors engrossed Mr. Webster's time and left him no leisure for the execution of his meditated work on the Constitution—a theme which, as he would have treated it, tracing it back to its historical fountains and forward to its prophetic issues, seems to me, in the wide range of its topics, to embrace higher and richer elements of thought, for the American statesman and patriot, than any other not directly connected with the spiritual welfare of man.

#### MAGNITUDE OF THE THEME—THE FUTURE OF THE UNION.

What else is there, in the material system of the world, so wonderful as this

concealment of the Western Hemisphere for ages behind the mighty veil of waters? How *could* such a secret be kept from the foundation of the world till the end of the fifteenth century? What so astonishing as the concurrence, within less than a century, of the invention of printing, the demonstration of the true system of the Heavens, and this great world discovery? What so mysterious as the dissociation of the native tribes of this continent from the civilized and civilizable races of man? What so remarkable, in political history, as the operation of the influences, now in conflict, now in harmony, under which the various nations of the Old World sent their children to occupy the New—great populations silently stealing into existence; the wilderness of one century swarming in the next with millions; ascending streams, crossing the mountains, struggling with a wild hard nature, with savage foes, with rival settlements of foreign powers, but ever onward, onward? What so propitious, however unwelcome at the time, as this long colonial training in the school of chartered government? and then, when the fullness of time had come, what so majestic, amidst all its vicissitudes and all its trials, as the Grand Separation—mutually beneficial in its final result to both parties—the dread appeal to arms, that venerable Continental Congress, the august Declaration, the strange alliance of the oldest monarchy of Europe with the Infant Republic? And, lastly, what so worthy the admiration of men and angels as the appearance of him the expected—him the Hero, raised up to conduct the momentous conflict to its auspicious issue in the Confederation, the Union, the Constitution!

Is this a theme not unworthy of the pen and the mind of Webster? Then consider the growth of the country, thus politically ushered into existence and organized under that Constitution, as delineated in his address on the laying the cornerstone of the extension of the Capitol; the thirteen colonies that accomplished the revolution multiplied to thirty-two independent States, a single one of them exceeding in population the old thirteen; the narrow border of settlement along the coast, fenced in by France and the native tribes, expanded to the dimensions of the continent; Louisiana, Florida, Texas, New-Mexico, California, Oregon—territories equal to the great monarchies of Eu-

<sup>\*</sup> *Grote's History of Greece.* Vol. ii. p. 336.

rope—added to the Union; and the two millions of population which fired the imagination of Burke, swelled to twenty-four millions, during the lifetime of Mr. Webster, and in seven short years, which have since elapsed, increased to thirty!

With these stupendous results in his own time as the unit of calculation; beholding under Providence with each decade of years a new people, millions strong, emigrants in part from the Old World, but mainly bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, the children of the soil, growing up to inhabit the waste places of the continent, to inherit and transmit the rights and blessings which we have received from our fathers; recognizing in the Constitution and in the Union established by it the creative influence which, as far as human agencies go, has wrought these miracles of growth and progress, and which wraps up in sacred reserve the expansive energy with which the work is to be carried on and perfected—he looked forward with patriotic aspiration to the time, when, beneath its ægis, the whole wealth of our civilization would be poured out, not only to fill up the broad interstices of settlement, if I may so express myself, in the old thirteen and their young and thriving sister States, already organized in the West, but, in the lapse of time, to found a hundred new republics in the valley of the Missouri and beyond the Rocky Mountains, till our letters and our arts, our schools and our churches, our laws and our liberties, shall be carried from the Arctic circle to the tropics; “from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof.”

#### VIEWS OF THE PRESENT.

This prophetic glance, not merely at the impending, but the distant future, this reliance on the fulfillment of the great design of Providence, illustrated through our whole history, to lavish upon the people of this country the accumulated blessings of all former stages of human progress, made him more tolerant of the tardy and irregular advances and temporary wanderings from the path of what he deemed a wise and sound policy, than those fervid spirits, who dwell exclusively in the present, and make less allowance for the gradual operation of moral influences. This was the case in reference to the great sectional controversy, which now so sharply divides and so violently

agitates the country. He not only confidently anticipated, what the lapse of seven years since his decease has witnessed and is witnessing, that the newly acquired and the newly organized territories of the Union would grow up into free States; but, in common with all, or nearly all, the statesmen of the last generation, he believed that free labor would ultimately prevail throughout the country. He thought he saw that, in the operation of the same causes, which have produced this result in the Middle and Eastern States, it was visibly taking place in the States north of the cotton-growing region; and he inclined to the opinion that there also, under the influence of physical and economical causes, free labor would eventually be found most productive, and would, therefore, be ultimately established.

For these reasons, bearing in mind, what all admit, that the complete solution of the mighty problem, which now so greatly tasks the prudence and patriotism of the wisest and best in the land, is beyond the delegated powers of the general government; that it depends, as far as the States are concerned, on their independent legislation, and that it is of all others a subject, in reference to which public opinion and public sentiment will most powerfully influence the law; that much in the lapse of time, without law, is likely to be brought about by degrees, and gradually done and permitted, as in Missouri, at the present day, while nothing is to be hoped from external interference whether of exhortation or rebuke; that in all human affairs controlled by self-governing communities, extreme opinions and extreme courses, on the one hand, generally lead to extreme opinions and extreme courses on the other; and that nothing will more contribute to the earliest practicable relief of the country from this most prolific source of conflict and estrangement, than to prevent its being introduced into our party organizations—he deprecated its being allowed to find a place among the political issues of the day, North or South, and seeking a platform on which honest and patriotic men might meet and stand, he thought he had found it, where our fathers did, in the Constitution.

It is true that, in interpreting the fundamental law, on this subject, a diversity of opinion between the two sections of the Union presents itself. This has ever been

the case, first or last, in relation to every great question which has divided the country. It is the unfailing incident of constitutions, written or unwritten; an evil to be dealt with in good faith, by prudent and enlightened men, in both sections of the Union, seeking, as Washington sought, the public good, and giving expression to the patriotic commonsense of the people.

Such, I have reason to believe, were the principles entertained by Mr. Webster; not certainly those best calculated to win a temporary popularity in any part of the Union, in times of passionate sectional agitation, which, between the extremes of opinion, leaves no middle ground for moderate counsels. If any one could have found, and could have trodden, such ground with success, he would seem to have been qualified to do it, by his transcendent talent, his mature experience, his approved temper and calmness, and his tried patriotism. If he failed of finding such a path for himself or the country—while we thoughtfully await what time and an all-wise Providence has in store for ourselves and our children—let us remember that his attempt was the highest and the purest which can engage the thoughts of a Statesman and a Patriot—peace on earth, good will toward men; harmony and brotherly love among the children of our common country.

And O my friends! if among those, who, differing from him on this or any other subject, have yet, with generous forgetfulness of that which separated you, and kindly remembrance of all you held in common, come up this day to do honor to his memory, there are any who suppose that he cherished less tenderly than yourselves the great ideas of Liberty, Humanity, and Brotherhood; that, because he was faithful to the duties which he inferred from the Constitution and the Law, to which he looked for the government of Civil Society, he was less sensible than yourselves to the broader relations and deeper sympathies which unite us to our fellow-creatures, as brethren of one family and children of one Heavenly Father—believe me, you do his memory a grievous wrong.

#### PERSONAL CHARACTER.

This is not the occasion to dwell upon the personal character of Mr. Webster, on the fascination of his social intercourse,

or the charm of his domestic life. Something I could have said on his companionable dispositions and habits, his genial temper, the resources and attractions of his conversation, his love of nature, alike in her wild and cultivated aspects, and his keen perception of the beauties of this fair world in which we live; something of his devotion to agricultural pursuits, which, next to his professional and public duties, formed the occupation of his life; something of his fondness for athletic and manly sports and exercises; something of his friendships, and of his attachments warmer than friendships—the son, the brother, the husband, and the father; something of the joys and sorrows of his home—of the strength of his religious convictions, his testimony to the truth of the Christian Revelation; the tenderness and sublimity of the parting scene. Something on these topics I have elsewhere said, and may not here repeat.

Some other things, my friends, with your indulgence, I would say, standing here as I do to pay these last honors to his memory, thoughts, memories, which crowd upon me—too vivid to be repressed, too personal almost to be uttered.

On the seventeenth of July, 1804, a young man from New-Hampshire arrived in Boston, all but penniless, and all but friendless. He was twenty-two years of age, and had come to take the first steps in the career of life at the capital of New-England. Three days after arriving in Boston, he presented himself, without letters of recommendation, to Mr. Christopher Gore, then just returned from England, after an official residence of some years, and solicited a place in his office, as a clerk. His only introduction was by a young man as little known to Mr. Gore as himself, and who went to pronounce his name, which he did so indistinctly as not to be heard. His slender figure, striking countenance, large dark eye, and massy brow, his general appearance indicating a delicate organization,\* his manly carriage and modest demeanor arrested attention and inspired confidence. His humble suit was granted, he was received into the office, and had been there a week before Mr. Gore learned that his name was DANIEL WEBSTER! His older brother—older in years, but later in entering life—for

\* Description by Mrs. Eliza Buckminster Lee, *Webster's Private Correspondence*, i. 488.

whose education Daniel, while teacher of the Academy at Fryeburg, had drudged till midnight in the office of the Register of Deeds,) at that time taught a small school in Short street, (now Kingston street,) in Boston; and while he was in attendance at the commencement at Dartmouth, in 1804, to receive his degree, Daniel supplied his place. At that school, at the age of ten, I was then a pupil, and there commenced a friendship, which lasted, without interruption or chill, while his life lasted; of which, while mine lasts, the grateful recollection will never perish. From that time forward I knew, I honored, I loved him. I saw him at all seasons and on all occasions, in the flush of public triumph—in the intimacy of the fireside—in the most unreserved interchange of personal confidence; in health and in sickness, in sorrow and in joy; when early honors began to wreath his brow, and in after-life through most of the important scenes of his public career. I saw him on occasions that show the manly strength, and, what is better, the manly weakness of the human heart; and I declare this day, in the presence of Heaven and of men, that I never heard from him the expression of a wish unbecoming a good citizen and a patriot—the utterance of a word unworthy a gentleman and a Christian; that I never knew a more generous spirit, a safer adviser, a warmer friend.

Do you ask me if he had faults? I answer, he was a man. Do you again ask me the question? Look in your own breast, and get the answer there. Do you still insist on explicit information? Let me give it to you, my immaculate friend, in the words which were spoken eighteen hundred years ago to certain who trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others:

"Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee and the other a publican.

"The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican.

"I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess.

"And the publican standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God, be merciful to me a sinner.

"I tell you, This man went down to his house justified rather than the other."

He had some of the faults of a lofty

spirit, a genial temperament, an open hand and a warm heart; he had none of the faults of a groveling, mean, and malignant nature. He had especially the "last infirmity of noble mind," and had no doubt raised an aspiring eye to the highest object of political ambition. But he did it in the honest pride of a capacity equal to the station, and with a consciousness that he should reflect back the honor which it conferred. He might say, with Burke, that "he had no arts but honest arts;" and if he sought the highest honors of the state, he did it by transcendent talent, laborious service, and patriotic devotion to the public good.

It was not given to him, any more than to the other members of the great triumvirate with whom his name is habitually associated, to attain the object of their ambition; but posterity will do them justice, and begin already to discharge the debt of respect and gratitude. A noble mausoleum in honor of Clay, and his statue by Hart, are in progress; the statue of Calhoun, by Powers, adorns the Court House in Charleston, and a magnificent monument to his memory is in preparation; and we present you this day, fellow-citizens, the statue of Webster, in enduring bronze, on a pedestal of granite from his native State, the noble countenance modeled from life, at the meridian of his days and his fame, and his person reproduced, from faithful recollection, by the oldest and most distinguished of the living artists of the country. He slept by the multitudinous ocean, which he himself so much resembled, in its mighty movement and its mighty repose; but his monumental form shall henceforward stand sentry at the portals of the Capitol—the right hand pointing to that symbol of the Union on which the left reposes, and his imperial gaze directed, with the Hopes of the country, to the boundless West. In a few short years, we, whose eyes have rested on his majestic person, whose ears have drunk in the music of his clarion voice, shall have gone to our rest; but our children, for ages to come, as they dwell with awe-struck gaze upon the monumental bronze, shall say, Oh! that we could have seen, oh! that we could have heard, the great original!

Two hundred and twenty-nine years ago, this day, our beloved city received, from the General Court of the Colony, the honored name of Boston. On the

long roll of those whom she has welcomed to her nurturing bosom, is there a name which shines with a brighter lustre than his? Seventy-two years ago, this day, the Constitution of the United States was tendered to the acceptance of the people by George Washington. Who of all the gifted and patriotic of the land, that have adorned the interval, has done more to unfold its principles, maintain its purity, and to promote its duration?

Here, then, under the cope of heaven; here, on this lovely eminence; here, beneath the walls of the Capitol of Old Massachusetts; here, within the sight of those fair New-England villages; here, in the near vicinity of the graves of those who planted the germs of all this palmy

growth; here, within the sound of sacred bells; here, in the presence of this uncounted multitude—we raise this monument, with loving hearts, to the Statesman, the Patriot, the Fellow-Citizen, the neighbor, the friend. Long may it guard the approach to these halls of council! long may it look out upon a prosperous, a happy, and a united country! and, if days of trial and disaster should come, and the arm of flesh should fail, doubt not that the monumental form would descend from its pedestal, to stand in the front rank of the peril, and the bronze lips repeat the cry of the living voice—"Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE HAUNTED AND THE HAUNTERS;

OR, THE HOUSE AND THE BRAIN.

A FRIEND of mine, who is a man of letters and a philosopher, said to me one day, as if between jest and earnest: "Fancy! since we last met, I have discovered a haunted house in the midst of London."

"Really haunted?—and by what?—ghosts?"

"Well, I can't answer these questions; all I know is this—six weeks ago I and my wife were in search of a furnished apartment. Passing a quiet street, we saw on the window of one of the houses a bill, 'Apartments Furnished.' The situation suited us: we entered the house—liked the rooms—engaged them by the week—and left them the third day. No power on earth could have reconciled my wife to stay longer; and I don't wonder at it."

"What did you see?"

"Excuse me—I have no desire to be ridiculed as a superstitious dreamer—nor, on the other hand, could I ask you to ac-

cept on my affirmation what you would hold to be incredible without the evidence of your own senses. Let me only say this, it was not so much what we saw or heard (in which we might fairly suppose that we were the dupes of our own excited fancy, or the victims of imposture in others) that drove us away, as it was an undefinable terror which seized both of us whenever we passed by the door of a certain unfurnished room, in which we neither saw nor heard any thing. And the strangest marvel of all was, that for once in my life I agreed with my wife, silly woman though she be—and allowed, after the third night, that it was impossible to stay a fourth in that house. Accordingly, on the fourth morning I summoned the woman who kept the house and attended on us, and told her that the rooms did not quite suit us, and we would not stay out our week. She said dryly: 'I know why; you have staid longer than any other lodger. Few ever staid a second

night; none before you a third. But I take it they have been very kind to you.'

"'They—who?' I asked, affecting a smile.

"'Why, they who haunt the house, whoever they are. I don't mind them; I remember them many years ago, when I lived in this house, not as a servant; but I know they will be the death of me some day. I don't care—I'm old, and must die soon anyhow; and then I shall be with them, and in this house still.' The woman spoke with so dreary a calmness, that really it was a sort of awe that prevented my conversing with her farther. I paid for my week, and too happy were I and my wife to get off so cheaply."

"You excite my curiosity," said I; "nothing I should like better than to sleep in a haunted house. Pray give me the address of the one which you left so ignominiously."

My friend gave me the address; and when we parted, I walked straight towards the house thus indicated.

It is situated on the north side of Oxford street, in a dull but respectable thoroughfare. I found the house shut up—no bill at the window, and no response to my knock. As I was turning away, a beer-boy, collecting pewter pots at the neighboring areas, said to me: "Do you want any one at that house sir?"

"Yes, I heard it was to be let."

"Let!—why, the woman who kept it is dead—has been dead these three weeks, and no one can be found to stay there, though Mr. J—— offered ever so much. He offered mother, who chars for him, £1 a week just to open and shut the windows, and she would not."

"Would not!—and why?"

"The house is haunted; and the old woman who kept it was found dead in her bed, with her eyes wide open. They say the devil strangled her."

"Pooh!—you speak of Mr. J——. Is he the owner of the house?"

"Yes."

"Where does he live?"

"In G—— street, No. —."

"What is he?—in any business?"

"No, sir—nothing particular; a single gentleman."

I gave the pot-boy the gratuity earned by his liberal information, and proceeded to Mr. J——, in G—— street, which was close by the street that boasted the haunted house. I was lucky enough to

find Mr. J—— at home—an elderly man, with intelligent countenance and prepossessing manners.

I communicated my name and my business frankly. I said I heard the house was considered to be haunted—that I had a strong desire to examine a house with so equivocal a reputation—that I should be greatly obliged if he would allow me to hire it, though only for a night. I was willing to pay for that privilege whatever he might be inclined to ask. "Sir," said Mr. J——, with great courtesy, "the house is at your service, for as short or as long a time as you please. Rent is out of the question—the obligation will be on my side should you be able to discover the cause of the strange phenomena which at present deprive it of all value. I can not let it, for I can not even get a servant to keep it in order or answer the door. Unluckily the house is haunted, if I may use that expression, not only by night, but by day; though at night the disturbances are of a more unpleasant and sometimes of a more alarming character. The poor old woman who died in it three weeks ago was a pauper whom I took out of a work-house, for in her childhood she had been known to some of my family, and had once been in such good circumstances that she rented that house of my uncle. She was a woman of superior education and strong mind, and was the only person I could ever induce to remain in the house. Indeed, since her death, which was sudden, and the coroner's inquest, which gave it a notoriety in the neighborhood, I have so despaired of finding any person to take charge of it, much more a tenant, that I would willingly let it rent free for a year to any one who would pay its rates and taxes."

"How long is it since the house acquired this sinister character?"

"That I can scarcely tell you, but very many years since. The old woman I spoke of said it was haunted when she rented it between thirty and forty years ago. The fact is, that my life has been spent in the East-Indies, and in the civil service of the Company. I returned to England last year, on inheriting the fortune of an uncle, amongst whose possessions was the house in question. I found it shut up and uninhabited. I was told that it was haunted, that no one would inhabit it. I smiled at what seemed to me so idle a story. I spent some months

in repainting and roofing it—added to its old-fashioned furniture a few modern articles—advertised it, and obtained a lodger for a year. He was a colonel retired on half-pay. He came in with his family, a son and a daughter, and four or five servants: they all left the house the next day, and although they deposed that they had all seen something different, that something was equally terrible to all. I really could not in conscience sue, or even blame the colonel for breach of agreement. Then I put in the old woman I have spoken of, and she was empowered to let the house in apartments. I never had one lodger who staid more than three days. I do not tell you their stories—to no two lodgers have there been exactly the same phenomena repeated. It is better that you should judge for yourself, than enter the house with an imagination influenced by previous narratives; only be prepared to see and to hear something or other, and take whatever precautions you yourself please.”

“Have you never had a curiosity yourself to pass a night in that house?”

“Yes. I passed not a night, but three hours in broad daylight alone in that house. My curiosity is not satisfied, but it is quenched. I have no desire to renew the experiment. You can not complain, you see, sir, that I am not sufficiently candid; and unless your interest be exceedingly eager, and your nerves unusually strong, I honestly add, that I advise you not to pass a night in that house.”

“My interest is exceedingly keen,” said I, “and though only a coward will boast of his nerves in situations wholly unfamiliar to him, yet my nerves have been seasoned in such variety of danger that I have the right to rely on them—even in a haunted house.”

Mr. J—— said very little more; he took the keys of the house out of his bureau, gave them to me—and thanking him cordially for his frankness, and his urbane concession to my wish, I carried off my prize.

Impatient for the experiment, as soon as I reached home, I summoned my confidential servant—a young man of gay spirits, fearless temper, and as free from superstitious prejudice as any one I could think of.

“F——,” said I, “you remember in Germany how disappointed we were at not finding a ghost in that old castle,

which was said to be haunted by a headless apparition?—well, I have heard of a house in London which, I have reason to hope, is decidedly haunted. I mean to sleep there to-night. From what I hear, there is no doubt that something will allow itself to be seen or to be heard—something, perhaps, excessively horrible. Do you think, if I take you with me, I may rely on your presence of mind, whatever may happen?”

“O sir! pray trust me,” answered F——, grinning with delight.

“Very well,—then here are the keys of the house—this is the address. Go now—select for me any bedroom you please; and since the house has not been inhabited for weeks, make up a good fire—air the bed well—see, of course, that there are candles as well as fuel. Take with you my revolver and my dagger—so much for my weapons—arm yourself equally well; and if we are not a match for a dozen ghosts, we shall be but a sorry couple of Englishmen.”

I was engaged for the rest of the day on business so urgent that I had not leisure to think much on the nocturnal adventure to which I had plighted my honor. I dined alone, and very late, and while dining, read, as is my habit. The volume I selected was one of Macaulay’s Essays. I thought to myself that I would take the book with me; there was so much of healthfulness in the style, and practical life in the subjects, that it would serve as an antidote against the influences of superstitious fancy.

Accordingly, about half-past nine, I put the book into my pocket, and strolled leisurely towards the haunted house. I took with me a favorite dog—an exceedingly sharp, bold, and vigilant bull-terrier—a dog fond of prowling about strange ghostly corners and passages at night in search of rats—a dog of dogs for a ghost.

It was a summer night, but chilly, the sky somewhat gloomy and overcast. Still there was a moon—faint and sickly, but still a moon—and if the clouds permitted, after midnight it would be brighter.

I reached the house, knocked, and my servant opened with a cheerful smile.

“All right, sir, and very comfortable.”

“Oh!” said I, rather disappointed; “have you not seen nor heard any thing remarkable?”

“Well, sir, I must own I have heard something queer.”

"What?—what?"

"The sound of feet pattering behind me; and once or twice small noises like whispers close at my ear—nothing more."

"You are not at all frightened?"

"I! not a bit of it, sir;" and the man's bold look reassured me on one point—namely, that, happen what might, he would not desert me.

We were in the hall, the street-door closed, and my attention was now drawn to my dog. He had at first ran in eagerly enough, but had sneaked back to the door, and was scratching and whining to get out. After patting him on the head, and encouraging him gently, the dog seemed to reconcile himself to the situation, and followed me and F—— through the house, but keeping close at my heels instead of hurrying inquisitively in advance, which was his usual and normal habit in all strange places. We first visited the subterranean apartments, the kitchen and other offices, and especially the cellars, in which last there were two or three bottles of wine still left in a bin, covered with cobwebs, and evidently, by their appearance, undisturbed for many years. It was clear that the ghosts were not wine-bibbers. For the rest we discovered nothing of interest. There was a gloomy little back-yard, with very high walls. The stones of this yard were very damp—and what with the damp, and what with the dust and smoke-grime on the pavement, our feet left a slight impression where we passed. And now appeared the first strange phenomenon witnessed by myself in this strange abode. I saw, just before me, the print of a foot suddenly form itself, as it were. I stopped, caught hold of my servant, and pointed to it. In advance of that footprint as suddenly dropped another. We both saw it. I advanced quickly to the place; the footprint kept advancing before me, a small footprint—the foot of a child: the impression was too faint thoroughly to distinguish the shape, but it seemed to us both that it was the print of a naked foot. This phenomenon ceased when we arrived at the opposite wall, nor did it repeat itself on returning. We remounted the stairs, and entered the rooms on the ground-floor, a dining-parlor, a small back-parlor, and a still smaller third room that had been probably appropriated to a footman—all still as death. We then visited the drawing-rooms, which

seemed fresh and new. In the front-room I seated myself in an arm-chair. F—— placed on the table the candlestick with which he had lighted us. I told him to shut the door. As he turned to do so, a chair opposite to me moved from the wall quickly and noiselessly, and dropped itself about a yard from my own chair immediately fronting it.

"Why, this is better than the turning-tables," said I, with a half-laugh—and as I laughed, my dog put back his head and howled.

F——, coming back, had not observed the movement of the chair. He employed himself now in stilling the dog. I continued to gaze on the chair, and fancied I saw on it a pale blue misty outline of a human figure, but an outline so indistinct that I could only distrust my own vision. The dog now was quiet. "Put back that chair opposite to me," said I to F——; "put it back to the wall."

F—— obeyed. "Was that you, sir?" said he, turning abruptly.

"I—what?"

"Why, something struck me. I felt it sharply on the shoulder—just here."

"No," said I. "But we have jugglers present, and though we may not discover their tricks, we shall catch *them* before they frighten *us*."

We did not stay long in the drawing-rooms—in fact, they felt so damp and so chilly that I was glad to get to the fire up-stairs. We locked the doors of the drawing-rooms—a precaution which, I should observe, we had taken with all the rooms we had searched below. The bedroom my servant had selected for me was the best on the floor—a large one, with two windows fronting the street. The four-posted bed, which took up no considerable space, was opposite to the fire, which burned clear and bright; a door in the wall to the left, between the bed and the window, communicated with the room which my servant appropriated to himself. This last was a small room with a sofa-bed, and had no communication with the landing-place—no other door but that which conducted to the bedroom I was to occupy. On either side of my fire-place was a cupboard, without locks, flushed with the wall, and covered with the same dull-brown paper. We examined these cupboards—only hooks to suspend female dresses—nothing else; we sounded the walls—evidently solid—the outer walls of



the building. Having finished the survey of these apartments, warmed myself a few moments, and lighted my cigar, I then, still accompanied by F—, went forth to complete my reconnoiter. In the landing-place there was another door; it was closed firmly. "Sir," said my servant in surprise, "I unlocked this door with all the others when I first came; it can not have got locked from the inside, for it is a —"

Before he had finished his sentence, the door, which neither of us then was touching, opened quietly of itself. We looked at each other a single instant. The same thought seized both—some human agency might be detected here. I rushed in first, my servant followed. A small blank dreary room without furniture—a few empty boxes and hampers in a corner—a small window—the shutters closed—not even a fire-place—no other door but that by which we had entered—no carpet on the floor, and the floor seemed very old, uneven, worm-eaten, mended here and there, as was shown by the whiter patches on the wood; but no living being, and no visible place in which a living being could have hidden. As we stood gazing round, the door by which we had entered closed as quietly as it had before opened: we were imprisoned.

For the first time I felt a creep of undefinable horror. Not so my servant. "Why, they don't think to trap us, sir; I could break that trumpery door with a kick of my foot."

"Try first if it will open to your hand," said I, shaking off the vague apprehension that had seized me, "while I open the shutters and see what is without."

I unbarred the shutters—the window looked on the little back-yard I have before described; there was no ledge without—nothing but sheer descent. No man getting out of that window would have found any footing till he had fallen on the stones below.

F—, meanwhile, was vainly attempting to open the door. He now turned round to me, and asked my permission to use force. And I should here state, in justice to the servant, that, far from evincing any superstitious terrors, his nerve, composure, and even gayety amidst circumstances so extraordinary compelled my admiration, and made me congratulate myself on having secured a companion in every way fitted to the occasion.

I willingly gave him the permission he required. But though he was a remarkably strong man, his force was as idle as his milder efforts; the door did not even shake to his stoutest kick. Breathless and panting he desisted. I then tried the door myself, equally in vain. As I ceased from the effort, again that creep of horror came over me; but this time it was more cold and stubborn. I felt as if some strange and ghastly exhalation were rising up from the chinks of that rugged floor, and filling the atmosphere with a venomous influence hostile to human life. The door now very slowly and quietly opened as of its own accord. We precipitated ourselves into the landing-place. We both saw a large pale light—as large as the human figure, but shapeless and unsubstantial—move before us, and ascend the stairs that led from the landing into the attics. I followed the light, and my servant followed me. It entered, to the right of the landing, a small garret, of which the door stood open. I entered in the same instant. The light then collapsed into a small globule, exceedingly brilliant and vivid; rested a moment on a bed in the corner, quivered, and vanished. We approached the bed and examined it—a half-tester, such as is commonly found in attics devoted to servants. On the drawers that stood near it we perceived an old faded silk kerchief, with the needle still left in the rent half-repaired. The kerchief was covered with dust; probably it had belonged to the old woman who had last died in that house, and this might have been her sleeping-room. I had sufficient curiosity to open the drawers: there were a few odds and ends of female dress, and two letters tied round with a narrow ribbon of faded yellow. I took the liberty to possess myself of the letters. We found nothing else in the room worth noticing—nor did the light reappear; but we distinctly heard, as we turned to go, a pattering footfall on the floor—just before us. We went through the other attics, (in all four,) the foot-fall still preceding us. Nothing to be seen—nothing but the footfall heard. I had the letters in my hand: just as I was descending the stairs I distinctly felt my wrist seized, and a faint, soft effort made to draw the letters from my clasp. I only held them the more tightly, and the effort ceased.

We regained the bed-chamber appropriated to myself, and I then remarked that

my dog had not followed us when we had left it. He was thrusting himself close to the fire, and trembling. I was impatient to examine the letters; and while I read them, my servant opened a little box in which he had deposited the weapons I had ordered him to bring; took them out, placed them on a table close at my bed-head, and then occupied himself in soothing the dog, who, however, seemed to heed him very little.

The letters were short—they were dated; the dates exactly thirty-five years ago. They were evidently from a lover to his mistress, or a husband to some young wife. Not only the terms of expression, but a distinct reference to a former voyage indicated the writer to have been a sea-farer. The spelling and handwriting were those of a man imperfectly educated, but still the language itself was forcible. In the expressions of endearment there was a kind of rough wild love; but here and there were dark unintelligible hints at some secret not of love—some secret that seemed of crime. "We ought to love each other," was one of the sentences I remember, "for how every one else would execrate us if all was known." Again: "Don't let any one be in the same room with you at night—you talk in your sleep." And again: "What's done can't be undone; and I tell you there's nothing against us unless the dead could come to life." Here there was underlined in a better handwriting, (a female's,) "They do!" At the end of the letter latest in date the same female hand had written these words: "Lost at sea the fourth of June, the same day as ——"

I put down the letters, and began to muse over their contents.

Fearing, however, that the train of thought into which I fell might unsteady my nerves, I fully determined to keep my mind in a fit state to cope with whatever of marvelous the advancing night might bring forth. I roused myself—laid the letters on the table—stirred up the fire, which was still bright and cheering—and opened my volume of Macaulay. I read quietly enough till about half-past eleven. I then threw myself dressed upon the bed, and told my servant he might retire to his own room, but must keep himself awake. I bade him leave open the doors between the two rooms. Thus, alone, I kept two candles burning on the table by my bed-head. I placed my watch beside

the weapons, and calmly resumed my Macaulay. Opposite to me the fire burned clear; and on the hearth-rug, seemingly asleep, lay the dog. In about twenty minutes I felt an exceedingly cold air pass by my cheek, like a sudden draught. I fancied the door to my right, communicating with the landing-place, must have got open; but no—it was closed. I then turned my glance to my left, and saw the flame of the candles violently swayed as by a wind. At the same moment the watch beside the revolver softly slid from the table—softly, softly—no visible hand—it was gone. I sprang up, seizing the revolver with the one hand, the dagger with the other: I was not willing that my weapons should share the fate of the watch. Thus armed, I looked round the floor—no sign of the watch. Three slow, loud, distinct knocks were now heard at the bed-head; my servant called out: "Is that you, sir?"

"No; be on your guard."

The dog now roused himself and sat on his haunches, his ears moving quickly backwards and forwards. He kept his eyes fixed on me with a look so strange that he concentrated all my attention on himself. Slowly he rose up, all his hair bristling, and stood perfectly rigid, and with the same wild stare. I had no time, however, to examine the dog. Presently my servant emerged from his room; and if I ever saw horror in the human face, it was then. I should not have recognized him had we met in the streets, so altered was every lineament. He passed by me quickly, saying in a whisper that seemed scarcely to come from his lips: "Run—run! it is after me!" He gained the door to the landing, pulled it open, and rushed forth. I followed him into the landing involuntarily, calling to him to stop; but, without heeding me, he bounded down the stairs, clinging to the balusters, and taking several steps at a time. I heard, where I stood, the street-door open—heard it again clap to. I was left alone in the haunted house.

It was but for a moment that I remained undecided whether or not to follow my servant; pride and curiosity alike forbade so dastardly a flight. I reëntered my room, closing the door after me, and proceeded cautiously into the interior chamber. I encountered nothing to justify my servant's terror. I again carefully examined the walls, to see if there were any

concealed door. I could find no trace of one—not even a seam in the dull-brown paper with which the room was hung. How, then, had the *THING*, whatever it was, which had so scared him, obtained ingress except through my own chamber?

I returned to my room, shut and locked the door that opened upon the interior one, and stood on the hearth, expectant and prepared. I now perceived that the dog had slunk into an angle of the wall, and was pressing himself close against it, as if literally striving to force his way into it. I approached the animal and spoke to it; the poor brute was evidently beside itself with terror. It showed all its teeth, the slaver dropping from its jaws, and would certainly have bitten me if I had touched it. It did not seem to recognize me. Whoever has seen at the Zoological Gardens a rabbit fascinated by a serpent, cowering in a corner, may form some idea of the anguish which the dog exhibited. Finding all efforts to soothe the animal in vain, and fearing that his bite might be as venomous in that state as if in the madness of hydrophobia, I left him alone, placed my weapons on the table beside the fire, seated myself, and recommenced my Macaulay.

Perhaps, in order not to appear seeking credit for a courage, or rather a coolness, which the reader may conceive I exaggerate, I may be pardoned if I pause to indulge in one or two egotistical remarks.

As I hold presence of mind, or what is called courage, to be precisely proportioned to familiarity with the circumstances that lead to it, so I should say that I had been long sufficiently familiar with all experiments that appertain to the *Marvelous*. I had witnessed many very extraordinary phenomena in various parts of the world—phenomena that would be either totally disbelieved if I stated them, or ascribed to supernatural agencies. Now, my theory is, that the *Supernatural* is the *Impossible*, and that what is called supernatural is only a something in the laws of nature of which we have been hitherto ignorant. Therefore, if a ghost rise before me, I have not the right to say, "So, then, the supernatural is possible," but rather, "So, then the apparition of a ghost is, contrary to received opinion, within the laws of nature—that is, not supernatural."

Now, in all that I had hitherto witness-

ed, and indeed in all the wonders which the amateurs of mystery in our age record as facts, a material living agency is always required. On the Continent you will find still magicians who assert that they can raise spirits. Assume for the moment that they assert truly, still the living material form of the magician is present; and he is the material agency by which, from some constitutional peculiarities, certain strange phenomena are represented to your natural senses.

Accept, again, as truthful, the tales of Spirit Manifestation in America—musical or other sounds—writings on paper, produced by no discernible hand—articles of furniture moved without apparent human agency—or the actual sight and touch of hands, to which no bodies seem to belong—still there must be found the *MEDIUM* or living being, with constitutional peculiarities capable of obtaining these signs. In fine, in all such marvels, supposing even that there is no imposture, there must be a human being like ourselves, by whom, or through whom, the effects presented to human beings are produced. It is so with the now familiar phenomena of mesmerism or electro-biology; the mind of the person operated on is affected through a material living agent. Nor, supposing it true that a mesmerized patient can respond to the will or passes of a mesmerizer a hundred miles distant, is the response less occasioned by a material being; it may be through a material fluid—call it *Electric*, call it *Odic*, call it what you will—which has the power of traversing space and passing obstacles, that the material effect is communicated from one to the other. Hence all that I had hitherto witnessed, or expected to witness, in this strange house, I believed to be occasioned through some agency or medium as mortal as myself; and this idea necessarily prevented the awe with which those who regard as supernatural things that are not within the ordinary operations of nature, might have been impressed by the adventures of that memorable night.

As, then, it was my conjecture that all that was presented, or would be presented, to my senses, must originate in some human being gifted by constitution with the power so to present them, and having some motive so to do, I felt an interest in my theory which, in its way, was rather philosophical than superstitious. And I can sincerely say that I was in as tranquil

a temper for observation as any practical experimentalist could be in awaiting the effects of some rare though perhaps perilous chemical combination. Of course, the more I kept my mind detached from fancy, the more the temper fitted for observation would be obtained; and I therefore riveted eye and thought on the strong daylight sense in the page of my Macaulay.

I now became aware that something interposed between the page and the light—the page was overshadowed: I looked up, and I saw what I shall find it very difficult, perhaps impossible, to describe.

It was a Darkness shaping itself out of the air in very undefined outline. I can not say it was of a human form, and yet it had more resemblance to a human form, or rather shadow, than any thing else. As it stood, wholly apart and distinct from the air and the light around it, its dimensions seemed gigantic, the summit nearly touched the ceiling. While I gazed, a feeling of intense cold seized me. An iceberg before me could not more have chilled me; nor could the cold of an iceberg have been more purely physical. I feel convinced that it was not the cold caused by fear. As I continued to gaze, I thought—but this I can not say with precision—that I distinguished two eyes looking down on me from the light. One moment I seemed to distinguish them clearly, the next they seemed gone; but still two rays of a pale-blue light frequently shot through the darkness, as from the light on which I half-believed, half-doubted, that I had encountered the eyes.

I strove to speak—my voice utterly failed me; I could only think to myself: "Is this fear? it is *not* fear!" I strove to rise—in vain; I felt as if weighed down by an irresistible force. Indeed, my impression was that of an immense and overwhelming Power opposed to my volition; that sense of utter inadequacy to cope with a force beyond men's, which one may feel *physically* in a storm at sea, in a conflagration, or when confronting some terrible wild beast, or rather, perhaps, the shark of the ocean, I felt *morally*. Opposed to my will was another will, as far superior to its strength as storm, fire, and shark are superior in material force to the force of men.

And now, as this impression grew on me, now came, at last, horror—horror to a degree that no words can convey. Still

I retained pride, if not courage; and in my own mind I said, "This is horror, but it is not fear; unless I fear, I can not be harmed; my reason rejects this thing; it is an illusion—I do not fear." With a violent effort I succeeded at last in stretching out my hand towards the weapon on the table: as I did so, on the arm and shoulder I received a strange shock, and my arm fell to my side powerless. And now, to add to my horror, the light began slowly to wane from the candles—they were not as it were, extinguished, but their flame seemed very gradually withdrawn: it was the same with the fire—the light was extracted from the fuel; in a few minutes the room was in utter darkness. The dread that came over me, to be thus in the dark with that dark Thing, whose power was so intensely felt, brought a reaction of nerve. In fact, terror had reached that climax, that either my senses must have deserted me, or I must have burst through the spell. I did burst through it. I found voice, though the voice was a shriek. I remember that I broke forth with words like these—"I do not fear, my soul does not fear;" and at the same time I found the strength to rise. Still in that profound gloom I rushed to one of the windows—tore aside the curtain—flung open the shutters; my first thought was—LIGHT. And when I saw the moon high, clear, and calm, I felt a joy that almost compensated for the previous terror. There was the moon, there was also the light from the gas-lamps in the deserted slumberous street. I turned to look back into the room; the moon penetrated its shadow very palely and partially—but still there was light. The dark Thing, whatever it might be, was gone—except that I could yet see a dim shadow, which seemed the shadow of that shade, against the opposite wall.

My eye now rested on the table, and from under the table (which was without cloth or cover—an old mahogany round table) there rose a hand, visible as far as the wrist. It was a hand, seemingly, as much of flesh and blood as my own, but the hand of an aged person—lean, wrinkled, small too—a woman's hand. That hand very softly closed on the two letters that lay on the table: hand and letters both vanished. There then came the same three loud measured knocks I had heard at the bed-head before this extraordinary drama had commenced.

As those sounds slowly ceased, I felt the whole room vibrate sensibly; and at the far end there rose, as from the floor, sparks or globules like bubbles of light, many-colored—green, yellow, fire-red, azure. Up and down, to and fro, hither, thither, as tiny Will-o'-the-wisps, the sparks moved, slow or swift, each at its own caprice. A chair (as in the drawing-room below) was now advanced from the wall without apparent agency, and placed at the opposite side of the table. Suddenly as forth from the chair, there grew a Shape—a woman's shape. It was distinct as a shape of life—ghastly as a shape of death. The face was that of youth, with a strange mournful beauty; the throat and shoulders were bare, the rest of the form in a loose robe of cloudy white. It began sleeking its long yellow hair, which fell over its shoulders; its eyes were not turned towards me, but to the door; it seemed listening, watching, waiting. The shadow of the shade in the background grew darker; and again I thought I beheld the eyes gleaming out from the summit of the shadow—eyes fixed upon that shape.

As if from the door, though it did not open, there grew out another shape, equally distinct, equally ghastly—a man's shape—a young man's. It was in the dress of the last century, or rather in a likeness of such dress; for both the male shape and the female, though defined, were evidently unsubstantial, impalpable—simulacra—phantasms; and there was something incongruous, grotesque, yet fearful, in the contrast between the elaborate finery, the courtly precision of that old-fashioned garb, with its ruffles and lace and buckles, and the corpse-like aspect and ghost-like stillness of the fitting wearer. Just as the male shape approached the female, the dark Shadow started from the wall, all three for a moment wrapped in darkness. When the pale light returned, the two phantoms were as if in the grasp of the Shadow that towered between them; and there was a blood-stain on the breast of the female; and the phantom-male was leaning on its phantom sword, and blood seemed trickling fast from the ruffles, from the lace; and the darkness of the intermediate Shadow swallowed them up—they were gone. And again the bubbles of light shot, and sailed, and undulated, growing thicker

and thicker and more wildly confused in their movements.

The closet door to the right of the fireplace now opened, and from the aperture there came the form of a woman, aged. In her hand she held letters—the very letters over which I had seen *the* Hand close; and behind her I heard a footstep. She turned round as if to listen, and then she opened the letters and seemed to read; and over her shoulder I saw a livid face, the face as of a man long drowned—bloated, bleached—sea-weed tangled in its dripping hair; and at her feet lay a form as of a corpse, and beside the corpse there cowered a child, a miserable squalid child, with famine in its cheeks and fear in its eyes. And as I looked in the old woman's face, the wrinkles and lines vanished, and it became a face of youth—hard-eyed, stony, but still youth; and the Shadow darted forth, and darkened over these phantoms as it had darkened over the last.

Nothing now was left but the Shadow, and on that my eyes were intently fixed, till again eyes grew out of the shadow—malignant, serpent eyes. And the bubbles of light again rose and fell, and in their disordered, irregular, turbulent maze, mingled with the wan moonlight. And now from these globules themselves, as from the shell of an egg, monstrous things burst out; the air grew filled with them; larvæ so bloodless and so hideous that I can in no way describe them except to remind the reader of the swarming life which the solar microscope brings before his eyes in a drop of water—things transparent, supple, agile, chasing each other, devouring each other—forms like naught ever beheld by the naked eye. As the shapes were without symmetry, so their movements were without order. In their very vagrancies there was no sport; they came round me and round, thicker and faster and swifter, swarming over my head, crawling over my right arm, which was outstretched in involuntary command against all evil beings. Sometimes I felt myself touched, but not by them; invisible hands touched me. Once I felt the clutch as of cold soft fingers at my throat. I was still equally conscious that if I gave way to fear I should be in bodily peril; and I concentrated all my faculties in the single focus of resisting, stubborn will. And I turned my sight from the Shadow

—above, all from those strange serpent eyes—eyes that had now become distinctly visible. For there, though in naught else around me, I was aware that there was a WILL, and a will of intense, creative, working evil, which might crush down my own.

The pale atmosphere in the room began now to redden as if in the air of some near conflagration. The larvæ grew lurid as things that live in fire. Again the room vibrated; again were heard the three measured knocks; and again all things were swallowed up in the darkness of the dark shadow, as if out of that darkness all had come, into that darkness all returned.

As the gloom receded, the Shadow was wholly gone. Slowly as it had been withdrawn, the flame grew again into the candles on the table, again into the fuel in the grate. The whole room came once more calmly, healthfully into sight.

The two doors were still closed, the door communicating with the servant's room still locked. In the corner of the wall, into which he had so convulsively niched himself, lay the dog. I called to him—no movement; I approached—the animal was dead; his eyes protruded; his tongue out of his mouth; the froth gathered round his jaws. I took him in my arms; I brought him to the fire; I felt acute grief for the loss of my poor favorite—acute self-reproach; I accused myself of his death; I imagined he had died of fright. But what was my surprise on finding that his neck was actually broken—actually twisted out of the vertebræ. Had this been done in the dark?—must it not have been by a hand human as mine?—must there not have been a human agency all the while in that room? Good cause to suspect it. I can not tell. I can not do more than state the fact fairly; the reader may draw his own inference.

Another surprising circumstance—my watch was restored to the table from which it had been so mysteriously withdrawn; but it had stopped at the very moment it was so withdrawn; nor, despite all the skill of the watchmaker, has it ever gone since—that is, it will go in a strange erratic way for a few hours, and then comes to a dead stop—it is worthless.

Nothing more chanced for the rest of the night. Nor, indeed, had I long to wait before the dawn broke. Not till it

was broad daylight did I quit the haunted house. Before I did so, I revisited the little blind room in which my servant and myself had been for a time imprisoned. I had a strong impression—for which I could not account—that from that room had originated the mechanism of the phenomena—if I may use the term—which had been experienced in my chamber. And though I entered it now in the clear day, with the sun peering through the filmy window, I still felt, as I stood on its floor, the creep of the horror which I had first there experienced the night before, and which had been so much aggravated by what had passed in my own chamber. I could not, indeed, bear to stay more than half a minute within those walls. I descended the stairs, and again I heard the footfall before me; and when I opened the street-door, I thought I could distinguish a very low laugh. I gained my own home, expecting to find my runaway servant there. But he had not presented himself; nor did I hear more of him for three days, when I received a letter from him, dated from Liverpool, to this effect:

“HONORED SIR: I humbly entreat your pardon, though I can scarcely hope that you will think I deserve it, unless—which Heaven forbid!—you saw what I did. I feel that it will be years before I can recover myself; and as to being fit for service, it is out of the question. I am therefore going to my brother-in-law at Melbourne. The ship sails to-morrow. Perhaps the long voyage may set me up. I do nothing now but start and tremble, and fancy it is behind me. I humbly beg you, honored sir, to order my clothes, and whatever wages are due to me, to be sent to my mother's, at Walworth—John knows her address.”

The letter ended with additional apologies, somewhat incoherent, and explanatory details as to effects that had been under the writer's charge.

This flight may perhaps warrant a suspicion that the man wished to go to Australia, and had been somehow or other fraudulently mixed up with the events of the night. I say nothing in refutation of that conjecture; rather, I suggest it as one that would seem to many persons the most probable solution of improbable occurrences. My own theory remained unshaken. I returned in the evening to the house, to bring away in a hack cab the

things I had left there, with my poor dog's body. In this task I was not disturbed, nor did any incident worth note befall me, except that still, on ascending and descending the stairs, I heard the same footfall in advance. On leaving the house, I went to Mr. J——'s. He was at home. I returned him the keys, told him that my curiosity was sufficiently gratified, and was about to relate quickly what had passed, when he stopped me, and said, though with much politeness, that he had no longer any interest in a mystery which none had ever solved.

I determined at least to tell him of the two letters I had read, as well as of the extraordinary manner in which they had disappeared, and I then inquired if he thought they had been addressed to the woman who had died in the house, and if there were any thing in her early history which could possibly confirm the dark suspicions to which the letters gave rise. Mr. J—— seemed startled, and, after musing a few moments, answered: "I know but little of the woman's earlier history, except, as I before told you, that her family were known to mine. But you revive some vague reminiscences to her prejudice. I will make inquiries and inform you of their result. Still, even if we could admit the popular superstition that a person who had been either the perpetrator or the victim of dark crimes in life could revisit, as a restless spirit, the scene in which those crimes had been committed, I should observe that the house was infested by strange sights and sounds before the old woman died—you smile—what would you say?"

"I would say this, that I am convinced, if we could get to the bottom of these mysteries, we should find a living human agency."

"What! you believe it is all an imposture? for what object?"

"Not an imposture in the ordinary sense of the word. If suddenly I were to sink into a deep sleep, from which you could not awake me, but in that sleep could answer questions with an accuracy which I could not pretend to when awake—tell you what money you had in your pocket—nay, describe your very thoughts—it is not necessarily an imposture, any more than it is necessarily supernatural. I should be, unconsciously to myself, under a mesmeric influence, conveyed to me from a distance by a human being who

had acquired power over me by previous *rapport*."

"Granting mesmerism, so far carried, to be a fact, you are right. And you would infer from this that a mesmerizer might produce the extraordinary effects you and others have witnessed over inanimate objects—fill the air with sights and sounds?"

"Or impress our senses with the belief in them—we never having been *en rapport* with the person acting on us? No. What is commonly called mesmerism could not do this; but there may be a power akin to mesmerism, and superior to it—the power that in the old days was called Magic. That such a power may extend to all inanimate objects of matter, I do not say; but if so, it would not be against nature, only a rare power in nature which might be given to constitutions with certain peculiarities, and cultivated by practice to an extraordinary degree. That such a power might extend over the dead—that is, over certain thoughts and memories that the dead may still retain—and compel, not that which ought properly to be called the Soul, and which is far beyond human reach, but rather a phantom of what has been most earth-stained on earth, to make itself apparent to our senses—is a very ancient though obsolete theory, upon which I will hazard no opinion. But I do not conceive the power would be supernatural. Let me illustrate what I mean from an experiment which Paracelsus describes as not difficult, and which the author of the *Curiosities of Literature* cites as credible: A flower perishes; you burn it. Whatever were the elements of that flower while it lived are gone, dispersed, you know not whither; you can never discover nor re-collect them. But you can, by chemistry, out of the burnt dust of that flower, raise a spectrum of the flower, just as it seemed in life. It may be the same with a human being. The soul has as much escaped you as the essence or elements of the flower. Still you may make a spectrum of it. And this phantom, though in the popular superstition it is held to be the soul of the departed, must not be confounded with the true soul; it is but the eidolon of the dead form. Hence, like the best-attested stories of ghosts or spirits, the thing that most strikes us is the absence of what we hold to be soul—that is, of superior eman-

cipated intelligence. They come for little or no object; they seldom speak, if they do come; they utter no ideas above that of an ordinary person on earth. These American spirit-seers have published volumes of communications in prose and verse, which they assert to be given in the names of the most illustrious dead—Shakspeare, Bacon—Heaven knows whom. Those communications, taking the best, are certainly not a whit of higher order than would be communications from living persons of fair talent and education; they are wondrously inferior to what Bacon, Shakspeare, and Plato said and wrote when on earth. Nor, what is more notable, do they ever contain an idea that was not on the earth before. Wonderful, therefore, as such phenomena may be, (granting them to be truthful,) I see much that philosophy may question, nothing that it is incumbent on philosophy to deny—namely, nothing supernatural. They are but ideas conveyed somehow or other (we have not yet discovered the means) from one mortal brain to another. Whether in so doing, tables walk of their own accord, or fiend-like shapes appear in a magic circle, or bodiless hands rise and remove material objects, or a Thing of Darkness, such as presented itself to me, freeze our blood—still am I persuaded that these are but agencies conveyed, as by electric wires, to my own brain from the brain of another. In some constitutions there is a natural chemistry, and those may produce chemic wonders—in others a natural fluid, call it electricity, and these produce electric wonders. But they differ in this from Normal Science—they are alike objectless, purposeless, puerile, frivolous. They lead on to no grand results; and therefore the world does not heed, and true sages have not cultivated them. But sure I am, that of all I saw or heard, a man, human as myself, was the remote originator; and I believe unconsciously to himself as to the exact effects produced, for this reason: No two persons, you say, have ever told you that they experienced exactly the same thing. Well, observe, no two persons ever experience exactly the same dream. If this were an ordinary imposture, the machinery would be arranged for results that would but little vary; if it were a supernatural agency permitted by the Almighty, it would surely be for some definite end. These phenomena be-

long to neither class; my persuasion is, that they originate in some brain now far distant; that that brain had no distinct volition in any thing that occurred; that what does occur reflects but its devious, motley, ever-shifting, half-formed thoughts; in short, that it has been but the dreams of such a brain put into action and invested with a semi-substance. That this brain is of immense power, that it can set matter into movement, that it is malignant and destructive, I believe; some material force must have killed my dog; it might, for aught I know, have sufficed to kill myself, had I been as subjugated by terror as the dog—had my intellect or my spirit given me no countervailing resistance in my will."

"It killed your dog! that is fearful! indeed it is strange that no animal can be induced to stay in that house; not even a cat. Rats and mice are never found in it."

"The instincts of the brute creation detect influences deadly to their existence. Man's reason has a sense less subtle, because it has a resisting power more supreme. But enough; do you comprehend my theory?"

"Yes, though imperfectly—and I accept any crotchet, (pardon the word,) however odd, rather than embrace at once the notion of ghosts and hobgoblins we imbibed in our nurseries. Still, to my unfortunate house the evil is the same. What on earth can I do with the house?"

"I will tell you what I would do. I am convinced from my own internal feelings, that the small unfurnished room at right angles to the door of the bed-room, which I occupied, forms a starting-point or receptacle for the influences which haunt the house; and I strongly advise you to have the walls opened, the floor removed—nay, the whole room pulled down. I observe that it is detached from the body of the house, built over the small back-yard, and could be removed without injury to the rest of the building."

"And you think, if I did that—"

"You would cut off the telegraphic wires. Try it. I am so persuaded that I am right, that I will pay half the expense if you will allow me to direct the operations."

"Nay, I am well able to afford the cost; for the rest, allow me to write to you."

About ten days after words I received a letter from Mr. J——, telling me that he



had visited the house since I had seen him; that he had found the two letters I had described, replaced in the drawer from which I had taken them; that he had read them with misgivings like my own; that he had instituted a cautious inquiry about the woman to whom I rightly conjectured they had been written. It seemed that thirty-six years ago, (a year before the date of the letters,) she had married, against the wish of her relatives, an American of very suspicious character; in fact, he was generally believed to have been a pirate. She herself was the daughter of very respectable tradespeople, and had served in the capacity of a nursery governess before her marriage. She had a brother, a widower, who was considered wealthy, and who had one child of about six years old. A month after the marriage, the body of this brother was found in the Thames, near London Bridge; there seemed some marks of violence about his throat, but they were not deemed sufficient to warrant the inquest in any other verdict than that of "found drowned."

The American and his wife took charge of the little boy, the deceased brother having by his will left his sister the guardian of his only child—and in event of the child's death, the sister inherited. The child died about six months afterwards—it was supposed to have been neglected and ill-treated. The neighbors deposed to have heard it shriek at night. The surgeon who had examined it after death, said that it was emaciated as if from want of nourishment, and the body was covered with livid bruises. It seemed that one winter night the child had sought to escape—crept out into the back-yard—tried to scale the wall—fallen back exhausted, and been found at morning on the stones in a dying state. But though there was some evidence of cruelty, there was none of murder; and the aunt and her husband had sought to palliate cruelty by alleging the exceeding stubbornness and perversity of the child, who was declared to be half-witted. Be that as it may, at the orphan's death the aunt inherited her brother's fortune. Before the first wedded year was out, the American quitted England abruptly, and never returned to it. He obtained a cruising vessel, which was lost in the Atlantic two years afterwards. The widow was left in affluence; but reverses of various kinds

had befallen her: a bank broke—an investment failed—she went into a small business and became insolvent—then she entered into service, sinking lower and lower, from housekeeper down to maid-of-all-work—never long retaining a place, though nothing peculiar against her character was ever alleged. She was considered sober, honest, and peculiarly quiet in her ways; still nothing prospered with her. And so she had dropped into the workhouse, from which Mr. J— had taken her, to be placed in charge of the very house which she had rented as mistress in the first year of her wedded life.

Mr. J— added that he had passed an hour alone in the unfurnished room which I had urged him to destroy, and that his impressions of dread while there were so great, though he had neither heard nor seen any thing, that he was eager to have the walls bared and the floors removed as I had suggested. He had engaged persons for the work, and would commence any day I would name.

The day was accordingly fixed. I repaired to the haunted house—we went into the blind dreary room, took up the skirting, and then the floors. Under the rafters, covered with rubbish, was found a trap-door, quite large enough to admit a man. It was closely nailed down, with clamps and rivets of iron. On removing these we descended into a room below, the existence of which had never been suspected. In this room there had been a window and a flue, but they had been bricked over, evidently for many years. By the help of candles we examined this place; it still retained some moldering furniture—three chairs, an oak settle, a table—all of the fashion of about eighty years ago. There was a chest of drawers against the wall, in which we found, half-rotted away, old-fashioned articles of a man's dress, such as might have been worn eighty or a hundred years ago by a gentleman of some rank—costly steel buckles and buttons, like those yet worn in court-dresses—a handsome court sword—in a waistcoat which had once been rich with gold-lace, but which was now blackened and foul with damp, we found five guineas, a few silver coins, and an ivory ticket, probably for some place of entertainment long since passed away. But our main discovery was in a kind of iron safe fixed to the wall, the lock of

which it cost us much trouble to get picked.

In this safe were three shelves and two small drawers. Ranged on the shelves were several small bottles of crystal, hermetically stopped. They contained colorless volatile essences, of what nature I shall say no more than that they were not poisons—phosphor and ammonia entered into some of them. There were also some very curious glass tubes, and a small pointed rod of iron, with a large lump of rock-crystal, and another of amber—also a loadstone of great power.

In one of the drawers we found a miniature portrait set in gold, and retaining the freshness of its colors most remarkably, considering the length of time it had probably been there. The portrait was that of a man who might be somewhat advanced in middle life, perhaps forty-seven or forty-eight.

It was a most peculiar face—a most impressive face. If you could fancy some mighty serpent transformed into man, preserving in the human lineaments the old serpent type, you would have a better idea of that countenance than long descriptions can convey: the width and flatness of frontal—the tapering elegance of contour disguising the strength of the deadly jaw—the long, large, terrible eye, glittering and green as the emerald—and withal a certain ruthless calm, as if from the consciousness of an immense power. The strange thing was this—the instant I saw the miniature I recognized a startling likeness to one of the rarest portraits in the world—the portrait of a man of rank only below that of royalty, who in his own day had made a considerable noise. History says little or nothing of him; but search the correspondence of his contemporaries, and you find reference to his wild daring, his bold profligacy, his restless spirit, his taste for the occult sciences. While still in the meridian of life he died and was buried, so say the chronicles, in a foreign land. He died in time to escape the grasp of the law, for he was accused of crimes which would have given him to the headsman. After his death, the portraits of him, which had been numerous, for he had been a munificent encourager of art, were bought up and destroyed—it was supposed by his heirs, who might have been glad could they have razed his very name from their splendid line. He had enjoyed a vast wealth; a large por-

tion of this was believed to have been embezzled by a favorite astrologer or soothsayer—at all events, it had unaccountably vanished at the time of his death. One portrait alone of him was supposed to have escaped the general destruction; I had seen it in the house of a collector some months before. It had made on me a wonderful impression, as it does on all who behold it—a face never to be forgotten; and there was that face in the miniature that lay within my hand. True, that in the miniature the man was a few years older than in the portrait I had seen, or than the original was even at the time of his death. But a few years! why, between the date in which flourished that direful noble and the date in which the miniature was evidently painted, there was an interval of more than two centuries. While I was thus gazing, silent and wondering, Mr. J—— said:

“But is it possible? I have known this man.”

“How—where?” cried I.

“In India. He was high in the confidence of the Rajah of —, and well-nigh drew him into a revolt which would have lost the Rajah his dominions. The man was a Frenchman—his name de V——, clever, bold, lawless. We insisted on his dismissal and banishment: it must be the same man—no two faces like his—yet this miniature seems nearly a hundred years old.”

Mechanically I turned round the miniature to examine the back of it, and on the back was engraved a pentacle; in the middle of the pentacle a ladder, and the third step of the ladder was formed by the date 1765. Examining still more minutely, I detected a spring: this, on being pressed, opened the back of the miniature as a lid. Within-side the lid was engraved “Mariana to thee—Be faithful in life and in death to —.” Here follows a name that I will not mention, but it was not unfamiliar to me. I had heard it spoken of by old men in my childhood as the name borne by a dazzling charlatan, who had made a great sensation in London for a year or so, and had fled the country on the charge of a double murder within his own house—that of his mistress and his rival. I said nothing of this to Mr. J——, to whom reluctantly I resigned the miniature.

We had found no difficulty in opening the first drawer within the iron safe; we

found great difficulty in opening the second: it was not locked, but it resisted all efforts, till we inserted in the chinks the edge of a chisel. When we had thus drawn it forth, we found a very singular apparatus in the nicest order. Upon a small thin book, or rather tablet, was placed a saucer of crystal; this saucer was filled with a clear liquid — on that liquid floated a kind of compass, with a needle shifting rapidly round, but instead of the usual points of a compass were seven strange characters, not very unlike those used by astrologers to denote the planets. A very peculiar, but not strong nor displeasing odor, came from this drawer, which was lined with a wood that we afterwards discovered to be hazel. Whatever the cause of this odor, it produced a material effect on the nerves. We all felt it, even the two workmen who were in the room — a creeping tingling sensation from the tips of the fingers to the roots of the hair. Impatient to examine the tablet, I removed the saucer. As I did so the needle of the compass went round and round with exceeding swiftness, and I felt a shock that ran through my whole frame, so that I dropped the saucer on the floor. The liquid was spilt — the saucer was broken — the compass rolled to the end of the room — and at that instant the walls shook to and fro, as if a giant had swayed and rocked them.

The two workmen were so frightened that they ran up the ladder by which we had descended from the trap-door; but seeing that nothing more happened, they were easily induced to return.

Meanwhile I had opened the tablet: it was bound in a plain red leather, with a silver clasp; it contained but one sheet of thick vellum, and on that sheet were inscribed, within a double pentacle, words in old monkish Latin, which are literally to be translated thus: "On all that it can reach within these walls — sentient or inanimate, living or dead — as moves the needle, so work my will! Accursed be the house, and restless the dwellers therein."

We found no more. Mr. J — burnt the tablet and its anathema. He razed to the foundations the part of the building containing the secret room with the chamber over it. He had then the courage to inhabit the house himself for a month, and a quieter, better-conditioned house could not be found in all London.

Subsequently he let it to advantage, and his tenant has made no complaints.

But my story is not yet done. A few days after Mr. J — had removed into the house, I paid him a visit. We were standing by the open window and conversing. A van containing some articles of furniture which he was moving from his former house was at the door. I had just urged on him my theory, that all those phenomena regarded as supermundane had emanated from a human brain; adducing the charm or rather curse we had found and destroyed in support of my philosophy. Mr. J — was observing in reply, "That even if mesmerism, or whatever analogous power it might be called, could really thus work in the absence of the operator, and produce effects so extraordinary, still could those effects continue when the operator himself was dead? and if the spell had been wrought, and, indeed, the room walled up, more than seventy years ago, the probability was, that the operator had long since departed this life;" Mr. J —, I say, was thus answering, when I caught hold of his arm and pointed to the street below.

A well-dressed man had crossed from the opposite side, and was accosting the carrier in charge of the van. His face, as he stood, was exactly fronting our window. It was the face of the miniature we had discovered; it was the face of the portrait of the noble three centuries ago.

"Good heavens!" cried Mr. J —, "that is the face of de V —, and scarcely a day older than when I saw it in the Rajah's court in my youth!"

Seized by the same thought, we both hastened down-stairs. I was first in the street; but the man had already gone. I caught sight of him, however, not many yards in advance, and in another moment I was by his side.

I had resolved to speak to him, but when I looked into his face I felt as if it were impossible to do so. That eye — the eye of the serpent — fixed and held me spell-bound. And withal, about the man's whole person there was a dignity, an air of pride and station, and superiority, that would have made any one, habituated to the usages of the world, hesitate long before venturing upon a liberty or impertinence. And what could I say? what was it I would ask? Thus ashamed of my first impulse, I fell a few paces back, still,

however, following the stranger, undecided what else to do. Meanwhile he turned the corner of the street; a plain carriage was in waiting with a servant out of livery dressed like a *valet-de-place* at the carriage-door. In another moment he had stepped into the carriage, and it drove off. I returned to the house. Mr. J—— was still at the street-door. He had asked the carrier what the stranger had said to him.

"Merely asked, whom that house now belonged to."

The same evening I happened to go with a friend to a place in town called the Cosmopolitan Club, a place open to men of all countries, all opinions, all degrees. One orders one's coffee, smokes one's cigar. One is always sure to meet agreeable, sometimes remarkable persons.

I had not been two minutes in the room before I beheld at table, conversing with an acquaintance of mine, whom I will designate by the initial G——, the man—the Original of the Miniature. He was now without his hat, and the likeness was yet more startling, only I observed that while he was conversing there was less severity in the countenance; there was even a smile, though a very quiet and very cold one. The dignity of mien I had acknowledged in the street was also more striking; a dignity akin to that which invests some prince of the East—conveying the idea of supreme indifference and habitual, indisputable, indolent, but resistless power.

G—— soon after left the stranger, who then took up a scientific journal, which seemed to absorb his attention.

I drew G—— aside—"Who and what is that gentleman?"

"That? Oh! a very remarkable man, indeed. I met him last year amidst the caves of Petra—the scriptural Edom. He is the best Oriental scholar I know. We joined company, had an adventure with robbers, in which he showed a coolness that saved our lives; afterwards he invited me to spend a day with him in a house he had bought at Damascus—a house buried amongst almond-blossoms and roses—the most beautiful thing! He had lived there for some years, quite as an Oriental, in grand style. I half suspect he is a renegade, immensely rich, very odd; by the by, agreeable mesmerizer; I have seen him with my own eyes produce

an effect on inanimate things. If you take a letter from your pocket and throw it to the other end of the room, he will order it to come to his feet, and you will see the letter wriggle itself along the floor till it has obeyed his command. 'Pon my honor 'tis true: I have seen him affect even the weather, disperse or collect clouds, by means of a glass tube or wand. But he does not like talking of these matters to strangers. He has only just arrived in England; says he has not been here for a great many years; let me introduce him to you."

"Certainly! He is English then? What is his name?"

"Oh!—a very homely one—Richards."

"And what is his birth—his family?"

"How do I know? What does it signify? no doubt some parvenu, but rich—so infernally rich!"

G—— drew me up to the stranger, and the introduction was effected. The manners of Mr. Richards were not those of an adventurous traveler. Travelers are in general constitutionally gifted with high animal spirits; they are talkative, eager, imperious. Mr. Richards was calm and subdued in tone, with manners which were made distant by the loftiness of punctilious courtesy—the manners of a former age. I observed that the English he spoke was not exactly of our day. I should even have said that the accent was slightly foreign. But then Mr. Richards remarked that he had been little in the habit for many years of speaking in his native tongue. The conversation fell upon the changes in the aspect of London since he had last visited our metropolis. G—— then glanced off to the moral changes—literary, social, political—the great men who were removed from the stage within the last twenty years—the new great men who were coming on. In all this Mr. Richards evinced no interest. He had evidently read none of our living authors, and seemed scarcely acquainted by name with our younger statesmen. Once and only once he laughed; it was when G—— asked him whether he had any thoughts of getting into Parliament. And the laugh was inward—sarcastic—sinister—a sneer raised into a laugh. After a few minutes G—— left us, to talk to some other acquaintances who had just lounged into the room, and I then said quietly,

"I have seen a miniature of you, Mr.

Richards, in the house you once inhabited, and perhaps built, if not wholly, at least in part, in — street. You passed by that house this morning."

Not till I had finished did I raise my eyes to his, and then his fixed my gaze so steadfastly that I could not withdraw it—those fascinating serpent eyes. But involuntarily, and as if the words that translated my thought were dragged from me, I added in a low whisper: "I have been a student in the mysteries of life and nature; of those mysteries I have known the occult professor. I have the right to speak to you thus." And I uttered a certain pass-word.

"Well," said he dryly, "I concede the right—what would you ask?"

"To that extent human will in certain temperaments can extend?"

"To what extent can thought extend? Think, and before you draw breath you are in China!"

"True. But my thought has no power in China!"

"Give it expression, and it may have: you may write down a thought which, sooner or later, may alter the whole condition of China. What is a law but a thought? Therefore thought is infinite—therefore thought has power; not in proportion to its value—a bad thought may make a bad law as potent as a good thought can make a good one."

"Yes, what you say confirms my own theory. Through invisible currents one human brain may transmit its ideas to other human brains with the same rapidity as a thought promulgated by visible means. And as thought is imperishable—as it leaves its stamp behind it in the natural world even when the thinker has passed out of this world—so the thought of the living may have power to rouse up and revive the thoughts of the dead—such as those thoughts *were in life*—though the thought of the living can not reach the thoughts which the dead *now* may entertain. Is it not so?"

"I decline to answer, if in my judgment, thought has the limit you would fix to it; but proceed. You have a special question you wish to put."

"Intense malignity in an intense will, engendered in a peculiar temperament, and aided by natural means within the reach of science, may produce effects like those ascribed of old to evil magic. It might thus haunt the walls of a human

habitation with spectral revivals of all guilty thoughts and guilty deeds once conceived and done within those walls; all, in short, with which the evil will claims *rapport* and affinity—imperfect, incoherent, fragmentary snatches at the old dramas acted therein years ago. Thoughts thus crossing each other haphazard, as in the nightmare of a vision, growing up into phantom sights and sounds, and all serving to create horror, not because those sights and sounds are really visitations from a world without, but that they are ghastly monstrous renewals of what have been in this world itself, set into malignant play by a malignant mortal. And it is through the material agency of that human brain that these things would acquire even a human power—would strike as with the shock of electricity, and might kill, if the thought of the person assailed did not rise superior to the dignity of the original assailer—might kill the most powerful animal if unnerved by fear, but not injure the feeblest man, if, while his flesh crept, his mind stood out fearless. Thus, when in old stories we read of a magician rent to pieces by the fiends he had evoked—or still more, in Eastern legends, that one magician succeeds by arts in destroying another—there may be so far truth, that a material being has clothed, from his own evil propensities, certain elements and fluids, usually quiescent or harmless, with awful shape and terrific force; just as the lightning that had lain hidden and innocent in the cloud becomes by natural law suddenly visible, takes a distinct shape to the eye, and can strike destruction on the object to which it is attracted."

"You are not without glimpses of a very mighty secret," said Mr. Richards, composedly. "According to your view, could a mortal obtain the power you speak of, he would necessarily be a malignant and evil being."

"If the power were exercised as I have said, most malignant and most evil—though I believe in the ancient traditions that he could not injure the good. His will could only injure those with whom it has established an affinity, or over whom it forces unresisted sway. I will now imagine an example that may be within the laws of nature, yet seem wild as the fables of a bewildered monk.

"You will remember that Albertus Magnus, after describing minutely the

process by which spirits may be invoked and commanded, adds emphatically, that the process will instruct and avail only to the few—that a *man must be born a magician*! that is, born with a peculiar physical temperament, as a man is born a poet. Rarely are men with whose constitution lurks this occult power of the highest order of intellect; usually in the intellect there is some twist, perversity, or disease. But, on the other hand, they must possess, to an astonishing degree, the faculty to concentrate thought on a single object—the energetic faculty that we call WILL. Therefore, though their intellect be not sound, it is exceedingly forcible for the attainment of what it desires. I will imagine such a person, preëminently gifted with this constitution and its concomitant forces. I will place him in the loftier grades of society. I will suppose his desires emphatically those of the sensualist—he has, therefore, a strong love of life. He is an absolute egotist—his will is concentrated in himself—he has fierce passions—he knows no enduring, no holy affections, but he can covet eagerly what for the moment he desires—he can hate implacably what opposes itself to his objects—he can commit fearful crimes, yet feel small remorse—he resorts rather to curses upon others, than to penitence for his misdeeds. Circumstances, to which his constitution guides him, lead him to a rare knowledge of the natural secrets which may serve his egotism. He is a close observer where his passions encourage observation, he is a minute calculator, not from love of truth, but where love of self sharpens his faculties—therefore he can be a man of science. I suppose such a being, having by experience learned the power of his arts over others, trying what may be the power of will over his own frame, and studying all that in natural philosophy may increase that power. He loves life, he dreads death; *he wills to live on*. He can not restore himself to youth, he can not entirely stay the progress of death, he can not make himself immortal in the flesh and blood; but he may arrest for a time so prolonged as to appear incredible, if I said it—that hardening of the parts which constitutes old age. A year may age him no more than an hour ages another. His intense will, scientifically trained into system, operates, in short, over the wear and tear of his own frame. He lives on. That he may

not seem a portent and a miracle, he *dies* from time to time, seemingly, to certain persons. Having schemed the transfer of a wealth that suffices to his wants, he disappears from one corner of the world, and contrives that his obsequies shall be celebrated. He reappears at another corner of the world, where he resides undetected, and does not visit the scenes of his former career till all who could remember his features are no more. He would be profoundly miserable if he had affections—he has none but for himself. No good man would accept his longevity, and to no men, good or bad, would he or could he communicate its true secret. Such a man might exist; such a man as I have described I see now before me! Duke of —, in the court of —, dividing time between lust and brawl, alchemists and wizards; again, in the last century, charlatan and criminal, with name less noble, domiciled in the house at which you gazed to-day, and flying from the law you had outraged, none knew whither; traveler once more revisiting London, with the same earthly passions which filled your heart when races now no more walked through yonder streets; outlaw from the school of all the nobler and diviner mystics; execrable Image of Life in Death and Death in Life. I warn you back from the cities and homes of healthful men; back to the ruins of departed empires; back to the deserts of nature unredeemed!"

There answered me a whisper so musical, so potently musical, that it seemed to enter into my whole being, and subdue me despite myself. Thus it said:

"I have sought one like you for the last hundred years. Now I have found you, we part not till I know what I desire. The vision that sees through the Past, and cleaves through the veil of the Future, is in you at this hour; never before, never to come again. This vision of no puling fantastic girl, of no sick-bed somnambule, but of a strong man, with a vigorous brain. Soar and look forth!"

As he spoke I felt as if I rose out of myself upon eagle wings. All the weight seemed gone from air—roofless the room, roofless the dome of space. I was not in the body—where, I knew not—but aloft over time, over earth.

Again I heard the melodious whisper—"You say right. I have mastered great secrets by the power of Will; true, by

Will and by Science I can retard the process of years: but death comes not by age alone. Can I frustrate the accidents which bring death upon the young?"

"No; every accident is a providence. Before a providence snaps every human will."

"Shall I die at last, ages and ages hence, by the slow, though inevitable, growth of time, or by the cause that I call accident?"

"By a cause you call accident."

"Is not the end still remote?" asked the whisper, with a slight tremor.

"Regarded as my life regards time, it is still remote."

"And shall I, before then, mix with the world of men as I did ere I learned these secrets, resume eager interest in their strife and their trouble—battle with ambition, and use the power of the sage to win the power that belongs to kings?"

"You will yet play a part on the earth that will fill earth with commotion and amaze. For wondrous designs have you, a wonder yourself, been permitted to live on through the centuries. All the secrets you have stored will then have their uses—all that now makes you a stranger amidst the generations will contribute then to make you their lord. As the trees and the straws are drawn into a whirlpool—as they spin round, are sucked to the deep, and again tossed aloft by the eddies, so shall races and thrones be plucked into the charm of your vortex. Awful Destroyer—but in destroying, made, against your own will, a Constructor!"

"And that date, too, is far off?"

"Far off; when it comes, think your end in this world is at hand!"

"How and what is the end? Look east, west, south, and north."

"In the north, where you never yet trod—towards the point whence your instincts have warned you, there a spectre will seize you. 'Tis Death! I see a ship—it is haunted—'tis chased—it sails on. Baffled navies sail after that ship. It enters the region of ice. It passes a sky red with meteors. Two moons stand on high, over ice-reefs. I see the ship locked between white defiles—they are ice-rocks. I see the dead strew the decks—stark and livid, green mould on their limbs. All are dead but one man—it is you! But years, though so slowly they come, have then scathed you. There is the

coming of age on your brow, and the will is relaxed in the cells of the brain. Still that will, though enfeebled, exceeds all that man knew before you, through the will you live on, gnawed with famine: And nature no longer obeys you in that death-spreading region; the sky is a sky of iron, and the air has iron clamps, and the ice-rocks wedge in the ship. Hark how it cracks and groans. Ice will imbed it as amber imbeds a straw. And a man has gone forth, living yet, from the ship and its dead; and he has clambered up the spikes of an iceberg, and the two moons gaze down on his form. That man is yourself; and terror is on you—terror, and terror has swallowed your will. And I see swarming up the steep ice-rock, gray grizzly things. The bears of the north have scented their quarry—they come near you and nearer, shambling and rolling their bulk. And in that day every moment shall seem to you longer than the centuries through which you have passed. And heed this—after life, moments continued make the bliss or the hell of eternity."

"Hush," said the whisper; "but the day, you assure me, is far off—very far! I go back to the almond and rose of Damascus! sleep!"

The room swam before my eyes. I became insensible. When I recovered, I found G— holding my hand and smiling. He said: "You who have always declared yourself proof against mesmerism, have succumbed at last to my friend Richards."

"Where is Mr. Richards?"

"Gone, when you passed into a trance—saying quietly to me: 'Your friend will not wake for an hour.'"

I asked, as collectedly as I could, where Mr. Richards lodged.

"At the Trafalgar Hotel."

"Give me your arm," said I to G—, "let us call on him; I have something to say."

When we arrived at the hotel, we were told that Mr. Richards had returned twenty minutes before, paid his bill, left directions with his servant (a Greek) to pack his effects, and proceed to Malta by the steamer that should leave Southampton the next day. Mr. Richards had merely said of his own movements, that he had visits to pay in the neighborhood of London, and it was uncertain whether he should be able to reach Southampton

in time for that steamer; if not, he should follow in the next one.

The waiter asked me my name. On my informing him, he gave me a note that Mr. Richards had left for me, in case I called.

The note was as follows: "I wished you to utter what was in your mind. You obeyed. I have therefore established power over you: For three months from this day you can communicate to no living man what has passed between us—you can not even show this note to the friend by your side. During three months,

silence complete as to me and mine. Do you doubt my power to lay on you this command? try to disobey me. At the end of the third month, the spell is raised. For the rest I spare you. I shall visit your grave a year and a day after it has received you."

So ends this strange story, which I ask no one to believe. I write it down exactly three months after I received the above note. I could not write it before, nor could I show to G——, in spite of his urgent request, the note which I read under the gas-lamp by his side.

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From the Dublin University Magazine.

## THE POET'S BELFRY.

BY JAMES ORTON, AUTHOR OF "THE THREE PALACES," ETC.

Up, high up in the Poet's mind  
The Belfry bells are ringing,  
The bells are ever swinging,  
Swinging rhymes,  
In silver chimes,  
Telling of past or future times;  
But ever the bells are ringing!

But the sound of a deadly tolling  
Comes down in muffled rolling;  
There's something dark in the shadowy air—  
Something shading the Belfry there—  
And thick, and slow,  
The black notes flow,  
Down o'er the vaulted heart below.

The bells are dumb in the Belfry tower,  
No sounds float down in a silver shower;  
The bells are eaten with rust,  
The wheels, and the ropes, are whitened  
with must;  
But over the sepulchred heart a flower—  
A flower of Hope—floats up to the light,  
Its whitened umbels gleam through the  
night;

And now the joyous singing  
Of the Seraphs of Hope is ringing,  
And vibrates, till a swinging  
Is seen in the Belfry tower.

How high hath grown the Belfry tower!  
Far up and away from the realms of sense;  
Its notes now faintly seem to shower  
From the gossamer chords of somnolence.  
But, this is the song the Poet sings,  
When Woe unteaches the self-taught song;  
When Faith comes down from Heaven and  
brings  
The still small voice, for the iron tongue:  
The bells hang high,  
Far up in the sky,  
But grand though faint is their minstrelsy!

Up, high up in the Poet's mind  
The Belfry bells are ringing,  
The bells are ever swinging,  
Swinging rhymes,  
In silver chimes,  
Telling of past or future times,  
But ever they tell of the golden climes,  
Where, ever the bells are ringing.



From the Dublin University Magazine

## THE LEGEND OF THE GOLDEN PRAYERS, AND OTHER POEMS.\*

THE reason of a woman's poetry being generally true to nature and humanity, so far as she touches it, is, that she is throughout tender; for tenderness is a deep characteristic of truth. For example: a woman writing of a child or a sufferer is almost invariably happy in her expressions. No learning, no peculiarity of life, can divest her of this. Few women have had so decided an education as Mrs. Browning; yet how perfect, how delicately close to human nature is the scene with Marion's child in *Aurora Leigh*. And so, though a woman may not suggest to us strong or metaphysical thought, yet within her own limits she is true. This is the cause why female poetry is always worth reading once.

But when a woman has gone beyond this, and not content with educating her heart, trains her intellect, and by its help cultivates her imagination, then her poetry becomes, like that of Mrs. Hemans, a household word. This is the excellence of Mrs. Alexander. She has ennobled imagination, whose source is in the heart, with the culture of reason. She has pruned that luxuriance of images, that wild growth of unchosen words which producing want of dignity and weight of thought, are the great and common faults of Poetasters. She has studied expression, and added a metrical training to her natural power of rhythm, and the result is a volume of poems which the world will welcome.

It is always difficult to review a number of detached poems. The critic has no settled foundation to build his thoughts upon. No sooner has he erected a little edifice of praise or censure on one subject, than he is obliged to begin another. Therefore to concentrate a review on a book of this class, we must lay a foundation of our own; and the first which has

occurred to us is to investigate the general characteristics of Mrs. Alexander's genius. These we will illustrate from her poems, and thus we may hope to give the public a fair conception of her book.

We begin with womanliness. These poems are womanly in the highest and truest sense. There is no false sentiment; there is no morbid perversion of feminine powers. Her idea of self-sacrifice is not wrought into a false image of the virtue, as the French authors have attempted. Her idea of justice is not pushed beyond the limits of human infirmity. Her tenderness is not degraded into a weak excuse of wrong. Her sympathy does not degenerate into mere philanthropy. In a word—her feelings are not the guide either of her reason or her conscience. With this preface we proceed to the poems.

It is womanliness which sees in "Southey's" grave no lonely spot, but a hallowed hillock haunted by the love of winds and sunbeams. It is womanlike to feel that he was not dead, but only sleeping, while nature led all her handmaids forth to soothe his slumber: she could not but feel that all around was sympathizing with the poet's heart; that all the heights, and clouds, and waters were beautiful for him. It was womanlike to make the poet in his grave the center, the heart, of the landscape—to feel that round it rose the religion of nature—

"By that green grave where daisies grew,  
In Nature's own cathedral laid."

But Mrs. Alexander rises to a far higher strain of poetry in the poem on Mrs. Hemans' grave. These lines, some of the best in the book, are full of true and noble thinking. Escaping from the girlish sentiment, beautiful as it always is, however common, of the poet finding fittest rest in the shade of gentle trees, and with the violet on his tomb, she turns and contemplates the grave of Mrs. Hemans,

\* *The Legend of the Golden Prayers, and other Poems.* By C. F. ALEXANDER. Bell and Daldy, London. 1859.

lying amid the city's roar and surge of men, as a higher and a truer thought. For the loftiest singers have interpreted men rather than nature. So with our authoress:

"Let the poet lie among his brothers,  
Where great words of Christian truth shall  
be;  
He that hath most fellowship with others  
Is most Christ-like in his sympathy.

"And all Nature's charms, the bright, the real  
Are but shadows, though they live and  
move;  
Of his own more beautiful ideal,  
Of his dream of purity and love."

Womanlike, too, is her dislike of conceiving any thing as utterly alone. The Dutch seaman's skeleton found by Lord Dufferin, lying open to the air on a little tongue of icy land, suggests to her a happy subject for a poem; and she paints around him the everlasting ice, and coruscating skies, as he slumbered where

—"Only the shy reindeer made  
In the black moss a trace,  
Or the white bears came out and played  
In sunshine by the place."

But, in her pity, she can not leave him there, but weaves around him, in imaginative fancy, the dreams of home and the love of women.

Womanlike, too, is her sympathy, and when that is so deep as to get into the heart of things, there it rises into imagination, a tropic river flowing deep and wide. She sees it as it were herself in calm, and says—

"The very beat of the broad river  
Is even as a silent heart;"

a northern rock, beaten by the Atlantic surge! She watches it: as she gazes, to her it grows—

"Where such, a giant fast asleep,  
Lay folded in his purple cloak  
Upon a purple deep"—

the solitude of the sea. She enters the mariner's heart, and the loneliness of the deep ocean is thus forcibly given:

"His ship has drifted to the gale,  
Where, many a night, the full round moon  
Saw but herself and that white sail  
O'er all the central ocean strewn."

But the noblest example of imagination in the book occurs in the second part of

the Legend of the Golden Prayers. Mrs. Alexander is describing the woodland, and thus she pierces to the very heart of forest scenery:

"For the shadow of the forest lay  
On the crushed heart of the forest maid;  
Glorious sunshine, and the light of day,  
And the blue air of long summers played  
Ever in the green tops of the trees:  
Down below were depths and mysteries,  
Dim perspectives, and a humid smell  
Of decaying leaves and rotting cones;  
While, far up, the wild bee rung her bell,  
And the blossoms nodded on their thrones."

For the forest is not only the home of joy and light, of racing leaves and flying sunshine—that were but a half description; but the home, also, of sorrow and darkness, where the mournful moan of homeless sounds is in the trees, and the gloom of the stillness of night lies heavier in the glades than on the open downs; is not only the home of life, where a myriad of flying creatures rejoice, and where the spring is abroad among the branches, but also the very habitation of decay and death, of leaves which rot into a humid soil, and living things which perish in a day—holds within it not only lessons which all men may read, but also strange weird mysteries and speechless horrors which curdle and hush the heart: and this last none have so deeply felt as the Germans. Goethe's ballad of the *Erl King* is a matchless expression of this human feeling of the forest. Who that has ever read has ever forgotten the knight's midnight ride through the forest which girdled the cottage where Undine lived, when every tree was writhing into mocking forms, and strange shapes of wickedness lived in every branch?

Not only in the lines already quoted, but in the description which begins the second part of this legend, we recognize Mrs. Alexander's feeling of the double nature of the forest's expression of itself in us. There she describes—

"Where the twisted path is rough and red,  
The huge tree trunks, with their knotted  
bark,  
In and out, stand up on either side"—

the dark arches, and the contrasting brightness of a delicate little glade.

"A little patch of purest green  
Where, when in the spring the flowers unfold,  
Lieth a long gleam of blue and gold  
Hidden in the heart of the old wood."

But in this solitude she will not leave us: it is too terrible both in ugliness and beauty without humanity; and so there lies amid a "wider space"—

"A plot of open ground  
Whence the blind old woodman hears the surge

Of the sea of leaves that toss their foam  
Of white blossoms round his lowly home,  
Whose poor thatch, amid that living mass  
Of rich verdure, lieth dark and brown,  
Like a lark's nest, russet in the grass  
Of a bare field on a breezy down."

How felicitous and fresh is the closing simile!

And if imagination may be said to be that which adorns the common, or penetrates through the unpoetical outward to the inward poetry, then the last verse of the poem, entitled *Sorrow on the Sea* is imaginative—

"Then bring her back where burdened Clyde  
Round many a lashing wheel raves white."

The scene is made poetical. The river, like a strong man, is burdened by the weight of shipping—the poetical of steam is seized in the words "lashing wheel" power, unweariness, rapidity; and it is not the discolored stream, but the gleaming madness of the foam, which the poet pictures to our view. *Apropos* of the poem—as a work of art—it would have been much better had the two last verses been altogether omitted. They are an incumbrance. Before, however, we leave it for some time, we instance from it another example of imaginative power—

"The feathery clouds  
Lie loosened on the distant hills."

No one who has watched the lifting of a flock of vapors from the sides of a mountain, "shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind," but must at once recognize the imaginative penetration of the word "*loosened*." It is exactly the right term. For the clouds when rising after rain always appear first to shake themselves free from the side of the hill, still keeping, however, its outline, and to lie, seemingly, at the distance from it of a yard, so that we imagine it possible to walk in a clear space, and touch the mountain with one hand, and the cloud mass with the other. It is when that condition takes place, and generally not till then, that the mist lifts. That is what is painted for us by the word *loosened*.

Another characteristic of Mrs. Alexander's genius is felicity of expression. No natural gift is worth any thing without accurate and steady training. No class of artists neglect culture so much as second-rate poets. They do not revere their gift sufficiently—they use it with pride—for themselves, and do not feel that it is not theirs—for self—but theirs for all the world. It needs the solemnity of that thought, and the dignity of that motive, to impel a second-rate poet to careful training, and the highest praise is due to our authoress for her manifest cultivation of her natural gift. A few instances of this felicitous and condensed expression will not be out of place. Here is a beautiful contrast drawn by a father over his daughter's grave, between her youthful health and her sad decline, and both thoughts linked to his native land by a few graceful touches.

"Ever a short, low cough I hear,  
There lies in mine a thin, small hand;  
Or a voice singeth in mine ear;  
The voice that haunted the old land.

"When that brave mountain breeze of ours  
That dashed the scent from golden furze,  
And swept across the heather flowers,  
Touched not a brighter cheek than hers."

The character of Mrs. Hemans' poetry is given in a line—

"And the wind in the tall trees should lend her  
Musical delight on stormy days,  
With a sound half-chivalrous, half-tender,  
Like the echo of her own wild lays."

Taste is thus happily described—

"For what is taste, but the heart's earnest striving  
After the beautiful in form and thought,  
From the pure past a nicer sense deriving,  
And ever by fair nature taught."

The *Irish Mother's Lament* for her sons in a far land, is imagined with great delicacy; and if any one should wish, after a course of hackneyed nonsense on the Princess Royal's marriage, to cheer his heart with something fresh, poetical, pictorial, with something which touches the exact points to be touched, let him read the *Royal Bridal* in this book.

We pass on to another characteristic—religious feeling. For Mrs. Alexander's religion is no name, but a universal and inward power; is no sentiment which it is pretty to introduce, and effective, as

the peroration, so to speak, of a poem, but with her an essence, without which all things are dull. To her God's presence is felt in the universe, from the smallest leaf to the blaze of the star Sirius. The description of the poor woman whom the Lady Beata had taught from "her Gospel," and of her simple recognition of Christ in all the forest landscape, is exquisite.

The hymns, however, are the worst writing in the book. The scene-painting of the death of Christ, in which we hoped Mrs. Alexander would not have indulged, is a degradation to the sufferer. The cross in itself was no infamy to the spotless One. It was not the nail which pierced his hands—it was the iron which entered into his soul that drew from him that exceeding bitter cry.

Mrs. Alexander has yet another characteristic: it is her deep sense of the connection between Nature and Humanity. She has expressed this thus:

"From Nature's beauteous outward things,  
What gleams of hidden life we win!  
For still the world without us flings  
Strong shadows of the world within."

Now these analogies are often carried too far; Nature is made into Humanity, and the result is that poets who are not so appear Pantheistic. The reason of this is, that the dignity of the human element is not sufficiently recognized. But in our author's poetry this is not so: she marks the want of joy and suffering in Nature. She sees that what seems thus in Nature is in reality only ourselves projecting on the world without. She feels that we have no greater dignity than our capacity of suffering.

But Nature has yet another office, one which has ever been to poets a mine of wealth. It is founded on the truth that the Author of Nature is also the Author of Humanity. God speaks through the dumb universe to man; and we understand the silent words, because he who made the worlds has given us a mind similar in kind, though not in degree, to his. Owing to this likeness, the things seen voice forth to us the things unseen, and from all outward life we can draw deep lessons for our inward spirit. Mrs. Alexander has felt this strongly. Every poetic heart must feel and tell it to the world. One poem especially, which we quote for its finish and roundness of ex-

pression, is based on her consciousness of this:

"Waves, waves, waves,  
Graceful arches, lit with night's pale gold,  
Boom like thunder through the mountain  
rolled,  
Hiss and make their music manifold,  
Sing, and work for God along the strand."

"Leaves, leaves, leaves,  
Beautiful by autumn's scorching breath,  
Ivory skeletons, carven fair by death,  
Fall and drift at a sublime command."

"Thoughts, thoughts, thoughts,  
Breaking, wave-like, on the mind's strange  
shore,  
Rustling, leaf-like, through it evermore,  
Oh! that they might follow God's good hand!"

In another poem she guards this method of analogy from mistake. For some think that the comparison of these relations is sufficiently strong to be accepted as positive proof of spiritual truths. Men have attempted to establish the reality of a resurrection by the analogies of spring, and the chrysalis opening into a butterfly. But these do not prove the immortal life of form, they only render it probable, and serve to confirm the truth when once it has been received. Useless as proof, they are useful as helps of faith. In the lines we quote our readers may see how the philosophy of this may be touched into poetry:

"Silent as snow from his airy chamber,  
Down on the earth drops the withered leaf,  
Silently back on the heart of the dreamer,  
Noticed of none, falls the secret grief."

"Yet ye deceive us, beautiful prophets;  
For, like one side of an ocean shell  
Cast by the tide on a dripping sand-beach,  
Only a half of the truth ye tell."

"Much of decadence and death ye sing us;  
Rightly ye tell us earth's hopes are vain;  
But of the life out of death no whisper,  
Saying: 'We die, but we live again.'"

The last characteristic we shall mention is gracefulness. It is this which marks the book especially. It is graceful in its strength, and graceful even in its weaknesses. It has no rugged vigor, like an oak of centuries which braves and bends not to the blast; but delicate power, like the hardy silver-columned birch which waves in infinite gracefulness, triumphant and beautiful in the center of the storm.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

## A WOMAN'S SACRIFICE.

A TALE IN TWO PARTS.

### PART II.

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### THE TWO COMPANIONS.

JAMES hastened out of the house, by a back entrance. He crossed the little bridge that separated Sir Alfred's demesne from Col. Digby's, and turned into the walk we have so often noticed by the river side. Under the tree where Charles St. Laurence and Caroline had parted so many years ago, he sat. The moon was shining brightly, as he drew the fatal parcel from his pocket and untied the cord. He took out the dagger and carefully examined it. "Ah! this has been cleaned. How did she get it? Could she have found it? No matter; it answers my purpose." He wrapt it carefully up, tied the cord, and put it into his breast. He sat musing for a moment. "I must have another hand," he said; "but who?—who? Tom Scott; ay, Tom is the very man." Then he sprang up, and walking very fast, crossed the bridge again, and left his master's demesne by a gate which led to a road over a steep hill. This was a beautiful road, shaded at both sides by trees. It wound round to the back of the hill, the aspect of which presented a contrast to the side he had just left. It was perfectly barren; a bare plain or valley lay between this and another hill, or rather mountain beyond. This valley was quite secluded. Neither house nor cabin could be seen for miles around. James struck off the main road into a narrow path that lay between two fields. He followed this path till he came to a miserable hovel, so wretched, that from the outward appearance, no one could imagine it to be the habitation of a living being. With his stick he knocked twice at the door; he bent down to discover whether his sum-

mons had been heard, but his inspection seemed to be unsatisfactory, for with a muttered curse, he gave a low whistle, and was preparing to leave, when his attention was arrested by a movement within. A voice demands in a surly tone:

"Who is there?"

"A friend," was the laconic reply, when a bolt was withdrawn, and James entered with a coarse invective. He asked why he had been kept so long at the door; and then followed his companion through a narrow dark passage into a low roofed apartment, which, though there was no candle, was brightened by the light of a fire that burned on the hearth. The floor was earthen; a wooden table was in the center of the room, between which and the hearth was a low stool. A box at the further end completed the furniture of the apartment.

"You have a smell here that might feast the fairies," remarked James, as he followed his friend into the room. His host, with a grim laugh and a nod, pointed to the box which he meant James to draw over to the fire and use as a seat. Tom Scott, for he it is whom we are now introducing to our readers, had a short, thick-set figure. His head was large, with a quantity of red hair and whiskers; and he had a sharp, cunning eye, which he had a peculiar habit of winking. His countenance was otherwise heavy, though with a dash of cunning. He drew the single stool that the room afforded towards the fire, and resumed the process of cooking, which had been interrupted by the knock.

"What in the name of goodness have you there? You feast in royal style," said James, as he looked over his friend's shoulder.

"Ah! time for me," said Tom. "I have had to do with small fry long enough."

"If every one had their own," said James, "who would that deer call master?"

"Colonel Digby is my game-keeper; but I save him the trouble of killing the game for me," with a low chuckle, was the reply.

"Faith, you earn your bread easier than honest folk. How many of these do you get in the month?" said James.

"Why, man, such high-flying game is not so easy got as that. It is six years and more since I got one of these deer before. I remember that night well."

"Why, was the pitcher near being broke then? You have gone to the well long enough. Your time will soon come round."

"Not the least fear," said Tom. "No; I was safe enough; but faith I *did* get a fright, though others fared worse nor

"Did you take old Sam with you?"

"Not I. Come, draw over to the table and take some of this; or, perhaps, you would not like to touch what is not got honestly?" said Tom, with a sneer.

"I am not so particular as that, when a friend asks," said James, drawing his seat forward. His host placed a large bottle on the table, the fragrance of which filled the room. After helping his friend and himself to his satisfaction, he resumed his seat, and said: "Old Sam, indeed. Do you think that I am mad, to let that old fool know my concerns, or where I deal for my marketing? Not I, indeed. Why, don't you remember Michaelmas six years? I forgot—you were abroad. It was the night Colonel Digby's nephew was killed."

"Bless my soul. Do you know any thing about *him*?" said James, hardly concealing his intense curiosity.

Tom nodded this head and winked: "I know what I know."

"Oh! ay, *you* know every thing, and things that never happened."

"Things that never happened, indeed. Ay, but *one* thing that did happen."

"Tell me what it was; you say he was killed. How, and by whom?" said James.

"You are going to hear all about it, are you? I never tell tales out of school."

"I would not care if all the Digbys were hanged or drowned. I hate the whole lot and stock of them," said James.

"No, no," answered his companion, "I say nothing. A wise man never found a dead man."

James perceived that Tom really did know more than at first he gave him credit for, and he hoped to draw out his knowledge. It might be of infinite use to him; but he saw the moment was not yet come. He was too clever to impart an important secret without some very considerable inducement, at least while he was sober. His hopes lay in the bottle before them. He determined himself to take as little of the contents as he could, without raising the suspicion of his companion, and thought that when his friend became exhilarated he might also become communicative. With this prospect he determined to betray no curiosity on the subject of his story.

"How do you like playing second-fiddle at your place up there?" said Tom, laughing, "since you got a lady at the head of the house?"

"Don't talk of her. I hate her like poison," said James sulkily.

"Likely enough. A spirited bit of goods she is, and can be in a passion, ay, and worse nor that," answered his companion mysteriously.

"What do you know of her? Did you ever speak two words to her in your life?"

"Ay, did I, and there's a secret that none but she and I know," answered Tom, winking one eye, and grinning like a demon.

James's curiosity was almost breaking all bounds; but with a wonderful effort he controlled himself. He thought Tom had nearly arrived at that state of intoxication in which he would communicate freely, if he thought that he was really indifferent about it, and would be tempted to tell his own story, for the purpose of exciting his friend's interest and astonishment at his boasted knowledge. James seeing the time was ripe wished to strike while the iron was hot; and knowing exactly his companion's state, he rose as if about to leave.

"Good night, Tom," he said. "I must be off."

"Not going yet," said his companion; "why, it is only now I am getting jolly. Sit down there, and I will tell you something about that mistress of yours that you are so fond of, which will make you love her more."

"Nonsense, man, you know nothing about her; I tell you I hate her."

"Don't I, though? ay, ay, I know more than you or any one else; sit down there and have another glass, and I'll tell you what'll make your hair stand on end." So saying, he filled James's glass and his own, and proceeded, with a consequential, mysterious air.

"Well, my lad, on that same Michaelmas night I was pretty hard up; business had been slack, as it always is in the summer time. I set out about seven o'clock in the evening to follow my trade. I had good sport, and was lurking about for the night to close in before I could leave Colonel Digby's demesne, when I was startled by the sound of voices near. Afraid the speakers might see me, I crept low under the bushes, close to where they were standing. I could not see who they were, but from the sound of the voices I knew it was a man and woman. They seemed to be quarreling. I tried to hear what they were saying, but I could not; till just as they were parting, I heard the woman say: 'You are not the first man that feared a woman, and you will have cause to tremble before me; you are a curse to me.'"

"What!" cried James, starting and leaning eagerly forward, "did you see who said it?"

"Stop, will you, and let me tell my story my own way."

"I raised up a bit to see who she was; the man's back was to me; but I saw the regimentals, and knew the fellow's cut; it was the Captain, and the woman was no one else but Miss Digby, your present mistress. Faith, she did look grand; every inch a queen. You would think her three feet taller, and her eyes glared like them coals there. I couldn't help admiring her, as she stood there defying him all by herself. He said something to her low, I couldn't hear, but she darted past him like lightning. I had a rare chance of being caught; but she was not thinking of the like of me, nor of any thing good, I suspect. I had to leave the deer hid under the bushes, and cut for my life, as I feared to fall into St. Laurence's hands, who might be lurking about there half the night for aught I knew."

"Go on," said James, with undisguised interest.

"Give us the bottle, then," said his companion, continuing his narrative.

"The next night I had to go look after the game I had hid, but waited till near ten o'clock, as there was such a fuss and search all day after Captain St. Laurence, who was missing. I got into the place well enough, and close up to where I put the deer, when, the Lord save me! I never got such a fright. There, right before me, was a white figure, leaning against a tree. I thought it was the Captain's ghost, and I could not stir with terror when it turned the head towards me, like as if it heard me breathe, and who was it but Miss Digby. I don't know which I would have been the most frightened at seeing—the Captain's ghost or her, there all alone at that time of night. How long she had been there, or what brought her there at that hour, I do not know. She seemed to expect some body, for she turned round and looked at me, that's certain. She flew like a startled hare as I moved; I was not the one she was waiting for."

"Is that all," said James. "Have you finished your story?"

"All; faith I think I have told a good one; what more do you want?"

James stood up, and buttoning his coat, he turned towards his friend, and said: "Oh! it is all very wonderful; do you think I believe one word of it from beginning to end?"

"Believe it," cried out Tom, rising with excitement; "why, man, do you think I have been telling you lies? I would take my oath of every word I said; it is as true as you stand there."

"Your oath. Oh! then, why didn't you when there was such a reward offered?"

"Ay, a reward offered for what? Not for all I seen of the murderess; and sure you don't think a slip of a girl like that could murder a man."

"Not herself, certainly; but there is such a thing as paying another for doing it."

"You don't think that I was such a fool as not to think of that? Many is the hour I thought how I could get that same reward; but I inquired and set a lot of our men to try and trace another in the business, but never could. That she had a hand in it I could swear; but again, who could the other be? I never missed a fellow out of this since; and who was to believe my word if I did inform on all I knew? No," he said, with a low whistle, "the tables might be turned, for what

business brought me into Colonel Digby's that hour of the night? A poor fellow must live, and so I dropped it; and you are the first I ever told it to."

"Now, Tom, would you swear it, if there was another that could side with you in it?"

"I *could* swear it; but I don't want to swear away a woman's life that never did me any harm, and, I confess, I like the girl's spirit."

"No; but perhaps, if you get the reward, or the half of it—ch?"

"I should be sure of that. There is no doubt charity begins at home; and though I do like a spirited girl, it was cruel of her to get this poor fellow murdered after all. Do you know any thing about it, as you say that? Indeed, I might have guessed you had something to say to me, as you never come to see a poor fellow like me unless you have a dirty job on hand."

"Not at all; it is a long time since I saw you; and on such a fine evening I took the opportunity. I have nothing particular to say; but I'll think on what you have told me; *it is* a most extraordinary story. Good night, Tom, and thank you."

So saying he left the cabin. He had come there determining to get Tom Scott's assistance; but how had chance favored him, though he had affected incredulity? When he heard Tom's story, he was certain every word that he said was true; but his own plans were not matured enough for him to impart them to his friend. He had no intention of taking any mortal into his confidence; he trusted too much to his own judgment and discrimination; he was one who knew exactly his own capabilities; it was necessary that he should have Tom's assistance, but only as a blind instrument in the carrying out of his plot.

On leaving the cottage he walked hastily home, absorbed in deep thought.

"What the deuce brought her there the second time? Tom said, to meet some one—could it have been himself? Pooh! Nonsense. Every word the fellow said is true—true as gospel; but she did want to meet some body, no doubt?" And so he meditated, stopping occasionally, pressing his hand to his lip as a particular thought seemed to puzzle him, and then being satisfied with his solution, hasten on again. He arrived home very

late; and raising the latch, he quietly entered, without one twinge of remorse at his diabolical plans. There was but one thought in his mind, one hope in his heart, revenge, bitter, black revenge; he would sell his soul, body, all he possessed, to be revenged.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### AN ARREST.

A FEW evenings after the events recorded in the last chapter, Caroline had retired to her room earlier than usual, and had placed herself under the ministrations of Flora. Had she been less occupied with her own sorrowful thoughts, she would have perceived that her maid was bursting with some important news, and was only watching a favorable moment to communicate it. Still Flora had a certain misgiving about introducing this wonderful subject. She could make free with her mistress, more so, perhaps, than one could imagine a person of Caroline's naturally proud disposition would allow; but there were certain topics that she had been peremptorily silenced about. She had an instinctive feeling that the news she burned to communicate trenched on forbidden ground; but the innate desire to relate the marvelous overcame all scruples, and she ingeniously first introduced an irrelevant topic, or, perhaps, it would be better to say, "she beat about the bush."

"Do you think, my lady, Miss Julia will engage James's sister?"

"I am sure I don't know," said Caroline.

"I never saw a young lady so changed since your marriage, my lady; she is so lively, in comparison to what she was; and so very attentive to the poor old master."

"Is she? Yes; I believe so."

"I hope Jane will suit her; she used to be a kind mistress; but *then*, indeed, she did not mind; she was easily pleased. I think she has got over *it* all; and it will be so dreadful now to rip up the whole business."

"Yes," said Caroline absently.

"Only too dreadful; the poor thing, my heart bleeds for her."

Caroline had not been attending to a word she had said; and now she turned impatiently to her—



"Flora, I never heard you talk so much."

This remark silenced her for a moment or two; but despairing of there being any chance that her mistress would be less abstracted, she lost all patience, and after sundry ineffectual harsher brushings of her long hair, she suddenly began:

"Oh! my lady, there is the strangest report through the village this evening; I never heard the like; every body is talking of it."

Lady Douglass seemed hardly to hear it.

"Is there?" she said absently.

"So strange, almost a miracle," continued the voluble Flora; "and who would have thought it after six years and more? but the saying is true enough, 'Murder will out.'"

"What *are* you talking about, Flora?" said Lady Douglass, roused now completely.

"Only, my lady, they say that the murderer of Captain St. Laurence —"

Caroline started from her seat, pale as death, her hair falling over her shoulders.

"That is a lie; who says Captain St. Laurence was murdered? He never was; he is, he must be living," and pressing both her hands to her side; "yes, I know he lives; I will swear it."

The girl was terrified at her mistress's strange look and excitement, and approached her; when Caroline turned wildly to her.

"Tell me every word you heard, as you value your salvation—*every word* you know—quick, quick."

Flora repeated what she had said.

"Information had been given, nobody knew by whom, that the murderer of"—

"Stop, girl; there is no—don't use that horrid, lying word." When quieter, she said: "Go on—quick, quick."

"Of Captain St. Laurence is discovered; they say the body has been found," continued Flora, hesitatingly.

One deep, low groan, at this new discovery, was the only outward token of the agony that was breaking Caroline's heart. She leant a moment with both her hands on the table, as if to support herself; then, very calmly, she went to her desk and wrote a few lines; this she put into an envelope, and sealed; then, turning to Flora, she said:

"You must get James—mind, no one

but James—to go with this note to my father; he must wait for an answer. Colonel Digby may not be home till very late; but he must not leave without the answer;" and then in a tender, tremulous voice, she continued: "Flora, dear Flora, my hopes are centered on you; don't mention that you have told me this—this report; and, oh! make *James* go at once—quickly, quickly."

Flora, crying, gave her mistress every assurance, and added, "not to fear; James should go without delay."

And Caroline went to her husband's study.

He was writing at his bureau, with his back to the door, and did not turn as she entered. She locked the door, and came over to him. Gently, very gently, she laid her arm on his shoulder, saying:

"Alfred, my own Alfred."

He started.

"Gracious heavens, Caroline, you look deadly pale. Are you ill, darling?"

His unsuspecting manner, his ignorance, his solicitude for her at that moment, entirely overcame her. She was sure that he would have divined the cause of her coming; but now she should have to tell him. This aspect had never presented itself to her mind. She had imagined various others, she had thought of *all* possible positions in which she might be placed when the fatal hour should arrive, and had acted over in imagination how she would shield him. But she had never thought *she* should have to repeat in words to him what she dared not breathe to herself. She was sure that thought must ever be uppermost in his mind, and that any extraordinary occurrence would at once connect itself with it. Now, how different. She could not speak. He rose and lifted her to the sofa by the fire; and, kneeling beside her, rubbed her cold hands between his own.

She lay conscious, acutely so, but with an utter inability to move or speak; her eyes closed; she could not even raise the lids. Apparently lifeless, but with an intense agony of feeling, knowing every moment she lay there was more precious than her life.

"My precious child, Caroline, look at me; tell me, darling, are you ill? O Caroline! dearest, speak, but once."

She had a tight grasp of his hand, but could not speak. She heard every word; they went as daggers to her heart. He

did not know, he had not the least idea of what she must tell him. He became really alarmed and started to his feet to call assistance. This movement proved more effectual in rousing her. She raised herself.

"I am well, quite well. *You* must go quickly; not a moment is to be lost."

He thought her mind was wandering, and tried to make her lie down again.

"Never mind, darling," he said, "I shall not leave you. I will stay by you all night."

"O Alfred!" she said, in despairing, heart-broken accents, "*must* I say it—don't you know?"

"To-morrow, my precious—to-morrow we will hear all. Lie quiet now."

"To-morrow, oh! no—*now, now*, at once. I must whisper—whisper it even here," she said, putting her arm round his neck. She drew him close to her, and whispered low, so very low, he could hardly hear: "Charles St. Laurence—James has told."

The effect was electrical. Deadly pale he staggered against the wall.

"The villain has betrayed me—all is lost!"

"No, no!" she cried, starting to her feet, regaining strength perfectly, from the immediate danger. "All is ready. James is gone. Take 'Sunshine,' a vessel leaves Bristol at four o'clock in the morning. Ride now—now, fast—you are safe."

"No!" he said despairingly. "No! I shall be traced; this sudden departure will only confirm the suspicion."

"Impossible. Every one knew you were to leave home to-morrow; who will know you go to-night? James can not be back till late in the morning. O Alfred! for heaven's sake, don't waste moments so precious—quick, quick—go. My brain is on fire," she said, pressing her hands against her forehead.

Then, and not till then, as his eye turned on the miserable, pale face of his wife, did he remember that he had never told her. Passionately pressing her to his breast—

"Dearest darling, that I love better than the whole world—but how selfishly. I ought to have fled the moment I saw you. How I have wronged you. Caroline, darling, you have loved me in good report. Trust me *now*—how you have discovered I know not; but you can not

know all. The world will all be against me, but *you* will believe that *I am not a murderer.*"

With a cry, almost a shriek, she said: "Oh! thank God! I know it."

They parted. . . .

Some hours later on the day that Sir Alfred had left Braydon Hall, Caroline was in the drawing-room. She was standing at the window watching the heavy clouds that rolled slowly past. A heavy, chill mist was falling. Not a leaf stirred. All looked comfortless without. But Caroline, though she had parted with her husband, and did not know when she should again see him, felt a comfort in her inmost soul to which she had been long a stranger. Her husband's words still rang in her ears. The weight that had bowed her down till it had almost crushed her fragile form in the earth, had been lifted off. She believed every word he had said to her. She would have as soon doubted an angel from heaven. All was easy to bear now. The world might judge hardly, as it always was sure to do with the unfortunate. She knew—yes, knew the truth. As to details or particulars she thought not once of them. There was one—one bright truth—that swallowed up every thing else.

She was disturbed in these meditations by the door opening, and James presented the note he had brought from Colonel Digby. She could hardly repress a tremor as she again looked at this man; but thinking it better for the present to control her feeling, she let him leave the room without any remark. A hideous, triumphant grin distorted his features as he turned towards the door. As he left the room she heard several footsteps and loud voices. Her heart beat with undefined terror. The steps came towards the room she sat in; the door was suddenly opened, and James reappearing, ushered in two police-officers. The reality of her own position, and of what her husband had escaped, now rushed upon her. She allowed some moments to elapse before she dared to trust herself to speak. Then drawing herself up with native dignity, she said: "To what circumstance am I indebted for this intrusion?"

Before the officers could answer, James advanced. "There is your prisoner," said he, pointing to Caroline.

"How do you dare to commit such an outrage?" cried Caroline, gaining courage

at seeing her servants collect around her. "Where is your authority? of what crime am I accused?"

"There is my warrant," said James, insolently snatching the paper from the officer and thrusting it towards Caroline.

"My business is with these officers," said Caroline proudly; "I request no interference."

James was abashed at her dignified demeanor, and hung back.

"Now, sir," continued Caroline, addressing the officer, "may I be informed of the crime of which I am accused?"

The officer very civilly handed the warrant—"I am sure, madam, there is some strange mistake, which, no doubt, will be explained immediately you see the magistrate; but I am sorry my duty will not permit me to leave this without you."

Caroline took the warrant. She looked eagerly over it to see was her husband's name inserted; but to her infinite surprise it was *her own*. A strange feeling came over her. She was neither nervous nor excited, she was very calm.

"May I have my father with me?" she said, "it will not detain you more than half an hour; and also my maid, I should wish her to accompany me."

"Certainly, madam, any thing that can conduce to your comfort shall be strictly attended to."

"One request more," said Caroline, "and I have done. May we go privately in my own carriage?"

"Undoubtedly, madam."

In less than an hour Colonel Digby arrived. He had not been informed of the particulars; all the messenger could tell him was that Lady Douglass wished his presence immediately, and that there was an extraordinary commotion—police-officers, who wanted to take every thing out of the house—as Sir Alfred had left home; my lady was terrified out of her senses, being all alone; and the most extraordinary part of the business was, that James Forest, who had been such a confidential, trustworthy servant, suddenly had turned against his mistress. Colonel Digby could not at all comprehend the man's meaning. He asked questions, but the answers only added double confusion. Thinking it best not to lose any more time, he mounted his horse, and soon arrived at Braydon Hall. Exaggerated as he thought the messenger's account must be, it fell far short of the reality. As regarded the

confusion of the house—the hall-door was lying open, the servants collected in groups, the women crying, lamenting, and making a noise that only added to the inextricable disorder around; the men swearing, raising their voices, one trying to outspoke the other. In fact, the poor old Colonel soon discovered, if he wished to learn particulars, he must try his chance within, as it was perfectly hopeless where he was. He dismounted, and at once went to the drawing-room. The police-officers stood at the lower end of the room whispering together; at the upper end sat Caroline, shaded by the deep recess of the window, her faithful Flora standing by her side, speaking words of comfort to cheer her mistress. As the door opened, and Caroline saw her father, she ran to meet him, and, with a low cry, fell sobbing into his arms. The officers treated them with marked respect and instantly left the room, contenting themselves with keeping guard outside the door.

"What is this, dear child? there is some unaccountable mistake. Where is Alfred? An execution, an arrest—what is it all? Alfred never owed a penny in his life."

"Dear papa, it is not Alfred; they only waited for him to be gone, I suppose. Debt—oh! no, no—worse. See here—read—I can not say."

The warrant was handed to him; he took it to the light—"The person of Caroline Douglass—for what! what is this? I can not see—the word looks like"—said the old man, wiping his spectacles—"murder!—Charles St. Laurence!—merciful heaven! what is the meaning of this?" He trembled in every limb, but protested loudly against the apparent extravagance. He made an abortive attempt to laugh—"Ha, murder! a child murder a man! ha, ha! How can they bring the charge? why they have no proof that poor Charles is even dead."

"O papa! the—the body has been found."

"The body found! where? when? by whom? heavens, murdered!"

"I do not know, papa; I know nothing, except that James Forest is connected with the arrest in some way."

"James Forest!—I feel my brain turning—James Forest—Alfred's steward! there is something unintelligible—the man must be mad. I will call those fel-

lows outside; you shall not stir out of this house."

"Papa, no, that *can not* be; the men must do their duty. They are most civil, and evidently feel very unpleasant in being forced to carry out their commands. We must go—there is no alternative."

Colonel Digby soon perceived this, and ceased to press his daughter. He called the officers. "There is some absurd mistake," said he, "but, of course, we have nothing to say to you; let us get out of this immediately, and have this troublesome business over."

Before leaving Braydon, Colonel Digby wrote a letter to Sir Alfred Douglass, informing him of the arrest. He asked Caroline for his address. She gave him his agent's address in London, well knowing it would be a long time before the letter could be delivered to him.

Caroline, her father, and the maid, entered the carriage. The police-officer held the carriage-door open for them to enter. He looked in, and seemed to hesitate a moment, then muttered: "I couldn't think of going in there." He was satisfied that there would be no attempt at escape, and mounting on the outside, they drove down the avenue, and in this manner Caroline, a few hours after her husband had left Braydon Hall, also quitted her home. When did they meet again?

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE TRIAL.

ON arriving at the house of Mr. Tyrrell, the magistrate, they underwent the usual examination in such cases; and though the charge was denied by Caroline, and vehemently so by Colonel Digby, the form of committal was made out, and Caroline was immediately removed to the prison. The drive from the magistrate's house to the prison occupied about half an hour. There was not a word spoken in this time—short in fact, but long in suffering. Colonel Digby seemed to have lost all his energy and hope; he had been convinced that the moment *he* appeared before the magistrate, and pointed out the manifest absurdity of the case there would not be an instant's hesitation in granting his daughter's freedom; and now when things had turned out so adversely his

spirits sunk. *His* daughter committed to prison on such a charge; the thought was terrific. Of course, she would be acquitted, but nothing could wipe out the stain. The poor old man, not strong in health, received a dreadful blow. In those few hours a change had come over him, and Caroline perceived it. She felt her father would never be the same again. She looked at him, and tried to realize the worst that might—that probably would happen. How could he bear it? her father that had loved her so dearly: and then the thought of *another* would arise—another, dearer than all the world to her—far away, alone, driven from his home, and all by an unjust accusation. She had said she would save him. How true her words had proved. Save him she would, at the sacrifice of her own life, which seemed now to be the penalty demanded. She must think; she must be careful in her answers. If *she* were released the charge might be shifted to *him*; and so dreaming, each wrapped in their own reflections, they arrived before the prison. It was evening when they reached the jail. Caroline's step faltered as she got out of the carriage. In raising her eyes her glance fell on a narrow iron balcony, with a cross-bar above. A visible tremor shook her frame, and she sank fainting into Flora's arms. These moments were, perhaps, the most painful. She had thought and dwelt upon every circumstance to familiarize her mind; but it was only in imagination she had lived through scenes she was now called upon to meet. The vivid reality rushed upon her with overwhelming force. She should have to live here in this place, with the worst classes of the community, and then, glancing up—what might not her end be?

The sensation which this extraordinary event created throughout the country was 'unequaled. Amongst people of all classes it excited a feeling of astonishment, horror, and incredulity. The sex of the prisoner; her youth, beauty; her position in the county, both as regarded her father and her husband; the connection between the prisoner and the supposed victim; the length of time that had elapsed since the crime was committed; the sudden and singular occasion chosen for the arrest, in the absence of her husband; the discovery of the body; the uncertain reports—all combined to

awaken an intense and unprecedented interest in the coming trial.

It was fortunate for Caroline that the trial was not delayed. Had the arrest taken place a week later, she would have been obliged to wait the next assizes, and to have passed the interim in that abode of misery, with the hideous suspense of disgrace and death hanging over her, which would have been more than her weak frame could have endured.

The fatal day was fast approaching. Colonel Digby used his utmost efforts to procure the best counsel for his daughter. Meanwhile the evidence collected on the opposite side was startling and strangely consistent. As the day came near Caroline set her mind steadily to face the worst. It is but a passing pang—and over so soon—and then rest, eternal rest. There was a latent conviction in her mind that *she* could not by possibility be *proved* guilty. How could she? There was nothing she could recall to fasten the guilt on her; and then came the dread—the fearful horror that now, the body having been found in some mysterious way, the suspicion might fall upon her husband, and to shield and guard him was her only thought; her earnest prayer: “It does not matter in what manner I leave this world, I know, I feel here that my course is nearly run; it is enough if he is saved.”

These thoughts braced and strengthened her. The excitement of the trial; the uncertainty of the issue; hope, in spite of all doubts, whispered comfort to her youthful mind. There were moments in which she longed to see her husband; but this was impossible—not to be dreamt of. His presence *there*—and all would be lost. He would be the first to proclaim—make the world believe in his guilt.

The morning of the fifteenth of November was dark, damp, and cold, but the court was crowded to overflowing. A murmur of sympathy and admiration ran through that vast assemblage the moment Caroline entered. She was simply and plainly dressed; her elegant and slight figure showed to advantage, as, leaning on her father's arm, she was conducted to the bar. Her extraordinary situation, and the conscious gaze of hundreds, brought the color to her cheeks, and imparted an unusual brilliancy to her eye; but after the first few moments of excitement were passed, the agony of mind she had undergone was visible. Her face had lost its

rounded contour; bright spots burned on either cheek; yet there was a calmness of expression; she seemed self-collected and undaunted; a brighter resolve than that busy crowd could dream of supported her now in circumstances so fearful. So young, so beautiful, bearing up with an energy so little to be expected from one of her years and delicate appearance.

Her counsel had prepared Caroline for a clever and well got-up accusation; but her expectation fell far short of the strange reality.

The muttered voices through the court had been hushed by the cry of silence, which was caught up and echoed throughout the building. The eyes of all were directed to the judge who then entered. Caroline looked at him with a keen and eager interest, as she thought that in his hands lay her fate.

After the usual preliminary of swearing the jury, the counsel for the crown “opened the case.”

“It was not without the deepest emotions, that in the course of his duty he had been called upon to undertake this prosecution. The lady's youth, position, and the high estimation in which she was held, made it a most painful duty; but all these circumstances only aggravated the nature of the crime, if, as he expected by the evidence, he could produce, he *could* prove that such a crime had been committed by her.” He proceeded to state, “that the body of Captain St. Laurence had been identified at the coroner's inquest by certain peculiarities—his height, the regimentals that he had worn, which, though injured, could be perfectly recognized; the loss of a finger on the left hand. But there was *one* circumstance, which would come out in the course of the evidence, and which seemed to bear almost conclusively against the prisoner. On the person of the deceased was found only the *sheath* of a dagger; the dagger itself was missing; but *a* dagger, exactly corresponding to the sheath, which was of curious antique workmanship, had been found in Lady Douglass' possession.”

And now the witnesses were called each in their turn.

James Forest was the first who gave his evidence. He deposed that on the morning of the sixteenth of October, in the year 18—, Miss Digby called at the lodge of Braydon Hall; that he had only just arrived from London to see his pa-

rents previous to leaving the country the next day; that he was alone in the cottage when she entered in a very hurried and excited manner. She asked him to meet her on the walk by the river's side in her father's demesne that same night, at ten o'clock; and especially charged him not to mention the appointment. He promised compliance with her wishes. She departed as suddenly as she came. The request did not surprise him, except, perhaps, on account of the lateness of the hour, as he had been in the habit of executing commissions for the family before he had entered service. Punctual to the appointment he was at the river-side at ten o'clock, but Miss Digby was waiting for him. Her manner and appearance frightened him; she was exceedingly agitated and excited. He inquired had any thing startled her; but she said that she was cold from waiting so long for him. Before she informed him of what she required she bound him by the most solemn promises never to divulge what she was going to impart. She then offered him a large sum of money if he would consent to bury the body of Captain St. Laurence, which he would find in the grotto by the sea-shore, in Sir Richard Baker's grounds. She asserted that she had by accident discovered the body concealed there; and should it come to her father's knowledge she feared that a man whom she knew he half-suspected, though most unjustly, of having a hand in her cousin's disappearance, might suffer by the discovery. Under these circumstances, she did not wish to let it be known that she had found the body. She further stated that she had parted in anger from her cousin the previous night; that her father had intended she should marry Captain St. Laurence, and the very idea was most hateful to her; so, under all considerations, she entreated of him to perform this service for her. He was very reluctant to undertake so strange a commission; but her agonized manner, and the promises that she would forever befriend him, drew from him an unwilling promise. At the place she had directed him to, he found the body, concealed under leaves and the rubbish of the grotto. The body was cold, and the blood dried on the clothes. There was no weapon of any kind about the place, or on the person of Captain St. Laurence. The *sheath* of a dagger hung at his side; there was

a wound on the right side, and the left hand was mangled. He buried the body where it lay, and the next morning left the country, and did not return till eighteen months ago. He had not had an easy moment since that night. He felt as if he had participated in some frightful though unknown crime; and to unburthen his conscience, before he quitted the country forever, had been the motive that had induced him to make this declaration.

A shop-keeper in the town, from whom James had purchased a hat, and his father and mother, certified to his having been at Braydon the day he mentioned.

The next evidence was that of Tom Scott. He seemed a reluctant witness. He stated that on the evening of the fifteenth of October he was returning from the village beyond Colonel Digby's demesne, and had taken a short way through the shrubbery, when he heard voices raised in anger. He approached stealthily to overhear the conversation, when he perceived Miss Digby and Captain St. Laurence engaged in a hot discussion. He concealed himself, but could hear nothing of the subject of their conversation till Miss Digby, in a loud determined voice, said distinctly: "You are not the only man who has trembled before a woman; don't defy me, or you will have reason to repent it before another sun sets." When this man first appeared Caroline hardly glanced at him. She had never seen him, and concluded he must be some agent of James Forest's. She was aghast, astonished, at the perjury she had just heard, and wondered what motive could have influenced James to revenge himself so fearfully on her; but there was one thing he said—he had alluded to her interview with her cousin. On this she was just reflecting when Scott began his evidence. He related so particularly almost her very words; detailed so minutely the scene, now so hideous to think of, and which she thought was unknown to mortal, that she was fascinated. The head bent forward; the strained eye and parted lips showed with what eagerness and despair she listened, and the low unrestrained sob declared but too plainly that there was truth in what was uttered.

Scott continued further to state that the next evening business again brought him out. He did not return till very late. It was past ten o'clock when he came to

Colonel Digby's back entrance. He almost expected to find the gate locked; but on trying it he found it open. He walked quickly through the shrubbery, when he was terrified at seeing a white figure before him leaning against a tree. He had become almost rooted to the spot with terror, till the figure turned its head, and to his infinite surprise he recognized Miss Digby. He could hardly credit his senses, and ran to make sure. She darted with the swiftness of an arrow towards the house. He followed. She rushed through the garden-gate, and its clapping behind her checked his further progress.

This man's evidence, and Caroline's visible agitation, caused a great sensation. Though Scott's appearance was so repugnant, there was a strong conviction of truth in every word he said, which came home with a feeling of bitter regret to the heart of each one in that immense crowd of spectators. He was undaunted and unmoved by the cross-questioning of the lawyers. He told his story simply and without exaggeration, and adhered steadily to it.

Flora was next called upon. There was a marked difference in the manner in which her evidence was detailed from that of those we have just given. She would relate nothing consecutively. All the information that could be extracted from her was given with the greatest reluctance, and in answers to questions repeatedly put to her; and her unfortunate communications to Forest furnished ample grounds for confirming the suspicions against her mistress. The following is the substance of her statements. It is unnecessary to enter into the questions by which they were elicited:

She stated that Miss Digby had been absent from home on the evening of the fifteenth of October, and did not return till after eight o'clock; that she (Flora) was in the hall as her mistress entered the house. She took the candlestick abruptly out of her hand, refusing to allow her attendance, which was an unusual occurrence, and went hastily up-stairs. She did not either quit her room, or ring her bell for the rest of the evening. She did not appear the next morning till after ten o'clock. Flora was in the breakfast-room shortly after she entered. Colonel Digby and Miss Julia were talking of Captain St. Laurence's disappearance. On being further pressed as to whether she recol-

lected if her mistress had made any observations on the subject, the only remark she remembered was, her asking if the river had been dragged, and if his footsteps, or those of any other person, had been traced near it. She further deposed to her mistress having retired early on the night of the sixteenth; and as she again refused her attendance, she could not state whether she left the house or not. There had been a great change observable in Miss Digby since Captain St. Laurence's disappearance, but she had attributed it to her natural kindness of disposition. She had never thought her partial to her cousin. She detailed all the particulars connected with the fatal weapon; when and where she had first seen it; her mistress' marked displeasure at her discovering it; and finally, her having purloined it to gratify James Forest's curiosity.

This closed the evidence against Lady Douglass.

Poor Flora was carried insensible out of court. She was entirely overcome at the apparent weight her own evidence had given to the fatal charge. In a long and eloquent speech the counsel for the defense addressed the jury. He dwelt much on the improbability of a girl of Miss Digby's age being capable of instigating to such a crime. Brought up as she had been from her childhood on terms of sisterly intimacy with her cousin, it would have been a crime of the deepest dye, and such as only one who had been led step by step to the dark abyss of guilt could be capable of even in thought. And was it conceivable that even had she suggested the black deed, she would pay one man to commit the murder and another to bury the body? Such a secret was too fatal to be intrusted to an indiscriminate number. The large reward offered, and which she knew *would be offered*, for the detection of the murderer, would be too great a temptation to be resisted by men of the class she should employ. The story carried incredibility on the face of it; it was not to be entertained for a moment. Further, there was no reason that the deceased might not have met his death by his own hand; there was nothing to prove that the dagger had been taken from his person *before* death; it might have been removed *after* he had committed the fatal act. His hand was mangled. True; but that might have been occasioned by the body falling among

the stones and gravel of the grotto where it was found. As to the meeting between Miss Digby and Captain St. Laurence the evening before his intended journey, and their parting in anger, it would be childish even to expect this to be accounted for. Was every person bound to mention a quarrel or an interview, particularly one of such a delicate nature as this must have been? Colonel Digby had wished and consented to his nephew endeavoring to win his daughter's love. Is it not natural, then, to conclude what must have been the subject of that last interview before leaving home; and is every young lady who refuses to marry a man, and that perhaps warmly, bound to answer for his life afterwards? This point ought to be made clear indeed, for if such a heavy responsibility lies with the fair and weaker sex, the exact time when it ceases should be defined, in order that they might be enabled to engage a body-guard to protect all rejected suitors during the interval. The dagger being found in Lady Douglass' possession he allowed *was* a difficulty, and one which she positively declined in any way to account for. He could have passed this over; but it was better to face a difficulty. Let them look at it. What does it amount to? Lady Douglass had, and acknowledged she had, in her possession, a dagger that had been identified as the dagger her deceased cousin had worn the last time he was seen. There are many ways in which it might have come into her possession without involving her participation in any, much less this awful crime. Why, is there any thing more likely than to suppose that he might have dropped it the evening of their interview, and that she found it? As time advanced and softened the past, she might have preserved it as a memento of their parting. On the other hand, could there be any thing more unlikely or revolting than the idea of a young girl, who had instigated the murder of her cousin, preserving the very weapon that should forever keep her crime in her sight? In affecting terms he appealed to the jury; they had wives, sisters, daughters, who might some day be placed in the position in which Lady Douglass was now. They should be scrupulous how they judged. Her station, her age, then hardly seventeen, the character she bore—was all this to go for nothing? How weak was the evidence; it

was only circumstantial; and, at best, how precarious was circumstantial evidence. Then he adduced instances of by-gone trials, in which, when too late, the innocence of the accused parties had been brought to light. He ceased. Through the crowded court there existed but one feeling—visible, unrestrained sympathy, compassion, admiration, and conviction of her innocence. With breathless impatience they waited for the charge from the judge.

With great care, and at length, the judge stated the evidence. He dwelt much on the manner in which Flora's testimony had confirmed that of the other witnesses, and the exceeding reluctance with which it had been forced from her. On the other hand, he referred to the impossibility of a young girl committing such a murder herself, and the improbability of her employing two separate persons, one to commit the deed, and the other to bury the body. But after giving their best consideration to both sides of the question he summed up by informing the jury that it was their duty to consider, *not* whether a guilty person could be in the position in which the evidence placed Miss Digby, but whether it was at all compatible that an innocent person, and that a girl of seventeen, could be so situated. Whether as innocent she could have on any account concealed the fact of discovering her cousin's body, and, fearing to mention it to her own family, paid a stranger to inter it. Whether, when Captain St. Laurence was first missing, it was natural, and what an innocent young woman would have done, to have concealed her last interview; whether the possession of the dirk and a stained handkerchief belonging to the deceased could be satisfactorily accounted for, or that it was possible or consistent for a person circumstanced as Lady Douglass was, to decline all explanation of the manner in which such articles came into her possession, and yet be innocent of the charge laid against her. If after mature deliberation they arrived at the conclusion that an innocent young girl might be so circumstanced, it would be their duty to acquit the prisoner; but if on the other hand they could not conscientiously come to this judgment, their duty would then be to find a verdict against the accused.

There was a pause for half an hour; but the time was not occupied as it generally is in crowded courts at the retiring of the jury



There was an unusual stillness. The judge's ominous words, "a verdict against the accused," seemed to echo round the building, only hushed whispers of "she must be innocent," "they could not find her guilty," broke the silence; in that mighty mass of eager spectators there was but the one desire—to see her free; yet their conviction had been shaken by the judge's charge, their hearts declared her innocence, but their reasons were not convinced. Each one was thankful that *he* was not called to decide her fate.

In less than an hour there was a movement—a stir. All eyes turned, expecting the jury; but the foreman entered alone. To the judge's question, "Have you agreed?"

"No; and after a great deal of discussion we have decided to ask one or two questions. The answers may, perhaps, conduce to bring the jury to a speedy decision." So saying, he asked:

"Could the lady adduce any evidence to account for her having the dagger in her possession; as it was necessary for the right and just perception of the case that this circumstance should be satisfactorily explained?"

Her counsel heard the question and shook his head, knowing how useless the appeal to her was. He had urged on her the necessity of offering some explanation: he had felt the difficulty, and by every means in his power, had laid it before her; but all to no purpose. As a final effort he now approached the place where she was sitting, pale, beside her father. There was not the slightest excitement visible; she was calm and collected: while the breathless silence around her, the eager and sympathizing gaze of all, were a tribute involuntarily paid to such firm composure. As those near pressed forward to hear what passed between Lady D. and her counsel, they perceived the anxious looks with which he addressed her, and the agonized entreaties of her father.

She listened—she paused—her father's tears—the lawyer's arguments that on her almost depended her father's life; there was no knowing in what view the jury would consider the case if she persisted in her refusal, and how would he—the old man—bear the worst: all tended to overwhelm and distract her. She gazed vacantly at her father; his miserable and heart-broken look only confirmed

the lawyer's dark hint. Oh! that she could be crushed into annihilation: that this dreadful struggle were over; but it must not be—she could not—she dare not tell. "No," she said, "I can not answer;" and waving her hand to prevent further entreaties, she sunk back on her seat.

The lawyer sorrowfully walked over to the foreman, and said: "I have received no instructions to give any further information."

About six o'clock in the evening of that long day, there was again a stir, and the expectation of all was realized by the entrance of the jury. The foreman returned the verdict, "guilty."

A deep groan, as it burst simultaneously from the breast of every individual present, echoed the fatal word. "Strongly recommended to mercy," was hardly heard, as the judge finished the sentence.

But Caroline bore the sentence with unflinching brow. No nervous contraction round the mouth betrayed any emotion; her countenance was as serene as when she first entered—and all was over.

A great change had taken place in Caroline's character since the discovery of her husband's fatal secret. Though she was naturally a girl of a high and serious turn of mind, yet her strong impulses and great capacity of affection, almost devotion towards a particular object, kept her bowed down and wedded to the fleeting things of this world; but the knowledge of this fatal secret—arrived at, too, in such a way, wounding her in the tenderest attachment of her heart—cut the cord by which she had been fastened. She grew very tired of the world: it was not to be trusted. There were snares for the unwary: nothing could come to perfection. There was happiness in it she knew; she had felt—she had tasted happiness, ardent, delicious, intoxicating; but the bud was not to blossom here, it must be transplanted to a richer and a better soil or it would wither.

What was the earth to her now? She looked to heaven, all her happiness was there. It was not her husband's deception of her that broke her heart; there was no thought of self—it never entered her mind; it was the thought that *he* might be debarred from that heaven to which now all her longing was directed that bowed her down with an insupportable weight; but from the hour of his denial of guilt all her hopes brightened.

She would have him with her—the happiness begun here, and so ruthlessly cut asunder, was only a sure pledge of what would be but brighter far in heaven. Such thoughts as these supported Caroline through her dark and dismal solitude.

When she returned to the prison after the trial, she was sustained by an unnatural excitement. "All is over, James has sworn that it was I; *he* is safe, there can be no danger to him *now*; and I have saved him—a weak, wretched woman—alone and unassisted. The life he gave me I have laid at his feet. The memory of this dark hour will bind us together closer in eternity." And then the longing to see him, to be with him once more before—then a cold shudder crept over her, the extraordinary excitement faded away, and she awoke to the reality of her own position. Near, so very near, death faced her; and what death? the death of a felon. She grasped her throat with her hands—to be hung—hung before that immense crowd. Oh! the thought was awful. Her head grew dizzy, a mortal sickness came over her; exhausted nature could contend no longer. She was borne by her faithful attendant to her bed.

As soon as Sir Alfred Douglass left Braydon he hastened to Dover, and from thence crossed to France, where he had intended to linger. It was agreed between him and Caroline that she should write to him under a feigned name. He had been absent nearly a fortnight and had as yet received no letter. He became nervous and depressed. He did not expect to hear much before this time, as he knew she would be anxiously cautious; but a foreboding of evil haunted him. His own situation was so precarious. At any moment he might meet English acquaintances; he confined himself during the day, and even in the evening did not venture into the frequented parts of the town. It was one evening about three weeks since he left England that he turned into a more fashionable restaurant than it was customary for him to venture into, and had seated himself with a paper near the fire, when two gentlemen entered and called for coffee and cigars. By their voices he recognized them to be Englishmen; he turned from them, more effectually to conceal his features, and devoted himself with renewed assiduity to his

newspaper. He had not been long so engaged when his attention was arrested by a remark from one of the gentlemen to his friend: "It is the most extraordinary case I have ever heard; and how many years since it happened, did you say?"

"Six or seven," was the answer.

"How could they identify the body?"

"I did not hear the particulars, but there was no room for doubt."

Alfred had not a moment's hesitation in his mind as to the subject of their conversation. A sickening sensation came over him. He trembled. How could he escape? Danger and death were closing upon him. His fears exaggerated the difficulties that surrounded him; he dared not move, the least attempt to leave on his part would excite suspicion. He grasped his chair. His brain turned; a fainting sickness passed over him, the cold perspiration hung in drops on his forehead; but with resolute determination he conquered. Still preserving the same position, holding his paper before him, he waited calmly, without one outward token of the fearful struggle he had passed through, to hear further particulars of *his own* crime. The waiter then entering with coffee interrupted the conversation. Still Alfred, with extraordinary control, sat on.

"I can not get that strange case out of my head," said the first speaker again addressing his friend.

"What is the name?"

"Douglass," was the reply.

"Douglass, do you say? any thing to the Douglass of Somersetshire?"

"The same."

"Heavens! how awful. And the murdered man?"

"St. Laurence. The Digby St. Laurences."

"Good heavens! they are relations—cousins. When was the trial over?"

"Yesterday."

Trial! Alfred almost turned; what did this mean? The speaker continued:

"I don't believe she is guilty. The jury were a long time; but finally returned the verdict, 'guilty.' You should see her, John, a lovely young creature; bore up like a heroine, and as likely to commit a murder as a saint."

Both the gentlemen started, as Alfred darted towards them with a face as livid as the dead; he grasped the arm of one,

and in a hollow voice demanded: "Her name—her name?"

"Lady Douglass, wife of Sir Alfred, and daughter of Colonel Digby."

With the howl of a maniac he rushed out of the house, and ran breathless to the quay. Chance favored him: a vessel was just starting for Dover. Without a moment's hesitation he sprang on deck regardless of every thing. The one idea in his mind was his wife: to save her—to declare himself the real, the true criminal. But it might be too late—he knew nothing—how soon after the trial was she to—Oh! the thought was maddening; his brain was on fire.

A few days after the trial a post-chaise was seen driving furiously up the principal street of the town till it stopped at the hotel; a gentleman got out, and after a few words to the landlord of the inn, re-entered the carriage, ordering it to be driven to the county jail. It was about nine o'clock at night that he arrived at the prison. A violent ring at the massive door was immediately answered.

"Lead me to the—the place occupied by Lady Douglass," said the visitor in a tone of command.

The man hesitated, looked up at the figure that addressed him, and though no one, on any pretense, was allowed admittance at that unseasonable hour, there was something in the stranger's appearance that inspired him with awe, and he dared not refuse. Unwillingly he conducted him as far as his own jurisdiction extended, and then left him under the guidance of another warder.

Caroline, since the day of the trial, had visibly and rapidly declined; it was as if she had gathered her strength for that fatal occasion; and then the excitement, the necessity for exerting herself over, she sunk. The medical man who had attended her ordered her to be removed to an airy room, where she could have the customary comforts around her. Every time the doctor called he expected would be the last. She could not now hold out twenty-four hours; she had been in an unconscious stupor the whole day, lying with her eyes closed, and, except by her low breathing, showing no sign of life. The room was dark, barely lighted by a lamp set in a recess by the fire. Flora, her faithful attendant, sat by the bedside, watching every change in her mistress. Her father, a decrepit old man, sat by

the fireside, half-unconscious of all around him.

Caroline suddenly started up in her bed, and leant forward. "Hark, what is that? Listen!" she exclaimed hastily.

Flora looked at her in fear. She heard nothing but the footsteps outside their door—a never-ending sound in that dwelling; but still Caroline eagerly listened—her eyes sparkled—the door opened, and with a cry and joyous smile, as in her brightest days, she stretched forward her arms, and in one moment was folded to her husband's breast.

"Dear, dearest Alfred," she said, "I have been expecting you so long, I watched and got weary, and so dropped asleep; but I have had such a dream. I knew you had come. And, darling, you look tired; you must rest here," she said, clasping him in her arms; "and then you will come and see all I have done while you were away; your room is so nice—all as you wished. We shall be happy, oh! so happy." He sunk on his knees by her, and burying his face in the bed, groaned aloud.

"Darling, won't you come soon, very, very soon?" She clasped her arms round his neck, pressed her lips to his; her head sunk on his shoulder; gently he moved to lay her down. A bright heavenly smile was on her face, but her spirit had fled from her husband's embrace. . . .

A letter, subsequently addressed to the judge who had presided at the recent trial, held in the town of —, Somersetshire, excited an immense sensation throughout the whole of England. We shall transcribe it for the benefit of our readers:

"MY LORD: At Sir Alfred Douglass' request I am called upon to lay before you, and through you before the public, the real circumstances connected with the tragedy, from which originated the fearful trial at which you so lately presided.

"Captain St. Laurence and Sir Alfred Douglass had been thrown together in early life; they were at school when their acquaintance and mutual dislike began. They met again at Oxford, where they were students. Here the rivalry between them was renewed with greater virulence. They were both members of the same club; and a short time previous to Captain St. Laurence's receiving the order to join his regiment Sir Alfred Douglass had detected him in an act of foul play at cards. He had been long suspected of dishonorable practices, though they had never been distinct-

ly traced to him; but on this unfortunate occasion, through Sir Alfred's means, the charge had been proved beyond a doubt. Captain St. Laurence, loaded with dishonor, quitted the club, swearing vengeance against his enemies. Sir Alfred expected to be called to a personal encounter with his adversary, but to his astonishment he heard no more of him; the whole transaction had been marvelously hushed up.

"Sir Richard Baker at that time died suddenly, and put all further thought of the subject out of Sir Alfred's mind. He, accompanied by James Forest, went down for one day to Somersetshire, previous to his leaving England on a tour. They did not arrive at Braydon Hall till late in the evening, when he, attended by his servant, went out to look about the place. As they turned into a narrow walk leading to the sea, at some distance from the house, they encountered Captain St. Laurence. He was very excited, and seemed to be shaken by some very strong emotion. He did not immediately recognize Sir Alfred, who had hoped to pass unobserved, but the narrowness of the path prevented this. As Captain St. Laurence came close to him he started, and addressed Sir Alfred by some opprobrious term. This of course roused the other. He answered, but said he did not wish to take an unfair advantage of him, as he seemed to be laboring under some strange excitement. This unhappy allusion to some unknown trouble exasperated Captain St. Laurence. Without a moment's hesitation he closed on his adversary; blow followed blow. Sir Alfred was unarmed; but Captain St. Laurence drew a dagger. To wrench this out of his hand and wound him was the work of an instant. Captain St. Laurence staggered and fell. Sir Alfred raised his head and called upon Forest to assist him, but found to his unexpected dismay that he was dead. Sir Alfred's remorse was extreme. He had only raised his hand in his own defense. There was no thought in his mind to take the young man's life. In perplexity and bitter regret he bent over the body, when Forest at once suggested the thought of instant burial. He urged on his master the absolute necessity of it. If he asserted that he had killed Captain St. Laurence in self-defense, who would believe him? Who could think it was a fair fight? they were two against one. There was in fact no other course left. His conscience could not upbraid him with the crime. He must now look to his own safety. In a miserable moment, when he was bowed down with terror, grief, and wretchedness, he consented. Forest buried the body in the little grot near the sea-shore. That evening, without revisiting the house, or having been recognized by any one, Sir Alfred Douglass returned to London. James Forest followed him in a day after. It was the diabolical conception of a moment that suggested the hidden burial to Forest. He knew he was now master. A secret bound Sir A. to him indissolubly. Go where he would he could not escape *him*; he might neglect his duties, rob, plunder his mas-

ter, but *he* must be silent. He knew a crime of a deeper dye; he held his fate in his grasp. One word from him and all would be over; and he accomplished his purpose. Sir Alfred's purse was ever open to him; the demands, ever so exorbitant, were never refused. This contented James Forest for a time. His situation was a very good one; and if he gave information, on the whole, even taking the reward into account, he considered that he would be a loser.

"And thus things continued till Sir Alfred married. Forest became attached to Lady Douglass' maid. At first she favored his addresses; but her mistress's strong dislike to the man, made her hesitate before she consented to marry him. Then Lady Douglass' failing health decided the girl in ultimately rejecting his suit. This exasperated him beyond endurance. His master had also been unwilling of late to meet his demands, which had gradually become exorbitant; words arose between them, and then followed that hideous, deep-laid plot of unutterable revenge and villainy. His plans were well laid: he had calculated on Sir Alfred's hurried departure, at the information being given to the magistrate, and it was he who had brought the news to Flora, 'that by some unknown person a disclosure had been made concerning the murder of Captain St. Laurence.' It was with the delight of a demon he had left the house with the letter to Colonel Digby the night of Sir Alfred's escape, astonished at the success of his plan.

"A few words explain the tragic sequel. Lady Douglass had found by accident the dagger concealed in her husband's desk. The truth flashed upon her. She suffered for him willingly, heartily. In a letter written to him the evening of the trial she detailed the circumstances; but over this we must draw a veil; it is too sacred for curious eyes to gaze upon. Let us fold our hands in wonder and admiration that such love could exist on earth."

Braydon Hall was dismantled. The closed windows, through which not a gleam of sunshine could penetrate; the weeds covering the garden; the grass-grown walks—all proclaimed the absence of the owner. Even the lodge was empty. An old woman lived in the house, who, for some time after the events recorded in this story, had her time busily employed in showing visitors through the place, hallowed by the memory of the principal actor connected with those scenes; but in time these dropped off, and she reigned in undisturbed silence in her gloomy abode. Sir Alfred Douglass left the neighborhood forever. In a short time the wonderful tragedy with which he had been connected was entirely forgotten; and in years after, when one, who regardless of the danger to his own per-

son, had devoted himself to the care of the sick and needy, when the cholera which was raging with fearful destruction had deprived them of friends and sustenance, at last fell a victim to this great and self-imposed duty, then the fleeting words of admiration which were offered to his memory recalled for a brief space the interest that had once wrapped around him.

With regard to the other actors con-

nected with this tale, a few words will suffice.

Colonel Digby did not survive his daughter many weeks. The shock he sustained shattered his health, already weakened by sickness and age. Flora accompanied Julia to a foreign country, where, in the formation of new ties, the spirits of the latter once more revived from the bitter remembrances of the past.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

## A BUNCH OF SONG-FLOWERS.

### I.

#### BLAAVIN.

O WONDERFUL mountain of Blaavin!  
 How oft since our parting hour  
 You have roared with the wintry torrents,  
 You have gloomed through the thunder-shower!  
 But by this time the lichens are creeping  
 Gray-green o'er your rocks and your stones,  
 And each hot afternoon is steeping  
 Your bulk in its sultriest bronze.  
 Oh! sweet is the spring wind, Blaavin,  
 When it loosens your torrents' flow—  
 When with one little touch of a sunny hand  
 It unclasps your cloak of snow.  
 Oh! sweet is the spring wind, Blaavin,  
 And sweet it was to me—  
 For before the bell of the snowdrop,  
 Or the pink of the apple-tree—  
 Long before your first spring torrent  
 Came down with a flash and a whirl,  
 In the breast of its happy mother,  
 There nestled my little girl.  
 O Blaavin, rocky Blaavin,  
 It was with the strangest start  
 That I felt, at the little querulous cry,  
 The new pulse awake in my heart.  
 A pulse that will live and beat, Blaavin!  
 Till, standing around my bed,  
 While the chirrup of birds is heard out in the  
 dawn,  
 The watchers whisper: "He's dead."  
 Oh! another heart is mine, Blaavin,  
 Sin' this time seven year,  
 For Life is brighter by a charm,  
 Death darker by a fear.  
 O Blaavin, rocky Blaavin!

How I long to be with you again,  
 To see lashed gulf and gully  
 Smoke white in the windy rain—  
 To see in the scarlet sunrise  
 The mist-wreaths perish with heat,  
 The wet rock slide with a trickling gleam  
 Right down to the cataract's feet;  
 While toward the crimson islands  
 Where the sea-birds flutter and skirl,  
 A cormorant flaps o'er a sleek ocean floor  
 Of tremulous mother-of-pearl.

### II.

#### THE WELL.

The well gleams by a mountain road,  
 Where travelers never come or go,  
 From city proud, or poor abode  
 That frets the dusky plain below.  
 All silent as a moldering lute  
 That in a ruin long hath lain;  
 All empty as a dead man's brain—  
 The path untrod by human foot,  
 That, thread-like, far away doth run  
 To savage peaks, whose central spire  
 Bids farewell to the setting sun,  
 Good-morrow to the morning's fire.  
 The country stretches out beneath,  
 In gloom of wood, and gray of heath;  
 The carriers' carts with mighty loads  
 Dark-dot the long white dusty roads;  
 The stationary stain of smoke  
 Is crowned by spire and castle rock;  
 A silent speck of vapory white,  
 The train creeps on from shade to light;

The river journeys to the main  
Throughout a vast and endless plain,  
Far-shadowed by the laboring breast  
Of thunder leaning o'er the west.

A rough uneven waste of gray,  
The landscape stretches day by day ;  
But strange the sight when evening sails  
Athwart the mountains and the vales :  
Furnace and forge, by daylight tame,  
Uplift their restless towers of flame,  
That cast a broad and angry glow  
Upon the rain-cloud hanging low.  
As dark and darker grows the hour,  
More wild their color, vast their power,  
Till by the glare, in shepherd's shed,  
The mother sings her babe a-bed,  
From town to town the peddler wades  
Through far-flung crimson lights and shades.  
As softly fall the autumn nights,  
The city blossoms into lights ;  
Now here, now there, a sudden spark  
Sputters the twilight's light-in-dark ;  
Afar a glimmering crescent shakes,  
The gloom across the valley breaks  
A bank of glowworms. Strangely fair,  
A bridge of lamps leaps through the air  
To hang in night ; and sudden shines  
The long street's splendor-fretted lines.  
Intense and bright that fiery bloom  
Upon the desert of the gloom ;  
At length the starry clusters fail,  
Afar the lustrous crescents pale,  
Till all the wondrous pageant dies  
In gray light of damp-dawning skies.

High stands the lonely mountain ground  
Above each babbling human sound ;  
Yet from its place afar it sees  
Night scared by angry furnaces ;  
The lighting-up of city proud,  
The brightness o'er it in the cloud.  
The foolish people never seek  
Wise counsel from that silent peak,  
Though from its height it looks abroad  
All-seeing as the eye of God,  
Haunting the peasant on the down,  
The workman in the busy town ;  
Though from the closely-curtained dawn  
The day is by the mountain drawn,  
Whether the slant lines of the rain  
Fill high the brook and shake the pane,  
Or noon-day reapers, wearied, halt  
On sheaves beneath a blinding vault  
Unshaded by a vapor's fold—  
Though from that mountain summit old,  
The cloudy thunder breaks and rolls  
Through deep reverberating souls ;  
Though from it comes the angry light,  
Whose forked shiver sears the sight,  
And rends the shrine from floor to dome,  
And leaves the gods without a home.

And ever in that under world  
Round which the weary clouds are furled,  
The cry of one that buys and sells,  
The laughter of the bridal bells

Clear breaking from cathedral towers,  
The peddler whistling o'er the moors,  
The sunburnt reapers, merry corps,  
With stooks behind, and grain before,  
The huntsman cheering on his hounds—  
Build up one sound of many sounds,  
As instruments of divers tone,  
The organ's temple-shaking groan,  
Proud trumpet, cymbal's piercing cry,  
Build one intricate harmony :  
As smoke that drowns the city's spires  
Is fed by twice a million fires ;  
As midnight draws her windy grief  
From sob and wail of bough and leaf ;  
And on those favorable days  
When earth is free from mist and haze,  
And heaven is silent as an ear  
Down-leaning, loving words to hear,  
Stray echoes of the world are blown  
Around those pinnacles of stone  
That hold the blue of heaven alone—  
The saddest sound beneath the sun,  
All human voices blent in one.

And purely gleams the crystal well  
Amid the silence terrible.  
On heaven its eye is ever wide  
At morning and at eventide.  
And as a lover in the sight  
And favor of his maiden bright  
Bends, till his face he proudly spies  
In the clear depths of upturned eyes—  
The mighty heaven above it bowed  
Looks down, and sees its crumbling cloud,  
Its round of summer blue immense,  
Drawn in a yard's circumference ;  
And lingers o'er the image there  
Than its own self more purely fair.

Whence come the waters garnered up  
So clearly in that rocky cup ?  
They come from regions higher far,  
Where blows the wind and shines the star.  
The silent dews that heaven distills  
At midnight on the lonely hills ;  
The shower that all the mountain dims,  
On which the lordly rainbow swims ;  
The torrents from the thunder-gloom,  
Let loose as by the stroke of doom,  
The whirling waterspout, that cracks  
Into a hundred cataracts,  
Are swallowed by the thirsty ground,  
And day and night without a sound  
Through banks of marl and belts of ores,  
They filter through its million pores,  
Losing each foul and turbid stain :  
And fed by many a trickling vein,  
The well, through silent days and years  
Fills slowly, like an eye with tears.

### III.

#### RETURN.

Ah ! me, as wearily I tread  
The winding hill-road, mute and slow,  
Each rock and rill are to my heart  
So conscious of the long-ago.

My passion with its fullness ached;  
 I filled this region with my love;  
 Ye listened to me, barrier crags,  
 Thou heard'st me singing, blue above.  
 Oh! never can I know again  
 The sweetness of that happy dream,  
 But thou remember'st, iron crag,  
 And thou remember'st, falling stream!  
 Oh! look not so on me, ye rocks,  
 The Past is past and let it be;  
 Thy music, ever-falling stream,  
 Brings more of pain than joy to me.  
 O cloud, high dozing on the peak!  
 O tarn, that gleams so far below!  
 O distant ocean, blue and sleek!  
 On which the white sails come and go—  
 Ye look the same; thou sound'st the same  
 Thou ever-falling, falling stream—  
 Ye are the changeless dial-face,  
 And I the passing beam.

## IV.

## BLAAVIN.

As adown the long glen I hurried,  
 Like the torrent from fall to fall,  
 The invisible spirit of Blaavin  
 Seemed ever on me to call;  
 As I passed the red lake fringed with rushes,  
 A duck burst away from its breast,  
 And before the bright circles and wrinkles  
 Had subsided again into rest,  
 At a clear open turn of the roadway,  
 My passion went up in a cry,  
 For the wonderful mountain of Blaavin  
 Was heaving his huge bulk on high,  
 Each precipice keen and purple  
 Against the yellow sky.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

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From the Westminster Review.

## SKETCH-BOOK OF POPULAR GEOLOGY.\*

NOTWITHSTANDING the number of Text-books of Geology already before the public, we think that the widow of Hugh Miller was fully justified in the belief that the publication of the course of Lectures on Popular Geology, which he delivered in Edinburgh not long before his death, would serve a useful purpose, and be especially interesting to those who are familiar with the principal features of the country from which his illustrations are drawn. For in these lectures he had brought together the general results of the geological studies which he had pursued through various parts of his native Scotland; and the objection which he made to their publication at the time was that he had given in them so many of his best facts and broadest ideas—so much, indeed, of what would be required to

lighten the prior details of what he contemplated as his *maximum opus*, the "Geology of Scotland"—that it would be undesirable to send them forth by themselves. These lectures are indeed in every way admirable specimens of their author's best manner. Commencing with the historic period of Scotland's existence, and showing how the remains of Roman art and the ruder implements of their predecessors enable us to reason back to the condition of the country and of its inhabitants, in periods of remote antiquity, he skillfully connects Geologic and Human history by bringing together evidence from a great variety of sources as to the changes of level which have occurred in the country since it has been tenanted by man; often producing very important modifications in the coast-line, and in some places adding what he calls a "flat marginal selvage" of considerable extent, which constitutes with the old coast-line a well-marked feature in the landscape. And upon this he makes one of his characteristically appropriate and suggestive remarks:

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\* *Sketch-Book of Popular Geology*; being a Series of Lectures delivered before the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, by HUGH MILLER. With an Introductory Preface, giving a Resumé of the Progress of Geological Science within the last Two Years. By Mrs. MILLER. Edinburgh. 1859. Post 8vo, pp. 858.

"Geology may be properly regarded as the science of landscape; it is to the landscape painter what anatomy is to the historic painter, or to the sculptor. In the singularly rich and variously compounded prospects of our country, there is scarce a single tract that can not be resolved into some geological peculiarity in the country's frame-work, or which does not bear witness otherwise and more directly than from any mere suggestion of the associative faculty, to some striking event in its physical history. Its landscapes are tablets roughened, like the tablets of Nineveh with the records of the past; and their various features, whether of hill or valley, terrace or escarpment, form the bold and graceful characters in which the narrative is inscribed."

It is in the same spirit that he goes back through the successive periods of geological time, from the glacial to the tertiary, secondary, paleozoic, and azoic; every where seizing upon the materials which lie obvious to every thoughtful observer, and building these up into the fabric of science with the masterly design of the able architect, and the skillful handling of the practiced artisan—the graceful suggestions of a poetic imagination being by no means passed by, but finding place wherever such ornaments could be appropriately introduced.

The book is adapted as well as any book could be to lead its reader to the study of geology in the best of all methods, that of observation guided by intelligence; and it will conduct him by the same path which its author himself followed with such remarkable sagacity and such singular success, when, unconscious of the results which had been evolved by the labors of his predecessors, he set himself to reason upon the phenomena exhibited by his sandstone quarry, and to search into the past history of the globe under the sure guidance of the clue afforded by observation of the changes it is even now undergoing.

One especial charm which these lectures have for us, is their entire freedom from those theological discussions and allusions which form so prominent a feature of most of their author's writings. In their composition he seems to have wisely determined to apply himself in the first instance to the exposition of Geology as a science; and to have reserved the question of its bearing on Scripture for separate discourses, which were delivered as the closing lectures of the course. These have been already published in "The Testimony of the Rocks;" and Mrs. Miller has, in our

opinion, exercised a wise discretion in not reproducing them here, and in substituting as an Appendix a series of extracts from papers left by her husband on various points of geological interest, which had not been incorporated in either of his published works. She has also added in a Preface, a notice of some of the more important geological discoveries which have been made since the lectures were delivered; dwelling especially on the changes which have been brought about in the interpretation of the paleozoic geology of Scotland by the recent determination of Sir Roderick Murchison, (based upon the evidence of fossils for the most part collected by Mr. C. W. Peach,) that the supposed Old Red Conglomerate of the Western Highlands really belongs to the Silurian period, and on the discovery, now fully substantiated, of the imprint of the footsteps of large reptiles in the uppermost beds of the true Old Red Sandstone. The recent date of one the most important results wrought out by modern geological inquiry, has prevented her from including this in her summary; and we shall do our readers a service by a concise statement of the evidence, which now seems conclusive, in regard to the coexistence of man with those numerous species of mammals, most of them now extinct, which tenanted this portion of the globe in the "post-pleiocene," or "drift" period.

The belief in the recent introduction of the human race has been until lately so generally accepted amongst geologists, that it has seemed nothing short of the rankest heresy to attempt to disturb it. Cases have every now and then been adduced in which human bones or implements were discovered in the same beds with bones of extinct mammals; but these have been thought to be explicable by accidents which might have subsequently brought about an association not dependent on original contemporaneity of existence. A very remarkable case of this kind was made known about two years ago by M. de Perthes, who, in a work entitled *Antiquités Celtiques et Antédiluvienues*, announced his discovery of flints obviously fashioned by the hand of man in gravel-pits, on hills two hundred feet high, in the neighborhood of Abbeville, associated with the remains of the extinct elephant, rhinoceros, bear, hyena, stag, ox, and horse; the gravel beds being



overlaid with thick beds of sand and loam containing the delicate shells of fresh-water mollusks. Even this case did not at once attract the attention it deserved, on account, perhaps, of the admixture of theory with the facts stated by M. de Perthes; but it happened that, in the course of last year, further evidence of the same kind was brought to light in the course of some explorations which have been carried on beneath the stalagmitic crust which forms the floor of a cave newly opened at Brixham, in Devonshire. Strongly impressed with the facts there revealed, but still not feeling altogether satisfied that they might not admit of some other explanation, Mr. Prestwich, the 'geologist *par excellence*' of the post-tertiary formations, and, therefore, the man of all others best qualified to pronounce authoritatively upon such a question, determined to examine for himself into the cases cited by M. de Perthes as occurring in the neighborhood of Abbeville and Amiens; and he wisely associated with himself Mr. Evans, an antiquary, who had paid great attention to the subject of flint weapons. Ocular proof was obtained by these gentlemen of the existence of the flint implements *in situ*, and of the undisturbed condition of the gravel bed above and around them; and the idea of their having been buried at some period subsequent to the formation of the drift was entirely negatived by the absence of any traces of the holes which must have been dug for the purpose, none such being discoverable, though many hundreds of the implements had been found dispersed through the mass. The inference seems irresistible, therefore, that these implements were originally imbedded in the gravel with the remains of animals which are known to have tenanted Europe during the period of its formation; and the only reasonable doubt that can present itself as to man's contemporaneity with them, arises out of the question, whether these flints were really fashioned by the art of man, or whether they may have derived their peculiar configuration from natural causes. As to this point, however, we can not think that doubt can exist in the mind of any intelligent person who carefully examines them, and who compares them with the forms into which flints are brought by natural fracture. They are much ruder in their shape than the Celtic stone weapons, and seem, from

their geological position, to have been long anterior, the Celtic stone weapons being found in the superficial soil above the drift; so that it seems probable that they are the remains of a different race of men, who inhabited this region of the globe at a period anterior to its Celtic occupation.

Having been fully satisfied of these facts by his investigation of the Abbeville and Amiens cases, Mr. Prestwich turned his attention to the account given by Mr. Frere in the *Archæologia*, of the occurrence of a similar case towards the end of the last century in our own country; a number of flint weapons having been discovered in conjunction with elephant remains, in a gravel-pit in Suffolk, at a depth of eleven or twelve feet from the surface, the gravel being overlaid by sand and brick-earth. Some of these weapons are preserved in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries, and others in the British Museum; and they are identical in form with those found in Normandy. Proceeding to this spot for the purpose of making a personal investigation of the circumstances, Mr. Prestwich was fortunate enough to meet with an old man who distinctly remembered the finding of the weapons more than sixty years since, and who was able to point out the spot from which they had been dug; and he further ascertained that similar implements have been since found from time to time in the same deposit of gravel, two having been dug out last winter. The evidence of the Suffolk gravel-pit is, therefore, quite corroborative of that of the Abbeville and Amiens beds; and there can be little doubt that a careful scrutiny of the mammaliferous drifts elsewhere would bring to light similar evidences of man's existence at the period of their formation. So far from looking upon such cases as exceptional, and as furnishing difficulties to be explained away, geologists will now, it may be hoped, accept them as normal, and zealously seek for additional facts that may throw light upon the condition of these by far the earliest human inhabitants of our globe of whose existence we have any traces.

It is much to Hugh Miller's credit that he abstained from pronouncing dogmatically, in the lectures before us, against the higher antiquity of the human race; and we have been much struck with the cautious manner in which he expressed

himself on this point. "We have no good grounds to believe," he says, "that man existed upon the earth, during what in Britain and that portion of the Continent which lies under the same lines of latitude, were the times of the boulder-clay and drift-gravels." Had his life been prolonged a couple of years later, he would have been made acquainted with the facts of which we have given an outline; and we can not doubt that, with the honesty which characterized him, he would have at once recognized their logical value, and admitted the inferences to which they seem so unequivocally to lead; and would have then set himself manfully to work anew at the problem he was always laboring to solve—the reconciliation of the facts of Geological Science with the Scriptural record of the Creation. How futile every such attempt must be—how vain a thing it is to set bounds to knowledge, and to say "hitherto shalt thou come, and no further"—is so fully exemplified in the past history of Geology, and especially in the case just cited, that it may be hoped that henceforth the attempt may be abandoned,

and that men of science will pursue their inquiries untrammelled by the fancied necessity of squaring their doctrines in accordance with any foregone conclusion whatever. Every truly philosophic worker will abstain from building inferences upon negative data. Hugh Miller could affirm with perfect truth that there were then "no good grounds" to believe that man had coëxisted with the extinct mammals of the drift; yet unmistakable grounds for such a belief have now been furnished. With such a fact before him, and with the analogous evidence of the existence of reptilian and of mammalian life at epochs long anterior to those at which they had been previously regarded as having made their first appearance in the Earth's history—will any geologist now venture to do more than repeat Hugh Miller's phrase in regard to the existence of man at any period anterior to the times of the boulder-clay and drift-gravels, or positively to deny that he may have been contemporaneous with the extinct mammals either of the earlier Tertiaries, or of *any* antecedent formation?

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## LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

**NEWLY-DISCOVERED ACTION OF LIGHT.**—According to M. Niepce de Saint Victor's recent experiments, if a solution of starch or dextrine (one of its constituents, with gum and sugar) be exposed for a short time (say a quarter of an hour for a small quantity) to the action of solar light, the liquid will be converted into glucose (grape sugar.) This will tend to explain many natural phenomena, such as the ripening of fruit, etc. M. Niepce believes that if bunches of grapes, at the beginning of autumn were inclosed in paper bags steeped in a solution of tartaric acid, not only would the ripening be accelerated, but the quantity of sugar in the fruit would be greatly increased, tartaric acid, like nitrate of uranium, having the property of absorbing and retaining the light in its condition of chemical efficacy.—*Cosmos*.

**PADRE GAVAZZI** has gone home to his native Bologna. His return from exile and presence in the city of his birth form the topic of rabid Billingsgate in a certain set of journals.

**LITERARY MEN AND THEIR WIVES**—I do maintain that a wife, whether young or old, may pass her evenings most happily in the presence of her husband, occupied herself, and conscious that she is still better occupied, though he may but speak with her and cast his eyes upon her from time to time; that such evenings may be looked forward to with great desire, and deeply regretted when they are passed away forever. Wieland, whose conjugal felicity has been almost as celebrated as himself, says in a letter written after his wife's death, that if he but knew that she was in the room or if at times she stepped in and said a word or two, that was enough to gladden him. Some of the happiest and most loving couples are those who, like Wieland and his wife, are too fully employed to spend the whole of every evening in conversation.—*Sara Coleridge*.

"922 soldiers, sentenced for various offences, have either been pardoned, or have had the term of their imprisonment commuted."

**ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.**—Professor Palmieri, of the Observatory at Naples, has published an account of the progress of the lava during the present eruption up to the thirtieth ult. After having given manifest indications of a decline, it suddenly increased a few days before the above date, and committed fresh ravages. At the foot of a tufaceous rock in the Rio delle Quaglie there is a stone quarry, and by degrees a vast cavern had been excavated under the rock, and been continued to a considerable distance within, so that its extremity nearly reached the Fosso Grande, on the opposite side of the mountain. The lava penetrated into this cavern, and by its pressure forced its way out on the other side, thus making its appearance in the Fosso Grande, which was thought perfectly safe, and destroying all the fields in high cultivation which cover the hill of Somma. Professor Palmieri feelingly describes the despair of the rural population on seeing rich vines and fruit-trees ruthlessly destroyed by the fiery stream, some hastening to abandon their cottages, and carrying the little furniture they had away with them, others attempting to fell some of the trees in order to save the fruit, and others again joining the processions organized by the priests to implore the cessation of the scourge. The torrent, on leaving the valley, followed the track of the lava of 1767, in the direction of San Jorio, but after proceeding for about a mile it stopped, though its altitude continued to increase, so that it was expected soon to occupy the steep path by which visitors generally ascend Mount Vesuvius. Near the cavern a lake of lava has been formed, the surface of which has so far cooled as to form a crust; but as the mass is constantly fed from the cavern, this crust continually rises, while the liquid below is occasionally seen through the rents like a vivid line of fire. Fortunately since June the seismograph has given no indication of earthquake, which was much to be feared. A peasant, whose property lay in the line of the lava, has succeeded, by timely activity, in turning the latter away, by forming a strong embankment with old scorice. A similar expedient had been successfully tried at Catania during the famous eruption of Mount Etna, in 1669; but the course of the lava can not always be accurately guessed.

**NEW PLANETS.—INTERESTING STATEMENTS BY M. LEVERRIER.**—M. Leverrier, whose fame as the theoretical discoverer of the planet Neptune is well known, has written a letter of the highest interest to M. Faye, the astronomer, on the subject of some unaccountable discrepancies between the observations of the transits of Mercury over the disk of the sun and the results of calculation. The facts are as follows: The theory of the sun having been carefully revised, and compared with the results of nine thousand observations of that body taken at various observatories, the motion of Mercury had in its turn to be revised. Now, there are twenty-one observations of the inner contacts of Mercury's disk with that of the sun, taken within a period of one hundred and fifty-one years, namely, between 1693 and 1848, and all reliable; yet in these transits there appears to be a progressive error, which amounts to as much as nine seconds of an arc in 1753. Now, can it be supposed, to explain such a constantly repeated divergence, that such men as Lalande, Cassini, Bouguer, etc., should have committed mistakes amounting to several minutes of time, and mistakes, too, progressively varying from one period to another?

This would be absolutely impossible. But there is another curious circumstance, namely, that by increasing the secular motion of the perihelion by thirty-eight seconds, all the above observations are found to be correct to a second, and in some cases even to half a second! M. Leverrier then proceeds to show, that in order to explain this addition of thirty-eight seconds, we should have to increase the mass attributed to Venus by one tenth of its amount. This mass, calculated to be the four hundred thousandth part of that of the sun, has been however found, by other calculations, rather too large, so that increasing it is out of the question. Hence M. Leverrier concludes that the excess of the motion of Mercury's perihelion must be owing to some other cause as yet unknown to us, and this cause he supposes to be, either a new planet or a series of small bodies circulating between the sun and Mercury. M. Faye, in communicating this letter to the Academy of Sciences, suggested that all the astronomers of Europe should now direct their attention to the smallest spots on the disk of the sun, in order to discover whether there were among them any minute planetary bodies which had hitherto escaped observation. Such bodies had often been looked after without success; but this proved nothing, such researches having been made at mere hazard; now, however, there were serious grounds for repeating such attempts, and total eclipses would be the most advantageous periods for observing any minute body in the immediate vicinity of the sun. A total eclipse, he added, would be visible in Spain and Algeria in July next. Suppose an astronomer at Camprey, for instance, to prepare himself exclusively for such an observation, neglecting every thing else relating to the eclipse; if a quarter of an hour before the proper time, he remained in a dark room in order to guard his eyes from the dazzling influence of the solar rays, whose effects continue for several minutes, and cause vision to be indistinct at the decisive moment, he might, as soon as the eclipse had reached its maximum, observe the heavens with the greatest accuracy, and perhaps discover what had hitherto escaped notice under less favorable circumstances.

**DR. LIVINGSTONE.**—The *Cape Town Mail* of August 20 has the following copy of a letter from Dr. Livingstone to Sir George Grey, containing a sketch of some important geographical discoveries in addition to those recently announced by that distinguished explorer:

“River Shire, June 1, 1859.

“MY DEAR SIR GEORGE: We have lately discovered a very fine lake by going up this river in the steam launch about one hundred miles, and then marching some fifty more on foot. It is called Shirwa, and Lake N'gami is a mere pond in comparison. It is, moreover, particularly interesting from the fact reported by the natives on its shores that it is separated by a strip of land of only five or six miles in width from Nyanja, or Lake N'yinyesi—the stars—which Burton has gone to explore. We could hear nothing of his party at Shirwa, and having got no European news since you kindly sent some copies of the *Times* last year, we are quite in the dark as to whether he has succeeded or not. Lake Shirwa has no outlet, and the waters are bitter, but drinkable. It abounds in fishes, leeches, alligators, and hippopotami. We discovered also by examining partly a branch of the Shire, called Ruo, that one portion of Shirwa

is not more than thirty miles distant from a point that may easily be reached by this launch, which by newspaper measurement draws thirteen inches, and actually thirty-one. The Lake Shirwa is very grand. It is surrounded on all sides by lofty green mountains. Dzomba, or as people nearest it say, Zomba, is over six thousand feet high, of same shape as Table Mountain, but inhabited on the top; others are equally high but inaccessible. It is a high land region—the lake itself being about two thousand feet above the sea. It is twenty or thirty miles wide, and fifty or sixty long. On going some way up a hill, we saw in the far distance two mountain-tops, rising little islands on a watery horizon. An inhabited mountain island stands near where we first came to it. From the size of the waves it is supposed to be deep. Mr. Maclear will show you the map. Dr. Kirk and I with fifty Makololo formed the land party. The country is well peopled and very much like Louda in the middle of the country, many streams rising out of bogs—the vegetation nearly identical also. Never saw so much cotton grown as among the Manganga of the Shire and Shirwa Valleys—all spin and weave it. These are the latitudes which I have always pointed out as the cotton and sugar lands; they are preëminently so, but such is the disinterestedness of some people that labor is exported to Bourbon instead of being employed here. The only trade they have is that of slaves, and the only symptoms of impudence we met were from a party of Bajana slave-traders; but they changed their deportment instantly on hearing that we were English, and not Portuguese. There are no Maravi at or near Shirwa; they are all west of the Shire, so this lake can scarcely be called Lake Maravi; the Portuguese know nothing of it; but the minister who claimed (blue book for 1857) the honor of first traversing the African continent for two black men with Portuguese names, must explain why they did not cross the Shirwa. It lies some forty or fifty miles on each side of the latitude of Mozambique. They came to Tete only, and lacked at least four hundred miles of Mozambique. We go back to Shirwa in July, and may make a push for N'yingesi. (Signed)

“DAVID LIVINGSTONE”

**DEATH OF PROFESSOR NICHOL.**—The *North British Daily Mail* says: We have to record with unfeigned regret—a feeling which will be shared in by a wide circle of scientific and other friends—the death of John Pringle Nichol, LL.D., Professor of Astronomy in the University of Glasgow, which took place on Monday, the nineteenth, at Glenburn House, Rothesay, the hydropathic establishment of Dr. Paterson. Dr. Nichol has been in delicate health for a considerable time past, and though, during a sojourn at Rothesay early in the summer of this year, he appeared to have rallied somewhat, the state of his constitution was still very feeble. On Tuesday, last week, his condition was such as to induce his friends to advise his removal from his own residence at the observatory to Rothesay, where, on the following Thursday, his illness assumed a more alarming aspect, and from that day he continued gradually to sink till the afternoon of Monday, when he expired from congestion of the brain, resulting from a palpitation of the heart. Professor Nichol was a native of Brechin, in Forfarshire, where he was born on the thirteenth January, 1804.

**TIME AND PHOTOGRAPHY.**—We have heard it affirmed that a fly is a medium-sized object amongst living beings—meaning that there are objects as much smaller than a fly as an elephant or a whale is larger, and this we believe to be true. But what shall we say to a *second* in respect to photographic time of action? Taking six hours as a maximum time of exposure, we can show differences in times of exposure, and variations in active action on the other side of a second of time, far exceeding any thing ever dreamed of in the ordinary practice of photography. In taking photographs of rapidly-moving objects—the waves of the sea, for instance—we have been obliged to judge of the proper exposure requisite to bring out the half-tints, and estimate differences of time, varying between the 1-50th and the 1-120th of a second. Exposures like these are, however, enormous, when compared with the time occupied in other photographic experiments. Thus, in solar photography, according to experiments of Mr. Waterhouse, an image was impressed in a space of time no longer than 1-9000th part of a second, even when a slow photographic process was used; and when wet collodion was employed, one third of the above time, or 1-27,000th of a second was all that was needed. This duration, however, inconceivably short as it appears, will be seen to be a tolerable length, when we try to bring the mind to appreciate the rapidity with which Mr. Talbot performed his crucial experiment at the Royal Institution, where he photographed a rapidly-revolving wheel, illuminated by one single discharge of an electric battery. To a casual observer or reader of this experiment, the wonderful part appears to be that the wheel appeared perfectly sharp and stationary in the photograph, although in reality, it was being rotated with as great a velocity as multiplying wheels could communicate to it. A little further consideration will, however, show that the time occupied in the revolution of the wheel was a planetary cycle when compared with the time of duration of the illuminating spark, which, according to the most beautiful and trustworthy experiments of Professor Wheatstone, only occupied the millionth part of a second in its duration.—*Photographic News*.

**PROPOSED HUMBOLDT MEMORIAL.**—The Prince Consort has laid before the British Association a copy of a letter he has received from Germany, on the subject of a proposal to establish a “Humboldt Foundation for Physical Science and Travels.” His Royal Highness states that, should the object referred to in the letter appear to be one which merits the support and assistance of the members of the Association, he will have much pleasure in heading a subscription-list with the sum of one hundred pounds. There is every probability that the matter will be taken up warily by the scientific men of this country, and, as a beginning, the Geographical Section of the British Association has passed a unanimous resolution in favor of the movement.

THE double festival of the triumphal entry and the Emperor's birthday terminated, on Monday night, as it commenced, prosperously, and without a single drawback. The sky, menacing in the forenoon, brightened as the day wore on, again threatened rain before night arrived, but finally cleared; the wind abated, and fireworks and illuminations met with no impediment. Altogether, the *fêtes* have been perfectly successful.



# Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

—♦♦—  
D E C E M B E R, 1 8 5 9.  
—♦♦—

From the British Quarterly.

## LIFE AND TIMES OF PRINCE METTERNICH.\*

It rarely falls to the lot of one man to enjoy such prolonged and undisputed pre-eminence as belongs to the statesman

\* *Auszüge aus den Geheimen Memoiren des Fürsten Metternich.* Weimar. 1849.

*Metternich.* Leipzig. 1846. Phil. Reclam, Jr.  
*Fürst Metternich. Biographische Skizze.* Von L. VON ALVEESLEBEN. Wien: Jasper Hügel und Mang. 1848.

*Fürst Metternich und das Oesterreichische Staats-System.* Von Dr. A. J. GROSS-HOFFINGER. Leipzig: Philipp Reclam, Jr., 1844.

*Metternich's System, oder die Ministererhöhung in Wien vom Jahr 1834.* Leipzig: Arnold Rüge, 1844.

*Correspondence respecting the Affairs of Italy, presented to both Houses of Parliament June 15th, 1849.*

*Correspondence respecting the Affairs of Italy, presented to both Houses of Parliament, June 13th, 1869.*

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whose name stands at the head of this paper. It is supposed to be one of the leading characteristics of the present age, that single individuals are no longer the great arbiters of human destinies; that the growth of intelligence among the masses has enabled them to dwarf the colossal power formerly exercised by intellectual magnates; and that, if isolated genius would command influence now, it must be no longer by the wand of independent agency, but by seeking to enlist the sympathies of large bodies of men in its designs, and by making them the factors of its will. But Metternich's career stands out in bold contradiction to this tendency. As a statesman, he belongs

rather to the class of the Wolseys and the Richelieus than to any of his own century; yet in the marvels he accomplished we must place him above the Wolseys and the Richelieus. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when the European populations had hardly emerged from the trammels of servitude—when the multitude was besotted, and the public mind kept down to the stagnant level of a brutish mediocrity, it was indeed easy for a great genius, monopolizing all the learning of the period, to wield the destinies of a kingdom, and make a continent of people, like so many terror-stricken herds, crouch to receive his mandates with slavish obsequiousness. But Metternich fashioned society in the molds of his own creation, at a time when society was fully as enlightened as himself, and was rushing in a direction fatal to his purposes. He laid down his grooves with the cool air of one who has only to speak to be obeyed; and as the multitude were rejoicing in the vigor of newly-awakened intellect, he arrested their progress, and flung them upon a retrograde movement with a facility the more surprising, as he stood single-handed in the conflict, and his resources appeared of the simplest character. During the times in which he lived, the literature of his country achieved its greatest triumphs; and the national energies were aroused by events the most startling and turbulent in human annals. To have possessed any influence at such an epoch would have been the mark of a high intellect; but to have been the presiding spirit of the period, and to have so guided its stormiest events as to make them run counter to their natural tendency, this must be confessed to be the mark of the loftiest genius. Yet such was the lot of Prince Metternich. If his system in Austria was at last overborne, the defeat was but momentary; like a ball, it rose higher from the rebound, and seems even now, with its originator in its grave, as likely to endure as ever.

Other men have performed dazzling achievements by the sword, but their empire has been fleeting, and their conquests as transitory as themselves. They have risen like a brilliant coruscation in the evening, and having overawed nations by their splendor, have been engulfed in mysterious darkness. Such was the career of Cæsar, Alexander, and Napoleon. Of the three, the Corsican was doubtless

the superior spirit. But Metternich contrived to overreach Napoleon, to bring him as a suppliant to his feet, and to help Austria to the richest kingdoms out of the spoils of the French empire, with no other agency than the stroke of his pen. He found Austria reduced to a shadow of her former greatness—a third-rate dependency of a confederation which was itself the puppet of France. He left her the most powerful kingdom in Europe, endued with a giant's strength, and fortified up to the teeth on the Po, on the Danube, on the Rhine. With its head resting on the sunny plains of Italy; with its trunk in Upper Germany, Illyria, and the Slavonic provinces; with its extremities stretching far away to the icy ravines of the Riesengebirges, the Austria of Metternich's creation still lies a vast political balance-weight in the center of Europe. As governor of this huge empire, Metternich was the political Titan of his day. He insured victory to whatever side he leaned without unsheathing the sword. Italy, by secret stipulations with its princes, lay at his feet. He ruled Germany through that Confederation, which was itself the creature of his breath, and which, in addition to the imperial forces, placed under his control an army of 300,000 men. Even Napoleon, in the zenith of his power, hardly exercised greater influence, or could dispose of a larger military array than Metternich acquired by pacific means, and which he made Europe believe was essential to its peace that he should retain. But his career extends over double the space of the French hero, though the latter was more fortunate in this respect than any of his predecessors, with the exception of Frederick the Great. Metternich was famous as a European diplomatist in 1797, at the Congress of Rastadt; and the requiem has only just been sung over his catafalque in the Hauptkirche of Vienna. His recollection of and personal acquaintance with our chiefs extended from Pitt to Aberdeen. The Foxes, the Liverpools, the Castlereaghs, the Cannings, the Peels, and the Wellingtons all passed like so many shadows before him. He was acquainted and shook hands with all. Four sovereigns since his manhood sat on the throne of Russia; and five swayed the destinies of France, three of whom he lived to see in exile. During the intervening space, three Emperors stalked, like

so many shadows, through the chambers of the imperial palace; but the real government of Austria rested in the hands of Metternich. From the age of twenty-five up to within a few years of his death, he was the virtual sovereign of the heterogeneous populations united under the House of Hapsburg; and the *prestige* derived from his lofty position, as well as from the success of his tactics, gave him an influence with foreign princes which many of their own councilors did not possess. His name stood as high in Rome, in St. Petersburg, in Paris during the Restoration, and in London during the Regency, as at Vienna. Hence the action of Metternich was not like that of other potentates, confined to his own country, but extended over the most influential quarter of the globe. Wherever grave interests were at stake touching the kingdoms at the head of civilization, there his voice was in the ascendant. For upwards of half a century he presided over diplomatic councils, and gave the guiding stroke to the policy of Europe.

But it is in the hardy task of inclosing the career of the human spirit within fixed barriers, and of arresting the democratic current, that Metternich claims our principal consideration. Nations that might have proceeded gradually from one liberty to another have been kept by him in a degraded state of political infancy. His eyes unceasingly went round the globe, to see if there was not some trembling throne to support, some tribune to close, some germ of liberty to stifle. Hence he called himself the head constable of Europe. But his was not the *bâton* which secures order that men may enjoy the greatest amount of freedom, but that which extinguishes freedom at the sacrifice of order. The force essential to keep humanity in shackles was periodically giving way. It required all the energies of this extraordinary man to save Europe from convulsions, and repair the broken fetter, that the system might continue. According to Metternich, there was no law of progress for society. Men were destined, like animals, to execute continually the same gyrations, only on a higher platform of being. The infallibility attaching to his religious convictions was imported into the domain of politics. Heaven had not only appointed priests, but kings, for his vicegerents. One fixed and eternal round of blind acquiescence

in their decrees was the social Elysium he destined for mortals. The rapid development of science, the electric transmission of thought, the economization of labor, the volant flight of the steam-engine, which are, as we write, gradually elevating society to a more lofty region of existence, had no meaning for Metternich. The rosy morning of a golden future never knocked at his doors. His political world had no rainbow of hope illuminating its horizon, no blooming vistas indicating a speedy coming time when many of the thorns which at present infest men's path will be turned into flowers, when the course of society will lie through gardens, and not through deserts; when a social structure will arise, which shall beautify instead of disgracing material nature, and stand out in the same startling contrast to that of the present, as a Palladian palace to a Celtic hovel. Metternich read humanity backwards. The present with him was only a bad repetition of the slavish past; and he was determined the future should be in every respect a still more servile repeater of worn-out echoes than the present.

It is singular that this political phenomenon should have continued to knock about the world like a foot-ball for nearly half a century without extorting from his speculative countrymen more dignified notices of his doings than the miserable sketches which introduce this essay. The greater portion of these are vague eulogiums, of which Metternich must have been heartily ashamed, and were doubtless written by needy applicants for office, who expected by them to propitiate the favour of the Chancellerie. But if the press of Germany is in fetters, if its political bookmakers, overawed by the machinery of the Confederation, refrain from dealing with Metternich's career in a legitimate spirit, at least we, on this side of the water, are in a different position. If we had not had the blessing of Metternich's guidance, we have, at all events, experienced its influence, and have a claim to be just to his memory. Many of his political actions, also, are pregnant with the deepest meaning to Englishmen. We can not, therefore, allow the grave to engulf so much renown without canvassing the merits of a man whom England alternately regarded with pleasure and with distrust, and considering his public acts, both in relation to the foreign interests of

this country, and the effects they have produced in the later political developments of Europe. It is because we believe the policy of Metternich has had, and still retains, its partisans among a certain class of British statesmen, that we shall endeavor to show in what manner that policy has neutralized the foreign influence of England, and deprived its diplomatists of that weight in the councils of Europe which the success of British arms gave them a fair title to claim. Nothing can be more opportune than such considerations at the present crisis. When the state of parties is so identical at home as to present little shade of difference unless in their foreign policy, and when the fate of one of the countries, which supped full of the blessings of Metternich's government, is trembling in the balance between the renewal of his absolutism and the inauguration of constitutional progress, it is peculiarly fitting to review the class of evils this statesman has engendered, the happiness he has prevented, and to what extent England, by the weakness of some of her rulers, has been ancillary to the infliction of the blighting effect of his system upon the world.

Clement Wenceslaus Lothaire, Count de Metternich, was born at Coblenz, May fifteenth, 1773. He was descended from one of the best families in the empire, who had constantly maintained a foremost position either as princes of the Church or magnates of the State. In the sixteenth century they figure as Archbishops of Trèves, and military governors of Mayence. In later times, they have given chancellors to the Imperial Cabinet at Vienna. The family estates, more extensive than many German principalities, stretch from the Moselle through the plains of Winneberg and Oldenhausen to Handsruck. The wonder is not that such a family became distinguished, but that they did not aim at independent sovereignty. Clement's father, Francis George, however, who was born at Coblenz 1746, was the first who bore the title of Prince of the Empire — a dignity conferred upon him in reward for his efficient services as conference minister at Vienna. Of Clement's education scrupulous care appears to have been taken. Having surmounted a host of private masters, he was forced through the curriculum of two universities — the one at Strasburg, to perfect himself in the arts; the other at

Mayence, to imbibe the principles of jurisprudence and international law. At the age of eighteen he assisted his father as master of ceremonies at the coronation of Leopold II., and was subsequently, on leaving Mayence, initiated by him into the mysteries of Austrian statecraft at Vienna.

It is in the influences produced on his mind at the outset of his career that we must seek for the well-springs of that policy with which he so pertinaciously strove to inundate Europe. That policy was too unnatural to have its seat in reason, however much the mind may have been employed in adjusting its details and in imparting to them systematic coherence. Like many other radical errors, we must ascribe Metternich's early bias in favor of absolutism to adventitious circumstances disturbing the clear vision of his virgin intellect, and forcing him upon a path opposed to his speculative convictions. His first prepossessions were in favor of liberal institutions. With Benjamin Constant and Lowestein, at Strasburg, he hailed the advent of a constitutional government in France as opening a golden vista to humanity. But when the French made war against the class to which he belonged; when they pulled down the altar, and extinguished the throne in blood; when they menaced Europe with a war of propagandism; when they seized on the left bank of the Rhine, and confiscated his own patrimony in the general spoil; then his visions of human progress vanished, and he saw no hope for his species, unless cooped up in the cage of an iron-banded despotism. To crush liberty, and promote the cause of absolutism, became henceforward the grand object of his life. Nor did the visit which he paid to England and Holland before entering on his diplomatic career in the slightest degree mitigate this tendency. When he first came amongst us, in 1794, the flower of the Whigs, imitating his own recreancy, had passed over to the Tories, and Pitt was invested with almost dictatorial powers by a corrupt Parliament. In Holland, matters were even worse. That little kingdom, in hourly terror of invasion, had suspended the functions of its senate, and, in the hands of military generals, was bracing every nerve for its defense. Metternich doubtless mistook the diseased state of the freest of the Western Powers for their healthy condition; and



subsequently, with a flippancy little worthy of his genius, pronounced the only governments where order was unsupported by absolutism to be shams and not realities.

The first diplomatic office he undertook was to represent the Westphalian nobility at the Congress of Rastadt. The task probably was nothing more than nominal, to give him a title to a seat in that remarkable assembly, and initiate him into that astute policy which Austria made venerable in his eyes by transmitting it as a paternal legacy. Francis II. summoned his father to preside at the head of the empire over the deliberations of the Congress, and the part he had to play even exceeded the dissimulation which the son so artfully practiced, some nineteen years later, at Prague and Schönbrunn.\* Austria, by secret articles in the treaty of Campo Formio, had given up the integrity of the Germanic empire, and conceded the left bank of the Rhine in return for Venice and a portion of Bavaria. At the same period, the exhausted and turbulent state of France, and the growing alienation of Russia to the Republic, led her to think a speedy opportunity might offer of resuming hostilities with effect. Before the Congress which met to decide the terms of the peace between the deputations of the Germanic empire and the French Republic, the elder Metternich had consequently two parts to play, one of which might even have exhausted the tactics of Talleyrand. He had to persuade the German princes his master was protecting their interests, while he was largely indemnifying himself at their expense. He had also to convince the French ministers that Austria was resolutely bent on peace, at the same time that she was only gaining time to recruit her forces and arrange with England the terms of a third coalition. The German princes were placed in the power of the Republic by the mock retreat of the Austrian forces beyond the Danube, which enabled the French to occupy Mayence and hold the empire in their grasp. The Directory, in turn, was cajoled by the in-

sertion of a clause in the preliminaries of the negotiations that no decision of the Congress was to be final until the entire stipulations drawn up in a complete form were ratified by the Emperor as head of the Diet. During the year 1797-8 this double farce went forward, exhausting the serious attention of the gravest diplomatists of Europe. The elder Metternich had the ability to waste three weeks in exchanging and verifying credentials. The formularies of the empire, with the etiquette and order of precedence of the thirty-five German courts, was another fruitful source of delay. Even Talleyrand, who then held the portfolio of Foreign Minister, made two or three journeys from Paris to the Congress, with a view to accelerate results, thinking there was something solid in the business. Bonaparte also favored the assembly with his presence on his return to the capital, and managed to dismiss that Count Fersen from its sittings who conducted the midnight escape of royalty from the Tuileries, and who sat as representative of Saxony. But two or three days' chicanery wearied the patience of the young soldier, and he was glad to escape to meet the plaudits of the Parisian populace. The secularizations required on the right bank of the Rhine for the territories conceded on the left, the question of territorial debts, of the navigation and custom dues of the river, each afforded the elder Metternich a rich theme for disquisition, and he availed himself of them with the skill of an Irish orator at Westminster, who seizes the precise moment when he has secured a majority by worrying his opponents out of the House, to drop his speech and go to a division. When Bonaparte had landed in Egypt, this interminable Congress was still at its labors, without any prospect of coming to an end. But when the seizure of Malta had led Russia to assume an attitude of hostility against France; when the Porte, menaced with a dismemberment of his dominions, joined his flag with those of Russia and England, and the victorious cannon of Aboukir resounded through Europe—then Count Metternich pulled the boards from under the Rastadt Congress, and left its astonished members to their fate. The French deputies were informed, with "distinguished consideration," that Francis II. had revoked the powers of his deputy, and that the proceedings were at an end.

\* It is amusing to find a writer in *Fraser* (June and July, 1844) confound the son with the father, and enter into a defense of Metternich's proceedings at Rastadt, as if he had actually presided over the assembly. The same blunder has been committed in ten ostensible quarters. (*Metternich and Austrian Rule in Lombardy*, by Jobson, p. 7. 1848.)

They, however, held papers, the publication of which would have compromised Austria with the princes of the Confederation. To seize these papers was a point of great importance to Metternich. That object was effected by a most wanton outrage on the rights of nations. The three Ministers of the Republic, as they quitted Rastadt, were assaulted by a troop of Zeklar hussars, who barbarously butchered two in the skirmish, and left the third covered with blood to carry the hideous tale to the Prussian Legation!

Had young Metternich's appointments been designed to quicken his subtlety and expand his intellect, they could not have been better selected for that purpose. It appears as if Austria, aware of his great talents, had recognized in him her future ruler, and had determined he should bring a mind familiar with the principles and practice of foreign courts to the government of her own. From Rastadt Metternich was sent, as Secretary of Legation, to assist Count Stadion at St. Petersburg. After some two years' stay on the banks of the Riga, he was dispatched, in 1801, as Austria's representative, to the Court of Saxony. But Metternich had hardly familiarized himself with the learned *savans* and antiquities of Dresden, than he found himself in the same capacity at Berlin. The fact is, that these appointments, however capricious they may appear, had a design in them, which foreign editors may be pardoned if they omit to notice, but which we English have cause to remember to our cost. Metternich was sent to St. Petersburg, Dresden, and Berlin, not so much to represent Austria and to write protocols as to negotiate coalitions. Of these coalitions England supplied the nerves and sinews which gave them a moving force. We found ourselves, in 1798, in the same position, with respect to France, as in 1688. But in lieu of a military sovereign we had a reckless minister; and instead of confronting the hired legions of a despotic *régime*, we had to parry the thrusts of an audacious First Consul and the spirited troops of a young republic. Under William we paid other nations for fighting out their own battles; but our monarch was on the spot to direct operations, to command the allied forces, and see the troops stipulated for were actually brought into the field. But under Pitt, our sim-

ple interference was confined to paying the money, which was done with the same profusion as if the cliffs of this island had been bullion and the sands which line its coast had been composed of dazzling topaz or emerald. The result was what the dullest might have predicted. As soon as the respective amounts were showered into the coffers of our allies, the military organization was tardily proceeded with. Either the Powers could not be brought into simultaneous action, or one of them seeing its advantages lay in a separate peace, after some pretense of fighting, made terms with the enemy. The last was Austria's case at Campo Formio and at Luneville, when she showed the profound selfishness which has ever actuated her policy, and her steadiness to her engagements, by joining those troops to the enemy's which we had paid her to equip against him. The first was Prussia's case during the third coalition, which ended in the defeat at Austerlitz, and the horrible carnage by which she expiated her tardiness at Jena. Had Metternich's advice been followed, these disasters could not have taken place. He dissuaded Russia, Sweden, and Austria from assuming a warlike attitude until Prussia had joined the league and called out her forces to second their operations. The adherence of Prussia to the coalition he secured in 1805, while ambassador at Berlin. But, notwithstanding Metternich's entreaties, Prussia was slow in fulfilling her engagements, and the military zeal of Count Stadion precipitated a battle before her levies were in the field. Hence the disastrous conflicts which laid Germany at the feet of Bonaparte, and the intelligence of which killed Pitt quite as effectually as if he had been shot through the heart with a French bullet in the campaign.

To coalitions we have no antipathy in the abstract. They have often been required, and doubtless will often be required, to arrest the march of insolent success. It is to the influence of coalitions that England owes the preservation of her liberties from Stuart kings, and the freedom of her soil from the incursions of hostile armies. But if ever there was a time when this sort of combination was required, it was when a military chieftain, unsurpassed in war tactics, and who constantly nailed victory to his standard, was grasping at the sovereignty of Europe.

It was evidently the only resource of the unsubjugated States to unite their forces and present a compact front to the enemy. Had England held aloof, her independence as a nation would not have been worth three years' purchase. As matters stood, we narrowly escaped the melancholy distinction of Utis—that of being devoured the last. Owing to the remissness of foreign States, Napoleon overran Spain, conquered Italy, subjugated Germany, and enslaved Holland. He already mimicked at Paris the style and pretensions of the Cæsars on the Capitoline. All that remained to confirm his dominion, and reduce Europe to the condition of the old Roman servitude, was to smash Britannia's trident, and arrogate to himself the empire of the sea. Our complaint, therefore, is, not that we organized coalitions, but that we were so foolhardy as to undertake in them more than what naturally fell to our share—namely, the keeping the sea clear from Napoleon's navies, and hunting his forces out of Spain; that we were remiss in intrusting the management of these coalitions to the agents of foreign despots, and that in raising subsidies by ruinous loans, we wasted the patrimony of posterity upon despotic States without producing any but the most disastrous results. It is computed that, out of the four hundred millions which Pitt raised for the purposes of the war, hardly three hundred passed through the hands of the Minister, the rest was thrown away as largesse to entice lenders to commit their fortunes to the perilous enterprise of bribing foreign States to look after their own interests. The remedy became in this manner as bad as the evils it endeavored to avert. Since to impede the march of social progress, to shackle the industry of future generations with the interest of colossal debts, even had these Continental subsidies been essential, was in effect equal to the abuses of the wildest usurpation. For what form more oppressive can the most wanton caprices of despotism assume than that of grinding taxation, or what shape more hateful than when it blights the prospects of society, deprives the millions of ease and comfort, and precludes them from reaching that high stage of civilization which their nature is fitted to attain? We opine it is a very poor consolation to a man who does not know where to get his dinner, that his sovereign is deprived of

the dispensing power; or that he enjoys the blessings of a free press, when he has not a stiver in his pocket. But when we consider that the immense subsidies which Pitt raised served no useful purpose—that they invariably proved abortive—his name ought to be a much greater mark of popular hatred than that of Danby or Wymington. These gentlemen upheld a system of legal tyranny which, though painful for a time, the nation soon managed to get rid of. But Pitt turned the forms of a free Constitution into a means of entailing upon the nation a gigantic system of social restriction, which the country can not escape from without the loss of its honor. Like a reckless gambler, he drew bills to a fearful amount on posterity, and impoverished the resources of myriads yet unborn, to furnish him with the stakes of the ruinous game he was playing. A minister who would endeavor at the present day to enter on so wild a course of extravagance, would be at once hurled from power, and the execration of the country which would follow him to his private home could hardly be inferior to that which deprived the disinterested services of Walpole of the congenial assistance of Aislabie and Sunderland. Yet so blind is the infatuation of party, that the very folly of those acts which killed the man have only inspired his followers to perform his political apotheosis, and to proclaim him a hero. Pitt died through the consciousness of having ruined the people whose destinies were intrusted to his hands; and on the ground of that consciousness, his party have erected a pedestal, on which they present him as the saviour of his country.

Napoleon, after the battle of Austerlitz, largely made use of his rights as victor. He took from Austria the mantle and imperial crown she had worn for six centuries. He deprived her of the Tyrol, of Venice, of the towns on the Danube, of the mouths of the Cattaro. He enriched Baden, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, which lay in Austria's front, with a belt of her territories. He enlarged four petty electorates into powerful kingdoms, and placed them as checks to Austria's movements on the west. On the south she was restrained by the Cisalpine and Transpadane Republics; on the north, by the Helvetic and Rhenish Confederations. Napoleon had only to dictate. Austria, abased to the dust, was glad to sign any conditions

that left her the semblance of sovereignty. Metternich, at this crisis, was suddenly recalled from Berlin, and named ambassador at St. Petersburg. But this appointment was as suddenly exchanged for the same post at Paris, whither Napoleon, having taken such ample securities for the good behavior of Austria, had gone to degrade the phantom Republic into an empire, and indulge his vanity with the gewgaws of a court. It was presumed that Metternich, who had some experience in imperial coronations, and who was well acquainted with the minute elegancies of courtly society, would be a great acquisition to the span-new Emperor, and be able to ingratiate himself into his confidence, as it indeed proved. During Metternich's brief stay at Paris, he was regarded as the great canonist upon all matters of imperial etiquette. The pageant at Notre Dame took place under his auspices. He regulated the first drawing-rooms and levees of the empire. Every new courtier who felt himself ill at ease in exchanging his buskin pantaloons and his woolen jacket for the silken robes of office, found an unfailing resource in Metternich. He was the mold of fashion in which Parisian society took its form after it had quitted its republican habits and was adjusting itself to the new modes of imperial sovereignty. Napoleon, who was charmed with the graceful manners and imposing exterior of the new envoy, and the zeal which he exhibited in the new creation, placed in him the most unreserved confidence. Metternich was then in his thirty-third year. With the elastic vigor of manhood, he still preserved the appearance of the artless simplicity of youth. "You are young, Metternich," said Napoleon, during one of his diplomatic receptions, "to represent so old a House as Austria." "Your Majesty was still younger at the battle of Austerlitz," was the felicitous reply. An astuter man than the French Emperor would have found it difficult to resist the system of delicate flattery whose casual effort could so briefly turn an imputed defect into a compliment, and make that seem more worthy of the bestower than the receiver.

There can not now be a doubt that Metternich regarded the millinery and paste-board work of the first Empire at their true value; and that the interest he seemed to take in surrounding its establishment with the trappings of dignity was only a mask

under which he might worm himself into the Emperor's councils, and study his disposition. In fact Metternich's mission at Paris, in 1806, was one of the most artful duplicity. From the peace of Presburg, Austria had laid her plans with England to rise at the first opportunity. Before Metternich set out for Paris, the scheme was secretly concerted, and the envoy had received his instructions to aid its development. Forces were to be poured into the Spanish peninsula in such numbers as to oblige Bonaparte to concentrate and head his troops in that quarter, and at the slightest reverse experienced by the enemy, Austria was to attack his confederates in Germany. Metternich performed his part dexterously enough. He must have regarded Napoleon, absorbed in his court frippery, much in the same light as an expert huntsman regards a heron he is trying to ensnare; and which he contrives to amuse until the foils arrive which enable him to secure his prey. During those conferences about court revivals, which gave him access to Napoleon at all hours, and in which the Emperor believed him entirely engrossed, with a view to place the Empire upon a respectable footing, Metternich was only noting down the minutest details of Napoleon's character, and cautiously taking his measures for sweeping away the whole superstructure, with the little square-built gentleman who was the center of the entire business. He besieged the French throne with the most fervent assurances of Austria's fidelity to the cause of the Emperor, and her alienation to British interests; while Austria was secretly enlarging her military stores by means of English gold, and equipping her levies for a deadly struggle with his forces. Napoleon, in the mean time, by Metternich's representations, felt so assured of the complete vassalage and dependence of the House of Hapsburg, as to set out to Erfurth to arrange with Alexander, the only monarch with whom he felt disposed to divide Europe, what were to be the halves allotted to each sovereignty. But the warlike preparations of the Austrian Government reached the ears of the French envoy at Vienna, and the intelligence was duly forwarded to Paris. About the same time came the report of the disasters of Dachesne and Moncey in Barcelona and Valencia, and the arrival of twenty thousand British bayonets under Moore at Sala-

manea. Napoleon, although conspiring against all the world, was exceedingly enraged when he heard that any body was conspiring against him. Prepared with a lava of indignation, he waited on Metternich to demand an explanation of the intentions of Austria. The wily diplomatist assured his Majesty that the views of Austria were eminently pacific, that his master was sincerely attached to the Emperor, and that the new levies were designed simply to allay the ferment of his subjects, who feared, from the recent interview at Erfurth, that their territories were menaced with another spoliation. Napoleon departed for the Spanish peninsula somewhat mollified by these representations, which Metternich vigorously upheld, not only at the Bureau of Talleyrand and Champigny, but also over the Toquay which graced the Imperial suppers at the Tuileries.

Any events in which Napoleon was the principal actor were quickly brought to their *dénouement*. His decision was prompt; and his energetic measures followed as close upon his decision as the roll of the thunder succeeds the electric flash which announces it. He contrived not only to give two strokes to his enemy's one while the latter were in action, but he was awake realizing his plans one half of the time during which his opponents slept. This untiring energy, which ever constituted one of the principal elements of his success, singularly distinguished him at this crisis; and to it must be ascribed his escape from the dangers which now menaced him on the Ebro and the Rhine. He flew to Vittoria hardly in time to retrieve the disaster his troops had met with at Baylen. Austria now thought the moment arrived to launch forth a declaration of war. She attacked Wurtemberg and Bavaria. Archduke Charles called upon Italy while the tyrant had his hands tied in Spain, to shake off his degrading yoke, promising all kinds of national institutions, and a perfect saturnalia of freedom as soon as that feat was accomplished. Germany was also summoned, in the name of liberty, to chase the French and their coadjutors beyond Alsace and Lorraine. But Napoleon was not the man to lose the left bank of the Rhine, the Tyrol, and Italy for the sake of defending a mere outpost in the Spanish peninsula. With the speed of lightning he reassured his German allies, and then flew back to Paris to

organize an army to meet their exigencies. Count Stadion, the Austrian Prime Minister, had in the mean time instructed Metternich to get himself hunted out of Paris. But the dispatch had hardly arrived when Fouché reached Metternich's hotel, and informed him he was his prisoner. The Emperor was so enraged with Metternich's duplicity, that he refused to see him, and had charged his Minister of Police to have him conveyed over the borders of France by a company of gendarmerie. Fouché, though things wore rather an unpromising look, knew that Metternich was a winning card, whose assistance he might need on a future day, and deemed it expedient to evade the spirit of his master's orders for the purpose of consulting Metternich's convenience. He left the Austrian envoy to choose his own time and manner of departure, and only appointed one officer to accompany him beyond the *octroi* of St. Denis, in order to save appearances with the Emperor.

The field of Essling, which immediately followed, menaced the fortunes of Napoleon; but the battle of Wagram entailed upon Austria a more disastrous defeat than that of Austerlitz. Napoleon would have been justified, considering the provocation he received, in extinguishing the House of Hapsburg, and dividing her territories among his German confederates. In fact, some project of this sort was in his mind. But the keen-sighted Metternich, who was now called to the helm of affairs in the room of the unfortunate Stadion, now turned to account the weakness of Napoleon's nature, which he had so skillfully anatomized at the Tuileries, and inclined him to benevolence. On Stadion's shoulders was laid the responsibility of the evils which had occurred. Metternich coolly avowed he had been as much deceived as the French Emperor. Henceforth there was only to be one policy at Vienna, and that was whatever Napoleon might choose to dictate. Austria, as events had shown, even were she again inclined to revolt, had been so emasculated by the treaty of Plersburg as to possess little power to inflict mischief, and it would be found much more expedient to France to leave her as she was, politically helpless, than to overgorge some favorite state with her dominions, who might, at the first reverse of the Emperor, join the allies, and con-

duce to his overthrow. The interest of Napoleon was to keep Germany fractionally weak. If Austria disappeared from the map, the states fed with her dominions would inherit her pride, and aim at an independent policy. Many Austrias with Count Stadions at their head, would reappear under other forms; and, instead of the alliance of one of the oldest states in Europe, which would cover the nakedness of a new empire with the venerable dignity of six centuries, he would find himself beset by *parvenu* powers, irritating his flank, and ready to measure lances with him in the field. To second these artful representations, Maria Louisa was invited to the somber gayeties at Schönbrunn. It was even whispered to Champigny, as Josephine could not raise up a heir to the Empire, that Francis II. had no objection to become another Agamemnon, in case Napoleon felt disposed to cement the union of the two crowns by a closer alliance. Metternich knew with what difficulty Napoleon resisted the attractions of women; but these attractions, in the present case enhanced by a diadem by the side of which that worn by the proudest monarch might have lost its lustre, exercised irresistible potency. Metternich's artful reasons were doubtless not without some weight in producing the mild treaty which succeeded; but one glance of the youthful princess had more effect than all the verbose rhetoric by which it was preceded. The scene at Schönbrunn was the triumph, so often represented by poets and novelists, of feminine beauty over enraged passion panting for revenge. We are told that the story of Rowena and Vogenstiern is a myth too improbable for belief, and only to be found in the annals of Druid sagas; but, with a little change in the minor details of dress and custom, the same drama will be found faithfully enacted at Schönbrunn in the nineteenth century.

If Austria had hitherto failed to retrieve her position, the fault was not Metternich's. The part allotted to him had been played with distinguished success; but that part was only subordinate. Count Stadion had pulled the guiding rein, and frequently in a manner which had caused Metternich to remonstrate. The rash temper of Stadion, and the tempting offers of the Pitt and the Perceval Cabinets had hurried him into precipitate measures. Austria was in the position

of old Rome when her fortunes were brought to the brink of ruin by the mad campaigns of Marcellus. But she found something more than her Fabius in Metternich. He was, at this crisis, in his thirty-sixth year, created Chancellor, and invested with almost dictatorial powers in the state. But that state was only the shadow of its former self. It lay crushed beneath a load of debt, exhausted by internal war, despoiled of one third of its dominions, and on every side entangled in the folds of that huge French Empire which extended its vast bulk from the Baltic to the Pyrenees. But a few brief years sufficed Metternich to raise Austria from the lowest depth of its decline to the zenith of prosperity. In 1808, Austria had no more influence on external politics than the republic of San Marino. In 1813, she was the arbitress of Europe. The principal means by which Metternich effected this great change, were the marriage of Maria Louisa with Bonaparte, which contributed to the Emperor's rash expedition against Russia; and the Fabian tactics of cautious delay and keen foresight which enabled him to grasp the confused cards of that terrible game opened at Moscow and finished at Waterloo, to control its issues with luminous precision, and direct them all to the aggrandizement of his country.

Napoleon, after the treaty of Vienna, much as he was flattered with the prospect of a family alliance with the House of Hapsburg, yet regarded that power in too cheap a light for his purposes, and naturally sought a new partner for his throne in the family of Alexander, whom he was so anxious to draw into his plans respecting the partition of Europe. The position of the three courts as regards each other was exactly what it was on the eve of the conference at Erfurth; with this difference, that Austria's interest now, much more than on any previous occasion, lay in detaching Bonaparte from the Russian union: for if that alliance had taken place, she must have sunk at once to a third-rate dependency. The refusal of the mother of Alexander to ally her daughter with the fortunes of a military adventurer, was a windfall for Metternich; as this step not only flung Napoleon back upon Maria Louisa, but led to that alienation between the two courts of Paris and St. Petersburg which Metternich since 1806 had been industriously plotting to effect.

As soon as the marriage articles were drawn up, the Austrian Chancellor conducted the Imperial Archduchess to the couch of the triumphant Lieutenant of Toulon. The Austrian Princess was doubtless instructed by her wary attendant to seize every occasion to second his policy, and to widen the estrangement between Napoleon and the court of Russia. Nor were opportunities long wanting. The strict enforcement of the Continental blockade against British goods began to be relaxed in Russia and Holland. As Napoleon drove the father of the present French Emperor from the Dutch throne, and appropriated his dominions, because he chose rather to follow the advice of his merchants than the orders of his imperial brother, it was not likely that the French despot would treat the same conduct on the part of a power already grown unsteady to his interests with mild remonstrance. Alexander, incensed by the rapacity of the French agents, who had seized for similar contumacy the territories of his brother-in-law, the Duke of Oldenburg, would not yield an inch. The result was war to the knife against Russia. So eager was Bonaparte's resentment, he would not wait for early spring to open the campaign. The cities of Russia must be invaded in the depth of winter. Austria agreed to assist him with a contingent of 60,000 men. But Metternich had no idea of allowing this force to brave the rigors of a northern winter in fifty-six degrees of latitude. He did not venture to suggest any thing about the madness of fighting with the elements. That was a combat in which he was only too glad to find the hot temperament of the French rush to cool itself. He merely stipulated that, as Austria was not the principal, but simply an auxiliary in the war, her contingent should form part of the army of reserve, and operate on the banks of the Vistula. It was also agreed that, in case of success, Francis should be rewarded for his assistance by the cession of Illyria. In case of failure, Metternich knew a greater prize awaited Austria; nothing less than the extortion of her old provinces, by the help of English subsidies, from the weakness of a prostrate empire. Napoleon on this occasion, with mad infatuation, rushed into the jaws of destruction. He allowed Prussia to make the same stipulations as Austria; and entered Russia in September, with an army of

reserve composed of concealed foes, ready on the slightest reverse to assail his rear, and coöperate with the enemy in front to effect his overthrow. The rawest recruit in the French levies might have fathomed the nature of the risks to which France was so rashly committing her destinies. But the Emperor was as effectually blinded by Providence as Paul on his way to Tarsus, and could not see it.

The horrors of that fatal retreat through Mojaïsk and Wiasma, to Smolensko, in the dreary nights of a November, unparalleled even in that region for its biting frosts and overwhelming snow-drifts, when the half-famished French army was destroyed by the pitiless rigor of the climate, and the attacks of an infuriated enemy ever assailing its flanks, spread throughout Germany a burst of sunshine. The monarchs of Prussia and Austria had no lack of popular enthusiasm to support their contemplated defection from the French cause. The whole German people rose to make merry over the grave of France. Of the 400,000 men whom Napoleon had led across the Dnieper, in all the pride of chivalry, hardly 25,000 returned to recount their disasters; and these more like groups of savage specters pursued by the Furies than disciplined soldiers retreating in the face of a civilized enemy. At this juncture, chivalrous Prussia, instead of resisting the progress of the Cossack horde, showed her heroic devotion to freedom by quietly marching her contingent over to the Russian ranks, and helping to annihilate the wasted remains of the ally whom she had sworn to defend. Metternich, more artfully, and without much seeming sacrifice of honor, instructed Schwartzberg, the head of the Austrian contingent, to conclude an armistice, and return to Vienna. The occasion was critical. Napoleon had rushed to Paris, had raised 350,000 conscripts, and was expected to sweep through Germany with the strength of a whirlwind. It was the interest of Austria yet to keep up a pretense of preserving her alliance with France. At the same time Metternich entered into secret understanding with the allies, and by means of English gold armed every clown with a musket whose services he could press into the contest.

The more completely to elude the vigilance of Napoleon, Schwartzberg was sent as Envoy-Extraordinary to Paris, and

some angry remonstrances of the Russians, got up expressly for the occasion, were shown by him to the Emperor, which expostulated with Austria for allowing her contingent to renew operations before the precise time of the expiration of the armistice. But the fact is, the Austrian contingent had only moved to retreat. It soon became evident to Bonaparte that the maneuvers between the two armies were an idle show, designed to enable Metternich, under the guise of friendship, to push forward preparations of the most menacing hostility. On summoning the contingent to assume an offensive attitude, Napoleon was quietly told that the commander had received instructions to take his orders from Vienna, and not from Paris; that the circumstances under which hostilities commenced had entirely changed, and Austria, if the war should continue, must engage in it as one of the principals, and not as auxiliary; but that she preferred peace, and would do her utmost to obtain it. In the mean time Metternich had secretly collected and equipped behind the mountains of Bohemia a force of 200,000 men.

The fields of Lützen and Bautzen which saw the raw recruits of France engage the veterans of Russia and Germany with such imminent risk of defeat, powerfully assisted the tactics of Metternich in raising Austria from a state of servile dependency to be the umpire of nations. During the last engagement, which ended in an armistice, a company of French hussars had fallen in with a Prussian escort, and intercepted a secret correspondence of Austria with the allies. Napoleon, who had replaced Count Otto at Vienna by Narbonne, because that minister had suffered himself to be outwitted by the Austrian Chancellor, now instructed his new envoy to charge Metternich with mistaking intrigue for politics, to menace him with demanding his passports, and to represent the imperial forces at 800,000 men. But victory had fluctuated. The weight of a feather would now have sufficed to turn the scale between the combatants. And Metternich had at his back an effective army, able single-handed to cope with either party, and panting to revenge on the one to which Austria was in reality hostile, all the disasters that party inflicted on their country; Metternich, therefore, disregarding threats, looked at facts, and at once leaped into

the seat of the great controller of European destinies. The allies knew that without Austria they were powerless, and offered every thing to the cupidity of her minister. Bonaparte knew that if Austria joined the enemy he stood in imminent danger of being extinguished, and therefore bid against the allies. But the star of the Emperor was on the wane. By the treaty of Trachenberg, Sweden had been drawn into the alliance; and Wellington was driving the French out of Spain. Besides, the offers of the Emperor were not half so tempting as those of the allies, and they were regarded as insincere. It was evidently the interest of Austria to side with the allies; but she strove to extort from Napoleon's fears by the pen what the allies were laboring to effect by the sword. Metternich talked largely about the duties of armed intervention, the necessity of placing the peace of Europe upon a durable basis; but really meant nothing less than the reduction of France to its old limits, and that Austria should receive out of the dismemberment of the Empire the lion's share of the spoil.

In reply to Napoleon, who pressed, through his minister Narbonne, for a specific declaration of Austria's intentions, Metternich proceeded to the imperial quarters at Dresden, bearing a holograph letter from the Austrian Emperor. The extraordinary interview which ensued lasted half a day; nor are the details, embalmed in the simple narration of Baron Fain, who was present as Metternich's secretary, wanting to posterity. Bonaparte, as soon as the envoy was admitted, eschewing all conventional preludes went directly to the point. "Well, Metternich, your Cabinet wants to make capital out of my misfortunes. The great question for you to decide is whether, without fighting, you can exact profitable conditions from me, or if you are to throw in your lot with my enemies. Well, we will see. Let us treat. What do you want?" Metternich replied in a sentence which, for clearness of meaning, might be compared to one of the Thames' fogs, that Austria desired nothing but those moderate measures which justice inspired, and would take up the position dictated by equity. "Speak more plainly," said the Emperor. "Come to the point. All I want is your neutrality. I am an old soldier, and know better how



to break than bend. Will you take Illyria?" At the rejoinder of Metternich, who, in a cloud of diplomatic euphemism, demanded the restoration of the old condition of Europe and the guarantee of peace under the ægis of an association of independent States, Napoleon burst into a torrent of fury. "In fact, you want Italy; Russia, Poland; Sweden, Norway; Prussia, Saxony; England, Holland, and Belgium; and Austria wishes me to agree to these conditions without unsheathing the sword. The demand is an outrage. You urge moderation, and want to dismember the French Empire. My father-in-law might have left some one else to patronize such a project. How much gold, Metternich, has England given you for this?" During these ebullitions Napoleon paced the room with hurried step; laid down and took up his hat; muttered broken sentences between his teeth, and showered a volley of furious glances on the envoy, who remained as cold and collected as a statue. But the prey was taken in his toils, and Metternich could regard its idle chafing with stolid curiosity. At the end of half an hour's silence, the Emperor became less agitated, and dropped his hat, to allow Metternich an opportunity to relax the stiffness of his demeanor, and revive the conversation. But the envoy was not, as the Emperor imagined, the same pliant personage who stood before him the representative of humbled Austria after the peace of Presburg. He would now neither stoop nor speak; and the Emperor, having picked up his hat, deemed it expedient to assume a more gracious tone. "Illyria!" exclaimed the monarch, holding out his hand to Metternich, "is not my last word. We can make better terms. Consult your court, and let me hear." But the hat incident alone might have revealed to a less astute observer than Bonaparte that Austria held his fortunes cheap, and was as much committed against him as the most inveterate of his enemies. It was the first time in the annals of sovereignty that an emperor was known to stoop in the presence of foreign envoys. But Bonaparte, who was a novice in the arts of courts, placed a rash confidence in his alliance with Francis II., and could not bring himself to believe that he would aid the allies to impair a crown which his daughter wore. Bonaparte looked upon the marriage as a family compact, and not

as a sacrifice to which Austria had recourse to save her from social extinction. To this overweening confidence, which deceived him to the last, Napoleon always attributed his overthrow.

As Metternich's preparations for the final struggle were not complete, he proposed a prolongation of the armistice to the tenth of August, and a mock congress at Prague. Of this congress he was elected President. Caulincourt, Napoleon's minister, wished at once to proceed to business, but was overborne by the representatives of the allies, who wasted the time in prelude debates about rights of precedence and idle matters of form and routine, until the evening of the seventh. On the following day, Austria proposed, as an *ultimatum* to France, the division of the Duchy of Varsovia between Russia and Prussia; the independence of Hamburg and Lubeck; the reconstruction of Prussia with a frontier on the Elbe; the cession of Illyria to Austria; the dissolution of the Helvetic Confederation, and a guarantee that the limits agreed upon should not be altered unless by the common consent of all the Powers. Napoleon's reply, which conceded some points, but modified others, did not arrive till the night of the tenth. But Austria had gained her point. She had her forces in readiness, and before sunset had sided ostensibly with the allies, and declared war.

To do Metternich justice, whatever deception he may have practiced on Napoleon, he did not desire his complete overthrow. After the terrible reverse the Emperor experienced at Leipsic, and when the allies in the north of France were coöperating with Wellington, already debouching on the south, Metternich wrote to Caulincourt, pressing him to urge his master to accept the conditions of the allies before it was too late. The fact is, he dreaded the preponderance which Russia would immediately possess in the councils of Europe, if the troops of the Czar were to enter the French capital and dictate the abdication of the Emperor. But Napoleon, deluded by a few ephemeral successes, revoked the powers to treat he had conferred on his minister, and again trusted his fortunes to war. He appears to have had in his mind the desperate case of Frederick the Great, and thought that by holding out to the last some misunderstanding between his

enemies might similarly effect his deliverance. The capitulation of Paris, however, left him no alternative but to abdicate. Metternich and Francis II. arrested their course at Dijon, thinking it unseemly to enter as victors the capital of a kingdom over which their daughter presided as regent. But the weak Archduchess was reclaimed by her parent. It was represented to her that Napoleon was no Scipio; that he was indifferent to her person; that his affections were engrossed by other women; and that, for the sacrifice of an imperial throne which had been erected on the ruins of her House, she should have a principality in Italy. Maria Louisa had married the Emperor, and not the man; but the Emperor was defunct, and it was for the honor of her House that she should assume the state of widowhood. Metternich belonged to a church which regards the marriage-bond as indissoluble, and which accords separation *à mensâ* only under certain very rigorous conditions; but by what casuistry he could reconcile it to his conscience, *first*, to throw a bait in a king's way and lead him to put away his wife, in order to accept the princess whom he offered, and then, on a sudden reverse of fortune, which he had mainly conspired to bring about, to estrange the affections and detach the person of that princess from her husband, has, indeed, never been sufficiently explained to us.

By breaking up the family of Napoleon, even to the separation of the mother from the son, Metternich aimed at the extinction of the dynasty. He, however, felt insecure at the assignment of Elba to the fallen Emperor as a principality, and represented how easily Napoleon might effect a landing on the adjacent coast, and upset all their fancied schemes of security. Indeed, the bare supposition of Bonaparte reëssuming power in France was a terrible bugbear to Austria; for if the captive had once more got the House of Hapsburg within his grasp, that House would doubtless have paid the forfeit of its treachery by ignominious extinction. Metternich, to set these hideous fears at rest, proposed St. Helena. But Alexander had pledged his word; Bonaparte had already entered upon his exile, and to change his retreat in the sunny waters of the Mediterranean for a solitary prison in the African ocean, would have been a breach of faith on the part of the con-

tracting Powers which would have roused the indignation of Europe. The object which Metternich sought was obtained through the realization of the very doubts which he feared. The eagerness of Napoleon to avail himself of the dissensions between Austria and Russia enabled Metternich to wrench the South of Italy from the hands of Murat, to confer the crown of Naples on a Bourbon viceroy, and to chain his chief adversary to that rock from which he continues to excite the sympathies of posterity.

Metternich was now in his element. The roar of cannon had ceased. Instead of contending with kings at the head of flaming armies, he had simply to sit in his curule chair, with the maps of kingdoms at his feet, and arrange with a staff of diplomatists, of whom he was the acknowledged head, the future divisions of Europe. The spoil that was to fall to the lot of Austria he had taken care to secure by express stipulation as a reward for deserting the cause of Napoleon. Hardly without a word of dispute, Austria was allowed to resume her old frontiers from Bavaria and Wurtemberg, to seize Galicia, to appropriate the Tyrol, Italy, and Illyria. England, the most constant and inveterate of Napoleon's enemies, who had raised loans without number, and rushed into coalitions without thought; who had hunted Napoleon's marshals out of Spain; who had supplied the subsidies by means of which Alexander annihilated the old legions in their flight from Moscow, and Schwartzemberg struck down the new levies on the fields of Leipsic; England, who had snatched the laurels of the final triumph at Waterloo, asked nothing for herself, and does not seem to have got the little she demanded for others. Castlereagh was instructed to propose the annexation of Lombardy to Piedmont, and the extension of the line of Sardinia to the Adige. He was also to preserve the Duchy of Warsaw from the grasp of Russia. But Metternich allowed Russia to seize what remained of Poland, on condition of the Czar's acquiescence in his spoliation of Upper Italy. It required no great effort on the part of Metternich to convince Castlereagh that France, on the side of Italy, was sufficiently guarded by the Alps; that a Lombardo-Sardinian kingdom would interfere with Austrian preponderance in the Peninsula; and that with Austria's prepon-

derance in the Peninsula was bound up England's supremacy in the Mediterranean. Indeed, this part of the argument has, even in our day, lost none of its effect; and the party to which Castlereagh belonged can still produce no other reason than the same selfish appeal which convinced the judgment of that profound statesman, for damping the ardor of the English people in favor of Italian nationality.

The treaties of Vienna, though the most desperate efforts have been made by English diplomatists to embalm them as monuments of political wisdom, are fast becoming as dead as those of Westphalia. In fact, they should be got under ground with all possible dispatch; for no compacts so worthless, so wicked, so utterly subversive of the rights of humanity, are to be found in the annals of nations. They reflect the tortuous policy of the minister who presided over their formation, who sought in them the aggrandizement of his country, and allowed no law, human or divine, to stand between him and that object; who, by their agency, arrested the growth of prosperity in other nations, that his own might flourish, and was content to establish the greatness of the dynasty which he served on the decay of civilization. Nations, no more than individuals, can reap any lasting benefit from each other's misfortunes. The international relation, to be of durable service, must be founded on the interchange of mutual benefits and the advancement of the general interests of humanity. A wise statesman would scorn empire based upon the privations of the governed and the degradation of conterminous States. But the fine sentiment of Fénélon, that he was a greater Frenchman than a Periguan, but a greater cosmopolitan than a Frenchman—a sentiment which ought to be inscribed in the cabinet of every minister—was completely inverted by Metternich. He was a greater imperialist than a cosmopolitan, and a greater Austrian than an imperialist; but there was none of the three he was not prepared to sacrifice for the interest of the single family of Hapsburg. Having decreed that the interests of that House were incompatible with the progress of humanity, he stoutly resolved that humanity should move backward. Italy and Poland were consigned to perdition. The great law of nationalities, so completely subverted in the consolidation

of the Austrian Empire, was attempted to be erased from the face of Europe. Russia wanted Finland; and therefore Sweden and Denmark must partake of the weakness of Austrian rule, and stretch their scepter over conflicting races. Denmark, for giving up Norway to harass the Swedes, was indemnified by a democratic province of Germany, which has emboweled its factitious parent in return. Ultramontane Belgium was thrown into the arms of evangelical Holland. The Poles resumed their old place under three masters. Alsace and Lorraine, formerly integral parts of Germany, might, united with Baden, to which they had close affinities, have formed a compact State. Both parties clamored for the union; but these provinces were overrun with liberal ideas, and would have assisted Baden to oppose Austrian despotism in the Confederation: they were, therefore, annexed to France. The thirty-five German courts were dug up out of the past with scrupulous care, that Austria might stretch her giant bulk over their petty principalities, and awe them into quiet submission. The mediæval policy was restored in the Italian peninsula, and the people, in its fragmentary states, swept back to a worse condition than that in which they were at the commencement of the last century, that they might sympathize with the blessings of Austrian dominion. But the *animus* of the Congress must be viewed in the dispute concerning Saxony, which Prussia endeavored to seize. Metternich had no love for the Bonapartist who wore its crown; but its annexation would have made Prussia a match for Austria; he therefore opposed the step on the ground of its injustice. For Prussia to seize Saxony would be robbing a monarch of his kingdom because he had kept the pledge which Prussia had given to Napoleon, as well as himself. Metternich had no objection that Prussia should seize a part, as a reward for the violation of her engagements. The glaring injustice of confiscating the whole did not apply to taking a slice, provided Prussia used her knife with moderation. Hardenberg replied for his kingdom by publishing tables containing the number of leagues of territory and amount of inhabitants which had been appropriated by Austria out of the spoils of the French Empire; by showing that she had snatched more than fell to her share, and insisting upon the necessity Prussia

was under to emulate her rapacity. Metternich did not attempt to question the validity of this line of argument, but simply busied himself in refuting the accuracy of the figures, and proving that Prussia had already seized as much of the spoil as himself. The fact is, the Congress of Vienna was a mere scramble among Russia, Austria, and Prussia, for the numerous States which the fall of Napoleon left in a state of dissolution. National interests or political justice were only thought of to be violated. There, mutual concessions were only licenses to inflict wrong. The whole of Metternich's future life was a constant struggle to perpetuate the very unnatural state into which he had contrived to plunge the greater portion of Europe. When those efforts at last proved unavailing; when he saw each rafter of the system give way with a crash beneath the pressure of public opinion; when he heard the roar of French cannon amidst the jubilee of an entire people, announce the doom of his House in Italy—he must have had strong misgivings as to the worthlessness of the objects on which his life had been spent. He might have recurred to the far different results with which history had inspired the bright visions of his youth, when, beneath the sunny beeches of Strasburg, he deplored with Constant the retribution which a similar policy to his own had brought on the Spanish branch of Hapsburg, when he traced the effects of the same selfishness and intolerance he was about to practice in the downfall of Venice—in the servitude of the tetrarchy of States which divided Greece, and from the grave of Rome pointed at the specter of Carthage.

The year 1814–15 was the busiest of Metternich's life. Besides presiding over a congress which, for the magnitude of the questions it discussed, is unrivaled in human annals, he had to construct a new Federal Union, and coerce the thirty-five conflicting interests of Germany, through the agency of an assembly hardly representing one sixth of their number, into its adoption. The two works proceeded with equal step. One part of the morning was spent in sharp altercation with Hardenberg and Nesselrode, or in exchanging diplomatic assurances with Talleyrand: another in receiving deputations from the minor German State who had no deputies at the conclave, and establishing upon a most indisputable basis how much it was

to their interest that they should club together their contingents, in order to place at the disposal of Austria a new army of three hundred thousand men. The objections of the liberal portion of the States were loud: their legates filled the ante-chamber of the Minister, and clamored for guarantees, which he had to show were either useless or impracticable. Yet the task went swimmingly forward. The day after the Treaties of Vienna received their final signatures, the new Germanic Confederation was announced as part of the public law of Europe.

Metternich, in providing Germany with a new constitution, no less than at the congress, perverted a golden opportunity of achieving lasting benefits for a great section of his race into the purposes of Hapsburg aggrandizement; though many collateral advantages arose from his work, which he had the tact to put forward as the principal motives which impelled him to execute it. The resuscitation of the old German Empire, which Bonaparte had destroyed at Presburg, could have served no useful purpose. It gave Austria an empty title, but no real security, while it left Germany a prey to intestine divisions, which led great monarchs to involve her States in their quarrels, and turn her fields into an arena for the trial of the strength of their respective armaments. The lesser States, incapable of resisting the assaults of the greater, afforded only a bait to tempt their cupidity. Hence Germany, before the Confederation, may be said to have been the battle-field of Europe; the coveted prize which either provoked its wars, or gave them a more fatal direction. Her territory formed a sort of debatable land, into which Gustavus Adolphus rushed to defend religious freedom, Frederick to anticipate the dreaded partition of Austria, and revolutionary France to convulse and overturn the world. It is not too much to say that, had Germany been united by a strong federal union, the wars with the French Empire would have been diminished of much of their virulence, and that the 'Thirty Years' War, and the Sicilian wars could never have been fought. For the belligerent States would not only have been restricted from attacking each other, but they would have thrown on their frontiers a colossal force, which, instead of being used for aggressive purposes, would have rolled the tide of war far

from their territories, and operated to secure the peace of Europe. We in our own age have seen the effects of this military league; when, in 1831, Germany, wedged between France and the rest of Europe, prevented the great Powers which flanked her territories from attacking each other; and when, hardly four months ago, an Emperor, glutted with victory, was induced to sheathe his sword on the plains of Solferino, through fear of provoking the hostility of a people who could send three hundred thousand men to defend their interests in the field. It has been frequently alleged, in extenuation of the Treaties of Vienna, that they preserved the peace of Europe for forty-five years. But this is an egregious error. These treaties, in reality, have led Europe to the verge of numerous outbreaks; and if the flame has only smoldered in the crater, or been arrested after a sudden spurt of violence, the result is owing to the Germanic Confederation.

But little credit is due to Metternich for turning the disruption which had previously been the great stimulant to European wars into a powerful organization for their repression. Had he not been in the way, Germany would have been environed by a military barrier as strong as he erected, while the internal relation of the States would have secured independent action, and the problem of German unity been solved upon the basis of national representation, equal rights, homogeneous laws, and free institutions. The ground was already cleared, and the evils of the old state of things pointed so forcibly to their remedy, that the States would have been blind, indeed, had they not turned the occasion to account. But Metternich framed the provisions of the compact so artfully, as to place the interests of the States at the command of the two great military monarchies, and convert the resources they supplied for their external defense into a means of extinguishing the germ of constitutional ideas within the circle of the Union. There was no executive, because there were no abiding laws for an executive to enforce. The Germans demanded what indeed had been repeatedly promised them for shedding their blood so profusely in the Napoleonic wars, a national government to regulate a federative compact, including a free commercial code, a common system of finance, a uniform body of legal juris-

diction, and a national army, which would not only throw a military garrison round their frontier, but protect the development of those free constitutions which the leading states had pledged themselves to inaugurate. They certainly got the army, but it was for a far different purpose to that on which they had fondly reckoned. That army served to guarantee the safety of the retrograde courts from the violence of their subjects in breaking their liberal pledges. It also enabled Metternich with the machinery which the articles of the Diet put into his hands, to restrict the press, and suppress those ardent longings for constitutional reform which each political outbreak in surrounding countries never failed to communicate to the sympathetic nature of the Germans. In 1826, when the Greek war of independence gave the first impulse to liberal tendencies in reorganized Europe; in 1831, when the overturning of a dynasty in Paris menaced Europe with another war of revolutionary propagandism; and again in 1835, when the Quadruple Alliance enkindled in the subjects of all liberal States a deep passion for representative institutions, Austria, in conjunction with Prussia, strained the articles of the Diet to meet the exigencies of the occasion, and prevent the spread of the ferment in Germany. Refractory journals were suppressed; foreign sheets of a liberal character prohibited, and the universities placed under galling restrictions. Baden, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria protested: but the representatives of the liberal States were overpowered by the votes which Austria and her great military neighbor could always summon to their assistance. It was at length discovered that, instead of a national confederation, Austria had palmed upon them a military league, which deprived them of the very advantages they had expected a national confederation to supply.

Metternich was not content with having a federal army at his disposal to crush the liberties of Germany; he wished to place Italy, for a similar purpose, under the same contribution. The Italian courts were invited to form a league with Austria, as possessor of Lombardo-Venetia, at their head, and raise a force to protect their mutual interests. In this sense the French Emperor, in suggesting an Italian confederation, may be said only to repeat a phrase uttered by the great adversary

of his House forty years before him. But, influenced by political jealousy, neither Victor Emmanuel I. nor Charles Felix would listen to the propositions of Metternich; and the other states were too weak and insignificant to raise a force of any account. But if a military league failed, Austria could march quite as easily to her object by another route. She constructed and enlarged fortresses by which a small garrison of troops could overawe surrounding populations, and entered into secret stipulations with the Italian princes to occupy their territories when any outbreak, actual or suspected, menaced the policy of absolutism in the Peninsula. Thus, the famous quadrangle, the fortifications of the Adige, the citadels of Ancona and Venice, the fortresses of Piacenza and Modena, show in what spirit Austria was inclined to uphold her influence in Italy, and meet the progressive requirements of a people. Her position in Lombardo-Venetia, which Mr. Layard has not inaptly compared to that of an enemy encamped in a hostile country, would doubtless have necessitated these preparations, but the possession of Lombardo-Venetia was a bauble in comparison with the objects Metternich proposed by these measures to accomplish. His objects were nothing less than the conversion of all the courts in the Peninsula into so many satrapies of Vienna, and the direction of the ecclesiastical interests of the whole of Catholic Europe; and these objects he not only achieved, but enjoyed up to a few months of his fall. From 1815 to 1846 there was not a prince in Italy who did not feel that if Metternich withheld his hand, his throne would obey the laws of equilibrium as quickly as any other object whose supports were withdrawn; and during the same period the reactionary policy of the Vatican was protected by the Austria Chancellor against the protests of the united diplomacy of Europe.

Had the Italian courts joined the league which Metternich proposed, they might have secured some shadow of independence; but being left disunited to form their own terms with Austria, their isolation left them entirely at her disposition. Hence from the onset Metternich treated them far more cavalierly than any of the princes of Germany. Having no force by which they could keep their subjects in subjection but those drawn from Aus-

tria, he imagined the princes of Italy were her peculiar property, and could be deposed or set up according as it suited her convenience. When the young king whom he had placed upon the throne of Naples wished to be informed what course Austria would take in the event of his yielding to the clamors of his people for a constitution, Metternich quietly replied he would send an army to depose him. The trial for which Austria made such artful preparations soon ensued. Naples rose and forced Ferdinand to inaugurate the required reforms. Metternich summoned the representatives of Prussia, France, and Russia to meet him at Laybach, to enforce the principles of the Holy Alliance. From Laybach they adjourned to Troppau, in order to be nearer the scene of action, and invited Ferdinand to attend their council. That monarch could only allege constraint in extenuation of the step he had taken. The congress placed at his disposal an Austrian force, and sent him back to hang up the revolutionary leaders, and tear the constitution to pieces. The example of Naples, and the abdication of Victor Emmanuel, inspired Sardinia to make similar demands. The crown-prince, Carignano, in the absence of Charles Felix, proclaimed the new constitution from his palace-windows. The congress dispatched another Austrian force to Turin, who dealt with the new constitution as expeditiously as their colleagues had done with that at Naples. The crown-prince sought safety in flight to a foreign land. The abettors of the liberal movement were either summarily shot, or met with a lingering death in the dungeons of Mantua or Spielberg. Similar efforts to establish representative institutions, some years afterwards, in Parma, Modena, and the Legations, met with the same repression. Austria having restored the obsolete despotisms, fenced them round with her bayonets, by the military occupation of their territories. The class of men hunted down in these tumults were not mere stump orators. Some were scholars and statesmen who would have done honor to antiquity. Their features are reflected in the critical labors of Foscolo and Panizzi, and in the exquisite pathos of Pellico and Maroncelli.

The insurrection of Spain, which had, according to Metternich, incited the commotions at Naples and Piedmont before

it came to its maturity,\* and the rise of the Greeks against the Ottoman, soon excited uneasiness among the European courts, which another congress, in conformity with the principles of the Holy Alliance, met at Verona to dispel. The Cortes, by seizing Ferdinand, hindered him from following the example of his Neapolitan cousin, and furnished a pretext to the allied powers for sending a French army to Madrid. But opposition came from a quarter whence the congress least expected it. England, though in the hands of Tory ministers, was represented at the Foreign Office by a statesman guided by public opinion. Metternich, instead of leaning on the support of a sleek epicure, reeking with the fumes of the preceding night's debauch, found himself confronted by a figure pale with intellectual vigils, who opposed every line of his policy, who loudly condemned the periodic meetings of courts of monarchs to prescribe laws to other nations, and fixed limits to their pretensions in this instance, which he defied them to surpass without encountering the hostility of England. This language was quite new to Metternich. He had seen England most eager to promote kingly confederacies against the revolutionary governments of France. He had seen her load herself with debt to impose upon the French people a government, the last they would have chosen, had they been unfettered in their choice. He therefore averred that, while most anxious to get rid of revolutions which menaced our own safety, we did not in the least object to those which imperiled the existence of our neighbors. But in this impeachment he lost sight of two principles, one of which he might have taken home to himself. The England which Pitt and Canning represented were two different entities. Pitt was the mouth-piece of a class whose fortunes were sunk in the war. Canning flung himself upon the broad interests of the nation. Tierney and Fox doubtless thought, in opposing Pitt in 1798 and in 1800, they were as much the exponents of England as their great antagonist, and would have had a much larger following had Parliament reflected the national sentiment. Canning now was only compelling a Tory Cabinet to adopt the great principles

which the Whig leaders enunciated a quarter of a century before, and in doing so, received the warmest support of their successors. Metternich attributed the inconsistency of a party to a people whom that party misrepresented. Besides, the case comprised something more than the simple putting down of a revolution. It involved the change of a policy resolutely persevered in for a century. England had buried two armies in Flanders, and strewed the Mediterranean with the wreck of five hostile armaments in order to hinder the union of Spanish and French councils. If in the recent contest we had spent one hundred and fifty millions to get Napoleon out of Spain, it was quite as much in pursuit of our old policy of preventing the French court from dictating at Madrid, as from any dread of the menaces of an ambitious usurper. Was England now to expend her energies in bringing about that very alliance of two despotic crowns which she had spent the blood and crippled the resources of four generations to prevent? Metternich should have remembered the defeat of Almanza, and the united glories of Zaragoza. He might have remembered that the policy of England with respect to Spain aimed at the ascendancy of his own House; and that Austria had fought with England, and put forward her best energies to sustain it. But Metternich was too much over-ridden by the anti-constitutional furor to perceive that inconstancy was a taunt the least applicable to England, and the foremost of the numerous reproaches to which he exposed his country.

In the differences between the Greeks and the Porte, and the bearings of the quarrel upon the interests of surrounding States, Metternich displayed a more keensighted judgment than any cotemporary statesman. If he did not attempt to solve the Eastern problem, if he left the fate of European Turkey, with all its complications, to be decided by his successors, he at all events drew the attention of European governments to many elements in the business which they seemed disposed to overlook. The Greeks he treated as *carbonari*, not simply because they were in arms against their rulers, though that probably would have been enough for him; but because he viewed in them the agents of a despotism which was not very congenial to his own. The motive of

\* Dispatch to Chateaubriand. (*Congress de Verona*, vol. i. p. 125.)

Russia in the Greek war was as plain to Metternich as that of a cat when it goes into the dairy. But Mr. Canning was a simple-hearted man, and even took monarchs for what they represented themselves to be, when their language coincided with his sentiments. He saw one despotism wishing to ally itself with constitutionalism in order to oppose another despotism which was coquetting with revolution; and he thought the occasion should be turned to the advantage of constitutionalism. He therefore embarked the fortunes of this country in a cruise for Russian interests, and steered the vessel of the state upon rocks from which she was only rescued by a marvelous chapter of political accidents and a Titanic struggle. But the errors of Canning were not peculiar to the minister. While seeking to realize the dreams he cherished at Eton and Christchurch, he was carrying out a policy which answered the demands of the foremost spirits of his time, and satisfied the prejudices of his country.

The current against the Turks had set in so strong in England, as to seem to partake of that animosity which helped Conrad over the walls of Askalon, and urged Richard to storm the turrets of Acre. From the days when Catherine drove the Turks out of the Ukraine, and chased them across the Euxine, every class of English politicians had regarded the Russian legions in the light of heroic Crusaders. Their armaments against the Turks were so many spontaneous offerings of a gallant nation at the shrine of civilization. Even so advanced a statesman as Burke very comfortably denounced the Turks as barbarians, with whom no terms ought to be kept, and urged that it was our duty to assist in the work of their extermination.\* Fox, also, in exchanging compliments with Catherine II., could eulogize her as the chastizer of a race of savages who had proved the pest of Eastern Europe. The struggles of the Greeks, while awakening the remembrance of traditions which reflected shame on their degeneracy, gave these virulent feelings a far more powerful direction. The revolt must be fed with arms and accouterments. The Russians must be stimulated to send an army to the Balkan. Our fleet, united to that of the arch-enemy of the Sultan, must anchor beneath his

seraglio. The time had at length arrived when the Mussulmen were even to be driven across the Tigris, and pursued to their original settlements in Crim-Tartary. The destruction of the Ottoman navy at Navarino, and the capture of Adrianople which followed these measures, were esteemed national blessings. Hobhouse and Mackintosh spoke in the Commons as if they were on the point of proposing a national thanksgiving;\* and Holland, in the Lords, thought the time had come for every freeman to rejoice over the grave of Turkish power in Europe. It is to the credit of Metternich that he opened the eyes of our statesmen to the precipice on which they were dancing with such blind security. England by him was taught to regard that little kingdom she had planted round the Athenian Acropolis as the vanguard of a despotism not less savage than the Sultan's, and which threatened to replace the sluggish friendship of his alliance by a vigilant hostility most fatal to her interests. Turkey at once became as much an object of our fostering care as it had been of our relentless hostility. He stopped the march of Diebitch on Constantinople. He induced the cabinet of Wellington to place itself between the Russian general and the Porte, and to assist him in reducing those pretensions which, if ceded in their full extent, would have placed the Ottoman dominions at the feet of their savage adversary. In the case of Mehemet Ali, he rescued the Porte from the clutches of an audacious vassal backed by the support of France. During the Crimean invasion it was the fashion to decry Austria for her supineness in the war. But it was forgotten that the contest owed its commencement to her admonitions; that the Russians had crossed the Pruth in 1828, with the encouraging smiles of British statesmen; and that, had it not been for the counsels of the statesman who was the prop of her House, Russia, instead of encountering the hostility, would have been carried in the arms of England to the gates of Constantinople.

The events which led to the second downfall of the Bourbon dynasty were not unappreciated by Metternich, though the consequences of their success took a direction which he failed to anticipate. It is singular that the success of the

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\* Hansard, 1784.

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\* Hansard, February, 14, 1828.



French court in their Spanish politics should in two succeeding reigns have committed the government to a despotic policy which stimulated a popular reaction, and led them to evince that overweening confidence and recklessness in their measures which overturned the throne. Metternich, who went to the French capital in 1825, to recruit his wife's health, was himself a witness of the violent acrimony with which the measures of the Villèle Ministry was assailed by the press, and the power which the press exercised over the minds of the people. That power, in Metternich's eyes, seemed to dwarf the authority of the minister, and made him exclaim, were he not Prime Minister of Austria, he would be a journalist at Paris. The restrictive measures which followed upon his return to Vienna he approved, but intimated to the government his fears that they were proceeding too quickly. Were Polignac more alarmed, he avowed to the French envoy he would be less alarmed. With his habitual prescience, he flung reinforcements into Italy, made the tackle of his government tight, and prepared for the worst. When the blow fell, he received Louis Philippe's ambassador with good grace; the discovery of Charles X.'s complicity with Russia's scheme of Turkish spoliation having somewhat mollified his antipathy to a throne erected upon barricades. Metternich might reasonably abate some little of his hatred for liberal government, in presence of a despotism which he had raised from the dust, conspiring with another despotism in order to eat up their mutual ally and protector. He, nevertheless, ventured to offer Louis Philippe some advice about the necessity of returning to a conservative policy, little dreaming, when that monarch came to act upon it, that he would not only secure his own fall, but drag down his adviser along with him.

There was, however, a revolution which, as it was bloodless, and not accompanied by the roar of cannon and glistening bayonets, almost escaped his attention. Yet that revolution, in its consequences, proved far more momentous to the world and more fatal to his system than the vaunted insurrection at Paris. Political power in England had passed from the hands of a clique into the hands of the nation. The Whigs, after an eternity of wandering, had returned to

Downing street. The foreign relations of the country, as well as its internal politics, were to undergo complete revision. No mercy was to be shown to despots. There was to be a regular crusade in favor of constitutional governments. And, in truth, the condition of Europe presented ample field for speculation. Central Italy had risen against its rulers; Poland was skirmishing with Russia; Belgium was in deadly strife with Holland; Portugal was endeavoring to cast out Don Miguel; and Spain was in the throes of a convulsion produced by family feud and a change in the order of succession. It was evident Metternich would have to fight a tough battle in defense of every outpost of his policy. We divided Belgium from Holland; we lifted Donna Maria to the throne of Portugal; we tore out the sixth clause in the Treaty of Utrecht to keep Don Carlos from the throne of Spain; we got even Russia and France to unite with us in pressing reforms on the Papal Government at the accession of Gregory. On every one of these points, except the last, Metternich was irretrievably beaten. He brought all his tactics into play, at one time employing open force, at another having recourse to artful disguise and secret machination. He upheld the old abuses in Italy openly at the bayonet's point. He supplied Miguel and Carlos with money, with ammunition, with Austrian engineers. He even endeavored, with that concord so characteristic of despotism, to slip an Austrian archduke, under liberal colors, on the throne of Poland, to the disparagement of Russia; but the Whigs, who probably knew what such promises were worth, or deeming the proposition—what it most likely was—a feint to detach England from her temporary understanding with Nicholas, and throw an apple of discord into the Congress then sitting in London, rejected the overture with the mercantile announcement that their hands were too full to attend to the business. Poland—we write the phrase in tears—was abandoned. But the Whigs of the Reform era had achieved great results. They had inverted the whole Tory line of our foreign policy; they had accomplished the work which Tierney and Fox had foreshadowed, and which Canning had begun; they had enthroned constitutional politics in Europe; they had laid the foundations of that system of which to-day we behold such grand re-

sults in the achievement and consolidation of the freedom of that nation to which Europe is indebted for its first lessons in refinement. They, moreover, to secure the expansion of their work and perpetuate its fruits, invited the contracting Powers to enter into mutual guarantees, and placed it under the shelter of the Quadruple Alliance. Metternich, who was surprised to find a party, whom he was taught by their opponents to regard as the tools of a bureaucracy, giving away kingdoms, subverting dynasties, and reparceling out Europe, upon principles so utterly inconsistent with his notions of propriety, had recourse to his usual specific, and called a congress. He invited the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Russia to meet him at Muntzgrazten, with a view to concert measures to place some check on the dangerous spread of constitutional ideas in Europe. But the assemblage which met in the little Bohemian town was only a shadow of those over which Metternich had presided with such prestige at Verona and Vienna; and the veteran diplomatist must have had some glimpse of the desperate straits to which absolutism was reduced, when he found its security rested upon his collusion with an emperor whom he distrusted, and a monarch whom he despised.

The separation of Holland from the Netherlands, which threw down the northern rampart against France, and the restoration of the female line to the crown of Spain, have been severely impugned by Tory reactionists as destructive to the true interests of England, and entirely subversive of those great objects which our ancestors lavished their blood and treasure to attain in the great War of the Succession. The accession of the present Emperor to the throne of France has surrounded the invectives of this party with a specious solidity, and enabled their historian, with increased plausibility, to turn the dissemination of constitutional doctrines into national calamities by which the Whigs have achieved the ruin of foreign countries, and undermined the security of their own. But these gentlemen reason as Tories always have reasoned: as Charles I. reasoned before he invaded the Lower House to seize the five members; as James II. reasoned when he imprisoned the seven bishops for refusing to read the declaration of indulgence. They reason as if princes still continued

to be every thing, and their people nothing: they reason as if there were no other controlling agent in Europe than the decrees of monarchs, and as if those decrees were still regarded as the fiat of Heaven by trembling nations waiting with the dumb pusillanimity of sheep to be pinned up and fleeced, or led out to the slaughter, as it suited their convenience. They also proceed upon the assumption that the human mind has stood still for the last hundred and fifty years; that the foreign policy which was necessary in the days of Queen Anne has lost not a particle of its necessity in the days of Victoria. But the fact is, dynastic unions, which exercised so much influence a century ago, have ceased to be the preponderating motive in the alliance of states. That motive is now supplied by the complexional character of national institutions. When constitutional government was little known on the Continent, when it was in its infancy in England, it was, indeed, a very great matter for the Spanish despotism to amalgamate itself with the French despotism to crush that constitution. But when one or both of these countries possessed a free government, then the alliance or fusion of the courts would have remained powerless for mischief in the face of two people either united by free laws, or separated by antagonist institutions. Prussia is a far more powerful nation than Spain. Its religion and the character of its people are more in unison with the religion and the character of the people of England than those of Spain are with the French. It is also quite within the limits of probability, owing to the clause in the Bill of Succession, which practically limits the marriage contracts of the House of Brunswick to Germany, that at some not very distant period the possessors of the Prussian and English crowns may find themselves in the closest possible affinity to each other. Yet who ever heard, on that account, of a whisper that there was the least danger of the two nations conspiring to interfere with the well-being of their neighbors, or to destroy the peace or the liberties of Europe? With what ridicule Russia or France would have covered themselves if they had interfered at the late nuptials of the Princess Royal with one who may already be considered the Crown Prince of Prussia, and insisted upon the insertion of a clause in the marriage articles to provide

against so absurd a contingency. Is it for one moment to be supposed, had the Prince Regent, who now guides affairs at Berlin, been the consort of the Queen of these realms, and had he drawn the sword of Prussia in defense of Austrian claims in Italy, that he would have dragged us into the contest, unless to prevent him from committing so revolting an injustice? The supposition of such a conjuncture is not more improbable than that a drunken termagant should, at the beck of a foreign consort, ally a free people with the worst policy of French despotism, and in collapsed but regenerated Spain, mold a thunderbolt, to be launched against the shores of its liberators. The alliance was tried by Louis Philippe: but in turning it to the account of only a moderate conservative policy, his crown snapt in twain. In comparing the political aspects of the present century with those of the centuries preceding it, we are not without hope for humanity. There has been great struggle, but there also has been great progress. It is true that two gentlemen in Hessian boots may yet meet in a little hut, and, during five minutes' conversation, dispose of the strife of nations; but the growth of free states, as we have lately witnessed in Italy, has crumpled up their decisions as so much waste paper. No longer the intrigues of courts, or a family alliance, or the caprices of princes, can regulate the movements of European policy. The coöperation of states rests upon the broad basis of the character of their people, their community of social feeling, and identity of political interests. The selfish compacts of courts, as means either of despotic attack or defense, must be henceforward as the relics of an obsolete age placed by the side of that mailed cuirass and ponderous battle-ax which comprised the principal weapons of those generations who regarded such alliances as the great arbiters of their destinies. To expose ourselves to the influence of a contiguous despotism in order to provide against the dangers springing from such compacts, would be as foolish an anachronism as to incur the attacks of a powerful body of artillery while we fortified our ramparts against the battering-ram and the ballista.

But the features of the Whig Spanish policy is not as the Tories, whose indictment we have considered, would represent it. The Grey Cabinet did not surrender

a policy which had furnished any adequate security for the uncertain advantages of a new government; but they abandoned a policy which had proved utterly worthless, in order to prevent two despotisms from incumbering the people of the Peninsula, and menacing our interests in the Mediterranean. No one pretends that the treaty of Utrecht ever prevented that union of the French and Spanish interests which it was mainly designed to achieve. From the day that treaty was ratified, throughout the whole of the last century, the two courts had conspired to render it a dead letter. In diplomatic conferences the two crowns had only one voice: their ambassadors at St. James's were each other's mouthpiece: their armies marched together in the field: their fleets encountered ours side by side in the Mediterranean. They blockaded the English fleet under Danby, at Portsmouth. Wherever the English sailor saw the Toulon corvette or the Brest frigate, there was the inevitable Spanish four-decker, with its fearful array of port-holes, threatening at a whiff to sweep him off his own element. Had the two crowns been united by a marital tie, some jealous pique, or discrepancy of humor, might, at moments, have suspended this marvelous unanimity. But, as matters stood, it proceeded upon principle so inflexible as to induce the belief that the two Governments had sworn to peril their existence to maintain it. This, doubtless, was the case. The Whigs, therefore, in tearing up the treaty of Utrecht, gave up nothing but a blundering piece of diplomacy, by which the Tories had frustrated the results of the Marlborough wars, and which had in reality produced the very object it was intended to defeat. They also secured our interests at Lisbon. For it is not to be supposed that, had Don Carlos mounted the throne of Spain, our Portuguese relations would have continued on their former friendly footing. The option of the Whigs lay on one side between a worthless guarantee and two despotisms bristling with hostility to English interests; and on the other, two constitutional governments, which, while strengthening the foreign alliances of England, would serve as an outpost to liberty along the southern coast of the Mediterranean. We not only think the Whigs were wise in making the election they did, but that, had they proceeded in the path their adversaries

pointed out, they ought to have been indicted for high treason. For, in the supposition that the opposite course had been followed, what would have been the case now? Instead of three despotisms dominating over Europe, there would have been five. Two of them would have possessed the naval arsenals of the Mediterranean, and another would have guarded the outlet. Would not the brains of those gentlemen who affect to cry out against the policy which has averted this disaster, drop down into their stomachs at that fall in the funds which must have been entailed by the prospect of the seizure of Gibraltar, and of our exclusion from the seaboard of Turkey and Egypt? Party interests have their legitimate sphere in the subjection of doubtful questions to the ordeal of ephemeral conflicts; but they ought never to be allowed to assail the triumph of those great principles which form the outworks of the constitution. No discordant voice ought to be heard when the glory of the country is not only enhanced, but placed on securer foundations. But least of all should a historian attempt to cover with opprobrium a policy which future generations will regard as constituting the pride and honor of England, and place his invective on enduring tablets, that he may blast the glory it was his duty to preserve.

The severance of Belgium and Holland is included in the general case as constituting, since the restoration of the Napoleonic dynasty, a monopoly of blunders which ought to overwhelm the Whigs with confusion. But we are so obtuse as to be unable to appreciate this part of the argument. Is it supposed that two countries which were perpetually at strife can be less strong by applying their undivided energies to a generous rivalry in the arts of peace, than by wasting their energies in petty conflicts? Is it supposed that a nation quarreling with itself is a stronger rampart to set up against a united empire than two nations rejoicing in their own integrity, and resolved to strain every fiber to secure their independence? As the most tempting bait that could be offered to the cupidity of a powerful neighbor would be the constant strife of two people on its borders, we should have deemed the most effectual means of extending French dominion to the banks of the Scheldt would have consisted in per-

petuating the very rampart which the Whigs are accused of flinging down. Had the Belgians been indifferent to their independence, the clamor against the Whig policy would not have been entirely devoid of meaning. But in 1790 she had wrung her liberties by force of arms from Austria, and erected herself into a separate State under the name of the Seven United Provinces. If Austria subsequently reconquered these saucy tributaries, on the very first occasion they deserted her scepter, to fling themselves into the arms of her enemies. In 1792, and again in 1794, the population of the Belgic cities, singing the *Ça ira*, went forth to join the ranks of Dumouriez and Pichegru, that they might have an opportunity of paying the Austrians for the recent extinction of their freedom. Metternich's father, writing to Lord Cornwallis, calls this fraternization the widest desolation of the time. How absurd to expect that the Belgians, who would not coalesce with the Austrians, to whom they were united by ties of social sentiment and religion, would cherish greater sympathy for a race whose manners and religion they ridiculed. If the Austrians, to whom they were united by traditional feelings and historic associations, could not keep them from the French, to expect the Dutch to do so, a people whom they hated and despised, was little short of madness. The Whigs, therefore, in consulting the natural instincts of this people, gave them a constitution to be proud of, and franchises to fight for, instead of that rotten union which would have invited the attacks of an inconstant ally, and led them to fraternize with the first belted Gaul who appeared on their frontiers. Nor should we have heard a word of censure on the subject, were it not that the erection of a Belgian throne founded upon a successful street-fight, gave umbrage to the party who have ever maintained that the people are the last persons to be consulted either with respect to the character of their rulers, or the nature of their constitutions. It was sufficient to provoke the warmest indignation of these gentlemen that the inauguration of Belgian independence held out a prize to successful revolution, and completely quashed, in a most important instance, the mandate of those lofty personages with whom alone, according to them, remains the right of deciding how this globe is to be parceled

out and governed. The clamor we have been considering is nothing else but the old Tory maxim of divine right tricked out in the specious garb of anti-Gallic prejudice, to secure the sympathies of Englishmen. But in this case the argument is as bad as the principle it defends. It is the argument that a discordant union of incongruous elements furnishes a greater bulwark against foreign invasion, than an alliance founded on the mutual guarantee of respective rights. Even if these gentlemen have no respect for the charters by which they enjoy their own liberties, it might at least have been supposed that the essential principles of that Christianity for which they profess so much reverence, would have led them to interpose between the feuds of two conflicting people, and taught them, since they could not agree to husband their strength by separate action, that when the moment came in which their common liberties were imperiled, they might unite their forces and strike for their independence.

But the trumpet of Tory politics, with regard to foreign constitutionalism, has come of late, by the fusion of parties, and the growing sympathies of the people for the liberation of oppressed nationalities, to deliver a very uncertain sound. While we are gibbeting the carcass of this rotten system, and preparing its tomb, the spirit transmigrates and suddenly assumes another appearance. It appears now that the danger which the Whigs have to fear is not from the reckless assaults of their adversaries, so much as from that masked disguise of concurrence by which they seek to injure their measures under the cloak of patronizing them. In truth, the Tories have been brought to regard this subject, as they have come to regard every thing else, with praise or blame according as it suits their convenience. While their historian is writing rhapsodies in Lanarkshire against the pursuit of a foreign constitutional policy, their parliamentary leaders on public forums are expressing their sympathy with that foreign constitutional policy. In writing within-doors their favor is bountifully dispensed to Austria; when speaking on the platform, their warmest feelings are with Italy. It is the same course which Mr. Disraeli, who is the archetype of this sort of conduct, followed, when he published an anonymous satire on foreign constitutional

liberty,\* at the same time that he placarded the walls of Marylebone with a glowing panegyric on that constitutional liberty which he solicited the suffrages of that borough to represent. The country has recently been gravely assured by a party which has systematically reviled the foreign policy of its opponents during the last thirty years, that with respect to that foreign policy there can be no difference between them; and that, however much they may diverge on minor questions, yet where the foreign interests of the nation are concerned, they can only entertain one opinion. The recent fusion of parties has tended very much to screen the absurdity of these statements by placing them to some extent under the shelter of the Whigs themselves. When the Earl of Aberdeen, as head of a coalition Cabinet, gravely assured the Lords that the question of Liberalism and Conservatism involved a distinction without a difference — that all the acrimonious wrangling between him and the present Premier with respect to the foreign relations of England was a worthless logomachy, a Whig underling thought he would do his party great service by establishing the thesis, and issued a ponderous volume to prove that the Tory efforts in favor of foreign despotisms, and the Whig efforts in favor of foreign liberty, were only mutual parts of one consistent and harmonious policy.† The Whigs are in the position of a beleaguered body, who, while their best troops were defending their outposts, introduced disguised enemies into their camp to effect their overthrow. Nay, the folly of some of the party has gone so far as to force their antagonists into their own clothes, until the bewildered nation, when appealed to, hardly knows how to choose its friends from its enemies. During the late elections, the country was entreated not to intrust the work of reform to a party who, whatever might be their present professions, had spent their lives in checking its advance. We must confess our fears lay in another direction, and that we dreaded their continuance in power be-

\* *England and France* is the title of the work, which was published by Murray about the period alluded to. A certain Baron de Haber, who had been Don Miguel's banker, supplied the facts. But there can be no question about the parentage.

† *Thirty Years of Foreign Policy*. By the Author of *Disraeli*; a *Political Biography*.

cause we knew of their secret sympathies with Austrian preponderance in Italy; because we knew that golden harvest, the seeds of which the Whigs had watered and planted, and which already stands ripe, inviting the sickle of the reaper, would, if intrusted to them, be trampled down; because we knew that the shackles imposed by the Italian courts would again have been riveted on their subjects, in order to slacken the ardor for legislative improvements at home; because we knew that the ecclesiastical abuses on the banks of the Tiber would have been perpetuated to afford some covert for the ecclesiastical abuses on the banks of the Thames; because we knew that the sparks of that vitality, which, between the Alps and the Adriatic, is kindling into a new national life, would have been murderously stifled, and that the spirit of Italian liberty, like the ghost of Palinurus, would have again shrieked round the rocks of Miseno!

Had the identity of the Tory with the Whig system of foreign politics been established in the same manner as a similar attempt to prove the convergency of their home politics, by piecing together the acts of different epochs, some kind of a case might have been made out: but even this would have been by no means strong. In 1703, the Whigs supported Marlborough to humble Louis XIV. In 1810, the Tories supported Wellington to humble Napoleon. In the succession wars, the Tories clamored against the system of foreign subsidies and reckless coalitions. The Whigs, during the revolutionary wars, had recourse to similar invective. But here the analogy ends. In every other instance, previous to the resuscitation of the old Tory principles under Bute, both parties seem to have adopted those views with regard to English foreign relations which were most calculated to damage their adversaries, but with widely different results. The Tories forced the Whigs under Walpole into the Spanish war, about the Assiento contracts and the right of search, in which we reaped nothing but dishonor; while they quarreled with Chatham for sending Wolfe to the heights of Quebec, to cover the nation with glory. But there is this great clue to the seeming discrepancy of the general case, that while the Tories had recourse to Whig principles to attack liberty, the Whigs took occasional shelter in Tory principles to preserve it. Before the ac-

cession of George III., the means of both parties were often the same, but the motives invariably opposite. But since Bute refused to anticipate the dreaded junction of Spain with France, at the request of Chatham, both the motives and the means have been invariably opposite. The same hatred of despotism which induced the Whigs in 1695 to strengthen the prerogative and rush into coalitions, to preserve the country from the tyranny of the Stuarts, induced the Whigs in 1800 to oppose a similar course of action to preserve France from the tyranny of the Bourbons. The same hostility to freedom which led the Tories to extend the Orders of Council at the expense of the American colonies, induced them to restrict those orders when the Georges wished to obtain German securities against the Pretender. In one case it was the means of despotism to secure liberty. In the other, the means of liberty to secure despotism. But in the interim, whether we consider the attempt to enslave the Western States of America, or the establishment of the liberties of the Southern; the restoration of a Bourbon to the throne of France, or the hunting of a Bourbon from that of Spain; the support of a tyrant on the throne of Portugal, or the pulling of the same tyrant down; in every respect the two policies have been as distinct as light from darkness.

Indeed, it would appear, as the Conservatives have appropriated the doctrines of their adversaries on home questions, the Whigs have been more zealous in promoting liberal institutions abroad, with a view of retaining the sympathies of the Radical party at home. Hence, it would not be too much to say that, where their principles are concerned, even in points of detail, the Opposition of the two lines of policy have become so sharply defined, that the affirmation of one leads to the contradiction of the other. The Whigs fitted our ships at Portsmouth to assail Don Miguel. The Tories threatened to seize those who hired ships for the same purpose as prisoners of war. The Whigs allowed Louis Philippe to carry off Don Miguel's fleet to Brest. The Tories interposed at Oporto to protect his slightest fishing-smack. The Whigs persisted in treating Miguel as a usurper. The Tories urged his recognition as lawful king.\*

\* Aberdeen, Speech on the Affairs of Portugal, March, 1834. Hansard.

The Whigs aid the equipment of a British legion to defend the Spanish Constitution against Don Carlos. The Tories denounce that British legion as a force of brigandary hirelings, and characterize the abrogation of the sixth clause of the treaty of Utrecht as an atrocious violation of the public law of Europe. The Whigs, by adroit procrastination in the Sonderbund war, hindered the absolute Powers from compelling the fifteen Radical States to place the interests of the Confederation at the disposal of seven Conservative States. The Tories threw in their lot with those reactionary States, and stigmatized the Whig delay as an infraction of the first duty of diplomacy. On each of these points Metternich hailed the Tories as his friends, while he encountered in the Whigs his most determined adversaries. When the policy of this country coincided with that of Austria, England was in the hands of the Tories: when it differed from that policy, it was in the hands of the Whigs. Even in the matter of commercial restriction, the Whigs either abrogated or diminished the duties on French silk and fruits, bringing the apples of Provence within reach of the poorest inhabitant of Spitalfields. The Tories imposed those duties, even laying an embargo on foreign pears and cherries, as if the orchards of Kent and Middlesex were the gardens of the Hesperides. When in geometry straight lines which diverge in opposite directions can be made to coincide or produced till they meet, then we may not despair of a similar feat being performed in political philosophy. But there is something more in this business than speculative rights or material prosperity. Great lives have been sacrificed, and great reputations assailed. When Canning revolutionized South-America; when he planted the banner of England on the heights of Lisbon; when he stood between dead Spain and living Portugal, and bade the plague of despotism be staid — his Tory colleagues turned their friendship into hatred, and hunted him to his grave. And it is still in our recollection how, when the now thriving plant of foreign freedom was in its blade, when storms seemed to menace its growth, the present Premier, being identified with every fiber of the system, was assailed with all the arrows of invective which the party who had killed his predecessor could, during four long nights' debate, discharge at his breast. Those who place Aberdeen or Malmesbury in the same category as Palmerston, must mate Castlereagh with Canning, Fox with Perceval, Bute with Chatham, Bolingbroke with Walpole, and Shippen with Carteret. They must place the policy of Metternich by the side of the policy of Cavour. They must in parliamentary debates invert all the relations of language: for concord they must take strife; for affirmation, denial; for panegyric, vituperation. They must draw out an indictment of murder against a party for killing a statesman for venturing to execute their own behests; they must behold the same party endeavor to hurl his successor down the Tarpeian of public indignation for acts which, according to their showing, merited a triumphal chariot and a civic crown!

But Italy is the field in which the two policies stand out in glaring contrast. If we would know the distinction between Whig and Tory principles, we must not take our seat under the gallery at Westminster, but mingle with the clever Tuscans and the facetious Modenese, who, however much, just now, we may be perplexed at home about such matters, are not without a lively perception of the difference. If we would discount the value of those professions of zeal in behalf of constitutional freedom in Italy which the Tories have lately been so much in the habit of using, we must contrast the Blue-book on Italy issued in 1849, with the Blue-book issued in 1859, and trace the difference between a genuine article and its base counterfeit. We must take the Manchester politician, who has become so enamoured of Lord Malmesbury's recent efforts as to prove false to the first partner of his principles, and ask him, as Hamlet invited his fickle mother, to gaze upon this medallion, then on that. In the first place, the Tories gave Austria Lombardy, without so much as a paper stipulation for its liberty. They allowed Metternich, in 1819, to stifle in blood constitutional freedom at Naples and Piedmont, without so much as a paper protest. All that Castlereagh averred at Laybach was that England was prevented by her laws from assisting in the business; but this asseveration was made in such a manner as showed that he and his colleagues wished the work good speed. The Tories allowed Metternich to spread that network of treaties over the Peninsula which linked

each state to the car of his master's despotism. They looked on with supine indifference as Austria transferred her troops from Rome to Naples, or from Piedmont to Parma, according as the suspicions of the Prince, or the actual rising of the people, required their benign interference. They beheld Austria extinguish the Modenese constitution in 1846, with the same nonchalant feelings as if she had been appointed to do so by the same marvelous destiny which sometimes conducts them back to Downing street. There was no protest, because the entire thing was completely in accordance with those genuine Tory principles which enforce upon the people unconditional submission to their prince, as the ruler whom God has placed over them. To protest against a friendly Power being called in to aid princes to effect that submission, would, according to Tory principles, have been tantamount to protesting against the sun because that luminary rises at six during the vernal equinox and not at seven, or because he glows with more ardor when he passes through Libra than when he passes through Aries.

Even in Earl Malmesbury's case, when the sympathies of the nation were fully roused in favor of Italian nationality, the disguise of neutral Liberalism which the Minister assumed, to keep in with the national sentiment, was so poorly worn, as to be unable to conceal the skin of the Austrian which peeped out every moment under it. Sardinia was lectured for holding out encouragement to the Italian patriots. France was implored to lower her demands, and bring them as much within range of Austria's acceptance as possible, though every one of those demands was perfectly rational, and ought to have been extorted from Austria at the sword's point thirty years ago. The great object of the Minister was peace at any price—an ignominious peace, to be purchased by the lasting bondage of Italy, peace, with no other disturbance of *statu quo* than was simply sufficient to take the family of petty tyrannies off their rotten footing, and place them on a more enduring basis. A great crisis is sure to be mistaken by a little minister. As well expect the eye of an insect to take in the grand outline of Mount Blanc, as a narrow mind to expand itself to the conception of a colossal object. The crisis before Lord Malmesbury was the regeneration

of twenty-six millions of people from three centuries of thralldom. He viewed it as a petty quarrel between two gouty statesmen; and he ran alternately to each with screaming entreaties to preserve peace, which he ought to have known was no longer possible, and, even if possible, by no means desirable, with the maintenance of that *statu quo* upon which he so much insisted. Had his counsels been followed, and Austria and France patched up their quarrel on some wretched ground of expediency, Italy would not have stirred from its shroud, but have been once more quietly inurned, until some moral earthquake again exposed its ghastly appearance; and its specter left with that of Poland to haunt the conscience of the free nations of Europe. Yet for this policy, which ought only to excite our indignation, we have been invited to throw up our hats and express our huzzas! Lord Malmesbury possesses a coronet, and is in the enjoyment of broad demesnes, owing to the diplomatic services of his father. With his administration of these we have no wish to interfere. But that he should be deemed worthy on this account to dispose of the least coin which we contribute to the revenue, or direct in any way the foreign interests of this country, is even a grosser insult to the intellect than that iniquitous system of tyranny which he and his colleagues have in Italy so long, by their connivance, contributed to uphold.

The Whig espousal of liberal politics on the other side of the Alps dates from their accession to office in 1831. When the Legations rose in that year they pressed reforms on the Pope, to which Metternich contrived the Pope should pay no attention. They also interfered, about the same period, to obtain for Parma that slight shade of liberalism by which the duchy was distinguished from surrounding states. But it was not till 1847 that opportunities occurred which brought the whole weight of their influence into the Peninsula. During their first period of office, the attention of the Whigs was too much engrossed by the struggles in Spain, in Portugal, and the Netherlands, to employ itself about a country fourteen hundred miles away, with much success. But Metternich having been beaten off these portions of the Continent, the time had at length come to achieve his final overthrow in



Italy. We can not say that Lord Minto was a wise agent. His selection was a gross instance of the old vice of the Whigs, who have been too much in the habit of regarding the state as a farm, to be exploited for their own and their kinsmen's benefit. But it sufficiently shows the *animus* of the party, that one of their first acts, on their return to power, was to accredit a Minister to the Italian courts with a view to support their governments against Austrian machinations, in carrying out those reforms of which Pius IX. had set so memorable an example. Metternich, alarmed at being assailed on ground which he deemed to be peculiarly his own, threw more than usual vigor into those thrusts which he was invariably obliged to aim against the present Premier on his return to the Foreign Office. Lord Palmerston dispatched a fleet to the Adriatic, and a convoy to the Mediterranean. Metternich threw forces into Ferrara, and instructed Count Buol to read the King of Sardinia a letter he had sent to the Grand Duke of Florence, stating he could not permit him to establish a civic guard in his dominions; but that, if he persisted, he would occupy his territory with Austrian troops; and that it was his intention to occupy all the Italian States in a similar manner who had recourse to a liberal policy.\* Lord Palmerston expressed his determination to Metternich to hinder the Italian States from being overrun by Austrian arms, or deterred by Austrian threats from entering on the path of legislative improvements. He particularly pointed out the independence of the Roman States—which Mr. Disraeli, in his last address to the Commons, charged the House not to meddle with—as an essential element in the case; and averred that the crowns of Great Britain and Sardinia having been long bound together by the ties of intimate alliance, Great Britain could not repudiate claims founded upon such grounds.† Metternich replied, through Diebrichstein, that the powers he sought to exercise in Italy had been permitted by the silent acquiescence of Great Britain for nearly half a century, and were founded upon rights guaranteed to Austria by each of the protected states. His master

had no pretensions to be an Italian power, but he had dominions beyond the Alps, which he knew how to defend, and that he intended to keep them. In the course of the dispute, Metternich asked Lord Palmerston\* what were his intentions in case Sardinia invaded Lombardy. The English Minister replied, he could not deal with speculative questions. But Metternich affirmed it was his duty to provide against emergencies, and "not leave the future to the incalculable chance of universal disturbance." It is almost ludicrous to see him expostulating with the rising spirit of the time, and seeking at each step to sweep back the waves of that ungovernable tide which after having driven him out of every creek, at last advanced up to his own desk, and whelmed him in the general ruin.

The loss of Metternich's power in Italy, and the fall of his ascendancy in the field of European politics, was accompanied with a rapid diminution of his influence nearer home. Metternich, in the administration of the internal affairs of Austria, had displayed the same profound sagacity he evinced in the wider regions of diplomacy. Though the Austrian Empire comprises races as alien in blood, religion, and manners, as the most conflicting nations in Europe, all its heterogeneous populations, by the wily Chancellor, were molded into one compact unity, and bound in ties of fealty to Vienna. This feat appears to have been accomplished by developing the national predilections of each, and playing them off one against the other. The Croats were set against the Bohemians; the Wallachians against the Italians; the Germans against the Slavonians; and the Poles against each other. Metternich presided over a happy family; and when he wanted a little dissension, he had no difficulty in producing the exact amount of discord required for his purpose. Joseph II. had tried to erase all national distinctions, and bring the different tribes in subjection to the German element, that he might create an Austrian people; but the attempt involved that sovereign in sore troubles, and

\* Abercrombie to Viscount Palmerston. Turin, August 19, 1847.

† Lord Palmerston to Viscount Ponsonby. London, September 11, 1847.

\* Metternich to Diebrichstein, August 2, 1847. "We place an important question of the day on the grounds of the simplest of all political bases. We desire to know whether the principal guardians of political peace share our views." That question was effectively answered by the cannon of Solferino.

brought the empire to the brink of ruin. Metternich was so convinced of the wisdom of the contrary policy, that he had no scruple, when a province proved restive, to create a war of classes, and allow the pent-up effervescence to waste itself in internal tumult. In 1848, Galicia was strongly inoculated with revolutionary ideas. The secret societies in Cracow were supposed, by their agents, to have brought the country to the verge of revolt. Metternich suddenly revoked the edict which substituted payment in money for corvée labor; and just in the nick of time aroused the old feuds between the peasantry and the nobility. By this means the French *Jacquerie* was repeated in Galicia. The knives intended for the Austrian soldiery were turned by the people against their own landlords; and when the massacre was nearly completed, Austria interposed to chastise them for the folly she had stimulated them to execute.

But if the ignorant Slavonians could be turned into the blind instruments of their own thralldom, a different spirit soon showed itself in the German people. The spread of constitutional ideas in Europe had created a ferment in the heart of Germany, which only waited a spark to discharge itself in an electric explosion. The network of railways which overspread the country had led to a quick interchange of sentiment between remote provinces, and broke down those exclusive barriers by which Austria had isolated their interests. Education, too, had spread; and though the schoolmaster was in the custody of the policeman, still the facts in his lessons contrived to disentangle themselves from the prejudices with which they were associated; and a strange yearning was felt for social objects beyond the pale of the actual condition of society. The Prussian Zollverein, by leaguering twenty-two German States in close compact, for the possession of mutual commercial rights and privileges, showed what advantages might be derived from a national confederation of the German people. The development of the industrial sources of Germany, and the augmentation of its riches, to which that Zollverein led, enhanced the political claims of the people, and enabled them to infuse more strength into the struggle for those institutions which had been so often promised, but so long withheld. The military organizations, to which the wars

of Napoleon led, had trained the population to arms. Thousands of the best recruits who had fought at Leipzig, were still in the enjoyment of strong manhood, and ready, at any favorable juncture, to throw their disciplined energies into a contest for the possession of the liberty which had induced them to face death in the battle-field. It was evident that the mind of the Germans and of the un-Slavonic races of the empire was growing beyond the limits assigned to it by the repressive machinery of the state; and that unless the powers of the government were reinforced by additional strength and vigilance, the strain, when it came, would prove fatal. But, instead of increased activity, somnolence and torpor crept into every department of the administration. The silence the people manifested in their growing strength was mistaken for languor. The government thought it might also commit itself to the repose of dead routine, little imagining the barrel of gunpowder on which it had strewed its couch. The downfall of Louis Philippe, to which the inauguration of constitutional reforms in Italy had contributed, acted like an active salt on the nerves of the Vienna population. In a moment they became conscious of their power, and they used it. They saw before them a government founded on the most oppressive restrictions of the Middle Ages, while the best portions of Europe were rejoicing in the consciousness of unfettered freedom. The light which had burst upon Paris and the Italian capitals made the darkness at Vienna still more foul from the brilliancy to which it acted as a foil. The people lost not a moment in dispersing that darkness, that they might enjoy the same sunshine as their neighbors. The secret police fled like phantoms. The press was freed from the censorship: religious liberty established. The populace streaming into the ante-chambers of the palace, extorted from abashed royalty the promise of representative institutions. Metternich, after a formal surrender of his functions at the call of an enraged multitude, took refuge in flight.\* The whole system he had so laboriously built up collapsed like a turret of cards before the breath of a child. His mansion was pillaged: his chateau gutted and sacked. The old man screened him-

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\* March 8, 1848.

self by numerous disguises from the violence of the populace, till he reached the shores of Holland; whence he embarked to seek the shelter afforded by the government of those Whigs whom he had so frequently traduced as the fomenters of revolution.

After some stay in London Metternich returned to Holland, where his family had taken up their quarters. The Austrian victories in Italy and Transylvania, and the blundering inaptitude for self-government which the extreme radical party evinced both in the Frankfort Assembly and in the capitals of the several States, soon enabled the two leading monarchs of Germany to recover from their surprise, and bring matters back to their old footing. Metternich, after three years of absence, was reinstated in his former possessions, though he took no ostensible part in the government. He, nevertheless, often appeared at Court, and enjoyed the closet favors of the Emperor quite as much as Walpole commanded the ear of George II. after his expulsion from the Treasury. Nor does he appear in the shade of retirement to have lost any of that Attic wit whose sprightly sallies formed the principal charm of his brilliant *réunions*. But in his remark upon the *coup d'état* of the second of December, that "you could do any thing with French bayonets except sit upon them," we detect the germ of another disappointment, that must have pressed heavily upon his closing days, if it did not hasten his death. Metternich was doubtless, with the rest of the world, very much surprised to find the Strasburg hero accomplish so well the marvelous feat he had deemed an impossibility. He must have been still more surprised to find the first-fruits of that dazzling achievement turned to the destruction of the power in Italy he had so sedulously labored to establish. Metternich thought he had rid the world of the Napoleonic dynasty; but here, as he was sitting down to honor's feast, a scion of that House started up to sweep away the labors of his life, and conduct him to the tomb. He might have exclaimed, somewhat after the fashion of the Scotch hero, who had so summarily provided for Banquo's issue:

"The time has been,  
That when the brains were out, the man would  
die,  
And there's an end. But now they rise;

*With fifty thousand bayonets at their back,  
To push us from our stools."*

He did not long survive the first reverses of Austria in Italy; the last sun he looked at shone on the bloody field of Magenta. He died on the eleventh of June, impressed with the vanity of the fruitless labors of a long life, amid the jubilee of a nation which he had sought to oppress, and the triumphs of a name he had endeavored to extinguish.

The private character of Metternich stands out in bold contrast to his public career. In his domestic relations he seems to have punctually discharged all those duties which enter into our notions of social integrity. His home was the sanctuary of every conventional propriety. When the labors of diplomatic deceit were suspended, at least he could retire into the bosom of his family, and taste there of the fountain of sincerity clear and undefiled. Metternich married thrice, and on each occasion was exceedingly felicitous in his choice. His first wife was the Princess de Kaunitz, whom he married in 1795. She died in 1819, leaving a son, who followed her three years afterwards, and two daughters, now living. In 1825 he married Mary, Baroness von Leykam, whom the Emperor, at his request, created Countess of Beilstein. She was esteemed the handsomest woman in Vienna; but the birth of her first child, Richard, of whom we now hear so much as Austria's Plenipotentiary in the affair of the Duchies, took her out of the world two years after the union. In 1831 he married Melanie, Countess of Ferraris, who proved a great solace to his closing years. Metternich averred that in his last marriage he was not unjust to the memory of his former wives; but rather reflected the highest encomium upon them, as it showed he had enjoyed so much happiness in their society as to be eager to enter into the marriage state again.

The happiness Metternich experienced from the ingenuous probity of his private life might have taught him to infuse a little of the same uprightness into his public dealings. But his political principles led him to believe that no government could exist without being deceptive to its people; and that as they were to their people, so must they be to each other. Hence, while his private statements were remark-

able for scrupulous accuracy, the faculty of downright lying pervades to a monstrous extent his public documents. His fidelity to his own wives has been vouched for; and we have no doubt, as far as real passion went, it was stainless. But Metternich, when he could serve some public purpose, had not the smallest scruple in marring the felicity of the wives of others. His interference with the marital relations of Napoleon was almost equaled by his fostering the amorous delinquencies of Alexander. He flung an Austrian countess into the way of the Czar at the Congress of Vienna, that the suggestions which would have been unpalatable coming from the Austrian envoy might be received from the lips of virgin beauty with prompt acquiescence. To decoy the Russian monarch from his own capital across sterile wastes to Troppau and Laybach, in 1819, Metternich promised him the society of the same charmer who had solaced his evenings five years before in Vienna, and transported the fair one to Italy for that purpose. Nay, even himself, during his Parisian embassy in 1806, when he was the type of masculine beauty, could turn the adoration which some of the frail sex paid at his shrine into a means of getting at secrets useful to his government, committed to their keeping by over-confiding husbands. It is a singular system which upholds honor in private life, but relegates it from matters of public interest. We have always thought if integrity was needed in the citizen, it was still more imperatively required in the statesman; and that the honesty of private transactions was only a splinter of those broad and massive principles of equity to be applied in regulating the affairs of nations. But Metternich evidently thought that man's duties in relation to God and his fellow-creatures ended as soon as he stepped out of his private circle, and that when he entered on his public business his nature might partake of that fraudulent deceit so much appreciated at the Old Bailey. Man, in his individual capacity, must be fastidiously honest, but as soon as he enters into the councils of kingdoms, he must consider himself one of a society of scoundrels!

The *savans* of Paris with whom Metternich came in contact during his visit to that capital in 1825, speak in high terms of his deep acquaintance with European literature, and the discriminating powers of his judgment in letters and the arts.

Similar eulogy has been conferred by the English artists whom he occasionally invited to share his hospitality.\* Metternich, however, has left no traces of such studies, unless it be in the superior style of his dispatches, which must be regarded as models of this sort of composition. There is a dashing vigor and a sparkling freshness about them. Like the waves emanating from a fountain boiling over with its own strength, his thoughts came forth rattling, clear, and strong, resolved to drive every thing along the current of their purpose. If we may believe Sir Thomas Lawrence, Metternich had a poet's eye for nature, and could indulge in reflections upon rich scenery, which would have done credit to Wordsworth. When in Rome, he took the English painter to witness the sunsets off Monte Mario, and to collate their mutual criticisms before the glittering shrines of St. Peter's. They also drove to Tivoli, where Metternich passed some hours gazing on the foaming splendor of the lower falls of its cascade, within view of the Sybil's temple. "Here," exclaimed the statesman, "the stream flows on always majestic, always great; not caring whether it has audience or not—with no feelings of rivalry for power. Here is no envy, no exertion for effect. It is content with its own grandeur." When dressed for an ambassador's party, his equipage and attendants waiting, at the suggestion of Sir Thomas Lawrence he would change his dress, proceed to his favorite daughter's room, persuade Marie to put on her cloak and accompany them to see the Colosseum by moonlight. Marie would, however, on such occasions, express her predilection for smiling faces instead of pleasant scenery. "What boots fine cascades and rich scenery, papa, if the people about you are miserable?" I would prefer the Netherlands to Italy; for though that is a flat, hedge-and ditch country, at least the people are happy." Marie spoke from guileless simplicity of her heart, and she spoke wisdom. Even the father might have stooped to imbibe new principles of state policy from the prattle of his child.

Metternich, though a civilian, derived his principal decorations from battle-fields. He was created a prince on the eve of Leipzig. He received the title of Duke of Portella from that encounter which de-

\* Mrs. Trollope's *Travels in Germany and Italy*.

cided Murat's fate in the south of Italy; and he was raised to a grandee of Spain for assisting Ferdinand to put down the Spanish Cortes. During his second visit to England, after the Treaty of Paris in 1814, Oxford, as the metropolis of Tory prejudice and ignorance, not unfitly conferred upon him the degree of D.C.L. But the lustre of the stars which he wore was completely forgotten in the grace of that deportment and the winning affability which constituted Metternich the Circe of despotism. His decorations did not enhance the dignity of the man, but the dignity of the man imparted lustre to the decorations. That unruffled front and sprightly demeanor which always accompanies the finished diplomatist, never forsook Metternich. Whether he plucked a rose from the bosom of a proud beauty, or was tearing a crown from some anointed head in Italy, or dooming some unfortunate patriot to the grim dungeons of Spielberg, his countenance always wore the same smiling appearance. Even in the resignation of his functions before that

famished mob which broke into the ante-chambers of the palace on that bleak March morning of 1848, there was a calm Cæsarean dignity, which awed the audacious ringleaders into silence. The majesty of the form was indeed worthy of the splendid gifts it enshrined. We can not but regret that so lofty a spirit should have appeared in the political world as an angel of darkness and not as an angel of light. But it is only just the people should remember that Metternich's mind was warped out of a right course by their mad excesses. Let them remember that they conspired to raise the spirit which flagellated their ranks and blighted their destinies. The career of Metternich will then inspire a double lesson. For statesmen can not reflect upon its vicissitudes without feeling they can derive no lasting security from impaling the minds of their people; and that the liberty they suppress will only gain renewed strength from defeat, and rise at last in its might to triumph over their grave.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

## CONCERNING HURRY AND LEISURE.

Oh! what a blessing it is to have time to breathe, and think, and look around one! I mean, of course, that all this is a blessing to the man who has been over-driven: who has been living for many days in a breathless hurry, pushing and driving on, trying to get through his work, yet never seeing the end of it, not knowing to what task he ought to turn first, so many are pressing upon him altogether. Some folk, I am informed, like to live in a fever of excitement, and in a ceaseless crowd of occupations; but such folk form the minority of the race. Most human beings will agree in the assertion that it is a horrible feeling to be in a hurry. It wastes the tissues of the body;

it fevers the fine mechanism of the brain; it renders it impossible for one to enjoy the scenes of nature. Trees, fields, sunsets, rivers, breezes, and the like, must all be enjoyed at leisure, if enjoyed at all. There is not the slightest use in a man's paying a hurried visit to the country. He may as well go there blindfold, as go in a hurry. He will never see the country. He will have a perception, no doubt, of hedgerows and grass, of green lanes and silent cottages, perhaps of great hills and rocks, of various items which go towards making the country; but the country itself he will never see. That feverish atmosphere which he carries with him will distort and transform even individual

objects; but it will utterly exclude the view of the whole. A circling London fog could not do so more completely. For quiet is the great characteristic and the great charm of country scenes; and you can not see or feel quiet when you are not quiet yourself. A man flying through this peaceful valley in an express-train at the rate of fifty miles an hour, might just as reasonably fancy that to us, its inhabitants, the trees and hedges seem always dancing, rushing, and circling about, as they seem to him in looking from the window of the flying carriage; as imagine that, when he comes for a day or two's visit, he sees these landscapes as they are in themselves, and as they look to their ordinary inhabitants. The quick pulse of London keeps with him; he can not, for a long time, feel sensibly an influence so little startling, as faintly flavored, as that of our simple country life. We have all beheld some country scenes, pleasing but not very striking, while driving hastily to catch a train for which we feared we should be too late; and afterwards, when we came to know them well, how different they looked!

I have been in a hurry. I have been tremendously busy. I have got through an amazing amount of work in the last few weeks, as I ascertain by looking over the recent pages of my diary. You can never be sure whether you have been working hard or not, except by consulting your diary. Sometimes you have an oppressed and worn-out feeling of having been over-driven, and of having done a vast deal during many days past; when lo! you turn to the uncompromising record, you test the accuracy of your feeling by that unerring and unimpeachable standard; and you find that, after all, you have accomplished very little. The discovery is mortifying, but it does you good; and besides other results, it enables you to see how very idle and useless people, who keep no diary, may easily bring themselves to believe that they are among the hardest-wrought of mortals. They know they feel weary; they know they have been in a bustle and worry; they think they have been in it much longer than is the fact. For it is curious how readily we believe that any strongly felt state of mind or outward condition—strongly felt at the present moment—has been lasting for a very long time. You have been in very low spirits: you fancy

now that you have been so for a great portion of your life, or at any rate for weeks past: you turn to your diary—why, eight and forty hours ago you were as merry as a cricket during the pleasant drive with Smith, or the cheerful evening that you spent with Snarling. I can well imagine that when some heavy misfortune befalls a man, he soon begins to feel as if it had befallen him a long, long time ago: he can hardly remember days which were not darkened by it: it seems to have been the condition of his being almost since his birth. And so, if you have been toiling very hard for three days—your pen in your hand almost from morning to night perhaps—rely upon it that at the end of those days, save for the uncompromising diary that keeps you right, you would have in your mind a general impression that you had been laboring desperately for a very long period—for many days, for several weeks, for a month or two. After heavy rain has fallen for four or five days, all persons who do not keep diaries invariably think that it has rained for a fortnight. If keen frost lasts in winter for a fortnight, all persons without diaries have a vague belief that there has been frost for a month or six weeks. You resolve to read Alison's valuable *History of the French Revolution*, (I take for granted you are a young person :) you go at it every evening for a week. At the end of that period you have a vague, uneasy impression, that you have been soaked in a sea of platitudes, or weighed down by an incubus of words, for about a hundred years. There is indeed one signal exception to the law of mind which has been noticed: the law, to wit, that if your present state is one that is strongly felt, you naturally fancy that it has lasted much longer than it has actually done. Month by month you receive with gratitude a certain periodical whose name it is unnecessary further to particularize. You sit down to read it, having first cut its leaves. You fall into an ecstasy of interest in what you read. And when you return to a state of perception of the outward world, you fancy you have been reading for about ten minutes. You consult your watch: you have been reading for three hours! Need that monthly magazine's name be mentioned?

Every human being, then, who is desirous of knowing for certain whether he is doing much work or little, ought to pre-

serve a record of what he does. And such a record, I believe, will in most cases serve to humble him who keeps it, and to spur on to more and harder work. It will seldom flatter vanity, or encourage a tendency to rest on the oars, as though enough had been done. You must have labored very hard and very constantly indeed, if it looks much in black and white. And how much work may be expressed by a very few words in the diary! Think of Elihu Burritt's "forged fourteen hours, then Hebrew Bible three hours." Think of Sir Walter's short memorial of his eight pages before breakfast — and what large and closely-written pages they were! And how much stretch of such minds as they have got — how many quick and laborious processes of the mental machinery — are briefly embalmed in the diaries of humbler and smaller men, in such entries as "after breakfast, walk in garden with children for ten minutes; then Article on ten pp.; working hard from ten till one P.M.; then left off with bad headache, and very weary?" And don't fancy, reader, that the ten pages thus accomplished are ten pages of the magazine: they are ten pages of manuscript, probably making about three of print. The truth is, you can't represent work by any record of it. As yet, there is no way known of photographing the mind's exertion, and thus preserving an accurate memorial of it. You might as well expect to find in such a general phrase as *a stormy sea* the delineation of the countless shapes and transformations of the waves throughout several hours in several miles of ocean, as think to see in Sir Walter Scott's *eight pages before breakfast* an adequate representation of the hard, varied, wearing-out work that went to turn them off. And so it is, that the diary which records the work of a very hard-wrought man, may very likely appear to careless, unsympathizing readers, to express not such a very laborious life after all. Who has not felt this, in reading the biography of that amiable, able, indefatigable, and over-wrought man, Dr. Kitto? He worked himself to death by labor at his desk: but only the reader who has learned by personal experience to feel for him, is likely to see how he did it.

But besides such reasons as these, there are strong arguments why every man should keep a diary. I can not imagine how many reflective men do not. How

narrow and small a thing their actual life must be! They live merely in the present; and the present is only a shifting point, a constantly progressing mathematical line, which parts the future from the past. If a man keeps no diary, the path crumbles away behind him as his feet leave it; and days gone by are little more than a blank, broken by a few distorted shadows. His life is all confined within the limits of to-day. Who does not know how imperfect a thing memory is? It not merely forgets; it misleads. Things in memory do not merely fade away, preserving as they fade their own lineaments so long as they can be seen: they change their aspect, they change their place, they turn to something quite different from the fact. In the picture of the past, which memory unaided by any written record sets before us, the perspective is entirely wrong. How capriciously some events seem quite recent, which the diary shows are really far away; and how unaccountably many things look far away, which in truth are not left many weeks behind us! A man might almost as well not have lived at all as entirely forget that he has lived, and entirely forget what he did on those departed days. But I think that almost every person would feel a great interest in looking back, day by day, upon what he did and thought upon that day twelvemonths, that day three or five years. The trouble of writing the diary is very small. A few lines, a few words, written at the time, suffice, when you look at them, to bring all (what Yankees call) the *surroundings* of that season before you. Many little things come up again, which you know quite well you never would have thought of again but for your glance at those words, and still which you feel you would be sorry to have forgotten. There must be a richness about the life of a person who keeps a diary, unknown to other men. And a million more little links and ties must bind him to the members of his family circle, and to all among whom he lives. Life, to him looking back, is not a bare line, stringing together his personal identity; it is surrounded, intertwined, entangled, with thousands and thousands of slight incidents, which give it beauty, kindliness, reality. Some folk's life is like an oak walking-stick, straight and varnished; useful, but hard and bare. Other men's life (and such may yours and mine, kindly

reader, ever be) is like that oak when it was not a stick but a branch, and waved, leaf-enveloped, and with lots of little twigs growing out of it, upon the summer tree. And yet more precious than the power of the diary to call up again a host of little circumstances and facts, is its power to bring back the indescribable but keenly-felt atmosphere of those departed days. The old time comes over you. It is not merely a collection, an aggregate of facts, that comes back; it is something far more excellent than *that*: it is the soul of days long ago; it is the dear *Auld lang syne* itself! The perfume of hawthorn-hedges faded is there; the breath of breezes that fanned our gray hair when it made sunny curls, often smoothed down by hands that are gone; the sunshine on the grass where these old fingers made daisy-chains; and snatches of music, compared with which any thing you hear at the Opera is extremely poor. Therefore keep your diary, my friend. Begin at ten years old, if you have not yet attained that age. It will be a curious link between the altered seasons of your life; there will be something very touching about even the changes which will pass upon your handwriting. You will look back at it occasionally, and shed several tears of which you have not the least reason to be ashamed. No doubt when you look back, you will find many very silly things in it; well, you did not think them silly at the time; and possibly you may be humbler, wiser, and more sympathetic, for the fact that your diary will convince you, (if you are a sensible person now,) that probably you yourself, a few years or a great many years since, were the greatest fool you ever knew. Possibly at some future time you may look back with similar feelings on your present self: so you will see that it is very fit that meanwhile you should avoid self-confidence and cultivate humility; that you should not be humptious in any way; and that you should bear, with great patience and kindness, the follies of the young. Therefore, my reader, write up your diary daily. You may do so at either of two times: First. After breakfast, whenever you sit down to your work, and before you begin your work; Second. After you have done your indoors work, which ought not to be later than two P.M., and before you go out to your external duties. Some good men, as Dr. Arnold, have in addition to this

brought up their history to the present period before retiring for the night. This is a good plan; it preserves the record of the day as it appears to us in two different moods: the record is therefore more likely to be a true one, uncolored by any temporary mental state. Write down briefly what you have been doing. Never mind that the events are very little. Of course they must be; but you remember what Pope said of little things. State what work you did. Record the progress of matters in the garden. Mention where you took your walk, or ride, or drive. State any thing particular concerning the horses, cows, dogs, and pigs. Preserve some memorial of the progress of the children. Relate the occasions on which you made a kite or a water-wheel for any of them; also the stories you told them, and the hymns you heard them repeat. You may preserve some mention of their more remarkable and old-fashioned sayings. *Forsitan et olim hæc meminisse jurabit*: all these things may bring back more plainly a little life when it has ceased; and set before you a rosy little face and a curly little head when they have moldered into clay. Or if you go, as you would rather have it, before them, why, when one of your boys is Archbishop of Canterbury and the other Lord Chancellor, they may turn over the faded leaves, and be the better for reading those early records, and not impossibly think some kindly thoughts of their Governor who is far away. Record when the first snowdrop came, and the earliest primrose. Of course you will mention the books you read, and those (if any) which you write. Preserve some memorial, in short, of every thing that interests you and yours; and look back each day, after you have written the few lines of your little chronicle, to see what you were about that day the preceding year. No one who in this simple spirit keeps a diary, can possibly be a bad, unfeeling, or cruel man. No scapegrace or blackguard could keep a diary such as that which has been described. I am not forgetting that various blackguards, and extremely dirty ones, *have* kept diaries, but they have been diaries to match their own character. Even in reading Byron's diary, you can see that he was not so much a very bad fellow, as a very silly fellow, who thought it a grand thing to be esteemed very bad. When, by the way, will the



day come when young men will cease to regard it as the perfection of youthful humanity to be a reckless, swaggering fellow, who never knows how much money he has or spends, who darkly hints that he has done many wicked things which he never did, who makes it a boast that he never reads any thing, and thus who affects to be even a more ignorant numskull than he actually is? When will young men cease to be ashamed of doing right, and to boast of doing wrong, (which they never did?) "Thank God," said poor Milksop to me the other day, "although I have done a great many bad things, I never did," etc., etc., etc. The silly fellow fancied that I should think a vast deal of one who had gone through so much, and sown such a large crop of wild oats. I looked at him with much pity. Ah! thought I to myself, there *are* fellows who actually do the things you absurdly pretend to have done; but if you had been one of those I should not have shaken hands with you five minutes since. With great difficulty did I refrain from patting his empty head, and saying, "O poor Milksop! you are a tremendous fool."

It is indeed to be admitted that by keeping a diary you are providing what is quite sure in days to come to be an occasional cause of sadness. Probably it will never conduce to cheerfulness to look back over those leaves. Well, you will be much the better for being sad occasionally. There are other things in this life than to put things in a ludicrous light, and laugh at them. *That*, too, is excellent in its time and place: but even Douglas Jerrold sickened of the forced fun of *Punch*, and thought this world had better ends than jesting. Don't let your diary fall behind: write it up day by day: or you will shrink from going back to it and continuing it, as Sir Walter Scott tells us he did. You will feel a double unhappiness in thinking you are neglecting something you ought to do, and in knowing that to repair your omission demands an exertion attended with especial pain and sorrow. Avoid at all events *that* discomfort of diary-keeping, by scrupulous regularity: there are others which you can not avoid, if you keep diary at all, and occasionally look back upon it. It must tend to make thoughtful people sad, to be reminded of things concerning which we feel that we can not think of them; that

they have gone wrong, and can not now be set right; that the evil is irremediable, and must just remain, and fret and worry whenever thought of; and life go on under that condition. It is like making up one's mind to live on under some incurable disease, not to be alleviated, not to be remedied, only if possible to be forgotten. Ordinary people have all some of these things: tangles in their life and affairs that can not be unraveled and must be left alone: sorrowful things which they think can not be helped. I think it highly inexpedient to give way to such a feeling; it ought to be resisted as far as it possibly can. The very worst thing that you can do with a skeleton is to lock the closet-door upon it, and try to think no more of it. No: open the door: let in air and light: bring the skeleton out, and sort it manfully up: perhaps it may prove to be only the skeleton of a cat, or even no skeleton at all. There is many a house, and many a family, in which there is a skeleton, which is made the distressing nightmare it is, mainly by trying to ignore it. There is some fretting disagreement, some painful estrangement, made a thousand times worse by ill-judged endeavors to go on just as if it were not there. If you wish to get rid of it, you must recognize its existence, and treat it with frankness, and seek manfully to set it right. It is wonderful how few evils are remediless, if you fairly face them, and honestly try to remove them. Therefore, I say it earnestly, don't lock your skeleton - chamber door. If the skeleton *be* there, I defy you to forget that it is. And even if it could bring you present quiet, it is no healthful draught, the water of Lethe. Drugged rest is unrefreshful, and has painful dreams. And further; don't let your diary turn to a small skeleton, as it is sure to do if it has fallen much into arrear. There will be a peculiar soreness in thinking that it is in arrear; yet you will shrink painfully from the idea of taking to it again and bringing it up. Better to begin a fresh volume. There is one thing to be especially avoided. Do not on any account, upon some evening when you are pensive, down-hearted, and alone, go to the old volumes, and turn over the yellow pages with their faded ink. Never recur to volumes telling the story of years long ago, except at very cheerful times in very hopeful moods: unless, indeed, you

desire to feel, as did Sir Walter, the connection between the clauses of the scriptural statement, that *Ahithophel set his house in order and hanged himself*. In that setting in order, what old, buried associations rise up again: what sudden pangs shoot through the heart, what a weight comes down upon it, as we open drawers long locked, and come upon the relics of our early selves, and schemes and hopes! Well, your old diary, of even five or ten years since, (especially if you have as yet hardly reached middle age,) is like a repertory in which the essence of all sad things is preserved. Bad as is the drawer or the shelf which holds the letters sent you from home when you were a schoolboy; sharp as is the sight of that lock of hair of your brother, whose grave is baked by the suns of Hindostan; roiling (not to say more) as is the view of that faded ribbon or those withered flowers which you still keep, though Jessie has long since married Mr. Beest, who has ten thousand a year: they are not so bad, so sharp, so roiling, as is the old diary, wherein the spirit of many disappointments, toils, partings, and cares, is distilled and preserved. So don't look too frequently into your old old diaries, or they will make you glum. Don't let them be your usual reading. It is a poor use of the past, to let its remembrances unfit you for the duties of the present.

I have been in a hurry, I have said; but I am not so now. Probably the intelligent reader of the preceding pages may surmise as much. I am enjoying three days of delightful leisure. I did nothing yesterday: I am doing nothing to-day: I shall do nothing to-morrow. This is June: let me feel that it is so. When in a hurry, you do not realize that a month, more especially a summer month, has come, till it is gone. June: let it be repeated: the *leafy month of June*, to use the strong expression of Mr. Coleridge. Let me hear you immediately quote the verse, my young lady reader, in which that expression is to be found. Of course you can repeat it. It is now very warm, and beautifully bright. I am sitting on a velvety lawn, a hundred yards from the door of a considerable country house, not my personal property. Under the shadow of a large sycamore is this iron chair; and this little table, on which the paper looks quite green from the reflection of the leaves. There is a very little breeze.

Just a foot from my hand, a twig with very large leaves is moving slowly and gently to and fro. There, the great serrated leaf has brushed the pen. The sunshine is sleeping (the word is not an affected one, but simply expresses the phenomenon) upon the bright green grass, and upon the dense masses of foliage which are a little way off on every side. Away on the left, there is a well-grown horse-chestnut tree, blazing with blossoms. Why, by the way, does Mr. Albert Smith mention that when a lot of little Chinese had a passage of English dictated to them, they all wrote it out with perfect accuracy except one of them, who spelt chestnut wrong by introducing the central t? Does not Mr. Smith know that such is the right way to spell the word, and that *chesnut* without the t is wrong? In the little recesses where the turf makes bays of verdure going into the thicket, the grass is nearly as white with daisies as if it were covered with snow, or had several table-cloths spread out upon it to dry. Blue and green, I am given to understand, form an incongruous combination in female dress; but how beautiful the little patches of sapphire sky, seen through the green leaves! Keats was quite right; any one who is really fond of nature must be very far gone indeed, when he or she, like poor Isabella with her pot of basil, "forgets the blue above the trees." I am specially noticing a whole host of little appearances and relations among the natural objects within view, which no man in a hurry would ever observe; yet which are certainly meant to be observed, and worth observing. I don't mean to say that a beautiful thing in nature is lost because no human being sees it: I have not so vain an idea of the importance of our race. I do not think that that blue sky, with its beautiful fleecy clouds, was spread out there just as a scene at a theater is spread out, simply to be looked at by us; and that the intention of its Maker is balked if it be not. Still, among a host of other uses, which we do not know, it can not be questioned that one end of the scenes of nature, and of the capacity of noting and enjoying them which is implanted in our being, is, that they should be noted and enjoyed by human minds and hearts. It is now 11.30 A.M., and I have nothing to do that need take me far from this spot till dinner, which will be just seven hours hereafter. It requires

an uninterrupted view of at least four or five hours ahead, to give the true sense of leisure. If you know you have some particular engagement in two hours, or even three or four, the feeling you have is not that of leisure. On the contrary, you feel that you must push on vigorously with whatever you may be about; there is no time to sit down and muse. Two hours are a very short time. It is to be admitted that much less than half of that period is very long, when you are listening to a sermon; and the man who wishes his life to appear as long as possible can never more effectually compass his end than by going very frequently to hear preachers of that numerous class whose discourses are always sensible and in good taste, and also sickeningly dull and tiresome. Half an hour under the instruction of such good men has oftentimes appeared like about four hours. But for quiet folk, living in the country, and who have never held the office of attorney-general or secretary of state, two hours form quite too short a vista to permit of sitting down to begin any serious work, such as writing a sermon or an article. Two hours will not afford elbow-room. One is cramped in it. Give me a clear prospect of five or six; so shall I begin an essay for *Fraser*. It is quite evident that Hazlitt was a man of the town, accustomed to live in a hurry, and to fancy short blinks of unoccupation to be leisure—even as a man long dwelling in American woods might think a little open glade quite an extensive clearing. He begins his essay on *Living to One's-self*, by saying that being in the country he has a fine opportunity of writing on that long-contemplated subject, and of writing at leisure, because he has *three hours good before him*, not to mention a partridge getting ready for his supper. Ah! not enough! Very well for the fast-going, high-pressure London mind; but quite insufficient for the deliberate, slow-running country one, that has to overcome a great *inertia*. How many good ideas, or at least ideas which he thinks good, will occur to the rustic writer; and be cast aside when he reflects that he has but two hours to sit at his task, and that therefore he has not a moment to spare for collateral matters, but must keep to the even thread of his story or his argument! A man who has four miles to walk within an hour, has little time to

stop and look at the view on either hand; and no time at all for scrambling over the hedge to gather some wild flowers. But now I rejoice in the feeling of an unlimited horizon before me, in the regard of time. Various new books are lying on the grass; and on the top of the heap, a certain number of that trenchant and brilliant periodical, the *Saturday Review*. This is delightful! It is jolly! And let us always be glad, if through training or idiosyncrasy we have come to this, my reader, that whenever you and I enjoy this tranquil feeling of content, there mingles with it a deep sense of gratitude. I should be very sorry to-day, if I did not know Whom to thank for all this. I like the simple, natural piety, which has given to various seats, at the top of various steep hills in Scotland, the homely name of *Rest and be thankful!* I trust I am now doing both these things. O ye men who have never been overworked and overdriven, never kept for weeks on a constant strain and in a feverish hurry, you don't know what you miss! Sweet and delicious as cool water is to the man parched with thirst, is leisure to the man just extricated from breathless hurry! And nauseous as is that same water to the man whose thirst has been completely quenched, is leisure to the man whose life is nothing but leisure.

Let me pick up that number of the *Saturday Review*, and turn to the article which is entitled *Smith's Drag*.\* That article treats of a certain essay which the present writer contributed to the June number of this Magazine; and sets out the desultory fashion in which that essay wanders about. I have read the article with great amusement and pleasure. In the main it is perfectly just. Does not the avowal say something for the writer's good-humor? Not frequently does the reviewed acknowledge that he was quite rightly pitched into. Let me, however, say to the very clever and smart author of *Smith's Drag*, that he is to some extent mistaken in his theory as to my system of essay-writing. It is not entirely true that I begin my essays with irrelevant descriptions of scenery, horses, and the like, merely because I know nothing about my subject, and care nothing about it, and have nothing to say about it; and so am glad to get over a page or two of my pro-

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\* June fourth, 1859, pp. 677-8.

duction without *bonâ fide* going at my subject. Such a consideration, no doubt, is not without its weight; and besides this, holding at every way of discussing all things whatsoever is good except the tiresome, I think that even Smith's Drag serves a useful end if it pulls one a little way through a heavy discussion; as the short inclined plane set Mr. Henson's aerial machine off with a good start, without which it could not fly. But there is more than this in the case. The writer holds by a grand principle. The writer's great reason for saying something of the scenery amid which he is writing, is, that he believes that it materially affects the thought produced, and ought to be taken in connection with it. You would not give a just idea of a country house by giving us an architect's elevation of its *façade*, and showing nothing of the hills by which it is backed, and the trees and shrubbery by which it is surrounded. So, too, with thought. We think with time and space; and unless you are a very great man, writing a book like Butler's *Analogy*, the outward scenes amid which you write will color all your abstract thought. Most people hate abstract thought. Give it in a setting of scene and circumstances, and then ordinary folk will accept it. Set a number of essays in a story, however slight; and hundreds will read them who would never have looked twice at the bare essays. Human interest and a sense of reality are thus communicated. When any one says to me, "I think thus and thus of some abstract topic," I like to say to him: "Tell me where you thought it, how you thought it, what you were looking at when you thought it, and to whom you talked about it." I deny that in essays what is wanted is results. Give me processes. Show me how the results are arrived at. In some cases, doubtless, this is inexpedient. You would not enjoy your dinner if you inquired too minutely into the previous history of its component elements, before it appeared upon your table. You might not care for one of Goldsmith's or Sheridan's pleasantries, if you traced too curiously the steps by which it was licked into shape. Not so with the essay. And by exhibiting the making of his essay, as well as the essay itself when made, the essayist is enabled to preserve and exhibit many thoughts, which he could turn to no account did he

exhibit only his conclusions. It is a grand idea to represent two or three friends as discussing a subject. For who that has ever written upon abstract subjects, or conversed upon them, but knows that very often what seem capital ideas occur to him, which he has not had time to write down or to utter before he sees an answer to them, before he discovers that they are unsound. Now to the essayist writing straight-forward these thoughts are lost; he can not exhibit them. It will not do to write them, and then add that now he sees they are wrong. Here, then, is the great use—one great use—of the Ellesmere and the Dunsford, who shall hold friendly council with the essayist. They, understood to be talking off-hand, can state all these interesting and striking, though unsound views; and then the more deliberate Milverton can show that they are wrong. And the three friends combined do but represent the phases of thought and feeling in a single individual: for who does not know that every reflective man is, at the very fewest, "three gentlemen at once?" Let me say for myself, that it seems to me that no small part of the inexpressible charm which there is about the *Friends in Council* and the *Companions of My Solitude*, arises from the use of the two expedients; of exhibiting processes as well as results, of showing how views are formed as well as the views themselves; and also of setting the whole abstract part of the work in a framework of scenes and circumstances. All this makes one feel a life-like reality in the entire picture presented, and enables one to open the leaves with a home-like and friendly sympathy. Do not fancy, my brilliant reviewer, that I pretend to write like that thoughtful and graceful author, so rich in wisdom, in wit, in pathos, in kindly feeling. All I say is that I have learned from him the grand principle, that abstract thought, for ordinary readers, must gain reality and interest from a setting of time and place.

There is the green branch of the tree, waving about. The breeze is a little stronger, but still the air is perfectly warm. Let me be leisurely; I feel a little hurried with writing that last paragraph; I wrote it too quickly. To write a paragraph too quickly, putting in too much pressure of steam, will materially accelerate the pulse. That is an end greatly to be avoided.

Who shall write hastily of leisure! Fancy Izaak Walton going out fishing, and constantly looking at his watch every five minutes, for fear of not catching the express train in half an hour! It would be indeed a grievous inconsistency. The old gentleman might better have staid at home.

It is all very well to be occasionally, for two or three days, or even for a fortnight, in a hurry. Every earnest man, with work to do, will find that occasionally there comes a pressure of it; there comes a crowd of things which must be done quickly if they are done at all; and the condition thus induced is hurry. I am aware of course, that there is a distinction between haste and hurry—hurry adding to rapidity the element of painful confusion; but in the case of ordinary people, haste generally implies hurry. And it will never do to become involved in a mode of life which implies a constant breathless pushing on. It must be a horrible thing to go through life in a hurry. It is highly expedient for all, it is absolutely necessary for most men, that they should have occasional leisure. Many enjoyments—perhaps all the tranquil and enduring enjoyments of life—can not be felt except in leisure. And the best products of the human mind and heart can be brought forth only in leisure. Little does he know of the calm, unexciting, unwearying, lasting satisfaction of life, who has never known what it is to place the leisurely hand in the idle pocket, and to saunter to and fro. Mind, I utterly despise the idler—the loafer, as Yankees term him, who never does any thing—whose idle hands are always in his idle pockets, and who is always sauntering to and fro. Leisure, be it remembered, is the intermission of labor; it is the blink of idleness in the life of a hard-working man. It is only in the case of such a man that leisure is dignified, commendable, or enjoyable. But to him it is all these, and more. Let us not be ever driving on. The machinery, physical and mental, will not stand it. It is fit that one should occasionally sit down on a grassy bank, and look listlessly, for a long time, at the daisies around, and watch the patches of bright-blue sky through green leaves overhead. It is right to rest on a large stone by the margin of a river; to rest there on a summer day for a long time, and to watch the lapse of the water as it passes away, and to listen to its silvery ripple

over the pebbles. Who but a blockhead will think you idle? Of course blockheads may; but you and I, my reader, do not care a rush for the opinion of blockheads. It is fit that a man should have time to chase his little children about the green, to make a kite and occasionally fly it, to rig a ship and occasionally sail it, for the happiness of those little folk. There is nothing unbecoming in making your Newfoundland dog go into the water to bring out sticks, nor in teaching a lesser dog to stand on his hinder legs. No doubt Goldsmith was combining leisure with work when Reynolds one day visited him; but it was leisure that aided the work. The painter entered the poet's room unnoticed. The poet was seated at his desk, with his pen in his hand, and with his paper before him; but he had turned away from *The Traveler*, and with uplifted hand was looking towards a corner of the room, where a little dog sat with difficulty on his haunches, with imploring eyes. Reynolds looked over the poet's shoulder, and read a couplet whose ink was still wet:

“By sports like these are all their cares beguiled;  
The sports of children satisfy the child.”

Surely, my friend, you will never again read that couplet, so simply and felicitously expressed, without remembering the circumstances in which it was written. Who should know better than Goldsmith what simple pleasures “satisfy the child”?

It is fit that a busy man should occasionally be able to stand for a quarter of an hour by the drag of his friend Smith; and walk round the horses, and smooth down their fore-legs, and pull their ears, and drink in their general aspect, and enjoy the rich color of their bay coats gleaming in the sunshine; and minutely and critically inspect the drag, its painting, its cushions, its fur-ropes, its steps, its spokes, its silver caps, its lamps, its entire expression. These are enjoyments that last, and that can not be had save in leisure. They are calm and innocent; they do not at all quicken the pulse, or fever the brain; it is a good sign of a man if he feels them as enjoyments: it shows that he has not indurated his moral palate by appliances highly spiced with the cayenne of excitement, all of which border on vice, and most of which imply it.

Let it be remembered, in the praise of leisure, that only in leisure will the human

mind yield many of its best products. Calm views, sound thoughts, healthful feelings, do not originate in a hurry or a fever. I do not forget the wild geniuses who wrote some of the finest English tragedies—men like Christopher Marlowe, Ford, Massinger, Dekker, and Otway. No doubt *they* lived in a whirl of wild excitement, yet they turned off many fine and immortal thoughts. But their thought was essentially morbid, and their feeling hectic; all their views of life and things were unsound. And the beauty with which their writings are flushed all over, is like the beauty that dwells in the brow too transparent, the cheek too rosy, and the eye too bright, of a fair girl dying of decline. It is entirely a hot-house thing, and away from the bracing atmosphere of reality and truth. Its sweetness palls, its beauty frightens; its fierce passion and its wild despair are the things in which it is at home. I do not believe the stories which are told about Jeffery scribbling off his articles while dressing for a ball, or after returning from one at four in the morning: the fact is, nothing good for much was ever produced in that jaunty, hasty fashion, which is suggested by such a phrase as *scribbled off*. Good ideas flash in a moment on the mind; but they are very crude then; and they must be mellowed and matured by time and in leisure. It is pure nonsense to say that the *Poetry of the Anti-jacobin* was produced by a lot of young men sitting over their wine, very much excited, and talking very loud, and two or three at a time. Some happy impromptu hits may have been elicited by that mental friction; but, rely upon it, the *Needy Knife-Grinder*, and the song whose chorus is *Niversity of Gottingen*, were composed when their author was entirely alone, and had plenty of time for thinking. Brougham is an exception to all rules: he certainly did write his *Discourse of Natural Theology* while rent asunder by all the multifarious engagements of a Lord Chancellor; but, after all, a great deal that Brougham has done exhibits merely the smartness of a sort of intellectual legerdemain; and that celebrated *Discourse*, so far as I remember it, is remarkably poor stuff. I am now talking not of great geniuses, but of ordinary men of education, when I maintain that to the laborer whose work is mental, and especially to the man whose work it is to write, leisure is a pure ne-

cessary of intellectual existence. There must be long seasons of quiescence between the occasional efforts of production. An electric eel can not be always giving off shocks. The shock is powerful, but short, and then long time is needful to rally for another. A field, however good its soil, will not grow wheat year after year. Such a crop exhausts the soil; it is a strain to produce it; and after it the field must lie fallow for a while—it must have leisure, in short. So is it with the mind. Who does not know that various literary electric eels, by repeating their shocks too frequently, have come at last to give off an electric result which is but the faintest and washiest echo of the thrilling and startling ones of earlier days? *Festus* was a strong and unmistakable stock; *The Angel World* was much weakened; *The Mystic* was extremely weak; and *The Age* was twaddle. Why did the author let himself down in such a fashion? The writer of *Festus* was a grand, mysterious image in many youthful minds: dark, wonderful, not quite comprehensible. The writer of *The Age* is a smart but silly little fellow, whom we could readily slap upon the back and tell him he had rather made a fool of himself.

#### THACKERAY AND DICKENS.

And who does not feel how weak the successive shocks of Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Dickens are growing? The former, especially, strikes out nothing new. Any thing good in his recent productions is just the old thing, with the colors a good deal washed out, and with salt which has lost its savor. Poor stuff comes of constantly cutting and cropping. The potatoes of the mind grow small; the intellectual wheat comes to have no ears; the moral turnips are infected with the finger and toe disease. The mind is a reservoir which can be emptied in a much shorter time than it is possible to fill it. It fills through an infinity of little tubes, many so small as to act by capillary attraction. But in writing a book, or even an article, it empties as through a twelve-inch pipe. It is to me quite wonderful that most of the sermons one hears are so good as they are, considering the unintermittent stream in which most preachers are compelled to produce them. I have sometimes thought, in listening to the discourse of a really thoughtful and able clergyman—If you,

my friend, had to write a sermon once a month instead of once a week, how very admirable it would be!

Some stupid people are afraid of confessing that they ever have leisure. They wish to palm off upon the human race the delusion that they, the stupid people, are always hard at work. They are afraid of being thought idle unless they maintain this fiction. I have known clergymen who would not on any account take any recreation in their own parishes, lest they should be deemed lazy. They would not fish, they would not ride, they would not garden, they would never been seen leaning upon a gate, and far less carving their name upon a tree. What absurd folly! They might just as well have pretended that they did without sleep, or without food, as without leisure. You can not always drive the machine at its full speed. I know, indeed, that the machine may be so driven for two or three years at the beginning of a man's professional life; and that it is possible for a man to go on for such a period with hardly any appreciable leisure at all. But it knocks up the machine: it wears it out; and after an attack or two of nervous fever, we learn, what we should have known from the beginning, that a far larger amount of tangible work will be accomplished by regular exertion of moderate degree and continuance, than by going ahead in the feverish and unrestful fashion in which really earnest men are so ready to begin their task. It seems, indeed, to be the rule rather than the exception, that clergymen should break down in strength and spirits in about three years after entering the church. Some die: but happily a larger number get well again, and for the remainder of their days work at a more reasonable rate. As for the sermons written in that feverish stage of life, what crude and extravagant things they are: stirring and striking, perhaps, but hectic and forced, and entirely devoid of the repose, reality, and daylight feeling, of actual life and fact. Yet how many good, injudicious people, are ever ready to expect of the new curate or rector an amount of work which man can not do; and to express their disappointment if that work is not done! It is so very easy to map out a task which you are not to do yourself: and you feel so little wearied by the toils of other men! As for you, my young

friend, beginning your parochial life, don't be ill-pleased with the kindly-meant advice of one who speaks from the experience of a good many years, and who has himself known all that you feel, and foolishly done all that you are now disposed to do. Consider for how many hours of the day you can labor, without injury to body or mind: labor faithfully for those hours, and for no more. Never mind about what may be said by Miss Limejuice and Mr. Snarling. They will find fault at any rate; and you will mind less about their fault-finding, if you have an unimpaired digestion, and unaffected lungs, and an unenlarged heart. Don't pretend that you are always working: it would be a sin against God and Nature if you were. Say frankly, There is a certain amount of work that I *can* do; and that I *will* do: but I *must* have my hours of leisure. I must have them for the sake of my parishioners as well as for my own; for leisure is an essential part of that mental discipline which will enable my mind to grow and turn off sound instruction for their benefit. Leisure is a necessary part of true life; and if I am to live at all, I must have it. Surely it is a thousand times better candidly and manfully to take up *that* ground, than to take recreation on the sly, as though you were ashamed of being found out in it, and to disguise your leisure as though it were a sin. I heartily despise the clergyman who reads *Adam Bede* secretly in his study, and when any one comes in, pops the volume into his waste-paper basket. An innocent thing is wrong to you if you think it wrong, remember. I am sorry for the man who is quite ashamed if any one finds him chasing his little children about the green before his house, or standing looking at a bank of primroses or a bed of violets, or a high wall covered with ivy. Don't give in to that feeling for one second. You are doing right in doing all that; and no one but an ignorant, stupid, malicious, little-minded, vulgar, contemptible blockhead will think you are doing wrong. On a sunny day, you are not idle if you sit down and look for an hour at the ivied wall, or at an apple-tree in blossom, or at the river gliding by. You are not idle if you walk about your garden, noticing the progress and enjoying the beauty and fragrance of each individual rose-tree on such a charming June day as this. You are not idle if you sit down

upon a garden-seat, and take your little boy upon your knee, and talk with him about the many little matters which give interest to his little life. You are doing something which may help to establish a bond between you closer than that of blood; and the estranging interests of after years may need it all. And you do not know, even as regards the work (if of composition) at which you are busy, what good ideas and impulses may come of the quiet time of looking at the ivy, or the blossoms, or the stream, or your child's sunny curls. Such things often start thoughts which might seem a hundred miles away from them. That they do so, is a fact to which the experience of numbers of busy and thoughtful men can testify. Various thick skulls may think the statement mystical and incomprehensible: for the sake of such let me confirm it by high authority. Is it not curious, by the way, that in talking to some men and women, if you state a view a little beyond their mark, you will find them doubting and disbelieving it so long as they regard it as resting upon your own authority; but if you can quote any thing that sounds like it from any printed book, or even newspaper, no matter how little worthy the author of the article or book may be, you will find the view received with respect, if not with credence? The mere fact of its having been printed, gives any opinion whatsoever much weight with some folk. And your opinion is esteemed as if of greater value, if you can only show that any human being agreed with you in entertaining it. So, my friend, if Mr. Snarling thinks it a delusion that you may gain some thoughts and feelings of value, in the passive contemplation of nature, inform him that the following lines were written by one Wordsworth, a stamp-distributor in Cumberland, regarded by many competent judges as a very wise man:

"Why, William, on that old gray stone,  
Thus for the length of half a day,  
Why, William, sit you thus alone,  
And dream your time away?"

"One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,  
When life was sweet, I knew not why,  
To me my good friend Matthew spake,  
And thus I made reply:

"The eye—it can not choose but see;  
We can not bid the ear be still:  
Our bodies feel, where'er they be,  
Against or with our will.

"Nor less I deem that there are Powers,  
Which of themselves our minds impress:  
That we can feed this mind of ours,  
In a wise passiveness.

"Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum,  
Of things forever speaking,  
That nothing of itself will come,  
But we must still be seeking?"

"Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,  
Conversing as I may,  
I sit upon this old gray stone,  
And dream my time away!"

Such an opinion is sound and just. Not that I believe that instead of sending a lad to Eton and Oxford, it would be expedient to make him sit down on a gray stone, by the side of any lake or river, and wait till wisdom came to him through the gentle teaching of nature. The instruction to be thus obtained must be supplementary to a good education, college and professional, obtained in the usual way; and it must be sought in intervals of leisure, intercalated in a busy and energetic life. But thus intervening, and coming to supplement other training, I believe it will serve ends of the most valuable kind, and elicit from the mind the very best material which is there to be elicited. Some people say they work best under pressure: De Quincey, in a recent volume, declares that the conviction that he *must* produce a certain amount of writing in a limited time has often seemed to open new cells in his brain, rich in excellent thought; and I have known preachers (very poor ones) declare that their best sermons were written after dinner on Saturday. As for the sermons, the best were bad; as for De Quincey, he is a wonderful man. Let us have elbow room, say I, when we have to write any thing! Let there be plenty of time, as well as plenty of space. Who could write if cramped up in that chamber of torture, called *Little Ease*, in which a man could neither sit, stand, nor lie, but in a constrained fashion? And just as bad is it to be cramped up into three days, when to stretch one's self demands at least six. Do you think Wordsworth could have written against time? Or that *In Memoriam* was penned in a hurry?

Said Miss Limejuice, I saw Mr. Swetter, the new rector, to-day. Ah! she added, with a malicious smile, I fear he is growing idle already, though he has not been in the parish six months. I saw



him, at a quarter before two precisely, standing at his gate with his hands in his pockets. I observed that he looked for three minutes over the gate into the clover-field he has got. And then Smith drove up in his drag, and stopped and got out; and he and the rector entered into conversation, evidently about the horses, for I saw Mr. Swetter walk round them several times, and rub down their fore-legs. Now *I* think he should have been busy writing his sermon, or visiting his sick. Such, let me assure the incredulous reader, are the words which I have myself heard Miss Limejuice, and her mother, old Mrs. Snarling Limejuice, utter more than once or twice. Knowing the rector well, and knowing how he portions out his day, let me explain to those candid individuals the state of facts. At ten o'clock precisely, having previously gone to the stable and walked round the garden, Mr. Swetter sat down at his desk in his study and worked hard till one. At two, he is to ride up the parish to see various sick persons among the cottagers. But from one to two he has laid his work aside, and tried to banish all thought of his work. During that period he has been running about the green with his little boy, and even rolling upon the grass; and he has likewise strung together a number of daisies on a thread, which you might have seen round little Charlie's neck if you had looked sharply. He has been unbending his mind, you see, and enjoying leisure after his work. It is entirely true that he did look into the clover-field and enjoy the fragrance of it, which you probably regard as a piece of sinful self-indulgence. And his friend coming up, it is likewise certain that he examined his horses, (a new pair,) with much interest and minuteness. Let me add, that only contemptible humbugs will think the less of him for all this. The days are past in which the ideal clergyman was an emaciated eremite, who hardly knew a cow from a horse, and was quite incapable of sympathizing with his humbler parishioners in their little country cares. And some little knowledge as to horses and cows, not to mention potatoes and turnips, is a most valuable attainment to the country parson. If his parishioners find that he is entirely ignorant of those matters which they understand best, they will not unnaturally draw the conclusion that he knows nothing. While if they

find that he is fairly acquainted with those things which they themselves understand, they will conclude that he knows every thing. Helplessness and ignorance appear contemptible to simple folk, though the helplessness should appear in the lack of power to manage a horse, and the ignorance in a man's not knowing the way in which potatoes are planted. To you, Miss Limejuice, let me further say a word as to your parish clergyman. Mr. Swetter, you probably do not know, was Senior Wrangler at Cambridge. He chose his present mode of life, not merely because he felt a special leaning to the sacred profession, though he did feel that strongly; but also because he saw that in the Church, and in the care of a quiet rural parish, he might hope to combine the faithful discharge of his duty with the enjoyment of leisure for thought; he might be of use in his generation without being engaged to that degree that, like some great barristers, he should grow a stranger to his children. He concluded that it is one great happiness of a country parson's life, that he may work hard without working feverishly; he may do his duty, yet not bring on an early paralytic stroke. Swetter might, if he had liked, have gone in for the Great Seal; the man who was second to him will probably get it; but he did not choose. Do you not remember how Baron Alderson, who might well have aspired at being a Chief Justice or a Lord Chancellor, fairly decided that the prize was not worth the cost, and was content to turn aside from the worry of the bar into the comparative leisure of a puisne judgeship? It was not worth his while, he rightly considered, to run the risk of working himself to death, or to live for years in a breathless hurry. No doubt the man who thus judges must be content to see others seize the great prizes of human affairs. Hot and trembling hands, for the most part, grasp these. And how many work breathlessly, and give up the tranquil enjoyment of life, yet never grasp them after all!

There is no period at which the feeling of leisure is a more delightful one, than during breakfast and after breakfast on a beautiful summer morning in the country. It is a slavish and painful thing to know that instantly you rise from the breakfast-table you must take to your work. And in that case your mind will be fretting

and worrying away all the time that the hurried meal lasts. But it is delightful to be able to breakfast leisurely; to read over your letters twice; to skim the *Times*, just to see if there is any thing particular in it, (the serious reading of it being deferred till later in the day;) and then to go out and saunter about the garden, taking an interest in whatever operations may be going on there; to walk down to the little bridge and sit on the parapet, and look over at the water foaming through below; to give your dogs a swim; to sketch out the rudimentary outline of a kite, to be completed in the evening; to stick up, amid shrieks of excitement and delight, a new colored picture in the nursery; to go out to the stable and look about there; and to do all this with the sense that there is no neglect, that you can easily overtake your day's work notwithstanding. For this end the country human being should breakfast early; not later than nine o'clock. Breakfast will be over by half past nine; and the half hour till ten is as much as it is safe to give to leisure, without running the risk of dissipating the mind too much for steady application to work. After ten one does not feel comfortable in idling about, on a common working-day. You feel that you ought to be at your task; and he who would enjoy a country leisure must beware of fretting the fine mechanism of his moral perceptions by doing any thing which he thinks even in the least degree wrong.

And here, after thinking of the preliminary half-hour of leisure before you sit down to your work, let me advise that when you fairly go at your work, if of composition, you should go at it leisurely. I do not mean that you should work with half a will, with a wandering attention, with a mind running away upon something else. What I mean is, that you should beware of flying at your task, and keeping at it, with such a stretch, that every fiber in your body and your mind is on the strain, is tense and tightened up; so that when you stop, after your two or three hours at it, you feel quite shattered and exhausted. A great many men, especially those of a nervous and sanguine temperament, write at too high a pressure. They have a hundred and twenty pounds on the square inch. Every nerve is like the string of Robin Hood's bow. All this does no good. It does

not appreciably affect the quality of the article manufactured, nor does it much accelerate the rate of production. But it wears a man out awfully. It sucks him like an orange. It leaves him a discharged Leyden jar, a torpedo entirely used up. You have got to walk ten miles. You do it at the rate of four miles an hour. You accomplish the distance in two hours and a half; and you come in, not extremely done up. But another day, with the same walk before you, you put on extra steam, and walk at four and a half miles an hour, perhaps at five. (*Mem*: people who say they walk six miles an hour are talking nonsense. It can not be done, unless by a trained pedestrian.) You are on a painful stretch all the journey: you save, after all, a very few minutes; and you get to your journey's end entirely knocked up. Like an over-driven horse, you are off your feed; and you can do nothing useful all the evening. I am well aware that the good advice contained in this paragraph will not have the least effect on those who read it. *Fungar inani munera*. I know how little all this goes for with an individual now not far away. And, indeed, no one can say that because two men have produced the same result in work accomplished, therefore they have gone through the same amount of exertion. Nor am I now thinking of the vast differences between men in point of intellectual power. I am content to suppose that they shall be, intellectually, precisely on a level: yet one shall go at his work with a painful, heavy strain; and another shall get through his lightly, airily, as if it were pastime. One shall leave off fresh and buoyant; the other, jaded, languid, aching all over. And in this respect, it is probable that if your natural constitution is not such as to enable you to work hard, yet leisurely, there is no use in advising you to take things easily. Ah! my poor friend, you can not! But at least you may restrict yourself from going at any task on end, and keeping yourself ever on the fret until it is fairly finished. Set yourself a fitting task for each day; and on no account exceed it. There are men who have a morbid eagerness to get through any work on which they are engaged. They would almost wish to go right on through all the toils of life and be done with them; and then, like Alexander, "sit down and rest." The prospect of any thing yet to do, appears to

render the enjoyment of present repose impossible. There can be no more unhealthful state of mind. The day will never come when we shall have got through our work: and well for us that it never will. Why disturb the quiet of to-night, by thinking of the toils of to-morrow? There is deep wisdom, and accurate knowledge of human nature, in the advice, given by the soundest and kindest of all advisers, and applicable in a hundred cases, to "Take no thought for the morrow."

It appears to me, that in these days of hurried life, a great and valuable end is served by a class of things which all men of late have taken to abusing—to wit, the extensive class of dull, heavy, uninteresting, good, sensible, pious sermons. They afford many educated men almost their only intervals of waking leisure. You are in a cool, quiet, solemn place: the sermon is going forward: you have a general impression that you are listening to many good advices and important doctrines, and the entire result upon your mind is beneficial; and at the same time there is nothing in the least striking or startling to destroy the sense of leisure, or to painfully arouse the attention and quicken the pulse. Neither is there a syllable that can jar on the most fastidious taste. All points and corners of thought are rounded off. The entire composition is in the highest degree gentlemanly, scholarly, correct; but you feel that it is quite impossible to attend to it. And you do not attend to it; but at the same time, you do not quite turn your attention to any thing else. Now, you remember how a dying father, once upon a time, besought his prodigal son to spend an hour daily in solitary thought: and what a beneficial result followed. The dull sermon may serve an end as desirable. In church you are alone, in the sense of being isolated from all companions, or from the possibility of holding communication with any body: and the wearisome sermon, if utterly useless otherwise, is useful in giving a man time to think, in circumstances which will generally dispose him to think seriously. There is a restful feeling, too, for which you are the better. It is a fine thing to feel that church is a place where, if even for two hours only, you are quite free from worldly business and cares. You know that all these are waiting for you outside: but at

least you are free from their actual endurance here. I am persuaded, and I am happy to entertain the persuasion, that men are often much the better for being present during the preaching of sermons to which they pay very little attention. Only some such belief as this could make one think, without much sorrow, of the thousands of discourses which are preached every Sunday over Britain, and of the class of ears and memories to which they are given. You see that country congregation coming out of that ivy-covered church in that beautiful church-yard. Look at their faces, the plowman, the dairy-maids, the drain-diggers, the stable-boys: what could *they* do towards taking in the gist of that well-reasoned, scholarly, elegant piece of composition which has occupied the last half-hour? Why, they could not understand a sentence of it. Yet it has done them good. The general effect is wholesome. They have got a little push, they have felt themselves floating on a gentle current, going in the right direction. Only enthusiastic young divines expect the mass of their congregation to do all they exhort them to do. You must advise a man to do a thing a hundred times, probably, before you can get him to do it once. You know that a breeze, blowing at thirty-five miles an hour, does very well if it carries a large ship along in its own direction at the rate of eight. And even so, the practice of your hearers, though truly influenced by what you say to them, lags tremendously behind the rate of your preaching. Be content, my friend, if you can maintain a movement, sure though slow, in the right way. And don't get angry with your rural flock on Sundays, if you often see on their blank faces, while you are preaching, the evidence that they are not taking in a word you say. And don't be entirely discouraged. You may be doing them good for all that. And if you do good at all, you know better than to grumble, though you may not be doing it in the fashion that you would like best. I have known men, accustomed to sit quiet, pensive, half-attentive, under the sermons of an easy-going but orthodox preacher, who felt quite indignant when they went to a church where their attention was kept on the stretch all the time the sermon lasted, whether they would or no. They felt that this intrusive interest about the discourse, compelling them to

attend, was of the nature of an assault, and of an unjustifiable infraction of the liberty of the subject. Their feeling was: "What earthly right has that man to make us listen to his sermon, without getting our consent? We go to church to rest: and lo! he compels us to listen!"

I do not forget, musing in the shade this beautiful summer day, that there may be cases in which leisure is very much to be avoided. To some men, constant occupation is a thing that stands between them and utter wretchedness. You remember the poor man, whose story is so touchingly told by Borrow in *The Romany Rye*, who lost his wife, his children, all his friends, by a rapid succession of strokes; and who declared that he would have gone mad if he had not resolutely set himself to the study of the Chinese language. Only constant labor of mind could "keep the misery out of his head." And years afterwards, if he paused from toil for even a few hours, the misery returned. The poor fisherman in *The Antiquary* was wrong in his philosophy, when Mr. Oldbuck found him, with trembling hands, trying to repair his battered boat the day after his son was buried. "It's weel wi' you gentles," he said, "that can sit in the house wi' handkerchers at your een, when ye lose a freend; but the like o' us maun to our wark again, if our hearts were beating as hard as my hammer!" We love the kindly sympathy that made Sir Walter write the words: but bitter as may be the effort with which the poor man takes to his heartless task again, surely he will all the sooner get over his sorrow. And it is with gentles, who can "sit in the house" as long as they like, that the great grief longest lingers. There is a wonderful efficacy in enforced work to tide one over every sort of trial. I saw not long since a number of pictures, admirably sketched, which had been sent to his family in England by an emigrant son in Canada, and which represented scenes in daily life there among the remote settlers. And I was very much struck with the sad expression which the faces of the emigrants always wore, whenever they were represented in repose or inaction. I felt sure that those pensive faces set forth a sorrowful fact. Lying on a great bluff, looking down upon a lovely river; or seated at the tent-door on a Sunday, when his task was laid apart; however

the back-woodsman was depicted, if not in energetic action, there was always a very sad look upon the rough face. And it was a peculiar sadness—not like that which human beings would feel amid the scenes and friends of their youth: a look pensive, distant, full of remembrance, devoid of hope. You glanced at it, and you thought of Lord Eglintoun's truthful lines:

"From the lone shieling on the misty island,  
Mountains divide us, and a world of seas:  
But still the blood is strong, the heart is  
Highland,  
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides:  
Fair these broad meads, these hoary woods  
are grand—  
But we are exiles from our fathers' land!"

And you felt that much leisure will not suit *there*. Therefore, you stout back-woodsman, go at the huge forest-tree; rain upon it the blows of your axe, as you can stand; watch the fragments as they fly; and jump briskly out of the way as the reeling giant falls: for all this brisk exertion will stand between you and remembrances that would unman you. There is nothing very philosophical in the plan, to "dance sad thoughts away," which I remember as the chorus of some Canadian song. I doubt whether that peculiar specific will do much good. But you may *work* sad thoughts away; you may crowd morbid feelings out of your mind by stout daylight toils; and remember that sad remembrances, too long indulged, tend strongly to the mania. Even Werter was little better than a fool; and a contemptible fool was Mr. Augustus Moddle.

How many of man's best works take for granted that the majority of cultivated persons, capable of enjoying them shall have leisure in which to do so. The architect, the artist, the landscape-gardener, the poet, spend their pains in producing that which can never touch the hurried man. I really feel that I act unkindly by the man who did that elaborate picking-out in the painting of a railway carriage, if I rush upon the platform at the last moment, pitch in my luggage, sit down and take to the *Times*, without ever having noticed whether the color of the carriage is brown or blue. There seems a dumb pleading eloquence about even the accurate diagonal arrangement of the

little woolen tufts in the morocco cushions, and the interlaced network above one's head, where umbrellas go, as though they said: "We are made thus neatly to be looked at, but we can not make you look at us unless you choose; and half the people who come into the carriage are so hurried that they never notice us." And when I have seen a fine church-spire, rich in graceful ornament, rising up by the side of a city street, where hurried crowds are always passing by, not one in a thousand ever casting a glance at the beautiful object, I have thought, Now surely you are not doing what your designer intended! When he spent so much of time, and thought, and pains in planning and executing all those beauties of detail, surely he intended them to be looked at; and not merely looked at in their general effect, but followed and traced into their lesser graces. But he wrongly fancied that men would have time for that; he forgot that, except on the solitary artistic visitor, all he has done would be lost, through the nineteenth century's want of leisure. And you architect of Melrose, when you designed that exquisite tracery, and decorated so perfectly that flying buttress, were you content to do so for the pleasure of knowing you did your work thoroughly and well; or did you count on its producing on the minds of men in after ages an impression which a prevailing hurry has prevented from being produced, save perhaps in one case in a thousand? And you, old monk, who spent half your life in writing and illuminating that magnificent missal; was your work its own reward in the pleasure its execution gave you; or did

you actually fancy that mortal man would have time or patience—leisure, in short—to examine in detail all that you have done, and that interested you so much, and kept you eagerly engaged for so many hours together, in days the world has left four hundred years behind? I declare it touches me to look at that laborious appeal to men with countless hours to spare: men, in short, hardly now to be found in Britain. No doubt, all this is the old story: for how great a part of the higher and finer human work is done in the hope that it will produce an effect which it never will produce, and attract the interest of those who will never notice it! Still, the ancient missal-writer pleased himself with the thought of the admiration of skilled observers in days to come; and so the fancy served its purpose.

Thus, at intervals through that bright summer day, did the writer muse at leisure in the shade; and note down the thoughts (such as they are) which you have here at length in this essay. The sun was still warm and cheerful when he quitted the lawn; but some how, looking back upon that day, the colors of the scene are paler than the fact, and the sunbeams feel comparatively chill. For memory can not bring back things freshly as they lived, but only their faded images. Faces in the distant past look wan; voices sound thin and distant; the landscape round is uncertain and shadowy. Do you not feel some how, when you look back on ages forty centuries ago, as if people then spoke in whispers and lived in twilight?

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**REMEDY FOR THE BITE OF MAD DOGS.**—A Saxon forester, named Gastell, now of the venerable age of eighty-two, unwilling to take to the grave with him a secret of so much importance, has made public in the *Leipzig Journal* the means which he has used for fifty years, and wherewith he affirms he has rescued many human beings and cattle from the fearful death of hydrophobia. Take immediately warm vinegar or tepid water, wash the wound clean therewith, and then dry it; then pour upon the wound a few drops of hydrochloric acid, because mineral acids destroy the poison of the saliva, by which means the latter is neutralized.

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**BRITISH ASSOCIATION.**—The British Association for the Promotion of Science holds its anniversary meetings this year at Aberdeen. The first meeting will be opened by the Prince Consort, as President of the Society, on the fourteenth of September; and his Royal Highness has we understand, expressed his intention to be present during the business of the first two days. Arrangements have been made for holding an exhibition of ancient relics, representative of historical facts and geological remains connected with the north of Scotland; and several concerts are to be given at the new Music hall, which is to be opened on this occasion.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## A DREAM OF THE DEAD.

I DREAMED that I found myself suddenly in a place which impressed me with an instantaneous sense of strangeness; it was like nothing I had ever seen. I then became aware that my own state of feeling was like nothing I had ever felt. It was a sensation of inexpressible physical relief; all ailment to which I had been familiarized was gone—gone all weariness, heaviness, inertness of muscle, of nerve, of spirit. Time and its effects palpably—abruptly—lifted from me as a load may be lifted from the shoulders of a tired and sinking man. I was conscious of an elasticity and lightness of frame, to which that of a vigorous schoolboy bounding into the play-ground can be but inadequately compared. My first idea was that I was made young again; my second idea, which flashed on me as conviction, made me aware that I was dead. I said to myself: "I am dead, and amongst the dead."

With that consciousness came no awe, no fear, only the sensation of unutterable strangeness, and a sentiment of intense curiosity. The place in which I stood was the far end of an immense hall or chamber—so immense that it baffles all attempt to convey a notion of the space. Its walls were proportionably lofty, it was without roof; above it a dull blue sky, without cloud, without sun, moon, or stars. Along this hall human beings, dressed as we dress in life, were hurrying in various groups or detachments. But so vast was the place, that though I was aware there were millions of such beings within the walls, they appeared like tiny rivulets running on through a mighty plain. I hastened towards one of these detachments, accosted a man, and said: "Tell me, is it true that I am dead?"

"You are dead, of course," said the man impatiently, without stopping.

"And you, too?" I asked.

"All here are dead! We *are* The Dead."

I caught the man by the arm, which I

felt inquisitively. I wondered to find it so material, contrary to all my preconceived notions.

"But you are no spirit?" I said; "this arm is flesh and blood. Can you explain?"

"Nothing is ever explained here," interrupted the man, shaking me off. He hurried on after the rest, and disappeared within what may be called a doorway; but there was no door. There were many openings as for doors in the hall—none of them had doors. This also excited my curiosity. Why no doors? I walked lightly across the floor, pleased at the briskness of my own step, and again I accosted a fellow-inmate of this strange place.

"I beg pardon," said I courteously, "but why is this hall left unfinished; why no doors where these lofty openings are left?"

"Find out for yourself; no explanations are given here."

"Stop one moment, I am a stranger just arrived. Many dear friends have come here before me. Tell me, I pray, how I am to find them?"

"Find them! This is Infinity. Those who move on never return to the same place; those who come after never catch up those who have gone before."

"What! shall I never see even my own mother?"

"Never. This is Eternity; once lost, forever lost."

"But my own mother! What has become of her? whither has she gone?"

"How do I know!"

"But I *shall* overtake her," I exclaimed angrily.

"And if you do?" said the man dryly, "you would not know each other—you do not wear the same bodies as you did in life. Perhaps you and I were intimate friends once. You do not know me now, nor I you. No knowledge of each other amongst The Dead."

The man hurried on through the open-

ing. I was so amazed at what he said that I awoke.

"This is the most extraordinary dream," I said to myself, when awake. "How I wish that I could continue it!" In a few minutes I was asleep again, and there I was—exactly in the same place in that hall where the man had left me, near the opening. I followed a string of passengers through that opening into a narrow corridor—the same height of wall, the same dull blue sky overhead.

"How light it is," I said to a man in the throng, "and yet there is no sun, and no moon, and no stars. Is it always as light here, and is this day or is it night?"

"Neither day nor night. No day, no night, to the dead. Time here is dead too!"

I tried in vain to keep this man in conversation. I tried in vain to make friends with others; all answered curtly and impatiently, shaking me off and hurrying on. What now began most to perplex me, was the utter absence of all social intercourse. No one seemed to talk to another; no two persons walked arm-in-arm. I said to myself: "In any city on earth one stranger may accost another, and get some information what he is to do—where he is to find a lodging. Society seems dissolved here—every one for himself. It is well at least that I feel so strong and so young."

I passed my hands over my limbs. Yes, I *was* flesh and blood. Suddenly I began to feel hungry. This amazed me. Again I accosted one of the throng. "Can it be true that one feels hunger here? do the Dead know hunger?"

"Hunger! of course; you have a body, have you not?"

"And how can one get food?"

"Find out for yourself."

"Stop, must one pay for it?"

"Pay; of course, of course; you can not rob The Dead." The man was gone.

I hurried on with the hurrying throng, and began to feel in my pockets. In my right trousers-pocket I found a sovereign and twelve shillings in silver, exactly the sum that I had in my pocket when I went to bed the night of that dream. Again I began to wonder: "How did I bring this money with me, why no more? Can I get no more money? Is this all that is to provide for me throughout eternity?" Several of the crowd now stopped before a recess in the corridor; in this recess

persons were serving out coffee, which I observed those who took paid for. I longed for the coffee, but I was seized with a prudent thrift. I thought: "I must not fritter away any part of so small a sum, until I know at least how to get more." I resisted the coffee-shops, and continued to rove on—always in a building, always in a labyrinth of halls, and chambers, and passages. I observed that none of them seemed formed for residence, none of them were furnished, except here and there was a thin comfortless bench against the tall undecorated wall. But always, always a building—always, always as within a single immeasurable house. I was seized with an intense longing to get out. "If I could but find my way into the fields," said I to myself, "if I could but wander into the country, I have been always so fond of nature."

Again I accosted a man. "How can I get out of this building?"

"You can't get out of it, you are dead."

"Yes, I know I am dead; but I still long to see Nature."

"There is no Nature here. Nature is finite—this is infinity."

"But is infinity circumscribed to this building? no escape from these walls? Explain."

"Explain!" interrupted the man with great anger, as if I had uttered something wicked; "nothing is ever explained here. Wretch, leave me." And the man broke away.

I continued to stride on through the building, always trying to escape out of it. Miles and miles, and leagues and leagues, I went on—always between those lofty walls, under that unchangeable sky. And I could never get a peep into what lay beyond; for to those walls there were no windows.

I said to myself: "If I were alive I should have dropped with fatigue; but I feel no fatigue—not the least tired. Still, if I am to remain here, I should like to have a quiet lodging to myself. Where can I rest?"

So again I stopped a man—I say a man; for hitherto I had seen only men, no women—men much as one sees every day in Oxford street or Cheapside. I *stopped* a man, say I? The expression is incorrect: no man ever stopped at my bidding, but walked on while I spoke, and only walked faster when he escaped.

And never again did I come up to the same man. Well, then, I *accosted* a man: "What are the rules of this place? Can one have a home as on earth? can I have a lodging to myself somewhere?"

"Of course you can."

"Where shall I go for one? how am I to contrive ——?"

"Find out for yourself; no one helps another here."

"But stay. I have only got about me one pound twelve. Is there difference of fortune in this place? are there wealth and poverty? do some people come with more riches than others?"

"To be sure."

"And is it as good a thing to be rich here as it is on earth?"

"Better. Poverty here is dreadful; or here none lend, and none give."

"I left a great deal of money behind me; can't I get at it now?"

"Certainly not; you should have brought more."

"Alas! I did not know I was coming here. But I am quick and hard-working: I could make money easily enough in the earth I came from. Can money be made here?"

"Yes!"

"How—how?"

"Find out for yourself."

The man escaped me.

I woke a second time, revolving all I had seen in my dream, and much struck by the prosaic and practical character of the whole. "So very odd," I said, "that money should be of use amongst the dead. I will write down this dream to-morrow morning; and I began to impress all its details on my memory. While so employed I fell asleep again, and again found myself exactly in the same spot on which I had last stood in this singular dream. I felt my pockets—only one pound twelve still. "What a fool was I not to take advantage of my waking and bring more money with me!" I said with a sigh.

I now came into a desolate banquet-hall: in the midst was an immense table, and several thousand persons were sitting down to a feast. I observed ornaments of plate on the table, and great profusion of wine. I approached; the table was full; there was no room for me. And, indeed, though still hungry, I had no desire to join the banqueters. I felt as if I were not of them; no social sentiment bound me to them. But now, for the first

time, I perceived women—women at the table. That sight gave me pleasure. I began to count them. At first I only distinguished one or two; gradually the number grew—so many that I ceased to count. "Well," I said, "now I shall see something like gallantry and gayety and affection amongst The Dead." I was soon undeceived; people ate and drank as on earth, but without mirth or talk—each helping himself. The men had no care for the women, the women had no care for the men. A dreary consciousness that love existed not amongst The Dead came over me, and I left the banquet-hall. I now came into another corridor, at the end of which, to my great joy, I descried what seemed a more open space. I caught a glimpse of green trees. A great throng was hurrying towards this space. I pressed forward in advance of the throng, and entered first; but I was disappointed: the space was still within the building, the walls round it; only it resembled what the French call a *Place d'armes*. The trees, planted in a formal row on either side, as they are in a *Place d'armes*, were small, stunted, and the foliage clipped. Looking more narrowly, I perceived that they were not real trees, but of some painted metal; and I thought of the words: "There is no nature here." While I was thus gazing on the trees, the lower end of this court had become filled with the crowd; and suddenly, from an opening opposite to that by which I and the crowd had entered, I heard a regular tramp as of the quick march of soldiers, and presently a defile of armed men came into the *Place*—so quickly that I had only time to draw on one side to escape being trodden down. They hastened to the upper part of the *Place*, and formed themselves at the word of command. Then, for the first time, I felt fear; for these soldiers did not seem to me so human as all I had hitherto seen. There was something preterhuman and ghastly in their aspect and their movements. They were armed with muskets. In another moment, to my inconceivable surprise and horror, they fired upon the crowd at the far end, and then charged with the bayonet. They came so close by me, that I felt one of the soldiers graze me. But I did not recede; on the contrary, I put myself somewhat in the way of the charge. For my predominant sentiment throughout all this dream was *curiosity*, and I



wished to know if I could be capable of bodily wound or bodily pain. But the soldiers spared me, and charged only on the crowd below. In an instant the ground was covered with victims—bruised, wounded, groaning, shrieking. This exploit performed, the soldiers departed down the passage they had entered, as rapidly as they had marched in.

It seemed to me that I felt no pity for the crowd and no resentment against the soldiers. I only felt an exceeding surprise. However, I approached the sufferers and said: "But are you sensible of wounds, being already dead?" A man, mangled and lacerated, answered impatiently: "Yes, yes—of course."

"But still, being dead, you can not be killed, and that is some comfort."

I got no answer to this remark. The sufferers gathered themselves up, no one helping the other; and, limping and groaning, dispersed. I then addressed a man who was one of the few who were unhurt. He was taller, of better mien, and with a less busy and anxious expression of countenance than those I had hitherto questioned. He gave me the idea of a person of rank.

"Sir," said I, insinuating into my manner all the polite respect I could convey to it, "the appearance of soldiers here has startled me; for where there are soldiers there must be law and government. Hitherto I have seen no trace of either. Is there, then, a government to this place? Where can one see it? Where does it reside? What are the laws? How can one avoid displeasing them?"

"Find out," answered the man, in the same form of words which had so often chilled my questions, but in a milder voice.

"At all events, then, there is a law of brute force that prevails here as on the earth," I said in extreme wonder.

"Yes; but on earth it is understood. Here nothing is explained."

"Can I know even why that crowd was punished; whence the soldiers came; whither they have now gone?"

"Search—this is infinity. You have leisure enough before you; you are in eternity."

The man was gone. I passed very timorously and very wistfully along the passage from which the soldiers had emerged.

The object of my curiosity now was, to

get at the seat of that Law of Force which was so contrary to all my preconceived opinions. I felt a most awful consciousness of uncertainty. One might then, like that crowd, at any time be punished; one did not know wherefore. How act so as to avoid offense? While thus musing the atmosphere seemed darker, and I found that I was in a very squalid part of the building; it resembled, indeed, the old lanes and courts of St. Giles's, (only still within the mansion,) and infinitely more wretched.

"So then," I said, "I do see poverty here at last," and I felt with proud satisfaction my one pound twelve. A miserable-looking lad now was beside me. He was resting on a heap of broken rubbish. Looking at him I observed that he was deformed, but not like any deformity I had seen in the living. I can not describe how the deformity differed, except that he showed me his hands, and they were not like human hands, but were distorted into shapeless knots and lumps. And I said: "No wonder you are poor, for you can not work with those hands. Man's physical distinction from the brutes is chiefly in the formation of his hand. Your hand is not the hand of man."

And the lad laughed, and that was the first laugh I had heard amongst the dead.

"But are you not very unhappy?" said I in amaze.

"Unhappy! No! I am dead."

"Did you bring your infirmities with you, or did you contract them here?"

"Here!"

I was appalled.

"How? by what misfortune or what sin?"

The lad laughed again, and jumping off his block of rubbish, sidled away, mocking at me as he went with a vulgar gesture.

"Catch me at explaining," said he, and was lost.

Now a sort of despair, but an intellectual despair, seized me. I say intellectual, for with all my amaze and all my sense of solitude in that crowd, I never felt sad nor unhappy; on the contrary, I kept constantly saying to myself: "After all, it is a great thing to have done with life. And to feel so well and so young!" But my intellect oppressed me; it was in my way; my curiosity was so intense, my perplexities so unsolved, even by conjecture.

I got out of the squalid part of the building; and in a small lobby I encountered a solitary being like myself. I joined him.

I said: "You and I seem both alone in this vast space. Can we not explore it in company?"

"Certainly not; my way is not your way, nor yours mine. No two have the same paths through infinity."

"But," said I angrily, "I always understood on the earth, that when we left it we should come into a region of spirits. Where are the angels to guide us? I see them not. I have seen poverty and suffering, and brute force. But of blessed spirits above mankind, I have beheld none. And if this be infinity, such spirits must be here."

"Find them out for yourself then, as I must find them out for myself. This is my way, that is yours."

"One word more; since I can not discover those who have gone before me, whom I loved, I will wait for some one whom I have left on earth, and he will be my companion, for he will be as strange to this place as I am, and will want a friend, as I want some one. Tell me where I can watch and see the dead come here from life."

"Yes, *that* I can tell you. There are plenty of places in which you will see the dead drop down—there is such a place close by. You see that passage; take it, and go straight on."

I did as the man told me. I came to an open space always between blind walls, but the outer wall seemed far loftier, soaring up, and soaring up, till the dull blue sky that rested on it appeared immeasurably remote.

And down at my feet from this wall dropped a man. "You are one of the

dead," said I, approaching anxiously, "just left the world of the living?"

He seemed bewildered for a moment; at last he answered, rubbing his eyes, and in a kind of dreamy voice: "Yes, I am dead."

"Let us look at each other," said I; "perhaps we were friends in life."

We did look at each other without recognition. But, indeed, as I had been told, not amongst the myriads I had met, had I recognized one being I had ever known on earth.

"Well," said I, "this is the strangest place! There is no getting on in it alone; no one will put you into the way of things. Let you and I be friends now, whatever we were before. Take my arm; we can not fail to be more comfortable if we keep together."

The man, who seemed half-asleep, took my arm, and we went on together. I was very much pleased and exceedingly proud to have found at last a companion. I told him of all I had witnessed and experienced, of all my doubts and perplexities. He listened with very little interest or attention, still I was glad that I had got him safe by the arm.

"But the first thing," said I, "is to find a lodging to ourselves; and are you not hungry? I am. By the by, what money have you brought with you?"

Thereon my man looked at me suspiciously, and extricating himself from my arm, broke off; and though I hastened to follow him, he was lost in the infinity, and I felt that I was once more amidst infinity—dead and alone.

So I awoke, and I wrote down this dream just as it happened; and attempting no explanation, for no explanation was given to me.

At a meeting in Paris, the other day, of the shareholders of the proposed Italian railway by the Simplon, it was stated that upon the completion of the proposed tunnel under the Simplon, the Alps, that formerly took twelve hours to pass, will be passed over in half an hour. In that short time the traveler will pass from the valley of the Rhone to the valley d'Ossola, and the Lake of Geneva will be only four hours from the Lago Maggiore.

M. CHARLES BLANC, brother of Louis Blanc, has just issued the first part of a magnificent work, edited by him, entitled, *L'Œuvre complet de Rembrandt*. It contains some forty engravings, in the highest style of art, of the *chief d'œuvres* of the great Flemish painter, besides a biographical and critical commentary, and a complete catalogue of all his works.

From the Eclectic Review.

## PROTESTANTISM IN AUSTRIA.\*

AMONG "the miraculous chances" by which, according to M. Michiels, the Austrian Empire has so frequently been preserved in seasons of extreme danger, posterity will in all probability include the celebrated treaty of Villafranca. While politicians are debating at Zurich the precise terms of this confused pacification, and the *Official Gazette* of Vienna opens to the subjects of the monarchy prospects of much-needed reforms, it may not be amiss to study the internal history of the late disasters, and to trace in them the operation of causes long at work. Scarcely more than three centuries have elapsed since Charles V. swayed the destinies of Europe. Absolute masters of Spain, of the Netherlands, the Austrian domains, and we may almost add of Italy, as well as Emperors of Germany, no dynasty since the time of the Cæsars had wielded so vast a sway as the Hapsburgs. The title of "Majesty," which Charles V. was the first of European monarchs to assume, but faintly indicated the extent of a power which neither the hereditary enemy of Christendom, nor the gallant armies of France, could resist. The sun never set on the dominions of him whom the poor monk of Wittemberg—alone, save with God and his Bible—confronted at Worms. Yet has he proved that stone cut without hands, which has gradually broken to pieces the colossal empire that succeeded and represented ancient Rome. The Netherlands have thrown off the yoke of Charles' son; Spain, no longer under Hapsburg rule, has sunk apparently no more to rise; Italy is emancipated; the supremacy of Germany has passed into the hands of Protestant Prussia, and the Austrian monarchy itself is shaken to its very foundation. Twice within the last ten years has the imminent ruin of the

Hapsburg family been staid—in 1848, by *foreign aid* in the interest of Absolutism; in 1859, by *foreign weakness*, in that of the Papacy. The causes of all these disasters were the same, and so long as they continue, the destruction of that Empire may be delayed, but can not be averted. Truly, Charles V. and his vast realm died in a monastery.

That countries which contain so many elements of prosperity should present such evidence of weakness and decay, may well excite astonishment. The provinces which compose the Austrian monarchy are as large and fertile as any in Europe; the vast plains of Hungary, Galicia, and Bohemia yield an almost unlimited supply of grain, and fruits of every variety; the mountains are replete with ores; broad and navigable rivers afford unrivaled means of internal, and an ample seaboard of external intercourse and commerce; the populations are brave, loyal, intelligent, and well disposed. Yet with all these resources, defeat has followed defeat—the finances are utterly ruined, the army dispirited, whilst a large force is continually required to keep mutinous provinces in unwilling subjection. We repeat these well-known facts in no spirit of rancorous hostility to the house of Austria, such as M. Michiels discovers on every page of his book. On the contrary, strange though it may appear to some, we believe them to have been mostly kind and humane rulers, whose oppression and misgovernment were rather the consequence of a system, than the result of natural cruelty, or unbounded selfishness. We are disposed to go further, and in great measure to accept the apology of *F. von Hurter*, the latest advocate of Hapsburg rule and Jesuit intrigue, and to admit that even Ferdinand II., who originated the Thirty Years' War, and almost exterminated Protestantism in Austria, was sincere in his efforts for what he deemed the welfare of his people, that the tears which he shed over his victims were caused by unfeigned

\* *A Secret History of the Austrian Government, and of its Systematic Persecutions of Protestants.* Compiled from Official Documents. By ALFRED MICHELIS. London: Chapman and Hall. 1859.

grief, and that the masses which he ordered for the heretics whom he executed, are a correct indication of his real feelings towards them. All the more hateful, then, appears to us the system of which this policy of despotism and bloodshed has been the exponent, and to which not only the miseries of countless thousands, but the present state of the Empire must be traced. Not from religious 'partisan-ship or sectarian hatred, but as the result of calm and impartial historical studies, we record it as our conviction that priest-craft, Jesuitry, Ultramontaniam, or by whatever other name you may designate unlimited devotion to the authority and objects of Rome, and not any hereditary taint of madness in the Hapsburg family, (such as M. Michiels suggests,) has brought that race and their rule to the brink of destruction.

But neither this explanation, nor the admission of occasional excesses on the part of Protestants, and of that vile sectarianism with which they are justly chargeable, must blind us to the fact that in making itself the instrument in the hand of Rome, the house of Austria has probably been guilty of greater crimes than any other dynasty. Among the blood-stained pages of ecclesiastical history, the darkest is that which records the relation between Protestantism and the Hapsburgs. The persecutions in our own country, the sufferings of the Huguenots, even the fires of the Inquisition in Spain, were not so atrocious as the systematic hostility, the unrelenting cruelty, and the constant intrigues to which the adherents of the Reformation have been exposed, so far as the influence of Austria has extended. For centuries the real seat of the Papacy has been by the banks of the Danube, not on those of the Tiber; and unless the promised measures of relief shall inaugurate a perfect change, only the *form* not the *fact* of persecution can be said to have ceased. In this respect, M. Michiels rightly identifies Hapsburg with Jesuit rule. We wish we could equally have agreed with him on other points. *A Secret History of the Austrian Government, compiled from Official Documents*, would indeed prove a work of no common interest. Unfortunately, it has yet to be written; the book presently under review, can not in any sense be regarded as such. The documents from which its information is derived have long been known and accessi-

ble. To call a superficial gleaning from the works of *Caraffa*, *Hormeyr*, *Fessler*, or *Hurter*, "a secret history," is certainly a strange misnomer. Of original or hitherto unpublished documents, we have not discovered a trace, nor learned a single fact which has not frequently and much more accurately been told. But we have observed a number of mistakes, many most important omissions, and an obvious personal aim, which greatly detracts even from the limited value of the book. The story of the earlier persecutions in Bohemia, which is found in most works on the subject, is pretty fully given; the history of Protestantism in Hungary\* is most imperfectly treated, and the record of later events, from 1789 to 1859, is summarily dismissed for the present with the remark, that "historical works can not be improvised, and considerable time is required to read and study documents." We could have wished that the same caution had been observed with regard to the earlier periods of history. In that case the characters of Ferdinand I., Maximilian II., and Rodolph II., might have been more correctly drawn; instead of irrelevant chapters about the rules of the Jesuits, the private habits of Prince Kaunitz, and the relations between France and Austria, more important information would have been furnished, and in general the continual straining after theatrical effect, given place to the sobriety of a proper historical style. A history like this requires not, in order to give it effect, the aid of exclamations, or of abrupt moralizing. Lastly, though making every allowance for an author who dates his Preface from "Paris, May fifteenth, 1859," we dislike, in such a composition, the continual "*delenda Carthago*" strain adopted against the Hapsburg family; and we are far from believing that the moral influence of France in Germany has been so beneficial as M. Michiels represents. With all these drawbacks, as this is the only work in our language which gives information popularly accessible on the subject,† we advise

\* We take this opportunity of recommending the *History of the Protestant Church in Hungary*, translated by the Rev. Dr. Craig, (London: Nisbet and Co., 1854;) a somewhat dry, but full and trustworthy work, which M. Michiels unfortunately seem not to have known.

† *The Reformation and Anti-Reformation in Bohemia*, (2 vols., London: Houlston and Stoneman, 1845,) gives full details of the religious his-

our readers to consult its pages. In the limited space assigned to ourselves, we can do little more than trace the outlines of this history, and indicate the present state and the just demands of Protestants in Austria.

At the period of the Reformation, the *hereditary* domains of the German branch of the house of Hapsburg were comparatively small. The crown of Bohemia, to which the electoral dignity in Germany attached, and that of Hungary, were *elective*. So far as the latter country is concerned, that fact is unquestioned; and—whether you call it choice or ratification—even the most ardent advocates of the “right divine” can not deny, that whatever claims family treaties may have given the Hapsburg family, the Diet of Bohemia always took the initiative in the appointment of a sovereign. In point of fact, these Parliaments, including the Estates of Austria, wielded a very great power. Laws had to be sanctioned, and supplies were granted by them; on their own domains the nobles exercised an almost uncontrolled authority, and only the subjects of the crown lands, or the inhabitants of towns, could be said to be directly under the rule of the monarch. These circumstances, the turbulent dispositions of the lords, and the continual danger to which especially Hungary and Austria were exposed from the Turks—with whom malcontents readily entered into alliances—rendered absolute despotism impossible. As in other countries so in Austria, the Reformation had long been preparing. The ignorance and vices of the clergy, their rapacity and hypocrisy, greatly contributed to the spread of those secret dissidents from Rome, who, under the vague appellation of Waldenses, were spread over the whole Continent of Europe. About the year 1315, no less than eighty thousand of these sectaries are said to have existed in the Austrian domains; about a century and a half later, the first ministers of the “Bohemian brethren” were ordained by a Waldensian “bishop” in Austria. Nor were voices wanting in the Church of Rome to denounce the ecclesiastical degeneracy of their days, and with more or less distinctness to proclaim a different Evangel from that of the Curia. Among these preachers we men-

tion such names as Turcianus, James, a Bernardine monk, and Theodobald of St. Lawrence in Austria; Conrad of Waldhausen, Milic and Janow, the illustrious precursors of Huss in Bohemia. The history of Huss himself, and of his friend Jerome of Prague, is well known. The reformation at which they aimed was not so much that of dogmas as of life. The Church, as existent in their days, formed so glaring a contrast to the biblical idea of “the company of the Elect,” that they unhesitatingly denounced it as the Babylon and anti-Christ of revelation. The flames to which an assembled council consigned the Bohemian proto-martyrs in 1415 and 1416, were not able to consume their writings or their labors. All Bohemia rose to avenge the treacherous deed of Constance, and neither the forces of the Emperor Sigismund, nor the liberal promises of indulgences to the new Crusaders, proved sufficient to suppress the Hussite movement. At last, the warriors of Zisca and Procop obliged the Church to come to terms, and the celebrated “Compactates” of the council of Basle conceded the use of the cup in the Eucharist to the laity, free preaching, the secularization of the lands of the clergy, and a more satisfactory administration of discipline. From Bohemia the tenets of the Hussites rapidly spread to Moravia, Austria, and Hungary. But already the opponents of Rome at Prague were divided. The more lax party, which was satisfied with the letter of the Compactates, bore the name of Calixtines, (from the Chalice for which they had contended;) the more strict, which indeed was not wholly free from fanatical extravagances, that of Taborites. In the contest between these two parties, the Taborites were ultimately routed and exterminated. But their place was soon taken by the “Bohemian brethren.” A more interesting record scarcely exists than that of the unaffected simplicity, the deep piety, the fervent love, and the unceasing persecutions of the “Brethren.” Had we no other evidence, even the measures which Ferdinand I. took against these unoffending Christians would suffice to prove that this monarch was not the tolerant and liberal ruler whom M. Michiels introduces to his readers.\* Thus

tory of that country especially during the reign of Ferdinand II.

\* See a sketch of the history of the “Brethren,” in an essay entitled, *Bohemian Reformers and German Politicians*, in the *Free Church Essays*. Edinburgh: Constable and Co. 1858.

prepared, the tenets of the Reformation found ready access in the Austrian dominions. After some wavering, the Emperor Charles V. and his brother Ferdinand I. decided against the Reformation, and those cruel measures were inaugurated by which bigotry has ever sought to establish its dominion. In 1522, Paul Speratus preached the doctrines of Luther in Vienna, and soon afterwards Caspar Tauber, and other citizens of Vienna, became its first martyrs. In Bohemia it was found impossible to suppress these tendencies, while in Hungary, which at that time was not under direct Hapsburg sway, the writings of Luther spread very early, and in 1523, Grynaeus and Viezheim, professors at Buda, pastor Cordatus, and Henkal, the chaplain of Queen Mary, openly preached the great doctrines of the Reformation. In vain King Louis and the priests of Hungary hurled "terrible edicts" against the Reformers; already pious monks—Ambrose and George of Silesia, and John Surdaster—had gained numerous converts for the truth, and plied their work under the powerful protection of Count Mark Pempflinger. Unexpected reverses for a time arrested persecution, and obliged Charles V. to accord to the Protestants the treaty of Passau, (August second, 1552,) followed by the peace of Augsburg, (September twenty-fifth, 1555,) which secured indeed the legal recognition of the New Church, but by introducing the characteristic principle "*cujus regio, ejus religio*," gave the secular princes uncontrolled power over the consciences of their subjects. These measures, and, perhaps, a closer acquaintance with the doctrines of the Reformation, disposed Ferdinand I. to greater toleration. On him devolved, after the resignation of Charles V. the crown of Germany, even as long before he had reigned over the hereditary Hapsburg possessions in Germany, over Bohemia, and Hungary.

Ferdinand I. was not uninfluenced by the growing political power of Protestantism, nor by his knowledge of the corruptions of Rome. An official visitation of the Austrian clergy revealed the astounding fact that "in 122 monasteries, along with 436 monks and 160 nuns, no less than 199 concubines, 55 wives, and 443 bastards had been found, while scarcely any of the secular clergy remained unmarried." The efforts of Bishop Faber

to stay the progress of the Reformation in Austria had proved so unavailing, that scarcely one out of thirty still professed to belong to the Old Church; though Protestantism was not legally recognized, almost all the nobility had their private chaplains, and sent their sons to study at Wittemberg or Leipzig; the monks and their ceremonies were the object of public derision; the Bishop of Vienna was about to demit his office in a diocese which no longer owned his jurisdiction, and Ferdinand himself was so deeply impressed with the necessity of reforms, that he instructed his envoys to the Council of Trent, to insist on allowing the cup to the laity, and decent marriage to the clergy. But a new period in the history of the Popish Church commenced with the introduction of the Jesuits. In Vienna, in Prague, in Hungary—in short, wherever the black fraternity gained a footing—their influence soon made itself felt, and the reaction which issued in the Thirty Years' War commenced. Ferdinand I. was succeeded both in Austria and in the empire of Germany, by his son Maximilian II. This truly liberal prince, who had been educated by Protestants, for some time kept Dr. Pfander, a Lutheran preacher, as his private chaplain. These well-known leanings exposed him to persecution at the court of Ferdinand, and in anticipation of personal danger an asylum had even been bespoken for him in Germany. But the hopes of the Protestant party were at his accession doomed to sad disappointment. Whether from natural indecision, from political motives, from disgust at the endless, unmeaning, and most acrimonious disputes among Protestants themselves, or from the influence of his wife, who was such a devotee that the Jesuits would fain have seen her canonized, even before her death—or from all these causes combined—Maximilian remained outwardly attached to the communion of Rome. While extending the utmost toleration to the New Church, and guaranteeing religious liberty to all his subjects, he allowed the sable advisers of the empress free scope both at the court and throughout his dominions. The fruits of this policy appeared under the reign of Rodolph II., his son and successor. That sovereign, whose gloomy seclusion, habitual suspiciousness, and abominable debaucheries, too clearly betrayed the mental disease under which he

labored, had been trained by the Jesuits, and so far as he busied himself with affairs of state, his administration was decidedly hostile to the Protestant Church. Protestant councilors of state and other officials were dismissed, and the worship of the Reformers interdicted in the royal cities. The internal dissensions of the Protestants, in Austria as in Germany, greatly assisted the efforts of the Jesuits, who numbered annually from one hundred to two hundred converts, among them some apostate pastors. But as yet the measures of the priestly party were chiefly preparatory. To excite mutual distrust, jealousies, divisions, and tumults, and then to call in the aid of the state, promised more rapid and general success than the slower process of persuasion or of bribery. The risings of 1589, 1590, and the peasant war of 1594, which lasted for three years, and in consequence of which a "riding commission" settled Popish priests in every district, were only the prelude to those scenes which inaugurated the counter-reformation of Ferdinand II. In Hungary the consequence of this policy proved serious to Rodolph II. When in 1604, he ventured, of his own will, to add to the decrees of the Diet an article which ordered the removal of all sects and heresies, a rebellion broke out which finally led to the dethronement of Rodolph. The Imperial family had long witnessed with apprehension the mad freaks of Rodolph, and by a "family treaty" resolved gradually to deprive him of his dominions. The Hungarian troubles afforded the desired opportunity. Matthias, the brother and heir of the Emperor, espoused the cause of the Protestants—at least outwardly; and at the head of an army furnished by them, obliged his brother to cede, first, the crowns of Hungary and Austria, and, finally, that of Bohemia also. The advantages which the Protestants reaped from this act of treachery were only apparent. Rodolph had, indeed, been obliged to sign the "Letters of Majesty"—the Magna Charta of religious liberty in Bohemia, while Matthias had accorded similar rights to the Protestants in Austria and Hungary; but these concessions were only wrung by the pressure of circumstances. In truth, they remained in Austria in many respects a dead letter, while in Bohemia they gave rise to the Thirty Years' War. The "Letters of Majesty," while profess-

ing to grant most ample liberty of worship to *all* parties, and in *all* places, had not made express mention of the domains of the clergy. An attempt to build churches in these localities was strenuously resisted. Matthias, to whom the Protestants appealed, took the part of the clergy. As remonstrances had proved vain, the Bohemian nobles resolved to redress their wrongs. An armed deputation appeared to remonstrate in the castle of Prague, and by way of summary punishment, the leading Popish advisers were thrown out of the windows. Thirty directors were appointed to carry on the Government, the Jesuits banished, and an army levied. Under these difficult circumstances, when the malcontents of Austria and Hungary showed signs of espousing the cause of the Bohemians, Matthias behaved with his usual irresolution. Promises alternated with threats; he negotiated, and at the same time sent marauding bands into Bohemia, till his death put the helm of the State into the hands of Ferdinand II.

With this pupil of the Jesuits, who nominated the Virgin commander-in-chief of his armies, and took a solemn vow to uproot all heresy, the counter-reformation reached its highest point. At his accession, the fortunes of the House of Hapsburg were at their lowest ebb. The violent measures by which Ferdinand had some years before swept the Protestant Church from Styria and Carinthia, destroyed its last traces, and banished all its adherents, in fulfillment of his declaration, that he would rather have "a wasted than a cursed land," had prepossessed the Protestant world against him. Bohemia was in open revolt against his rule, and a rebel army besieged him in Vienna; the Estates of Austria made no secret of their sympathy in the movement, while the ruler of Transylvania had taken arms to vindicate the liberties of the Hungarians. The good sword of Bethlen and his successors preserved the rights of the Magyars, and the fearful persecutions which, during the Thirty Years' War, desolated all Germany, left Hungary comparatively unharmed, till the peace of Lintz, in 1645, (between Ferdinand III. and Rakotzi,) once more secured the privileges of the Protestant Church. It was otherwise in Bohemia, Austria, and even in Germany. The first care of Ferdinand II. was to procure the Imperial crown. Deserted

by his own subjects, with finances utterly exhausted, and without an army to support his cause, Ferdinand betook himself to Frankfort, where the Electors had met to appoint a successor to Matthias. The Protestant opposition in Germany was headed by the weak Elector Palatine, Frederic V., the husband of our own heroic Elizabeth Stuart, daughter of James VI. But the plans of the Protestant princes—divided, helpless, or debauched—were easily defeated; the protest of the Bohemian Estates remained unheeded, and Ferdinand II. was elected to the throne of the Cæsars. On the very day of his coronation tidings arrived that the Diet of Prague had solemnly deposed him, and soon afterwards the Elector Palatine was crowned king of Bohemia. But Ferdinand had already taken his measures. By enormous concessions he bought the armed assistance of Maximilian of Bavaria, his cousin and brother-in-law, and the "Popish League" lent its aid to crush the dangerous rising. Forsaken by the "Protestant Union" of German princes, at the mercy of the endless negotiations of his father-in-law—that "wisest of fools," as Sully not inaptly called him—with an army utterly disorganized, and supplies exhausted, poor Frederic was ill prepared to meet his enemies, among whom even the Protestant Duke of Saxony appeared. The battle on the "White Mountain," near Prague, decided the fate of Bohemia. Frederic fled precipitately, and sought an asylum in Holland. Still the war continued; the Palatine family were deprived of their possessions, which along with the forfeited electoral dignity, became the reward of Maximilian of Bavaria, and the counter-reformation commenced its bloody work in Germany. It is foreign to our purpose to trace the fortunes of that period, or to describe the unparalleled horrors of the Thirty Years' War. The battles of Tilly and Wallenstein, the victories of that glorious hero Gustavus Adolphus, the misery and desolation of Germany, where packs of wolves roamed over what had once been the most fertile districts, and soldiers had to guard burying-places, in order to scare famishing peasants from the unnatural feasts to which they crowded; finally, the peace of Westphalia, by which, in 1648, Ferdinand III. restored, to some extent, the rights violently taken away by his father, and Charles Louis,

the son of the ill-starred "Winter-King" of Bohemia, recovered part of his ancestral dominions—are matter of general history. But in Bohemia and Austria the Jesuits had done their work. Those whom a short truce after the surrender of Prague had deceived, now experienced the vengeance of Ferdinand. In one day the noblest and the best of Bohemia fell under the sword of the executioner; others had their estates confiscated, or were subjected to vexatious and ruinous punishments. The charter of Bohemian liberty was torn, and commissioners, accompanied by dragoons, soon effected "the conversion" of the country. The numerous exiles who found safety in other lands—especially in the neighboring Saxony—have left us some touching memorials of the untold sufferings to which their countrymen were subjected. From that period till the reign of Joseph II. Protestantism in Bohemia may be said to have been all but extinct. Similar measures effected the pacification of Austria Proper; the exercise of Protestantism was interdicted, preachers and schoolmasters were banished, and the revolts excited by these arbitrary proceedings quelled in the blood of the recusants. When in 1652 a commission of ten Jesuits went through the country, their inquiries could only elicit the existence of seventy-two noble families who still professed a timid adherence to the doctrines of the Reformation.

This state of matters continued with little alteration during the reigns of Leopold I., (1657-1705,) and of Joseph I., (1705-1711.) Under the administration of Charles VI. (1711-1740) fresh troubles broke out. In the beautiful district around Salzburg, and in the neighboring mountains, the Reformation had early found access to a hardy, industrious, and uncorrupted race, among whom it continued to spread without for some time attracting attention. The first persecution broke out in 1684, when about sixteen hundred of these humble Christians were obliged to emigrate, being in many cases compelled to leave not only their property but their children behind them. After that period the reigning archbishops ignored the existence of Protestant meetings, the more so as they were held secretly at night and in woods, while there was no open secession from the Church of Rome. But in 1729 Archbishop Count Firmian sent Jesuits among the mount-



pecting mountaineers, and the persecutions soon recommenced. The intercession of the Protestant princes of Germany only prevailed so far that at last the dissidents were allowed to emigrate. Many of these poor people were forced to leave in the middle of winter, and amidst incredible hardships. Between 1731 and 1740 Salzburg lost in this manner nearly thirty thousand, or about one tenth of its most industrious population; a disaster this from which the country has never recovered. For the same cause the sovereign Abbot of Berchtesgaden exiled two thousand of his subjects; while, after considerable delay, about twelve hundred Austrian Protestants, who had hitherto worshiped in secret, were transported to Transylvania. Remonstrances addressed to the Empress Maria Theresa (1740 to 1780) were unavailing. It will readily be believed that, so far as circumstances allowed, the Church in Hungary was subjected to similar treatment. The most severe persecution was that which befell it under the reign of Leopold I., when the Jesuits contrived to throw the blame of a rebellion on the Protestant ministry generally, and thus consigned so large a number of them to exile or the galleys. Even under the sway of Maria Theresa, who was so deeply indebted to her Hungarian subjects, these molestations did not cease. But a brighter day dawned upon Austria when Joseph II. succeeded to the Empire. That prince, who in so many respects was in advance of his age, resolved to abolish the clerical domination which had so long oppressed the country. An edict, published in 1781, gave complete liberty to the Protestants throughout the Empire, allowing them to build churches, to occupy places of trust, and even to make converts. Another series of ordinances put an end to the interferences of the See of Rome, prevented the publication of any papal bull without the imperial consent, restored the independent authority of bishops, abolished a number of superstitions, closed every monastery of which the inmates were not directly engaged in some work of active usefulness, and, finally, ordered the infamous bulls, "*In cœna domini*" and "*Unigenitus*" to be torn out of the "rituals." Reforms so sweeping excited the bitter hostility of the Ultramontane party. But neither threats, entreaties, nor a personal visit from Pope

Pius VI., could turn the Emperor from his purpose. Without entering more fully into the history of an administration which, however glorious, was not without its mistakes, we note that, in consequence of these liberal measures, thousand of secret Protestants in Austria and Bohemia, whose religion had been preserved from father to son, now came forward to claim the protection of the Emperor. Under Leopold II., (1790-1792,) and especially under Francis II., (1792-1835,) a more retrograde policy was again adopted. But so long as the Hungarian Constitution remained intact, it was impossible to oppress the Church in that country. Successive Diets passed increasingly liberal ordinances; and, under the mild sway of the Palatine Joseph and of his excellent duchess, the Protestant Church, which had sunk to the lowest level of rationalism, gradually recovered, and showed signs of a new life. The former restrictions on the importation of Bibles and books from abroad remained a dead letter; the influence of a large Church reawakening extended to the other provinces of the empire, and a better era seemed approaching. But the right of complete self-government according to Protestantism during the year of revolution in 1848 was of brief duration. When the treachery of Görgey put an end to the Hungarian war of liberation, the administration of the country was intrusted to Haynau, and the privileges lately enjoyed gave place to restrictions more grievous than had been experienced for two centuries. The constitution of the country was abolished, Ultramontanism, now regarded as the only secure prop of the throne, prevailed in the councils of the young Emperor, and Jesuit rule was reestablished. The celebrated Austrian Concordat formed only the keystone of this policy. To place the instruction of youth and the censorship of the press in the hands of the clergy, to allow the unrestricted interference of Rome in the ecclesiastical affairs of the country—in short, to carry out in the fullest sense the retrograde measures so dear to the priesthood, was not only to arrest every progress in the monarchy, but to excite universal dissatisfaction, and to isolate Austria from the rest of Germany. The consequences of these ruinous measures have appeared in the humiliating peace of Villafranca, when the House of

Hapsburg not only lost its rights in Italy, but virtually also its former commanding position in Germany and in Europe.

Meager and somewhat desultory as this brief outline of Protestant history has necessarily been, it would be incomplete without some notice of the state of parties in Austria. The enactments of Joseph II. were in great measure the consequence of the spread of those "liberal ideas" which, issuing from France, produced throughout Europe what we might designate as an ecclesiastical reaction. In truth, deism and French infidelity rapidly spread through all classes, and deeply infected the clerical order.\* That abject superstition and gross ignorance should have led to such a recoil, can scarcely surprise the thoughtful observer. While outward rites and processions continued as before, the Popish clergy and the educated classes scarcely disguised their unbelief. The rich abbacies of Austria provided luxurious support to a crowd of men, whose lives both in and out of their monasteries were matter of painful notoriety. At the same time the Protestant Church suffered from evils scarcely less glaring. In Hungary, the ignorance, the apathy, the carelessness, and, too often, the dissoluteness of pastors and people, had long been cause of complaint, when the partial revival to which we have referred led to a happy change. Next to faithful preaching, the first care of the more earnest men in Hungary now was to improve the religious literature of the country, and, by intercourse with other Protestant churches, to introduce a higher tone. In the various universities of Germany many and valuable bursaries, specially destined for Hungarian students, have long existed. It was the policy of an absolutist and Jesuit government to prohibit attendance in these seats of learning; partly in order to prevent the spread of more liberal ideas, and partly to perpetuate the low condition of the Protestant Church. For this purpose a theological school was founded at Vienna, which may be described as the stronghold of the effete and driveling rationalism of a Paulus of Heidelberg. From this institution or from the numerous smaller academies in Hungary, are the pastors in Austria drawn; no foreigner may be em-

ployed or is allowed even temporarily to occupy a pulpit. Government nominates the Consistory (or Supreme Ecclesiastical Tribunal) of Vienna, over which a *papist* presides; even the theological class-books are prescribed; any thing like evangelical Christianity is discountenanced and persecuted; religious meetings are interdicted except at canonical hours and by government-authorized individuals; intercourse with foreign churches is cut off; the Scottish missionaries in Hungary, whose influence had proved so beneficial, have been banished; the Synods of Hungary can no longer meet freely to order their own affairs; the censorship of the press restrains any thing that might prove offensive to Rome or prejudicial to her interests; Protestants are again thrust into corners, and exposed to those endless vexations and chicaneries which the Jesuits so well know to employ. Such, then, is the present condition of the Protestant Church in Austria. Unfortunately, these evils have too long remained hidden; that noble Institution, "the Gustavus Adolphus Verein"—to which perhaps on a future occasion we may call the attention of our readers—has indeed extended help to the Protestant Diaspora in Austria; but this aid has been necessarily limited. In our own country the sufferings of our co-religionists under Jesuit rule, and their urgent wants, have been but little known. But matters can not continue in their present state. The late measures of the papal party have excited deep discontent even among Roman Catholics, and Austria is, we believe, in great measure prepared to throw off that yoke of an ignorant and bigoted priesthood, which has proved so galling. If the restrictions which now hamper the Protestant Church were removed, we believe it would rapidly extend and attain an unparalleled degree of prosperity. Viewed in this light, the late Italian war will, we trust, prove an occasion of real good to the monarchy. If Francis Joseph and his advisers could but learn the lessons of history—if they would stop short in that course of suicidal policy which, by handing over the country to the Ultramontane party, has brought it to the brink of destruction—if they inaugurated a series of progressive and generous reforms—if, above all, they allowed the unfettered development of mind and heart—the Austrian monarchy would not only recover from its late disasters, but, by and by,

\* Of this we could, if necessary, furnish proof from personal knowledge.

occupy that place in the European family of nations to which we believe it is fairly entitled. But in this case temporary expedients will not suffice. What we demand, in the name of the three millions of Austrian Protestants, is—the complete removal of the present *incubus* of government con-

trol, equal rights to all subjects, the power of free development, and that healthful communication with universal Protestantism which especially a weak and long down-trodden Church so urgently requires.

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From Bentley's Miscellany.

## T H E   U N K N O W N   K N I G H T .

AN ADVENTURE OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN. (TEMP. HENRY VIII.)

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

THE rose clouds hovered round the sun,  
High up amid the soft June blue,  
The poppies brimmed with last night's rain,  
The clover glistened with the dew,  
As slowly to the tournament  
A knight in black paced o'er the field,  
His vizor down, his pennon blank,  
No herald blazon on his shield.

He passed the crowd of country folk,  
Red-hot and hurrying to the ring;  
He greeted sages, wintry old,  
And maidens blushing like the spring.  
The blackbirds piped from hedge and tree,  
He answered with a lusty song;  
When hearts are young, and eyes are bright,  
The dullest way seems never long.

Their crimson housings swept the field,  
Their shields were blazing golden suns,  
The russet breastplates, silver lined,  
Were riveted; and both at once  
The trumpets let the champions go:  
They met with such a thunder-shock,  
As when Atlantic tempests break  
Upon the headland's emerald rock.

The red went down; the knight in black  
Reined up and seized another lance;  
Again the sounding heralds blew,  
And woke the rabble from their trance.

A gilded champion hurried forth,  
And drove against the conqueror;  
Black scarcely moved—the fool was struck  
As tempests hurry down the fir.

If you looked round the eddying lists,  
You saw a bruise on every shield,  
Blood streaming from a dozen helms,  
The broken lances strewed the field.  
The knight in black, alone untouched,  
Sat like a statue on his steed;  
You would have thought his steel was silk,  
His lance no heavier than a reed.

A Titian sky ruled o'er the scene  
With sapphire heart, and piles of white  
Swelled mountain high; a golden cream  
Tinged half of them, a gray light  
Imbued the rest. A sea of flags  
Moved round the ring as the Unknown  
Rode conqueror, and took the crown,  
Laying it at the judge's throne.

The jealous knights arose in arms,  
Bruised, torn, and blooded, shook their spears,  
And swore no masker should receive  
The prize. All shout, but no one cheers.  
He stood up, and his vizor raised,  
Then cried: "Ye haters of the law,  
I AM YOUR EMPEROR! Beware!"  
They looked, and trembled as they saw.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## LEADERS OF THE REFORMATION:\*

LUTHER—CALVIN—LATIMER—KNOX.

PRINCIPAL TULLOCH has given us here a masterly delineation of four of the chief leaders, or heroes of the Reformation—Luther, Calvin, Latimer, and Knox. In our judgment, he has reproduced each one of these characters with historical fidelity, and accompanied his portraiture with reflections of a highly intelligent and liberal description—liberal, generous, and indulgent, but such as never compromise his own genuine convictions, such as never sacrifice truth to courtesy. Professor Tulloch very fairly represents the sincere and enlightened Protestantism of the nineteenth century. We have only one difficulty in reviewing his book: we find so few opportunities for dissent; we can not pick a quarrel with our author; we must content ourselves with observations of a collateral or explanatory character; we may here and there extend or qualify some of his remarks.

We wish that to the four names he has selected our author had added a fifth—that of Cranmer. We should be sorry to lose the spirited sketch of Latimer; but if any one man can be said to represent the Reformation in England, it is Cranmer; and if the number four was to be preserved, and each of the four was to represent his own nation, the Archbishop of Canterbury ought to have occupied the place of the sturdy preacher at St. Paul's cross. Moreover, our reforming Archbishop has been lately treated, by more than one writer, with undue severity; and we think he would have received a fair measure of justice at the hands of Principal Tulloch: not that he would have been a favorite with the Principal—we rather suspect not—but we should have counted on a generous and consider-

ate estimate of the man. A reforming Archbishop who lived much in courts, and who had to advance his cause by influence with monarchs, and not by passionate appeals to the public, can not be expected to display the straightforward simple heroism of a John Knox, who is seen standing at the head of a quite republican movement. Perhaps he may still, at some future time, fall into the hands of our impartial yet generous critic.

Of the four great names, which, in the mean while, stand here before us, Luther naturally takes the first place. Of no man, perhaps, who ever lived upon this earth, have so many and such contradictory things been written; no man ever had such applauding friends and such vilifying foes; and we may safely prophesy that, as long as Christendom endures, his name and fame will be the theme of angry controversy. Not only is it impossible that the Catholic and the Protestant should agree in their estimate of this man and the work he accomplished; but even to Protestants he presents so many phases of character—he and his writings may be seen under so many different lights—that any steady uniform judgment is almost unattainable. We have most of us felt how difficult it is to preserve at all times that high regard for the great German reformer which we could willingly cherish, and which we have probably received from our earliest reading and from standard historical authorities. There is one course only to be pursued, by which we may hope to keep a steadfast judgment—it is the course which our author pursues, and which, indeed, is generally pursued, only not with sufficient consistency. We must not at once compare him with contemporary scholars or philosophers, nor must we merely turn over his writings to estimate the man; we must treat him *historically*. We must begin with the monk—with the peasant

\* *Leaders of the Reformation: Luther, Calvin, Latimer, Knox.* By JOHN TULLOCH, D.D., Principal and Primarius Professor of Theology in St. Mary's College, St. Andrew's.

monk in Germany; and we must not afterwards forget that this was our starting-point. We have a pious, poor, superstitious monk—the son of a German peasant, and a man of genius withal—and we have to watch the development of such a one at an era when learning was penetrating into the monastery.

It is the development in this monk of a form of Christian piety that we have to watch—a form of what is often called mystical piety developed in defiance of the Church, extended amongst the people, and combated for in the scholastic learning of the times. It is not our intention to go over the well-known biography of Luther, but from the day when he vows that “God willing, he will beat a hole in Tetzels drum,” to those last fretful years of his life when he predicts the end of all things—sees the whole world on the very eve of destruction—nature herself in final dissolution—because he, Martin Luther, with the epistles of St. Paul in his hand, has not been received by universal Christendom—we trace throughout the continuous development of one form of Christian piety. This constituted the strength of the Reformation. Our German monk, a man of fervent genius, far outsteps the religion of such priests and confessors as surrounded him. He is not satisfied with any attainable standard of moral rectitude. His spirit seeks a union with the Spirit of God, and he yearns after a purity of heart which will justify such aspiration. It is a form of piety which appears in every epoch amongst solitary thinkers, with whom religious meditation has become a passion. In this instance it steps beyond the cloister to do battle with the Church. Ranke, the historian of the Reformation, states it well—“‘Oh! my sins, my sins, my sins!’ writes our monk to Staupitz, who was not a little astonished when he received the confession of so sorrowful a penitent, and found that he had no sinful acts to acknowledge. His anguish was the struggle of the creature after the purity of the Creator, to whom it feels itself profoundly and intimately allied, yet from whom it is severed by an immeasurable gulf—a feeling which Luther nourished by incessant solitary brooding, and which had taken the more complete possession of him because no penance had power to appease it, no doctrine truly touched it, no confessor would hear of it.”

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When, therefore, it is popularly said that the right of private judgment was the principle established by the Reformation, this statement is only correct if we are speaking of a great result of the whole movement. It is plainly erroneous if we are speaking of the principle which animated Luther and other of the early Reformers. That which animated *them* was a most dogmatic assertion of their own great doctrine of religion. In making this assertion they gave, whether they intended it or not, a conspicuous example of the freedom of private judgment. But left to themselves, they would very willingly have limited this freedom to those who would have used it in exactly the same manner as they did. Principal Tulloch very ably points this out.

“It remains for us to inquire concerning the main thought that moved Luther and animated him in all his work. It requires but little penetration to discover that he was possessed by such a thought—that a profound principle, a single inspiring spiritual idea, ran through the whole of the great movement, and more than any thing else gave direction and strength and triumph to it. . . . It was characteristically a spiritual revolt—an awakening of the individual conscience in the light of the old Gospel, for centuries imprisoned and obscured in the dim chambers of men’s traditions, but now at length breaking forth with renewed radiance. This was the life and essence of Luther’s own personal struggle, and this it was which formed the spring of all his labors, and gave them such a pervading and mighty energy. The principle of *moral individualism*—of the free responsible relation of every soul to God—this it is which stamps the movement of Luther with its characteristic impress, and more than any other thing enables us to understand its power and success. It is nothing else than what we call, in theological language, *justification by faith alone*, but we prefer to apprehend it in this more general and ethical form of expression.

But this *Individualism* in religion, as the Principal has designated it—this personal union (as we should prefer to describe it) with the Divine Being as he exists in the second person of the Trinity, could not be taught as the sole essential, the *sum and substance* of Christianity, without involving in itself a rebellion against the Catholic Church. The right of private judgment, or the duty to think for ourselves, was necessarily mingled up with this doctrine of justification by faith alone. The man must dare to think in opposition to the Church who can hope to

be saved independently of the Church. And again, whilst he believes that his salvation is partly due to the sacraments of the Church, or to his membership of the visible Church as it exists on earth, he can never extricate himself entirely from the dominion or authority of the hierarchy. Thus this individual piety, which set aside every species of human or earthly mediation, necessarily led to a rebellion against all human or priestly authority in the matter of religious doctrine. But, continues our author :

"It was very far from Luther's intentions, even after he had entered on his contest with Rome, to assert what has been called the *right of private judgment* in matters of religion. Even in the end he did not fully understand or admit the validity of this principle ; and yet so far there was no other resting-ground for him. He was driven to claim for himself freedom of opinion in the light of Scripture as the only position on which, with any consistency, he could stand. Accordingly, when pressed to retract his views at Worms, when it was clearly made manifest that authority, Catholic and Imperial, was against him, he boldly took his ground here in magnanimous and always memorable words. For himself he said : 'Unless I be convinced by Scripture or by reason, I can and will retract nothing ; for to act against my conscience is neither safe nor honest. Here I stand.' . . .

"It is too well known, however, that neither he nor any of his fellow-reformers recognized the full meaning and bearing of this position. They knew what their own necessities demanded, but that was all. They raised the ensign of a free Bible in the face of Rome, but they speedily refused to allow others to fight under this banner as well as themselves. What Luther claimed for himself against Catholic authority, he refused to Carlstadt and refused to Zwingle, in favor of their more liberal doctrinal views. He failed to see that their position was exactly his own, with a difference of result, which indeed was all the difference in the world to him."

Most true : Luther issued from his monastery with all the spirit of a martyr for his faith ; he was prepared to die, if necessary, for his faith. Right of freedom of inquiry was not his cause. He defied the Emperor and the Pope, not in the name of humanity or the rights of man, but in the name of the ever-living God. He looked direct to God for his support. He was ready to be a martyr for his faith—not for the abstract cause of freedom of thought : that species of martyrdom has yet to appear amongst us, if it ever will.

"Scripture as a witness," thus Principal Tulloch eloquently concludes his chapter upon Luther, "disappeared behind the Augsburg Confession as a standard ; and so it happened more or less with all the reformers. They were consistent in displacing the Church of Rome from its position of assumed authority over the conscience, but they were equally consistent all of them in raising a dogmatic authority in its stead. In favor of their own views, they asserted the right of private judgment to interpret and decide the meaning of Scripture, but they had nevertheless no idea of a really free interpretation of Scripture. Their orthodoxy every where appealed to Scripture, but it rested in reality upon an Augustinian commentary of Scripture. They displaced the medieval schoolmen, but only to elevate Augustine ; and having done this, they had no conception of any limits attaching to this new tribunal of heresy. Freedom of opinion, in the modern sense, was utterly unknown to them. There was not merely an absolute truth in Scripture, but they had settled by the help of Augustine what this truth was ; and any variations from this standard were not to be tolerated. The idea of a free faith holding to very different dogmatic views, and yet equally Christian—the idea of spiritual life and goodness apart from theoretical orthodoxy—had not dawned in the sixteenth century, nor long afterwards. Heresy was not a mere divergence of intellectual apprehension, but a moral obliquity—a statutory offense—to be punished by the magistrate, to be expiated by death. It is the strangest and most saddening of all spectacles to contemplate the slow and painful process by which the human mind has emancipated itself from the dark delusion that intellectual error is a subject of moral offense and punishment."

But while our author thus repudiates the idea that the progressive intellect of man, which God has created for forward and incessant action, should be checked and limited by Augsburg Confessions, or any articles or formulas of faith into which Christianity was re-cast at the time of the Reformation, he never fails to do justice to the leaders of that movement and the great work they accomplished. We should willingly follow him in his delineations of the personal character of Luther, but that other portions of his book present the attraction of greater novelty. He does full justice to the geniality and warmth of Luther's nature, to his boldness and magnanimity, to his fervid genius ; and, on the other hand, he does not spare the dogmatism that defaced his later years, or the superstition that accompanied him through life. But we turn from the German reformer to one whose personal history and character, if less inter-

esting, are less generally known—to the second on the list, Calvin.

Calvin is in many respects a contrast to Luther. Of cold temper, subtle and systematic in his theology, his office was to give order and precision and completeness to the doctrines of the new church. If Luther may be represented as the sturdy reaper entering first into the field with his scythe or reaping-hook, Calvin may be said to follow after, binding the scattered corn into symmetrical sheaves, which he leaves standing there in due order in the open field. Calvin must also have possessed great administrative talent; he was a man of action as well as of thought; he governed a city, gave laws to a republic. He was the Pericles of Geneva; or let us say that he was the Lycurgus of the Puritans.

One thing is noticeable in Calvin's education: we find him, in his youth, alternately occupied with theology and jurisprudence. He enters first into the Church, then transfers himself to the study of the law, apparently at the desire of his father, who, himself a notary, thought probably that the legal profession would lead his very able son to higher advancement in life. This twofold study of theology and jurisprudence was training him for the part he played of legislator and clerical orator of the republican city of Geneva. His religious convictions, however, finally determined him to devote his mind to theology, and these convictions led him also gradually to take his stand with the reformers.

"Slowly but surely he passed over to the Protestant ranks, in a manner entirely contrasted with that of Luther, even as his mind and character were so wholly different. We trace no struggling steps of dogmatic conviction—no profound spiritual agitations—no crisis, as in the case of the German reformer. We only learn that, from being an apparently satisfied and devoted adherent of Popery, he adopted, with a quiet but steady and zealous faithfulness, the new opinions. He himself, indeed, in his preface, when commenting on the Psalms, speaks of his conversion being a sudden one; and to his own reflection afterwards it may have seemed that the clear light began to dawn upon him all at once; but the facts of his life seem rather to show it in the light in which we have represented it, as a gradual and consistent growth under the influences which surrounded him, first at Orleans and then at Bourges."

We apprehend that these great changes

of opinion may generally be described as both sudden and gradual; that is, there was a gradual preparation for the change, a shaking here and there of old opinions, an introduction here and there of new thoughts and sentiments, and yet there was also one epoch, one day or hour, when the new point of view was once for all adopted, and the man suddenly became a champion of the very doctrine he had been contending against, perhaps persecuting. He had been zealously arguing, zealously persecuting, up to the last moment; many misgivings had occurred to him; many admonitions or suspicions that there lay a great truth in the very creed he was denouncing, had been silenced or rudely thrust aside; but his thoughts were nevertheless arranging themselves after some new order, and he suddenly became aware that *this* was the doctrine, or the system, that he must henceforth teach and live by. Calvin proceeded to Paris, (1533,) which at that time, under the teaching of Lefevre and Farel, had become a center of the reformed faith. It was not long before he made such manifestations of his opinions as obliged him to quit that city, and he shortly afterwards settled at Basle.

As it is not our intention to proceed with any of these biographies step by step, we pass at once to Calvin's connection with the city of Geneva. This is related by Principal Tulloch briefly, and yet with sufficient fullness to render his account instructive and valuable as an historical summary. He describes in a few words the political condition of Geneva at this time. A student of the middle ages might be delighted with the complication this presents. We have the feudal baron, the prince-bishop, the free city, all asserting their claim. Geneva was a free city of the Empire; but first its bishop took the lion's share of the temporal rule; then the bishop does not exercise his power directly, but through an officer called a Vidomme, (vice-dominus,) and this officer or vidomme becomes hereditary in the duke of Savoy. In the beginning of the sixteenth century we find the bishop aiding the duke to destroy whatever remained of the free city, or of the liberties of the Genevese. The citizens rose in arms. "By the help of the free Helvetic states, particularly Berne and Fribourg, the patriots triumphed, the friends of Savoy were banished, the vidommate

abolished, and its powers transferred to a board of magistrates."

The conduct of its bishops would naturally alienate the Genevese from the ancient hierarchy, and when the reformer Farel made his appearance in the city, (1532,) he found a large party ready to join him. It was not without a sharp struggle, however, that the reformed faith had become established as the religion of the republic, and Farel and his coadjutors were still beset by many difficulties when Calvin providentially came to their aid. He came to Geneva for a single day; he staid to make a confession of faith for a whole city. He came as a mere traveler, anxious only to advance upon his journey; he staid to legislate for and to govern a republic.

"His old friend Tillet, now in Geneva, discovered who the traveler was, and apprised Farel of his discovery. Situated as Farel then was, almost alone, with the Reformation but partly accomplished, and the elements of disturbance smoldering around him, the advent of Calvin seemed to him an interposition of Divine Providence. He hastened to see him, and set before him his claims for assistance, and the work of God so obviously awaiting him. But Calvin was slow to move. He urged his desire to study, and be serviceable to all churches, rather than to attach himself to any one church in particular. He would fain have yielded to the intellectual bias so strong in him, and did not yet acknowledge to himself the still stronger instinct for practical government that lay behind his intellectual devotion. By some strange insight, however, Farel penetrated to the higher fitness of the young stranger who stood before him; and he ventured, in the spirit of that daring enthusiasm which characterized him, to lay the curse of God upon him and his studies if he refused his aid to the church in the time of need. This, which seemed to Calvin a divine menace, had the desired effect. 'It was,' he said, 'as if God had seized me by his awful hand from heaven.' He abandoned his intention of pursuing his journey, and joined eagerly with Farel in the work of Reformation."

He was immediately elected as Teacher of Theology. In a short time, both as Preacher and as Councilor, his influence was supreme. It is well known with what severity our evangelical Lyncurgus ruled his republic. Not only was vice punished, but frivolity was restrained. Dress and the dinner were laid under strict regulations; all holidays, except Sunday, if that could rank as a holiday, were abolished. Even a bride might not wear her flowing tresses, nor was she to be welcomed to

her new home with noise and revelry. The very number of the dishes at the wedding feast was made a subject of legislation. It is remembered still by those who remember nothing else of Calvin, that he laid sacrilegious hand upon the marriage feast. An old man who pointed out to our author the supposed resting-place of the reformer, seemed to have little other idea of Calvin than as the man who limited the number of dishes at dinner!

These unwise and vexatious restrictions led to a reaction or rebellion against the government of the reformer. A party arose who bear the name of the Libertines, who succeeded in chasing him out of the city. For three years Calvin was a banished man. Banished to his privacy and his books, the exile was no doubt sufficiently content. He could do without Geneva far better than Geneva could do without him. The Libertines could not govern the city, and Calvin was recalled. That party, be it what it may, which can give to a community the indispensable blessings of order and law, *must* rule. The government of Calvin, whatever its defects, was wanted at that moment. It has this palpable justification. He who alone can give a people order—saint or sinner—Calvin or Napoleon, steps by right into the seat of power. Nor when Calvin returned did he abate in the least the severity of his rule; on the contrary, he refused to respond to the invitation of the citizens till he had evidence of their willingness to submit to the reestablishment of the reformed discipline.

"The great code of ecclesiastical and moral legislation, which guided both the consistory and council, was the production of Calvin. It was sworn to by the whole of a people in a great assembly in St. Peter's, on the twentieth November, 1541. It not only laid down general rules, but entered with the most rigorous control into all the affairs of private life. From his cradle to his grave the Genevese citizen was pursued by its inquisitorial eye. Ornaments for the person, the shape and length of the hair, the modes of dress, the very number of dishes for dinner, were subjected to special regulation. Wedding presents are only permitted within limits; and at betrothals, marriages, or baptisms, bouquets must not be encircled with gold or jeweled with pearls or other precious stones.

"The registers of Geneva remain to show with what abundant rigor these regulations were carried out. It is a strange and mournful record, with ludicrous lights crossing it here and there. A man hearing an ass bray, and



saying jestingly: 'Il chante un beau psaume,' is sentenced to temporary banishment from the city. A young girl in church singing the words of a song to a psalm-tune, is ordered to be whipped by her parents. Three children are punished, because, during the sermon, instead of going to church, they remained outside to eat cakes."

And so the list goes on, intermingled with some cases of terrible severity. Death itself is inflicted upon a child where the rod has been always held to be the appropriate punishment. But since Calvin based all his laws on the authority of Scripture, where, it may be asked, was the error he committed? His consistorial discipline, and the like, he declares to be "the yoke of Christ," and his whole system of polity is presumed to rest upon the Divine word—and ought not this sacred authority to decide upon every portion of our lives? Surely there is a *visible church* to be erected on earth according to the pattern of the invisible Church above—or, in the language of St. Augustine, a *civitas Dei* to be established by Christians—else for what purpose have men become Christians? How many noble spirits have labored and thought over this *civitas Dei*, this kingdom of God to be instituted on earth—and could Calvin have been wrong in his attempt to model Geneva into this *civitas Dei*? Certainly not. But the mistake of Calvin, as Principal Tulloch will tell us, was, that instead of seeking to infuse the *spirit* of Christianity into all our relations of life—instead of making the grand fundamental principle of the religion the ground of all his laws—he sought for specific laws in texts of Scripture appropriate to other times, and sought by *external* regulations, to construct a kingdom of heaven which must always grow *from within*.

"Did not Calvin establish his church polity and church discipline upon Scripture? and is not this a warrantable course? Assuredly not, in the spirit in which he did it. The fundamental source of the mistake is here: the Christian Scriptures are a revelation of divine truth, and not a revelation of church polity. They not only do not lay down the outline of such a polity, but they do not even give the adequate and conclusive hints of one. And for the best of all reasons, that it would have been entirely contrary to the spirit of Christianity to have done so; and because in point of fact, the conditions of human progress do not admit of the imposition of any unvarying system of government, ecclesiastical or civil. The system adapts itself to the life, every where expands

with it, or narrows with it, but is no where in any particular form the absolute condition of life. A definite outline of church polity, therefore, or a definite code of social ethics, is no where given in the New Testament; and the spirit of it is entirely hostile to the absolute assertion of one or the other. Calvin, in truth, must have felt this sufficiently in his constant appeal to the spirit and details of the Old Testament legislation. The historical confusion, in this respect, in which he and all his age shared, was a source of fruitful error here as elsewhere."

While, on the one hand, Calvin had to contend for his government and discipline with the citizens, he had, on the other hand, to do incessant battle with theologians for his doctrine. He had wrought the Confession of Augsburg into a system which, for a certain method and consistency, has won the admiration of all parties, but which nevertheless, in more points than one, has been often declared to offend the common-sense of mankind, as well as to contradict the general current of Scriptural language. It could not be expected that such a system should be unassailed; nor can we be surprised that, at a period of great mental activity, others besides Luther and Calvin chose to adopt bold views of their own. Yet our spiritual ruler of Geneva seemed to think that every heresy but his own was a crime. And it must be added that he had put himself in such a position that his government depended on the predominance of his doctrine. It is worth the consideration of those who may still hanker after some *civitas Dei*, such as Calvin sought to establish, that if municipal laws are based on a system of divinity, the State has put it out of its power to be tolerant; freedom of thought has become too intimately associated with disobedience to the laws.

Amongst the names of those whom Calvin enters into controversy with, there is one which will assuredly arrest the reader: he will give his tribute of compassion to the poor scholar, Sebastian Castellio. The poor scholar, distinguished for his classical knowledge, betook himself, in an evil hour, to controversial divinity. But belonging to neither of the great factions, what *could* become of the unbefriended layman? Poverty was the lightest evil, the most lenient punishment, by which he could have been visited. We catch sight of him living alone, so poor that he goes out at night to pick up sticks for firewood

on the banks of the Rhine. We must quote a sentence or two about this Sebastian Castellio.

"Calvin had become acquainted with Castellio at Strasburg. They seem at first to have warmly attracted one another; and Calvin was, beyond all doubt, for some time very zealous in his friendliness to the poor scholar, whose ingenious spirit and classical acquirements had won his regard. On his return to Geneva he invited him thither, and procured for him the appointment of regent or tutor in the gymnasium of the city. In reality, however, there were but few points of sympathy between the two men. Castellio's learning was intensely humanistic; his classical tastes and somewhat arbitrary criticism molded all that he did; and especially as he aspired to be a theologian, and to carry this spirit into his Scriptural studies, he soon came into conflict with Calvin. . . . Castellio desired to enter into the ministry; but Calvin advised the Council that this was not expedient, *on account of some peculiar opinions which he held*. There were certain rationalistic views as to the authenticity and character of the Song of Solomon, the descent of Christ into hell, and also about election. Irritated probably by disappointment, he now vehemently attacked Calvin. After a violent scene in church, which is painted perhaps with some exaggeration by the reformer, he was forced to leave the city. The two old friends, now declared enemies, did not spare each other henceforth. Castellio retired to Basle, and amongst his other employments busied himself with a free criticism of the Calvinistic doctrines. . . . It is but a melancholy spectacle of polemical hatred on both sides; but the truculence of the theologians, it must be confessed, bears off the palm. Castellio was no match for them in strength of argument or firm consistency of purpose. He lived on in great poverty at Basle, cultivating his garden with his own hand, and without the means of fuel, and he sat up at night to finish his translation of the Scriptures. He died in want in 1563, the same year as Calvin: and Montaigne has given vent to his expression of shame for his age, that one so distinguished should have been left to die so miserably. A regretful memory lingers around his blameless scholarly life—pinching poverty and sad death, and especially the incident, so touching in its simplicity, of his going during the night to the banks of the Rhine to pick up pieces of drift-wood for his scanty fire—a story which was only elicited from him in answer to Calvin's charge of *his having stolen the wood*—a fact sufficient to prove the disgraceful spirit in which these controversies were conducted, and how deservedly they are consigned to oblivion."

But the name which beyond all others has become inextricably associated with our Genevese reformer, is that of Serve-

tus. He, too, like Calvin, came into Geneva for a single day—came as a mere traveler, intending to quit it on the morrow: he staid, but not, like Calvin, to have honor and power thrust upon him. Our traveler must needs wander into the church; there his great adversary was preaching. Some one recognized him, and carried the news to Calvin. Servetus, who had already hired a boat to take him across the lake on his route to Zurich, was arrested and thrown into prison. He staid to be tried for heresy, to be convicted, and to suffer a cruel death. "The wretched man was fastened to a stake surrounded by heaps of oak-wood and leaves, with his condemned book attached to his girdle. The wood was green, and did not burn readily. Some persons ran and fetched dry fagots, while his piercing shrieks rent the air; and exclaiming finally, 'Jesus, thou Son of the eternal God, have mercy upon me!' he passed from the doom of earth to a higher and fairer tribunal."

It is needless, as Principal Tulloch remarks, to indulge in any further outcries on this memorable crime. To contemporary theologians it needed no defense: happily, to the theologians of our day it admits of no excuse. We can only excuse and bitterly regret it, as a lamentable fruit of the errors of the age.

On the *Institutes* of Calvin, and on his doctrinal system, our author makes some excellent remarks, into which we should very willingly follow him if our space permitted. We must proceed to take a rapid glance at the two remaining Reformers on his list—Latimer and Knox.

The Reformation embraced two movements—a reform in doctrine and a reform in life. The two objects were constantly intermingled. Still there were some men who attached themselves preëminently to the new doctrines, whilst others saw the Reformation chiefly in the light of a revival of religion. Of this latter description was Latimer. Though he had embraced the "new learning," he stands out conspicuously as a reformer of manners and a teacher of practical personal piety. His claims to represent the Reformation in England we have already glanced at. Principal Tulloch, however, accepting him as the most "typical man" of his times, opens his biographical sketch with some very sound observations on the complicated nature of the reformatory move-

ment in England. He justly observes that it was partly political and partly religious, and that the political opposition was the earlier of the two. "All along from the Conquest such an opposition marks like a line of light the proud history of England, the grandest, because the richest in diverse historical elements, that the world has ever seen. On from the memorable struggles of the reign of Henry II., when the political and ecclesiastical interests stamped the impress of their fierce contentions so strongly on the English character, Rome appears as an alien and antagonistic power in the country." This is true, and we might go back to an earlier period than Henry II.; but it must be added that the opposition to Rome, or the ecclesiastical power was carried on by the monarch as often *against* as *with* the current of popular feeling, and that it does not always run exactly "like a line of light." On the contrary, it is sometimes a mere dogged self-willed opposition. Nevertheless, one feels it was, on the whole, *the right thing*—wholesome, and having a certain rude reason in it. Let us transfer ourselves to our first Norman kings, and compare them with such prelates of the Church as Lanfranc and Anselm. These latter represent whatever the age could boast of learning and of piety. We hail their influence on England and on its stern barons; yet we feel that their influence or power is such as might easily be carried too far; nor should we choose to have it established in their successors. We feel that the resistance of our rude Norman kings to these Italian bishops has a high meaning, a dim purpose, and, at all events, a good result. Our first wish would probably be to give to these representatives of learning, justice, and piety, the utmost influence they could possibly exert over a Church and a State both on the very verge of barbarism; but, on further reflection, we perceive that the cause of the civil against the ecclesiastical, the temporal power against the spiritual, must in some way be upheld, if any free and manly life is to be preserved for England. No historian has treated these early kings of England with greater severity than Lappenberg; nor has any historian given a more liberal praise to these Italian bishops and divines; yet even his simple narrative, as it proceeds, suggests to us how unfit these men were to hold the predominant place in the

government of England. Anselm he describes "as one of those heroes of love and humility which Christianity has produced in every age." William Rufus, the contemporary sovereign, stands out before us as little better than a brutal tyrant, and a sort of baptized heathen: he is penitent when sick and afflicted; when he recovers, he not only throws aside his sackcloth, but rebels, like a Titan or an old Norseman, against the hand that smote him. He *won't* be any the better for his chastisement. "The Lord shall find no good in me, for all the evil he has inflicted on me," says the incurable heathen. Can a greater contrast be found? Yet this William Rufus was at his post, governing his barons and his vassals, and keeping a free temporal monarchy for England. Better this rude government than to have the scholastic divine in the seat of the civil magistrate. If Anselm *could* have controlled, first his own corrupt clergy, and through them a rude and passionate people, this would have been a temporary advantage, to be followed by all the depressing, enervating influences which attend upon a Christian priesthood when it assumes municipal power. Anselm in his contest with the king has to quit England and journey to Rome; we catch a glimpse of him on his travels; he stays awhile at Lyons, and there, says Lappenberg, "he had the happiness of acting a distinguished part in the discussion of a point at that time of vital importance—whether the Holy Ghost proceeded solely from the Father." Very fit it was that one of the most eminent theologians of the day should take part in a discussion then deemed of vital importance; but would it have been well for England if a Byzantine theology of this description had been supreme in its court and monarchy? We have no quarrel with Anselm as a divine or bishop, but would it have been desirable if he and his successors could, without stint or limit, have embodied their own views in, and impressed their own spirit on the laws and government of this country?

Happily there has been always in our island, either on the part of the monarch, or of the people, or of the lawyers, a determination to resist the encroachment of the Church over the State. Thus we have never sunk into the intellectual stagnation which Spain, for instance, has exhibited. And thus it happens that in our Reforma-

tion a *political* resistance to Rome plays a considerable part, and that which was of a distinctly *religious* character proceeds (as might be expected in a people comparatively free) from many quarters at the same time and assumes many various forms. At no time do we see the people rising simultaneously under one common impulse. There are reformers of all shades working together—from those who would only reform *within* the Church to those who would sweep away the old Catholic Church entirely.

Latimer, as we have said, saw in the Reformation principally a revival of religion. When we first get any distinct view of him, he is at Cambridge, about twenty-five years old, a most zealous supporter of the established doctrines and services. "I was as obstinate a Papist," he tells us himself, "as any in England." He torments himself with scruples whether he had mingled sufficient water with the wine in performing mass; he preaches against the Reformers—he takes every opportunity of guarding the youth of Cambridge against the infection of their pernicious doctrines. But, as Principal Tulloch well observes, we get our reformers out of the zealous champions of the very Church that is to be reformed. The cold and moderate man is seldom open to great changes of opinion.

"Here," he says, "we have the old picture of youthful sacerdotal zeal. It is the very highest qualities of the ancient system that the new spirit ceases upon and consecrates to its service. Young Latimer, hailed by the clergy as a rising champion of the Papal cause, and for his talents and the excelling sanctimony of his life preferred to be the keeper of the university cross, is destined to become the sharp reprover of the clergy, and the great agent in carrying out the religious change then threatening them."

Bilney has the merit of converting Latimer; but we must presume, of course, that other influences were at work. A curious story is told of the manner in which Bilney first contrived to pour the new doctrine into the unwilling ears of the zealous Papist. He pretended a great desire to be confessed, and, under the form of his own confession, infused his heresy into the priest. Latimer tells the story himself in these few brief words: "Bilney heard me at that time, and perceived that I was zealous without knowledge; and he came to me afterwards in my study, and desired

me, for God's sake, to hear his confession. I did so; and, to say the truth, by his confession I learned more than I did before in many years. So from that time forward I began to smell the word of God, and forsook the school doctors and such fooleries." We wonder whether this expedient for getting the ear of a man has been often adopted. It was rather a hazardous one: if Bilney had not found a favorable listener, he would have gone away with a heavy penance.

Latimer now became a zealous preacher of the new doctrines, but still his preaching must have been limited to a faithful exhibition of positive truth: he could not have waged war with the peculiar tenets of Rome, because Henry VIII. approved the man, and appointed him one of his chaplains; and Cardinal Wolsey also befriended him, supporting him against the censures of Bishop West. Bishop West had entered the Church while Latimer was preaching at Cambridge; and when he and his retinue had taken their seats, the preacher, observing that a new audience required a new theme, changed his text, and exposed the faults and shortcomings of the clergy, in a manner, we may be sure, not very flattering to priestly ears. For this and other like offenses the Bishop had forbidden him to preach in the university; and when Latimer took refuge in a church of the Augustine friars, the Bishop made complaint to Cardinal Wolsey. The Cardinal, however, dismissed the too faithful preacher with a gentle admonition, and granted him a license to preach in any church throughout England. "If the Bishop of Ely can not abide such doctrine as you have repeated," he said, "you shall preach it to his beard, let him say what he will."

A happy retort is here mentioned of Latimer's against one Buckenham, Prior of the Black Friars, who had entered the lists against him. The prior, in his sermon, did his best to prove the inexpediency of trusting the Scriptures in English to the vulgar. The arguments and illustration of the good prior were evidently not of the highest order imaginable. To show what blundering interpretation the laity were exposed to, he cited as an example, that the plowman who read that "no man who layeth his hand to the plow, and looketh back, is worthy of the kingdom of God," might peradventure dare to touch a plow at all. The labor,

also, who read that "a little leaven corrupteth a whole lump," might leave his bread unleavened. Latimer had been one of his auditors, and had taken notes; and by and by he is the preacher and the friar a listener. Coming to this point of the figurative language of Scripture, he replied that it was as easy of comprehension as the most familiar signs and symbols painted on our houses and walls. "As, for example," he continued, casting a meaning glance at the friar, who sat opposite to him, "when men paint a fox preaching out of friar's cowl, none is so mad as to take this to be a fox that preacheth, but know well enough the meaning of the matter, which is to point out to us what hypocrisy, craft, and subtle dissimulation lieth hid many times in these friars' cowls, willing us thereby to beware of them." The contemporary chronicler adds that Friar Buckenham was so dashed with this sermon that he never after durst peep out of the pulpit against Master Latimer.

In Latimer's life, years of persecution alternate with years of favor and prosperity. Under Archbishop Warcham he is in danger of imprisonment and excommunication, if nothing worse. Under his successor, Cranmer, he is raised to a bishopric. Then a reaction against reform seems to have been brought about, partly by the northern insurrection, and Gardiner and Bonner took the lead. Under their influence articles were framed which Latimer could not subscribe; he resigned his bishopric, and sought to live in privacy. Coming up to London, however, for medical advice, he was brought before the Privy Council, and cast into the Tower. This happened just before the close of Henry's reign. On the accession of Edward VI. he was liberated, and his bishopric again offered him; but he declined to reassume the episcopal office, and devoted himself to preaching. He made it the great purpose of his life to rouse all classes to a practical reform in their morals and religion. He was the censor of his times, and sometimes the pulpit satirist. He spared no class, and he preached to all classes. A well-known picture represents him with uplifted arm preaching in Whitehall Gardens, in front of the young king, Edward VI., who is seated at a window, while a dense crowd surrounds the orator.

Of the merits of Latimer, whether as

preacher or divine, Principal Tulloch gives, we think, a fair and unexaggerated estimate. He was no learned theologian, and his eloquence was of that rude, blunt, uncompromising character that appeals so successfully to the populace. He delighted in invective, and did not scruple to expose individual instances of oppression that came before him. Of the effect of his sermons we must not judge by the impression they now produce on the reader. Not to speak of the change of manners and of dialect, the effect of popular eloquence depends, at all times, chiefly on the voice and the delivery. The following summary appears very just:

"In mere intellectual strength, Latimer can take no place beside either Luther or Calvin. His mind has neither the rich compass of the one, nor the symmetrical vigor of the other. He is no master in any department of intellectual interest, or even of theological inquiry. We read his sermons not for any light or reach of truth which they unfold, nor because they exhibit any peculiar depth of spiritual apprehension, but simply because they are interesting, and interesting mainly from the very absence of all dogmatic and intellectual pretensions. Yet without any mental greatness, there is a pleasant and wholesome harmony of mental power displayed in his writings, which gives to them a wonderful vitality. There is a proportion and vigor, not of logic, but of sense and feeling, in them eminently English, and showing every where a high and well-toned capacity. He is coarse and low at times; his familiarity occasionally descends to meanness; but the living hold which he takes of reality at every point, often carries him also to the height of an indignant and burning eloquence."

We quote this passage because it contains a brief critical summary; but we must remark, in passing, that it is not the most favorable specimen of Principal Tulloch's own style; nor can we extract the passage without some gentle protest against a slip-slop English into which the Principal has here been betrayed; it is a fault quite unusual in him. Such expressions, as "wholesale harmony," "high and well-toned capacity," remind us of the jargon of the connoisseur prating over his pictures rather than the sober criticism of an accurate scholar. Let such jargon remain with the connoisseurs of art who have a traditional right to talk how they please about *tones* and *harmonies*, no one but themselves having the least interest in what meaning they affix to their words.

Latimer could not play this distinguish-

ed part, through the reign of Edward VI., of pulpit satirist and preacher of the Reformation, without being called to severe account in the ensuing reign of Queen Mary. He might have fled the country, and the new government were not unwilling that he should do so. He chose to remain, and was accordingly committed to the Tower. But if his enemies were willing he should escape by self-banishment, they spared him no severity when he was within their power. They kept the old man without fire in frosty weather. With health broken, they transferred him to Oxford to undergo examination, and hold disputations upon the mass, whereat Master Smith of Oriel, Dr. Cartwright, and divers others, "had snatches at him, and gave him bitter taunts." After this examination he was imprisoned in the common jail in Oxford, where he lay for more than a year. From the jail he was again brought to be examined before commissioners. Infirm and poor, it is a pitiable spectacle that is presented to us. "He wore an old thread-bare Bristol frieze gown, girded to his body with a penny leather girdle; his Testament was suspended from this girdle by a leather sling, and his spectacles, without a case, hung from his neck upon his breast." His head was bound about by a complication of night-caps, surmounted by an old horseman's cap, which, notwithstanding Foxe's specific description, it is very difficult to get any clear conception of. In this state, and his mind half-torpid by "long gazing upon cold walls," he is set again to dispute on points of divinity with the Bishops of Lincoln and Gloucester. They reproach him for his want of learning. "Lo!" he exclaimed, according to the report of Foxe, "you look for learning at my hand, which have gone so long to the school of oblivion, making the bare walls my library; keeping me so long in prison without book, or pen, or ink; and now you let me loose to come and answer to articles. You deal with me as though two were appointed to fight for life and death; and over-night the one, through friends and favor, is cherished, and hath good counsel given him how to encounter with his enemy; the other, for envy or lack of friends, all the whole night is set in the stocks. In the morning when they shall meet, the one is in strength and lively, the other is stark of his limbs and almost dead for feebleness. Think

you that to run through this man with a spear is not a goodly victory?"

But the end of all was now at hand. He and Ridley were condemned to the flames. At the closing scene his spirit revived, and his was that terse vigorous saying, which has been so often repeated: "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England, as I trust shall never be put out."

As Principal Tulloch remarked in reference to the martyrdom of Servetus, so we may remark here, that it is useless now to utter indignant denunciations against this crime of persecution, unless it should be thought necessary to keep the example of *past ages* before us, in order to preserve ourselves from lapsing into their errors. For it was a crime of the age. All parties, all sects, are seen at this epoch involved in the same lamentable error. As individual men, we must even *pity* the persecutors of olden times—pity them for being carried away by one common infatuation. If the Catholics committed Latimer and Cranmer to the flames, even Latimer is found assisting at the martyrdom of Friar Forest, preaching the public sermon on the occasion, and thus sanctioning the act; and Cranmer, as is well known, could send a helpless woman to the stake. It has been often said, that the Protestants had less excuse for their cruelty than the Catholics, who were supporting an old-established system by harsh measures, which they deemed could be effective, and which, in some instances, were effective. And the Protestants would have perhaps altogether escaped the deep disgrace of having capitally executed men and women for what they called heresy, if it had not happened that their hearts were hardened, and their judgments utterly perverted by that habit (which Principal Tulloch has so ably re-proved) of looking into the Old Testament for laws and guidance. An appeal to Moses was thought to decide the case. When some poor woman was to be executed for her nonsense, the young king Edward was reluctant to sign the warrant. "The object of the king's compassion," says the historian Lingard, "was the future condition of her soul in another world. He argued, that as long as she remained in error she remained in sin, and that to deprive her of life in that state, was to consign her soul to everlasting tor-

ments. Cranmer was compelled to moot the point with the young theologian. The objection was solved by the example of Moses, who had compelled blasphemers to be stoned; and the King, with tears, put his signature to the warrant."

Of the last of these "Leaders" on our list—the patriot reformer Knox—we shall venture to say but a few words. Principal Tulloch's manly, straightforward account of the representative of the Reformation in Scotland can not fail to please. There is no undue partiality, there is no timid admiration.

One notices three stages in the opinion which Protestants form of these great leaders of the Reformation. The first is one of unwise, unqualified laudation: the man is a type for all times, his doctrine a standard for our own faith. The second is a critical stage, where defects of character and narrowness of intellectual view are discovered, and the idol is well-nigh displaced altogether from its pedestal: there is a greater disposition to blame than to praise. Then follows the third stage, in which an ideal of excellence or of wisdom being no longer sought, the hero is reinstated in such virtues as he can really claim: his conduct is not faultless, and his reasoning is not unimpeachable, but he stands there to be judged by fair comparison with his fellow-men, and according to the work he had to accomplish. In this last stage we presume the reading public are at present. They no longer wish to idolize such a man as Knox. He had his passions like other men; committed blunders as do other men—all that is understood; and now passion for passion, blunder for blunder, man for man, how will you estimate him as he stands there amongst his contemporaries? We, for our part, estimate him very highly, nor can we find any living man, of his own time, who can, on the whole, take precedence of him.

Someromantically-disposed people think to exhibit Knox to great disadvantage by bringing him before us in contrast with Mary, the beautiful Queen of the Scots. Well does Principal Tulloch remark, that such people must be allowed "simply to please themselves with their own delusions;" they are plainly incapable of any grave historical criticism. They should be condemned to read novels eternally; or, what might be a worse penalty, to do nothing but write novels all their lives.

A rude word! Sermonized the Queen! Why, this beautiful lady would have sent John Knox, if she had been able, back to the French galleys, and she would have governed a country, now manifestly Protestant, by the influence of her priests, and in the interests of the Duke of Guise. Pass by her personal frailties—let the *woman* be untouched—what sort of queen has Scotland here? She is scarce a Scotchwoman—she is more a Guise than a Stuart. What good will the nation get out of her pretty French manners, her sweet face, or her musical voice? Now, bring opposite to her, front to front, our John Knox, tried and hardened by the fire of adversity, whose religion has become a grand patriotism, who stands there the representative of a people who have flung off the degrading government of priests, who have become each one his own priest in his relations to God, and who, thus free in religion, must be free also in politics; who mean henceforth, both in Church and State, to be a self-governing people. Contrast the two figures. Choose between them. Choose a soft face and treachery to the nation, or the hard strong man, self-devoted to a great cause.

If the Reformation in England was singularly complex in its character, in Scotland it assumed a form marvelously simple. According to all accounts, the old hierarchy had by its vices lost all hold of the affections or the reverence of the people—the monarchy had lost its controlling power by the untimely death of James V.—the burgher class, impelled and united by a religious movement, became supreme—there was not too much learning for unanimity of opinion—the simpler faith of Protestantism carried all before it, and was destined to mold for centuries the character of the nation.

The burgher class, it must not be forgotten, were fused with the mob, so to speak, by the power of the religious orator acting equally upon all. There is no respect of persons in this matter of religious doctrine. The Reformation becomes a strictly democratic movement. Knox preaches a sermon at Perth on the idolatry of the mass and of image-worship. The whole multitude is stirred.

"At the close of the sermon," continues Principal Tulloch, "and while the people still lingered under the warm emotion of the preacher's words, an encounter took place between a

boy and a priest, who, with a singular deadness to the signs around him, had uncovered a rich altar-piece, and was making preparations to celebrate mass. The boy threw a stone, which overturned and destroyed one of the images. The act operated like a spark laid to a train. The suppressed indignation of the multitude burst forth beyond all control—the consecrated imagery was broken in pieces—the holy recesses invaded—the pictures and ornaments torn from the walls and trampled in the dust—and, rising with the agitation, the spirit of disorder spread, and the ‘rascal multitude,’ as Knox afterwards called them, having completed their work of destruction in the church, proceeded to the houses of the Gray and Black Friars, and the Charter-house or Carthusian Monastery, and violently ransacked them and laid them in ruins.”

The spirit of destruction no where raged so violently as it did in Scotland. Every man of taste must deplore the ruin and defacement of the noble structures of the old religion. We should be thought Vandals ourselves if we uttered a word of apology, yet something might suggest itself to a sturdy Protestant to reconcile him to this act of Vandalism. Knox’s plea that the “best way to keep the rooks from returning, was to pull down their nests,” could apply only to the first era of the Reformation; and the banished rooks would have returned, if it had been in their power, and rebuilt their nests. Great shame and scandal, it seems, to pull down a fine old edifice, but we know—and our own age has in some measure shown how this may be—we know that a fine old building may, in its own dumb way, preach from generation to generation, till at length, aided by some propitious circumstances, it may prove a very persuasive orator. Visitors pace with enthusiasm

the aisles, let us say, of a York Minster; tasteful municipalities sustain, restore the venerable edifice; a desire *might* grow, we do not say that it ever has grown, that the worship, the ceremonial, the music, should be in harmony with the grand cathedral, and a revived ceremonial is followed, amongst the unreflective, by a revived doctrine.

The whole Reformation in Scotland has an extreme uncompromising character, which the liberal and intelligent citizen of Edinburgh can not at this day be supposed to approve. No measure of justice was dealt towards the old Catholic Church. The contest was too violent to admit of equitable controversy, and the crimes of a Cardinal Beaton had helped to raise a spirit almost as unchristian as his own. Knox and his companions were not content with denouncing the Catholic Church as corrupt; it was absolutely the work of Satan; it was anti-Christ. An application of certain passages in the Apocalypse, first introduced by polemical divines in the mere heat of discussion, became a part of the national faith in Scotland. All this popular and unqualified animosity can not be admired by us. But great changes of this description never yet were effected by moderate equitable gentlemen. We have to ask ourselves whether, upon the whole, our Reformers did not accomplish their great work as well and as wisely as the times permitted.

We will not follow Principal Tulloch any further in his account of Knox; we should be only repeating what he has more eloquently said. We would invite our readers to a perusal of the book itself: they will find it both eloquent and instructive.

A most extraordinary race took place a few days ago in a fashionable ladies’ seminary school in the Thiergarten, Berlin, where thirty-three young ladies contested for the championship in swimming. The winner, who is nineteen years of age, and very handsome, is said to have proved that she might as readily challenge the other sex as her own.

MORE than sixteen years ago a lady named Colson, residing in Hyde Park-terrace, London, “resolved never to see the light of day again,” having been disappointed in her matrimonial views with Colonel H——. Ever since the year 1843 this eccentric maiden lady has lived and slept in a chamber from which all light is rigidly excluded save what is furnished to her by wax candles.



From the Eclectic Review.

## BLUNDERS OF VISION—COLOR-BLINDNESS.

SOME years ago a party of gentlemen were discussing the question of blindness over their wine in the mansion of a northern noble. It was stated by one of the company that persons had been known to lose the power of vision, so far as one eye was concerned, long before they had any consciousness of the defect. Polite doubts were expressed on the point. Every one would admit that a man might labor under a mental or moral cataract without being particularly alive to the infirmity, but physical opacity was too conspicuous an evil to be long concealed. More in jest than with any suspicion of the result, the loudest of the skeptics was requested to ascertain whether his own organs were "all right." Closing one eye, he exclaimed, with a start of horror: "Why, bless me, I can scarcely see at all!" He himself was in the very predicament he had refused to accredit.

However startling such a case may seem, there are undoubtedly many persons who suffer from eccentricities of vision without ever discovering the defect until they have ripened (in their own opinion) into perfect men. Perhaps not even then. Entering any assembly consisting of a thousand individuals we might safely exclaim: "Ladies and gentlemen, there are probably twenty people in this respectable company who are more or less affected with chromatopsudopsis, otherwise parachromatism, otherwise dyschromatopsis, otherwise dyschrosis, otherwise Daltonism." Of course the audience would be greatly alarmed by this announcement, and the fairer portion might become quite indignant, naturally supposing that some wicked imputation lay concealed under such learned terms. To pacify them it would be necessary to explain that certain persons were incapable of perceiving certain colors, or that they confounded one with another; in fact, that the human eye was subject to a variety of chromatic heresies, although the owner might think himself as orthodox in vision as every man deems himself in the Faith.

Cases of color-blindness must, of course, have frequently occurred amongst our forefathers, but these esteemed individuals do not appear to have systematized their observations at all. Every now and then a person conducts himself so strangely that his friends are compelled to conclude that a "screw must be loose" either in his eye or in his brain. The writer of this article well remembers how he first discovered that such a visual peculiarity existed. Walking out with a companion—let us take the names of Jones and Jenkins for the moment—the latter happened to make a remark about the color of a door, which he (Jones) declared to be red, and we (Jenkins) knew to be green. Thinking that this assertion was a mere specimen of boyish fun, Jenkins laughed as Brother Martin might laugh when my Lord Peter assured him (in Swift's wonderful Tale of a Tub) that a loaf of bread was a shoulder of mutton. But when Jones repeated the observation with perfect gravity, and, spite of all remonstrances, protested that the door was just as fiery-looking as a soldier's coat, Jenkins felt it incumbent upon him to take high ground, and to break a lance in the cause of Truth. Sharp words were soon exchanged. "What on earth," he asked, "can make you say that the door is red?" "And what on earth," replied Jones, "can make you say that the door is green?" "Why," replied Jenkins, fiercely, "it is as plain as possible that the door is green." "No," retorted Jones, in great anger, "it is as plain as possible that the door is red." Well there was nothing for it apparently but a battle. We were just at an age when knotty controversies are extremely liable to finish with a fight. War was accordingly proclaimed. If Jones had beaten Jenkins, we presume the door would have been decidedly red; if Jenkins had beaten Jones, the door would have been as decidedly green—such is the logic of physical force. Fortunately, when the two belligerents, like the knights of the silver shield, were

on the brink of an engagement, an acquaintance came by, and the matter was referred to arbitration. "Pray," said Jenkins to the pacificator, "will you tell us if that door is green?" "Certainly it is green," said he, "and so must you be to put such a question." On further inquiry, when Jones was sufficiently cool to submit to an examination touching his chromatic perceptions, it appeared that the two hues were indistinguishable to his eye; that he gave the name of red to every object which belonged to either class; and that, in his opinion, a brick building in the distance was of the same tint as the lawn on which it stood!

Until recently, little has been done to investigate this infirmity upon an extensive scale. Dr. Dalton of Manchester was the first person in England who drew any marked attention to the subject. He himself could only perceive two, or at most three, distinctions of hue in the solar spectrum; and, therefore, a rainbow must have seemed to him like a tame arch of yellow and blue. He could perceive no distinction between woolen yarn whether dyed crimson or dark blue. Specimens of claret-colored cloth bore a strong resemblance to mud. If stockings had been spotted with blood, he would hardly have suspected that the stains were any thing more than mere dirt. He compared a florid complexion to a dull blackish blue upon a white ground; so that a ruddy countenance produced the same impression upon his retina as dilute black ink smeared upon writing-paper. And when he mounted his scarlet gown at Oxford, he pronounced it to be of the same hue as the grass of the fields.

It is, however, to Professor George Wilson of Edinburgh, that the public is indebted for the largest collection of facts on this interesting topic, and to his researches we are indebted for some of the illustrations of chromatic error about to be adduced. Let us premise, however, that though color-blindness is a defect, it is not exactly a disease. It is generally born with the individual, and continues with him during life. The eye appears to be complete in its structure, and in other respects discharges its duties in as exemplary a manner as the most respectable organ of the frame.

First, there are cases in which persons are perfectly unable to distinguish colors at all. They know that black is black, and

white is white; but as to the prismatic tints they are completely in the dark. Not many years ago there was a man in Edinburgh who was in this unlucky condition. By some freak of fortune, almost as whimsical as if a deaf person were apprenticed to an organist, this poor fellow was brought up a house-painter. Compelled to dabble with colors continually, he would have fallen into the most egregious blunders; but marrying a woman whom he could trust to choose and mix his pigments, he was enabled to pursue his calling without any very violent breaches of propriety. On one occasion, however, when this valuable helpmate happened to be from home, the husband undertook to paint a room in a public building. He prepared, as he thought, a capital stone-tint, and was rapidly covering the walls with the mixture when he was arrested by some one who told him that he was decorating the place with an unquestionable blue.

Instances like this, however, where there exists a total insensibility to all the leading tints, are comparatively rare. More frequently it happens that the individual is blind to one particular color, or at least incapable of detecting any marked difference between two very discrepant hues. Red is, generally speaking, the shibboleth of those who are imperfectly versed in the language of vision. As we call an object black when it reflects no prismatic ray to the eye, persons thus circumstanced will see little more distinction between blood and tar than a phlebotomist would perceive between the blood of an Englishman and that of a Spaniard. A clerk in a public office frequently astonished his superiors by signing his name to official documents in red ink—he believing that he was doing it in the legitimate Japan. A gentleman who had sent a letter to his family whilst on a journey was surprised to learn on returning home that the first part of the epistle was in black ink and the latter in red. A banker in London made such repeated mistakes in this way that he was at length compelled to keep his inks in standishes of a different shape. Sporting gentlemen have been known who could not discriminate between the black coats and the red ones in the field, particularly when the light was waning. To eyes of this description a regiment of soldiers would appear as mild in their habiliments as if they

were a regiment of civilians, and but for their arms and the warlike cut of their garments, a file of heroes might almost be mistaken for a funeral procession. Many comical mistakes have arisen from this source. A gentleman relates in the *Philosophical Transactions* how he was shocked just before the marriage of his daughter by the appearance of the bridegroom in a suit of black; for in earlier times it seems that color was indispensable to matrimony. Papa insisted that the poor fellow should go home and assume some less melancholy attire; but the bride, who would probably have married him in sackcloth, like a noble woman—at least so we suspect—rushed to the rescue, and declared that her lover was correctly clothed in a rich claret-colored dress. Such was the fact. One day, after service at church, a gentleman went up to a lady and inquired, with great concern, for whom she was in mourning. For no one, was the reply: why should he imagine that such was the case? The querist explained—was not her bonnet a deep black? Certainly not: it was crimson velvet! A person who had lost a relative greatly scandalized his friends by sealing his black-edged letters with red wax, just as many an heir-at-law would probably do, if, after testifying his regard for the memory of the departed by using a sheet with the deepest and darkest of borders, he were at liberty to symbolize his genuine sentiments when he came to the seal. But this was nothing to the blunder of an upholsterer's apprentice who was sent to purchase some black cloth to cover a coffin, and returned with a quantity of scarlet, under the impression that it was as sorrowful a sable as the occasion required.

Next, let us mention a series of cases in which one color is simply confounded with another. Red, for example, may be habitually mistaken for green, or crimson identified with blue. Take the former species of defect; for the clashing of green with red is one of the most popular forms of heterodoxy in regard to hues. A gentleman was asked if he saw any object stretched upon a hedge. He declared there was none. The fact was that a red cloak happened to be thrown over it, and though the exact position was pointed out to him, he could not perceive any difference in color between the garment and the green of Nature. Boys have

more than once become acquainted with their parachromatism—not certainly under that title—by finding that their companions could make easy havoc amongst the cherries whilst they, from inability to discriminate between the hues of the fruit and leaves, were compelled to explore the trees laboriously, and to commit their depredations on a very unsatisfactory scale. The same difficulty has attended their operations whilst foraging in the strawberry-beds. Other most amusing instances are on record. A gentleman was requested to pick out all the greens from a number of pieces of stained glass: he selected the red, brown, claret, yellow, and pink; and when asked to say which was the most emphatic green of the group, he unhesitatingly fixed upon the claret. A surgeon called upon his tailor intending to order a pair of brown pantaloons: he selected the cloth himself; but when the garment came home, the color proved to be as sanguinary as if he were on the point of starting for the wars. He went on another occasion determined to secure his favorite brown, but not being properly aware of his defect, the result was just as unfortunate as before: this time the color adopted was a violent green; and the poor fellow was compelled to get the articles dyed in order that he might not be mistaken for a soldier or a huntsman. A nobleman, whose vision was similarly affected, began to banter his lady one day for wearing a scarlet dress. Her ladyship was at a loss to understand the joke, for her dress was as verdant as the garb of spring. A gentleman, who was fond of drawing used to perpetrate landscapes in which the trees were adorned with red foliage; and when he attempted to execute a marine view, his waves—contrary to all precedent, except they were intended for the Red Sea—were tipped with fine crimson crests. A medical student discovered his defect in a curious way. Whilst attending a course of chemical lectures, the professor performed the usual experiments to show how the colors of vegetable extracts might be changed by the action of acids and alkalis. Pouring his alkaline solution into an infusion of red cabbage, he announced that the liquid would finally become greenish. The student watched the process, but the red cabbage seemed to be very refractory. He waited long, expecting every moment to see the little

prodigy performed. The professor, meanwhile, did not appear at all distressed. There was no chuckling on the part of the students at his discomfiture. On the contrary, he seemed to retire from the experiment as if he were perfectly victorious; and the pupils on inquiry asserted that the vegetable tincture had succumbed without demur, and that the operation had come off with flying colors.

There are many varieties, however, of chromato-pseudopsis—that abominable Greek compound again! In one large class of cases, namely, those in which people are required to distinguish between the more delicate shades of composite colors, Professor Wilson considers that inability is the rule and not the exception. Want of space forbids us touch upon these, and for the same reason we must abstain from discussing the different theories which have been adduced to explain the phenomena of color blindness. Dr. Dalton, who had a right to express an opinion on the subject, since his name has been attached to the infirmity, suggested that one of the humors of the eye might be tinged with some hue which, in his case, he supposed to be “some modification of blue!” Consequently the light transmitted through the optic chamber would be affected on the same principle, as if a little window of stained glass were inserted in the organ. But when, after the chemist’s death, a scientific inquest was held upon his eye, the humors were found to be perfectly pellucid, and the crystalline lens exhibited the yellowish tinge which is customary in the aged. Failing to detect the cause in the liquids of the organ, Sir David Brewster conjectured that the *retina* might possibly be colored; but of this there is no satisfactory proof. Besides these and other chromatic hypotheses, there are theories which refer the defect to some specialty either in the nervous apparatus of the eye, or in the brain, or in both. A phrenologist, of course, settles the question by pointing to the region immediately above the eye but beneath the eye-brow, and if he finds it unsatisfactorily developed, he exclaims: “Sir, number Twenty-six is miserably deficient, what can you expect?” Thank your stars if you can tell a judge in crimson

from an undertaker in sable.” It need scarcely be added that as the cause of the infirmity is so subtle, and its exact seat not yet ascertained, all theory must rest upon a basis of mere conjecture.

But whatever may be the true explanation of this phenomenon, color-blindness has been productive of much inconvenience, and in some instances completely cripples the patient so far as certain occupations are concerned. A bookbinder had an apprentice whom he was obliged to discharge, because the youth ran him into frequent scrapes with his customers by binding books in all sorts of unexpected hues. An artist had a disciple who was compelled to abandon painting, for in copying a picture he made the roses blue, he flushed his sky with crimson instead of azure, and a horse which ought to have figured in the landscape in a modest brown hide was dyed a bluish green. A milliner once mended a lady’s black silk dress with crimson, and a tailor at Plymouth, to whom a dark blue coat was sent to be tinkered, returned it patched at the elbows with pieces as bright as arterial blood. A tailor’s man, who had just been promoted to a post which required him to match colors for the journeymen, applied to Professor Wilson in great distress saying that he must lose his situation unless he could be cured. Number twenty-six appeared to be in a state of insanity, for, amongst other freaks, it had persuaded him to order green strings for the back of a scarlet livery waistcoat, to mate greens with browns, and to put red stripes on some trowsers in place of blue. A haberdasher was asked what became of shopmen whose number twenty-six was sadly at fault. From his reply it seems that these unfortunates frequently take refuge in mourning establishments, where, of course, no appreciation of tints is required, either in the “deep affliction hue,” or in the “mitigated sorrow department.” Chemists have been embarrassed in their pursuits by inability to determine the colors of their precipitates, and a geologist has been known to take a person with him whilst examining a red sandstone district, to point out in the distance where the herbage ended and the red rock appeared. We remember a question of title arising with regard to some property described on a plan, and stated in the deeds to be colored red. But there was a fine long slip of ground which

\* Color is numbered twenty-six in Spurzheim’s system.

manifestly exhibited the same tint, though judging from certain extrinsic evidence it ought to have been painted green. Had not the parties concerned been amicably disposed, the mistake of a color-blind clerk might thus have given rise to a superb amount of litigation. Imagine, too, a young painter madly in love, endeavoring to portray the idol of his heart. What would be her consternation on discovering that her soft blue eyes were a flaming red; that her nose was of the greenest tint, and that her locks hung in rich purple ringlets upon a neck of spotless drab?

There is one very serious form, however, in which color-blindness might be productive of disastrous results. You are traveling by railway; you observe in the distance a man waving a flag. If that flag is red it indicates danger; if green, it simply denotes caution. By night the same purpose is answered by the employment of lamps of corresponding hue. The train goes rushing on. There happens to be some obstruction in the road. Then follows a crash; and in an instant scores of men who, but a moment before, were full of life and perfect of limb, lie mangled beneath the shattered vehicles. How is this? The person whose duty it was to hoist the signal of danger is color-blind, and has seized the wrong flag, or the driver, whose business it was to interpret it, is dead to the difference between red and green. It may be true that catastrophes clearly traceable to this cause may never have occurred on our iron highways; but considering that red and green are the hues which are most frequently confounded in color-blindness—that red is especially treacherous during twilight because it soonest disappears—and that until recently signal-men were never subjected to any practical examination to test the integrity of their vision, we may well shudder at the thought that our lives have repeatedly been staked upon the chance-sufficiency of an official's sight.

There are three or four points connected with color-blindness which we can barely note. First, it is frequently hereditary in families. A Dr. Earle, of the United States, ascertained that amongst his own relatives there were at least twenty individuals who suffered from this oddity of vision. Secondly, ladies are said to be comparatively exempt. Professor Wilson states that in his researches he never heard of more than six feminine instances of color-blindness in this country, and of these he only succeeded in capturing a single decided specimen. Cases however have turned up which show that the men do not bear the exclusive burden, as all polite individuals would doubtless wish the sex to do. Thirdly, it has been alleged that the number of color-blind persons amongst the Society of Friends is inordinately large, and an attempt has been made to explain this inference upon philosophical grounds, for it has been said that the practice of wearing apparel from which all gay tints are excluded, must ultimately tell upon the eye, and in the course of several generations the consequences will mount up until they appear as a decided physical imperfection. Unfortunately for this theory Quakers are not always looking at their clothes, nor are they shut out from the varied hues of nature and art, nor does their defect bear any distinct relationship, complimentary or otherwise, to the prevalent drab of their denomination. The fact that Dalton was a member of their persuasion, and that consequently minuter researches may have been instituted amongst the body, will explain why they have furnished so large a contingent of patients. Lastly, it has been calculated that one individual in every fifty is decidedly color-blind, and taking milder cases into account, it is conjectured that one in every twenty may be more or less affected.

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MR. JOBARD, of Brussels, has invented an artificial statuary marble, which is to be prepared for sculpture in a liquid state, and can be molded with the plaster figure. It is said to be pure and spotless as Carrara; transparent, polished, and hard as the real substance taken from the quarry.

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MADAME JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT performed at a miscellaneous concert, in Dublin, on Monday evening. The *Freeman's Journal* says that the appearance of the fair singer created quite a scene, all the vast assemblage seeming to bend forward whilst peal after peal of welcome greeted her.

From the National Review.

## THE TENERIFFE ASTRONOMICAL EXPEDITION.\*

SIR ISAAC NEWTON observes in his *Optics*, "that, as telescopes can not be so formed as to take away that confusion of rays which arises from the tremors of the atmosphere, the only remedy is a most serene and quiet air, such as may perhaps be found on the tops of the highest mountains, above the grosser clouds." The second edition of the *Optics*, in which this suggestion first occurs, was published in the year 1718. In 1852 Mr. Piazzi Smyth, the Astronomer Royal for Scotland, submitted to the Board of Visitors of the Edinburgh Observatory a scheme for carrying out Newton's suggestion by a summer expedition to the Peak of Teneriffe. On the second of May, 1856, Sir Charles Wood, then First Lord of the Admiralty, consented, on behalf of the Government, to the proposed experiment, and notified to Mr. Smyth that for this purpose the Treasury would place five hundred pounds at his disposal. On the fourteenth of July Mr. Smyth had commenced his work, on the rim of the great crater, at an elevation of eight thousand nine hundred and three feet above the level of the sea. On the twentieth of August he transferred his observatory to a loftier position, at a height of ten thousand seven hundred and two feet, on the central cone itself—the renowned Peak; whence he was driven down by the weather on the nineteenth of September.

These dates show how long a valuable suggestion may be in fructifying. They may also enable those of our readers who will bear them in mind while perusing the following pages to form some estimate of the astonishing amount and variety of work which a properly qualified and zealous observer may accomplish in a few weeks on such a station. Indeed, Mr. Smyth spent his two months on the Peak

so profitably, as almost to atone, on behalf of his countrymen, for their having, for nearly a century and a half, treated with such unaccountable neglect the proposal of a great philosopher, upon whose fame their intellectual rank among civilized nations so largely rests.

We have now before us that part of Mr. Smyth's Official Report which has just been issued from the press, together with a popular narrative of the expedition, he published last year. As we have now used the word "expedition," we must at once inform our readers, that in this case it means Mr. Smyth alone; for throughout he had no assistance, excepting that of his brave, enduring, and not unlearned wife: this we collect from the pages of the popular narrative just mentioned. The part of the Report now published contains only three of the ten books of the entire manuscript. In these three we have the astronomical, the physical and meteorological, and the botanical results of the expedition. The first six, still unpublished, comprise the journals of the work done in the different departments of observation. The tenth is composed of seventy-four photographic illustrations of the geology and botany of the mountain. Really we are bewildered at the variety of objects to which Mr. Smyth's attention was unremittingly directed, and of the scientific instruments by the aid of which his observations were made. We find him noting the phenomena of light, heat, radiation, wind, magnetism, clouds, and rain, and collecting geological and botanical facts as carefully and scientifically as he observes the heavenly bodies themselves. Nothing worth noting in the heaven above, and on or within the mountain beneath, was forgotten. Such an amount of valuable facts was, we believe, never before amassed in so short a space of time by a single observer.

And here we must request our readers to bear in mind, that this expedition, though called an astronomical one, was,

\* *Report of the Teneriffe Astronomical Experiment of 1856, addressed to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.* London and Edinburgh, 1859.  
*Teneriffe; an Astronomer's Experiment.* 8vo. London, 1858.

however, undertaken for astronomical purposes of so novel a description, that many other matters than astronomy *pur et simple* necessarily engaged our observer's attention; while not one of the appliances for observing could be supplied by the locality itself. On the contrary, not only had every instrument to be taken out from this country, and carried up the mountain, but an observatory also to receive them had to be built by the astronomer himself after his ascent, and at a high where no materials for building could be found, excepting an abundance of loose stones; and it was requisite that this structure should be not merely wind and water-proof to a certain extent, but also such as would admit of the proper employment of a variety of scientific instruments. Now here, at home, with all the advantages of architects and skilled workmen, and in close proximity to our largest cities, the mere erection of the walls of an observatory, in the building of which many precautions must be taken, is generally a work of some years, and the correct establishment of the instruments a work of as many more. We find Mr. Smyth, however, without any assistance, excepting that of a native servant and two British tars, who had accompanied him up the mountain, constructing in a few days, we may almost say in a few hours, sufficient shelter for himself, and a *locus standi et operandi* for his instruments, out of the loose stones already mentioned, together with some canvas and a few planks that had been providentially brought up at the time of the ascent. We notice this, not merely as an instance of considerable mechanical resource on the part of our astronomer combined with a thorough knowledge of the requirements of his instruments, but rather for the purpose of reminding those of our readers who may have become familiar with the orderly, but perhaps at times somewhat ponderous, reports of our long-established and thoroughly-furnished home institutions, that they must not be displeased at finding a great deal more variety, and not quite so much minuteness, under every head in the Report of a summer astronomical expedition to a previously uninvestigated and even uninhabited region, two thousand miles away in a tropical sea.

In fact, as was anticipated by Mr. Smyth's brother Astronomer Royal at

Greenwich, in a letter prefixed to the Report, the object of the expedition was not so much to observe with the hope of discovering, in so short a space of time, any new celestial phenomena, as of determining the physical qualities of the place of observation, and of ascertaining for what scientific purposes it was adapted, and what might be probably discovered hereafter, if, in consequence of what Mr. Smyth might report, it were thought desirable to erect a regular observatory on the spot. Of course the physical qualities were mostly meteorological. And as it was generally believed among scientific men, up to the very time when the experiment was tried, that the mountain-top would be found always enveloped in mist, drenched with rain, and swept with wind, and that, therefore, to go to such a place, for astronomical purposes would be only a waste of money and time, a very considerable part of our observer's attention was most properly, and indeed necessarily, devoted to ascertaining the meteorology of the site. It was a good augury of success that the first day upon the mountain presented a transcendently pure and clear sky, and so was directly at variance with the confident predictions of exuberant moisture. But was this sky of the first day the rule or the exception? It was found to be the rule. The desponding prophets would, however, have desponded still, supported by the general, but hitherto indiscriminate, experience of the atmospheric conditions of mountain-tops, had not Mr. Smyth, by a well-sustained series of careful observations, so thoroughly investigated the point as to be able to explain why that particular mountain is enveloped differently to most others.

This is a good instance of the way in which scientific questions, like the rings which spread over the surface of a lake into which a pebble has been cast, expand and multiply around any object of inquiry, however narrowly defined at starting. And thus it came to pass in this so-called astronomical expedition, that not only were there made uninterrupted series of observations of the barometer, thermometer, hygrometer, and other usual meteorological instruments, both at the top and bottom of the mountain, during the whole period of Mr. Smyth's sojourn on the island, but that much attention was also paid to the cumulative evidence as to

climate to be gathered from noting the various features of the vegetation found at different heights, and from the phenomena of physical geography. Nor was there any cessation from these labors until sufficient data had been collected to demonstrate that, for six months at least out of the twelve, there would always be found on the upper parts of the Peak perfect immunity from cloud and moisture, associated with moderate breezes and pleasant temperature.

But even to have ascertained all this was not enough. Every astronomer knows to his cost, that to insure the best performance of his telescopes, not only must there be an absence of actual cloud, but, furthermore, a certain rarely-obtained quiescent state of the whole atmosphere, for in this alone is good *definition* with high magnifying powers possible; and so extremely seldom are the conditions essential for this state of the air to be found at the sea level, that Lord Rosse assures us that whole years have passed away without affording him, among an abundance of clear nights, one of such accurate defining quality as to enable him to use the higher magnifying powers of his great reflecting telescope to any advantage. And as this is a difficulty which continually increases with the size and excellence of the telescopes employed, its solution is becoming more important every day. Now with respect to the attempt made to resolve it on the Peak of Teneriffe, no testimony would have been accepted by the astronomical public as convincing unless procured by the actual use of an optic tube of very high caliber. This testimony our observer was enabled to supply from the recorded performance on the Peak of one of the most valuable equatorial instruments now in this country, (about which we shall have a word or two more to say before we conclude.) He thus succeeded in having satisfactorily ascertained the triple fact, of incalculable importance to practical astronomy, that on such a station the skies are often freer from haze, the stars always decidedly brighter, and the definition very much better, than near the level of the sea. Here we confine ourselves to the general results; but in the Report the statement of the circumstances connected with the numerical degree to which each of these advantages was obtained occupies considerable space.

We might now proceed to describe

some of the physical observations which were made simultaneously with those we have just mentioned — such as the observations connected with the radiation of the sun, the heat of the moon — a long-disputed point at last satisfactorily settled — the black lines on the spectrum under varied optical conditions — all interesting in themselves, and possessing unusual importance from having been made at such a height in the atmosphere, that nearly a third part of its ordinary disturbing effects were practically eliminated; but we deem it better to leave these matters as they present themselves to us in the Report, bristling with hard numbers arrayed in uninviting columns and tables, and pass on to a subject much more generally attractive and intelligible — the use that was made during the expedition of photography and of the stereoscope.

This method of illustration has such great and obvious advantages, that by adopting it, and in such a manner as to demonstrate both its advantages and its practicability, Mr. Smyth has laid the general public, as well as men of science, under a very great obligation. At all events, should it become universal, as we can not but think that it must, to him will belong the far from inconsiderable merit of having been the first to have had recourse to it. Of the seventy-four stereoscopic photographs appended to the Report, the twenty most generally interesting may also be found in our author's *Teneriffe*, accompanied, in a pocket formed in the cover of the volume, by a portable folding stereoscope, adapted to the photographs inserted in the work itself. In these illustrations the greatest gain is not the artistic attainment of solidity and distance, but the gratification of our instinctive longing for exact truth. We here see each object, not as a more or less clever sketcher might have been able to present it to us, or as he fancied that he saw it, but precisely as nature herself would have presented it to our own eyes. These stereoscopic photographs of Mr. Smyth produce in us quite a new sensation: we feel as if we were ourselves the actual observers of the plants, and of the forms and structure of the rocks of the Peak. With a good magnifier, or with our eyes applied to the stereoscope, we feel as sure of our facts and inferences as we should were the objects themselves before us. The advantages of this are so



unquestionable, and the feelings which accompany the perception of them so delightful, that we would fain hope that the day is not distant when the public will demand the adoption of this mode of illustration by every traveler who would have them purchase his work, and when, consequently, no publisher will entertain the question of offering to the public books of travel otherwise illustrated.

The portraits of the great Dragon-tree of Orotava—the subject of some of Mr. Smyth's photographs—exemplify in an amusing and instructive manner the scientific value of this application of the art of sun-painting. We must premise, however, that the interest which attaches to this celebrated tree is mainly due to the fact, that Humboldt, misled by a hasty view of its bulk, inferred that it must have commenced its vegetative career six thousand years ago; and then proceeded to deduce from this inference the existence at that remote date of commercial intercourse between the Guanches, or their unknown predecessors, and the contemporaneous occupants of the Indian peninsula; thus overturning, by the unexpected leverage of botanical evidence, the whole system of received chronology, and calling upon history to admit the unique and unaccountable fact of a highly-developed state of civilization having died out, without leaving the trace of a record excepting the strange one of the existence of a single tree; for when these islands were discovered, or rediscovered, in the fourteenth century, their simple inhabitants were even unacquainted with the use of iron. As might, then, have been expected, we have many portraits of a tree which thus became invested with so much historical, or even pre-historical, interest. One of the most recent of these is to be found in Professor MacGillivray's *Epitome of Humboldt's Travels*. It will be necessary for our purpose to point out some of the errors this contains. In the first place, it represents the tree as having a solid trunk, while, in fact, it has lost its true trunk, which died and rotted away ages ago; that which now supplies the place of the true trunk being a rough imperfect cylinder, composed of aerial and partially inosculating roots, which in the fashion of the Indian fig, support the numerous family of distinct though clustering plants which sprang from the crown of the old and long-since-perished stem.

The Professor next places on the summit of his solid trunk a large number of majestic branches: the Dragon-tree, however, as it belongs to the liliaceous order of plants, can have no true branches at all, but when young exhibits a single, almost palm-like, head of leaves, and when old, a congeries of these heads, each supported by a stem of nearly uniform thickness throughout. His imaginary branches he then clothes with a rich and abundant foliage, reminding us of that of our native elm; whereas the foliage of this Canarian vegetable giant consists of the long lanceolate leaves which constitute one of the features of the natural order to which it belongs. This particular specimen grows upon the rocky broken flank of the mountain, in such a position that its northern side is elevated five feet above its southern; but Mr. MacGillivray places it on the open level ground. He makes its height, if we measure it by the height of the man he represents as ascending a ladder applied to its trunk, a hundred and fifty feet; this, however, is more than double its actual height, which on the north side is sixty-six feet, and on the south fifty-one. Now here are serious misrepresentations, though perhaps almost as unavoidable as serious, in every one of the main features of this famous tree. Mr. MacGillivray fell into them by endeavoring to copy the portrait he found in Humboldt's *Atlas Pittoresque*; and in so doing, just as might have been expected—for, as was said of old, while truth is single and difficult of attainment, error is multifarious and correspondingly easy—deviated from the small degree of truth contained in Humboldt: while the greatest of travelers had himself erred, but only in a less degree, from the same cause; for he had taken his portrait, not from the tree itself, but second-hand from the sketch of M. Ozone, the artist who accompanied the Chevalier de Borda to Teneriffe towards the close of the last century.

Here is a good instance of the way in which, under the only method of illustration hitherto possible, misrepresentations originated and were perpetuated, being magnified at every step. Mr. Smyth, in order to make this progression of error palpable to the eye, has supplied us with a photograph of the tree itself, accompanied by photographs of Ozone's, Humboldt's, and MacGillivray's portraits of it, appending to them the comment, "that the tree

in each succeeding copy rises to a greater height than before; its foliage becomes more abundant, and conformable to European types; its trunk more ligneous and solid, and the ground round about more flat and open. A mere bit of gardener's scaffolding that supports a bending branch, and that has nine cross bars to permit vines to clamber up, is transformed by Ozone into a ladder with fourteen rounds, increased to twenty eight by Humboldt, and to thirty-two by MacGillivray; each of them all the while professing to give a faithful reproduction of his predecessor's picture."

Humboldt, who, in his *Aspects of Nature*, was the first to record the wish for a portrait gallery of trees, in which the physiognomy of each species might be accurately represented, ought to have been the first to welcome Mr. Smyth's application of photography to this purpose, certainly the only means by which such a gallery can ever be obtained. It is, however, odd enough that one of the illustrations of his own great work should accidentally have supplied the foil for setting forth the superiority of the new method. Many of the visitors to the late Photographic Exhibition in Suffolk Street must have had their attention arrested by a group of Palmyra palms from Madras, and three groups (in separate pictures) of cedars, cypresses,\* and other noble trees from the grounds of Stutton Rectory on the river Stour. It would be difficult to exaggerate the value and the interest of such pictures as these; they enable us to study at our leisure, not merely what no human hand could ever have executed for us, but literally what, in its intricacy, minuteness, and multiplicity of parts and lines, no human eye could ever have made out.

And here we can not forbear noticing the very opportune and appropriate confirmation of what we have been saying on this subject, supplied by a work of very great merit that has just issued from the

press of Berlin—we mean, Dr. Herman Schacht's recent volume on the Botany of Madeira and Teneriffe.\* Its accomplished author is one of the most scientific botanists of the present day, and combines with great skill as a draughtsman very considerable attainments as a painter and artist; and the very object of his mission was to draw up from observation on the spot as accurate a description as possible of the plants of those islands. His work, like Mr. Smyth's, is illustrated; but, fortunately for the cause of science—because it thus furnishes us with a demonstration of the superiority of the new method—not like Mr. Smyth's, photographically. We must therefore beg our readers' permission to take them back once more to our now familiar friend the great Dragon-tree; for of course the learned doctor could not but give us, in a botanical work on Teneriffe, a portrait of so celebrated a plant; to have done otherwise would have been to have played *Hamlet* with *Hamlet's* part omitted. His portrait is an original one—original, however, we find only in the sense that it is not copied from a preceding one; for the errors with which it abounds are of the old, we may almost say stereotyped, character, and such as we shall never be rescued from until the photographic camera is used for illustrative purposes. As we look at his representation of the tree by the side of Mr. Smyth's photographs, we see at a glance that the mind of the artist was preoccupied with the types of European vegetation, and the forms of those hot-house exotics he had been accustomed to study in the Berlin Botanical Gardens, and that it is to the portraiture of these that his hand has been trained. The impression it leaves on the mind—for we can not again go into particulars—is, that it exhibits an exemplification of learning misapplied: or, to express ourselves more in conformity with our present object, that it is an instance of how impossible it is, even for an excellent botanist and skillful draughtsman, to do justice to the characteristics of a peculiar and unfamiliar plant without the aid of photography.

No spot upon the globe could have been more replete with interest to the student of nature than proved to be the

\* The late Mr. Loudon, in his *Arboretum Britannicum* (vol. iv. p. 2475, ed. 1838) gives the comparative measurement of the most celebrated English cypresses, from which it appears that one of these at Stutton is the tallest tree of its kind in this country. Twenty years ago he found that it was sixty-three feet in height, while the loftiest at Sion and Fulham were only fifty-two and fifty feet respectively. It is still in vigorous health. The Kenton cypress is its nearest competitor.

\* *Madeira und Tenerife, mit ihrer Vegetation.* Dr. HERMAN SCHACHT. Berlin, 1859.

Peak of Teneriffe on the short but searching examination it underwent on this occasion. No where else, we believe, could such an important variety of phenomena have been submitted to the eye and hand within such narrow limits of space and time. Wafted in a few days from our northern gloom by a voyage the whole length of which was in the direction of latitude, our observer was at once placed at midday under a sun almost vertical, and at night under a sky where the southern constellations rose high in the heavens, and where the ecliptic cut the horizon at so steep an angle that the zodiacal light, rarely seen either eastward or westward in this country, was visible in both directions morning and evening. And this, too, in the trade-wind region, where the weather, the symbol with us of inconstancy and change, is so regular and methodical as to encourage in the observer a hope of his being enabled to solve some of those meteorological problems which elsewhere, in the present state of our knowledge, appear so complicated, that the only feeling suggested by them is that of despair. Above all these was the wondrous Peak itself, rising up from the very beach, and hinting by its magnificently simple figure, without valleys or continuous ridge, that upon its sides many of the causes of the elsewhere confusing interaction of meteorological phenomena would be eliminated; and offering at the same time, for astronomical purposes, a more than Babylonian tower, by which, though heaven could not be scaled, yet the clouds might be easily reached and passed in a few hours; and where the observer, leaving the clouds far below him, might ascend till he had penetrated the north-east trade-wind stratum, and entered the sublime aerial region of the south-west current, always at that altitude hurrying from the equator, and carrying with it, to support the animal and vegetable life of Europe, the moisture which it had collected in its transit over the vast expanse of ocean in the southern hemisphere; and together with this invaluable stratum of moisture, upon which the existence of the highest development of civilization so largely depends, bringing another stratum composed of the marvelous dust clouds gathered up by it in its progress over the continent of South-America.

These thin sheets of rarefied dust-haze

were found to float about a mile above the heavy vapor-clouds of the trade-winds, and nearly on the level of the station occupied by Mr. Smyth for two months. Most unusual opportunities, therefore, were presented to him for observing their habitudes. He frequently found their horizontal density so great as to obscure the sun setting in the distant ocean. Some of their particles which he brought home for microscopic examination proved, in confirmation of the startling discoveries of Ehrenberg and Maury with respect to the same material, to be atoms of sand. In color they were generally of an ochry yellow, a few only being of a bright red, with here and there an occasional fragment of green. The form of almost all the particles was that of quartz rocks in miniature. Having thus found clouds of disintegrated rock crossing the broad Atlantic, we shall cease to wonder at the accounts which the *Times*' special correspondent sent home last autumn of the dense and terribly annoying dust-clouds of the plains of Hindostan.

We refer our readers to the Report itself for fuller particulars of these and other phenomena chronicled in it—of what may be called elemental activity, or, the expression may not be too strong, of the life of nature. They will be found not more instructive with regard to terrestrial climate, than important as contributing to a better understanding of the physical conditions of the other members of our planetary brotherhood. As an instance of their value in the latter respect, we may adduce the thought which flashed on our astronomer's mind while observing, high up the flanks of the culminating cone, that the clouds which he beheld at the moment passing in orderly striæ along the disk of the planet Jupiter were identical in nature and origin with the trade-wind cloud-stratum then beneath his feet. We can sympathize with the enthusiastic feeling which prompts him to speak of this happy thought as a revelation. Two excellent illustrations of these Jovian clouds will be found in the Report.

And, furthermore, the rich flora of the mountain, some of the specimens of which are possessed of very striking peculiarities, was most favorably disposed for observation; and, too, in such a manner as readily to suggest some valuable botanical generalizations. For instance, the particulars of the problem of the distribution

of plants in respect of latitude and height were here presented in a form so singularly simplified, that the exact limits of the habitat of different species were sometimes determined within a few feet. And this fact of what may be called the normal law of distribution, being here conjoined to excessively diversified meteorological conditions—arising from the position of the several localities above or below the cloud, in the stratum of the upper south-west, or in that of the lower north-east wind, which superinduced modifications of light and moisture, in addition to those of heat and elevation—resulted in exemplifying the flora of half the world within the compass of a day's walk, arranged in almost as orderly a manner as specimens in a museum. We are not, therefore, surprised at finding Mr. Smyth, with his botanical scale of distribution, thus tabulated and modified by nature's own hand, spread out before him, arriving at some new conclusions with respect to the manner in which the zones of plants are arranged in relation to distance from the equator, and height above the sea; and insisting on the necessity, in questions of this kind, of attending, more than has hitherto been done, to the amount of radiation, and to the hygrometrical conditions of each locality. He calls attention to the way in which these influences, in exact proportion to their amount—and radiation at all events appeared to culminate on the Peak—modify the types of plants, and invest them with peculiar corresponding characteristics. This is a fact it is important we should not lose sight of, inasmuch as our hot-house cultivation is incapable of supplying these natural conditions to any effective extent. The palms, tree-ferns, and bamboos of the East and West-Indies our gardeners manage, and it is a great triumph of their skill, to keep alive; but the euphorbias of the lower, and the retamas of the highest zone of Teneriffe, require a climatic temperament which art is quite incapable of supplying. The botanical student, therefore, who may be desirous of appreciating these interesting and instructive plants, will find himself obliged to visit the island itself, where the soil is daily bathed with inconceivable floods of light, poured down in surpassing splendor from a sun that, as the rule, blazes ever high in a heaven undimmed by cloud or moisture.

But though the strange and, we may say, antique beauty of many of these Teneriffan plants is what first attracts the attention of the traveler, recalling to his thoughts, if he have some knowledge of scientific botany, the forms of the vegetation which clothed the earth during some of the earlier preadamite epochs, still the geology of the island must ever with the investigator of nature constitute its chief interest; for here is to be studied a volcano as high as Vesuvius would be were it lifted up to four times its present altitude, and exhibiting, together with a crater eight miles in diameter, that is to say, twenty times as large as the Somma of Vesuvius, two hundred square miles of first-class volcanic eruptions and disturbance. And these, though for the most part the product of physical events that occurred countless ages ago, yet from having been elevated into that surprisingly arid stratum of air, now ascertained to prevail between the north-east clouds at four thousand feet of altitude, and the south-west clouds at fifteen thousand feet, have lost nothing of their original sharpness of fracture and distinctness of feature, but continue on, millennium after millennium, setting forth the same lessons to man of the ways and methods of nature's proceedings, and of the constitution and history of this our terrestrial abode.

And here we would ask, by the way, what attention has been paid to these lessons? What attempts have been made to decipher the teaching of this giant among volcanoes? We fear that, if it could make itself heard, it would complain that the important evidence it is capable of furnishing had been too much neglected. Great allowance, of course, must be made for the facts that Teneriffe does not lie in the route of fashionable travel, and that the poor Guanches occupy no place in the stirring records of classical antiquity, and have left in the pages of modern history little trace of themselves beyond a name. The result, however—and to us it appears not a little suggestive—is, that the few who have studied on the spot the phenomena of this great Canarian mountain, seem to agree in holding one theory of volcanic action; while the many who have not qualified themselves for forming an opinion on the subject by actual inspection, entertain another and very different theory. And we can not here refrain from expressing some disappoint-

ment at not yet having seen any published account of Sir Charles Lyell's visit to the Canary Islands, which he undertook now some four years ago for the very purpose of studying its system of volcanoes. The geological public, from their long experience of the high degree in which he combines the faculty of accurate observation with habits of unbiased and intrepid reasoning, have become impatient to hear what he must have to say on this disputed subject.

We have no intention of here dragging our readers into a discussion of the great geological controversy between "elevation-craters" on the one side, and "eruption-craters" on the other. Have the former any existence? or are volcanoes to be classed, some under one head, and some under the other? or, if we might ourselves suggest a third alternative, would not that be found the truest theory which combined the two opposing ones? There can be no doubt but that all mountains, and mountain ranges, are more or less the result of an internal "elevation-force;" why, then, should volcanoes, where this force must exist in great activity, form conspicuous exceptions to the general rule; while on the other side, volcanoes are, *ex vi termini*, instances of eruptive force? The natural conclusion, therefore, appears to be, that, generally speaking, these two forces will be found to have acted conjointly in the production of mountains of this kind. Thus mountain masses may, in the first stages of their growth, have been raised by this force before it became eruptive, and then have received additions both in height and lateral extension from subsequent eruptions, which in such cases would be the simple *dénouement* of a struggle in which the "elevation-force," after having achieved more or less, had at last become irrepressible. To this must be appended the corollary, that when the eruption has taken place a varying amount of crater-forming subsidence will ensue, consequent on the cooling down, and therefore on the contraction, of the internal mass, which will have been reduced both in solid bulk by the erupted matter, and also, but in a far greater degree, by the collapse of the remaining internal mass, which, when heated, was enormously distended by vast volumes of imprisoned gasiform matter. But passing by this great geological moot-point, championed by Hum-

boldt, Von Bach, and our author on the one side, and by Scrope and Jukes, with their retainers, on the other, we will content ourselves with referring our readers to the pages of Mr. Smyth's report, and to his popular narrative of the expedition, in which they will find a great deal said upon the subject, and all the facts which, in the present state of our knowledge, the mountain could be made to yield, stated freely and fairly.

We have endeavored, in as few words as possible, to make our readers acquainted with the results of the Teneriffe astronomical experiment. The sciences of meteorology, botany, and geology, as well as that of astronomy, have unexpectedly been laid under considerable obligations. And now we may be allowed a word or two about the moral of this history. It is simply this, that those of our public authorities upon whom we have devolved the responsibility of commanding, or at all events, of recommending, undertakings of this kind, ought to make further trial of means for advancing science which, even in this necessarily imperfect essay, have proved so extraordinarily fertile. We do not at all mean that another astronomical expedition—a mere repetition of the late one—should be again sent out to Teneriffe, but rather, as far as astronomy is concerned, what we should wish to see attempted would be the "mobilization" of one of our many stationery observers. To confine ourselves for the moment to this, the premier architectonic science. We have nearly a dozen fixed observatories, belonging to the Government or to public bodies, but not one that is movable. Hence the very unsatisfactory result, that of all the great cosmical phenomena with which this science concerns itself as its subject-matter, only those which manifest themselves within the narrow region of our fixed observatories will be well observed: whatever may show itself in some other part of the world will probably pass by, if we may borrow the word, unimproved.

It can hardly be supposed that the expense to the country of such expeditions would form any bar to their being undertaken. A few hundreds for a year or two, occasionally, would not cost more than the addition of a single captain to the British army or navy. And when we think of the tens of millions that are swallowed up every year for the unfor-

unately necessary purposes of war, we must acknowledge, but without in the least degree grudging our gallant services any thing they get, or wishing to see them reduced by the amount of a single man, that it seems to us very false economy not to do something of the kind we are speaking of for science, now that it has become the most productive of all sources of national wealth. While millions are being freely dispensed on every side, we ask for a dole that in Treasury calculations would be quite inappreciable for objects acknowledged by all to be good, and, in these days of scientifically organized industry, in the highest degree remunerative; and which, as the late experiment has demonstrated, may be much advanced by the means we are recommending. Or why should we not do for science what we are doing for art? Very properly, we have no hesitation in granting to the Keeper of our National Gallery a good salary—it would be invidious to say how many times as great as that of our Astronomer Royal—together with, which is also very proper, sufficient means for traveling on the Continent from city to city, with subordinates to aid him, while engaged in the purchase of pictures. No one would say a word against the object here in view, or the liberal manner in which it is carried out. Art has an educational, economical, and humanizing value; and we do well to promote it by the best means in our power. But why not accord to science for the same purpose some assistance of the same kind? It manifestly stands in no less need of it. Is not the advancement of science as much a national concern as the advancement of art? Who can calculate how much science has contributed both to the social progress and to the material enrichment of this country? And it is in our power, at the occasional cost of not so much as a moiety of what is frequently given for a single picture, to send to any part of the world, where any thing is to be learnt or investigated, some able man of science, who will bring back to us valuable and serviceable knowledge of the works, the productions, and the processes of nature.

It must ever be borne in mind, that in this respect the requirements of the natural philosopher and the man of science are wide as the poles apart from those of the pure mathematician or metaphysician. The only instruments these have need of

are their own unaided faculties. All the matter, too, of their observation is within themselves, or, at furthest, on their shelves. So also is it in a great degree with the philologist, the investigators of the different fields of history, and generally with all literary men. There is nothing in their pursuits which makes travel a necessity. Stationary professorships, therefore, offer the most appropriate method for both promoting and rewarding all these studies. These kinds of philosophers may reside permanently, with advantage to themselves and others, either in the metropolis, where books and literary society abound, or amid the academic groves of the Isis and the Cam. But in the case of the natural philosopher much of this is reversed, or, at all events, a new want has to be supplied. No amount of reflective thought, or of literary investigation, ever led to the discovery of a single fact in natural science. To think otherwise would be to adopt the scholastic method of philosophizing, and to hope to evoke the knowledge of new facts, by logical legerdemain, out of what was already known: as if deduction could yield up a wider and more fruitful array of facts than had contributed to the antecedent induction, and of facts differing from them, too, in kind. In natural philosophy the very principle of progress is the Baconian practice of observing and collecting facts, as they present themselves, some here and some there, in the wide field of nature; and in proportion as the facts are well observed, and collected from wider ranges and under more varied circumstances, will our interpretations of nature be true and profitable. If, then, we persist in keeping our men of science, foremost among whom are our astronomers royal, forever anchored to particular buildings, in the neighborhood of our largest and smokiest cities—where, moreover, independent observers will always be found in the greatest number—many important phenomena will be unobserved, and for many others we shall be obliged to depend upon the meager and inaccurate accounts of casual travelers.

The day has gone by for the scientific, or rather quasi-scientific, expedition under a naval captain commanding two ships, and perhaps a thousand men. The world is now open to the single explorer. What is required is, that the Government should listen to the general voice of the scientific

world as to what may from time to time be undertaken with reasonable prospect of advantage, and as to the fittest person for each particular undertaking. If this were done, mistakes either in the objects sought, or in the persons employed, would be rare. Of course, no one would expect, or wish to see, expeditions of this kind becoming matters of yearly occurrence. The saving would amount almost to the whole cost of the old naval expedition for scientific purposes, with the exception of the salary of the naturalist usually attached to it. Every one will understand that these observations have no bearing upon naval expeditions undertaken for nautical, as, for instance, for hydrographical, purposes: what we wish to show is, that the contributions which they may make to science, in the higher and more accurate sense of the word, will for the most part be fragmentary and unsatisfactory; and that we now have within reach a far more promising method of proceeding. Much will be gained by making the scientific investigator his own commanding officer; for being able and zealous—it is such only that we desire to see employed—he will take care, both for the sake of the science to which he is devoted and for his own credit, amply to repay the public assistance that has been accorded him, by the contributions he makes to our enlarged and more profitable knowledge of nature.

If we were ourselves called on to point out something of the kind of which we have been speaking that might be attempted at the present moment, we should suggest that there is just now a very promising opening for sending an enterprising scientific botanist—some worthy successor of Kaempfer and Thunberg—to investigate and report upon the vegetable productions of the Japanese empire. The glimpses we have had of them, really we have not yet had more, have been such as in a high degree to stimulate our curiosity and hope. Here is an extraordinarily dense and ingenious population, possessed of a very ancient civilization, and which has for ages been making the most of whatever nature, in the original distribution of her gifts, apportioned especially to them; and also, we must remember, living and working under climatic conditions not very dissimilar to our own. It may, therefore, we think, be assumed as a certainty—for in

this case we really ought not to speak of a probability—that such an investigation would lead to the discovery of some valuable timber-tree, as serviceable as the *Cryptomeria* or *Wellingtonia* is likely to become; some grain or seed useful for man or beast, some kind of grass, or some esculent vegetable, which would in a few years repay a thousand-fold the insignificant grant of public money that would be required. And over and above these utilitarian results, the investigation of a flora possessed of such marked peculiarities as that of Japan could not fail to yield much valuable knowledge to the purely scientific botanist. We can only regard with mingled astonishment and regret the habitual inadvertency of our public men to considerations of this kind.

We must not omit to place these considerations in connection with the question of education, upon which they have a very important bearing, particularly when regarded from a House-of-Commons point of view, as an object for which public money is granted, and with respect to which, therefore, we ought to see distinctly what it is that we are aiming at, and in what ways it may be most readily and surely attained. A great deal has been said of late years, as much in Parliament as elsewhere, about the advantages which might be expected to result from a larger admixture of physical knowledge with the instruction at present given in our schools. This innovation is advocated with reference as well to our lower as our highest places of education. We do not here express any opinion of our own as to how far the proposed change may be carried with reasonable prospect of advantage; we are only certain that the tendency of opinion is in favor of some attempt of the kind being made. By the side of this we must place the fact, that for the current year eight hundred and thirty thousand pounds of public money has been voted in aid of our common day-schools. This grant has rapidly grown to its present magnitude from the small beginning of twenty thousand pounds allotted to education in 1833, at which figures, however, it remained till 1838. In twenty-one years, therefore, it has increased by eight hundred and ten thousand pounds, or more than four thousand per cent; and is still increasing so rapidly, there appearing to be a disposition in the House to grant almost any sum that may be asked for on

behalf of national education, that our liberality in this department of public expenditure is becoming, as Mr. Gladstone has frequently warned us, somewhat alarming: at all events, it has of late been unstinted, and even lavish, and will probably continue to be of this character. Our case, then, stands as follows: the public require that increased attention should be paid in our schools to physical knowledge, and are pretty unanimously in favor of an annual grant for their support and improvement, of such an amount that a few years back we should have stood aghast at the bare mention of it; shall we not, then, be guilty of an unwise piece of inconsistency, if we refrain from giving what would be a mere drop in our educational grant, and might be saved easily out of almost any one of its items, for the purpose of extending the domain of physical science? For an additional cost that would be quite unfelt, we might obtain additional knowledge that would frequently be beyond price. We can hardly be said rightly to understand the value of knowledge, or to be truly desirous of communicating it, so long as we neglect the surest method of enlarging and perfecting it; a method which has now been tried, and found most fruitful.

There are two classes of persons, fairly entitled to some little consideration in this matter, who would be very great gainers by the occasional mission of men of known attainments and zeal, botanists, geologists, physicists, and naturalists, to interrogate and study nature in some of the many promising though as yet uninvestigated, or insufficiently investigated, because distant, fields of observation. First, there would be that very numerous class who are desirous of knowing what is known, but are hindered by the circumstances of their lives from ever becoming themselves the architects of science. We may be sure that these home-students of nature will think the results of Mr. Smyth's astronomical expedition to Teneriffe well worth the five hundred pounds it cost the country, and that they will be of the same opinion with respect to the results of every future expedition of the kind that might be judiciously undertaken. It would also be of advantage to the best and most useful class of travelers—those who go abroad with the view of carrying on their respective lines of scientific research amid the diversified circumstances and

opportunities which familiarity with different latitudes and longitudes, and with different heights above the sea-level, can alone supply. As knowledge increases, and at the same time the class among us which by the favor of fortune is possessed of leisure becomes more numerous, so also will an increasing proportion of our travelers be of this description; and it is hardly possible but that the practice of sending out such expeditions as that of Mr. Smyth to Teneriffe should have the effect of giving some impulse, and better directed aims, to such traveling. The valuable and interesting reports brought home by properly qualified investigators, would show to those whom nature had endowed with any scientific instincts what might be done, and how to do it. This would infallibly increase the class of persons, possessed of native capacity for doing good service to science, who would thus be led on to seek laurels for themselves in the distant fields of research; or, if they were debarred from this, would contribute towards enabling others to investigate them.

In the Report before us there are some facts that we are glad to make generally known, from which we may fairly augur that the anticipation we have just expressed would not be disappointed. As soon as it was understood that the Treasury had enabled Mr. Smyth to carry out the Teneriffe experiment, offers of assistance began to flow in from many private quarters, exceeding in pecuniary value even the bounty of the public; while they possessed an especial value of their own, inasmuch as they gave a measure of the estimation in which scientific pursuits are held by our countrymen. Mr. Robert Stephenson, with a liberality and zeal for research worthy of the name he bears, placed at his disposal, for as long a time as the object he had in view might require, his yacht the *Titania*, a finely molded vessel of the new school, of one hundred and forty tons burden, and manned with a picked crew of sixteen able seamen. As our observer went out and returned in this vessel, Mr. Stephenson must have abandoned its use for the whole summer and autumn; or rather, as we have no doubt he feels, was glad to find that an opportunity had occurred for enabling him to employ it so well. Another of our working scientific men of the north, Mr. H. L. Pattinson, who at the



date of the expedition—we regret to hear that he has since died—was carrying on at Newcastle one of the largest chemical manufactories in the kingdom, prompted by the same desire for promoting science, requested Mr. Smyth to accept, for the purposes of the experiment, the loan of the equatorial instrument we have already had occasion to speak of as one of the most valuable ever constructed in this country; to be used, too, he was well aware, on a service where every thing was so untried, that no insurance company could be found to guarantee its value at any amount of premium paid for the greatest risks. We must here mention, that one of the many interesting passages in the narrative of the expedition is the account of the way in which our astronomer, by dividing this massive and stately instrument into its component parts, (a proceeding which, generally speaking, no one but the maker would have hazarded—Mr. Smyth, however, happened to be an excellent mechanic,) and by distributing them into seven convenient parcels for as many mules and packhorses, at last succeeded in carrying it to a height of more than two miles above the sea, and in putting it together again, so as to be able, night after night, to observe with it up to the full extent of its battery of magnifying powers, and in bringing it home, after all, without any serious hurt. Having particularized these two great instances of generous and valuable coöperation, we omit those of minor importance; Mr.

Smyth, however, very properly enumerates them all in his Report. And here we would add a reference, but merely a reference, to the evidence in confirmation of what we have been saying supplied by Dr. Joseph Hooker's botanical mission to the Himalaya; another, but the only other instance we can adduce of the kind of expedition we have been recommending. All who have read the two delightful volumes in which it is recorded, will remember that in its direct and collateral results it was as successful and encouraging as Mr. Smyth's. And not only did it issue in equal gains to science, but it also elicited similar assistance from private sources. What, then, we are desirous of seeing in this matter is, that public opinion should be awakened to the advantage of such undertakings. The government in that case would not be slow in according its necessary countenance and aid. The only difficulty would lie in the chance of unfit men being selected; but this is a difficulty which generally may be surmounted by the mere wish to guard against it; and it was completely escaped in the two instances before us. Zeal and knowledge already exist abundantly. Active sympathy will manifest itself wherever confidence can be felt. We have no misgivings as to the estimation in which the public will hold the results of such expeditions as Mr. Smyth's astronomical experiment on the Peak of Teneriffe, and Dr. Hooker's botanical investigation of the Himalaya.

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THE Governor of Western Siberia sends a yearly list to St. Petersburg of all the convicts that have arrived. The last published return comes down to January 1, 1855, according to which the persons who reached Siberia in 1854 were 7530, of whom 5649 were men, 1134 women, and 747 children. The condition of exiles in Siberia has much improved within the last few years.

THE consumption of snails is steadily increasing in Paris. More than a million francs' worth of this exquisite, generous, and nutritious animal are brought to market during the year.

AN ascent of Mount Blanc has been made by a route hitherto supposed impracticable. The party leaving Chamounix consisted of the Rev. E. Headland, G. Hodgkinson, and C. Hudson, and Messrs. W. Foster and George Joad, and was accompanied by six Chamounix guides. This route is free from crevices, rocks, and any similar difficulties.

DURING the late thunder-storm an immense quantity of shells fell from the clouds upon the grass plots in the Library-square of Trinity College, Dublin.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## MOUNTAINEERING—THE ALPINE CLUB.\*

THE sporting passion exists to a greater or less degree, in some shape or other, in the breast of every genuine British man. But the great discovery of the day is a species of sport to which its devotees have given the not unapt name of Mountaineering. This is connected with science so far that every description of a new ascent of a peak, or remark on some hitherto unvisited glacier, may be considered as a contribution, however humble, to the great and growing study of physical geography. It possesses the two great elements of hazard—namely, danger and uncertainty, in the perils to which climbers of high mountains are liable, and the uncertainty of an undiscovered way, the discovery of which is the prize sought for. As the old kinds of sport had their Jockey Club, Royal Yacht Club, Four-in-hand Club, etc., so is this new kind represented by its Alpine Club, the date of the foundation of which may be supposed to give a local habitation and a name to the new national sport. Peculiar advantages belong to this new kind of amusement which are found in no other. The scenes where it is carried out give the idle or working man of the over-civilized world the greatest attainable change. He is transported from the reek of cities and the dull air of plains, to regions of freshness and vitality, where the air itself seems to produce a kind of innocent intoxication. He is carried away by those railways, which are in general inimical to the hardy physical life, as by magic, in a few hours, and at small cost, into the grandest regions of the earth, for the difference between the Alps and Himalayas can be only one of scale. The effects of either on the spirit of man must be that of sublimity unapproachable by his intelligence. He is wafted from all the vulgar pettiness, the little social annoyances and tyrannies, the inexorable

prose of our everyday associations, into a world which is not of this world—where God and Nature is all in all, and Man is next to nothing; and from whose summits of tranquil glory, if they could be seen in the distance, the vast hosts who contended at Solferino would appear, indeed, as the *Times'* correspondent described them, like two heaps of miserable ants struggling for the possession of a miserable ant-hill. He flies to a region of eternal liberty, far above politics or polemics, where only those who never will be slaves find themselves at home. Such are the Switzer, the Norseman, and the Briton; and such are the noble Tyrolese, though nominally subjects of a master.

"In den Bergen ist Freiheit, der Hauch der  
Grüfte  
Steiget nicht in die schönen Lüfte;  
Die Welt ist vollkommen überall,  
Wo der Mensch nicht hineinkommt mit sei-  
ner Qual."

"In the Hills is Freedom, the reek of dells  
Climbeth not to those breezy fells;  
The world is built on perfection's plan,  
Where, fretting and fretful, intrudes not  
man."

The lines, we believe were written by the late great naturalist and mountaineer, Alexander von Humboldt. If not by him, by some one who felt as he did. We might almost have wished that the Alpine Club had named themselves after that great cosmopolitan philosopher, who made mountains rather than men his study, but who conferred no small benefit on his species in impressing on the minds of men the magnificence of mountains, those objects which, more than any others in nature, (those heavenly bodies which, from distance, we can not understand, not excepted,) give the impression to the human mind of thrones of the Eternal. By better acquaintance with their dangers, they have lost much of the mysterious horror in which the first ages enshrouded them, but there has been an incalculable gain to

\* *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers: A Series of Excursions by Members of the Alpine Club.* London: Longmans. 1859.

the human soul in the contemplation of their superb loveliness. We will venture to say that the first impression of a snowy range on the eye of a traveler, as soon as he has realized that it is not cloud, is not one of fear or shrinking, but the acknowledgment of the presence of an incredible beauty, and the desire to be amongst those wonders, and see more of them as soon as possible. For ourselves, we shall always count it as one of the great days of life, when, on turning an angle of forest near Shaffhausen, the range of the Bernese Oberland, well known in the names of its peaks, first burst into view. No scene seen before or since ever seemed to excite us equally. Yet in grandeur the view of Mount Blanc from the Jura is superior.

The aim and end of the Alpine Club is a noble one. By its publications it enables different individuals among its members, by the simple and faithful account of their mountaineering experiences, to combine a record whose testimony will be of especial value to science, besides provoking in our youth a noble emulation, and giving them a taste for the higher kinds of relaxation. Any member, however humble, who is satisfied, without theorizing, to put down what he sees with his eyes, and what he has gone through and done, contributes to the general result; and the general result is a knowledge which is its own reward, in the elevation of character it confers on those who ponder on the marvels of God's creation, and familiarize themselves with those phenomena which appear to the eye alike of the poet and the philosopher, the Shekinah of our modern world, the visible manifestation of the presence of the Almighty.

The circumstances of the foundation of this Club are given in the preface to this its first publication:

"Of late years an increasing desire has been felt to explore the unknown and little-frequented districts of the Alps. The writings of Professor J. D. Forbes, those of M. Agassiz and his companions, and of M. Gottlieb Studer, led many, in whom the passion for Alpine scenery was blended with a love of adventure and some scientific interest in the results of mountain travel, to strike out new paths for themselves, and especially in the higher snow-region, which had before been almost completely shunned by ordinary travelers. Practice has developed the powers of those who undertook such expeditions; experience showed that the dangers con-

nected with them had been exaggerated; while, at the same time, it taught the precautions which are really requisite. The result has been to train up among the foreign visitors to the Alps, but especially amongst our own countrymen, many men as familiar with the peculiar difficulties and risks of expeditions in the high Alps, and as competent to overcome them, as most of the native guides.

"The powers thus acquired have been chiefly directed to accomplishing the ascent of the highest summits, or effecting passes across the less accessible portions of the Alpine chain; and within the last five years the highest peak of Monte Rosa, the Dom, the Great Combin, the Alleleinhorn, the Wetterhorn proper, and several other peaks never before scaled, have been successfully attacked by travelers, most of whose names will be found among the contributors to this volume. In the accidental intercourse of those who have been engaged in such expeditions, it has been perceived that the community of taste and feeling amongst those who, in the life of the high Alps, have shared the same enjoyments, the same labors, and the same dangers, constitutes a bond of sympathy stronger than many of those by which men are drawn into association; and early in the year 1858, it was resolved to give scope for the extension of this mutual feeling amongst all who have explored high mountain regions, by the formation of the Alpine Club. It was thought that many of those who have been engaged in similar undertakings would willingly avail themselves of occasional opportunities for meeting together, for communicating information as to past excursions, and for planning new achievements; and a hope was entertained that such an association might indirectly advance the general progress of knowledge, by directing the attention of men, not professedly followers of science, to particular points in which their assistance may contribute to valuable results. The expectations of the founders of the Club have not been disappointed; it numbers at the present time nearly a hundred members, and it is hoped that the possession of a permanent place of meeting will materially further the objects which it has proposed to itself."

In referring to the Atlas to identify the scene of the exploits of those members of this Club who have published an account of their excursions, we find that it is chiefly limited to the highest region of the Swiss Alps. Adventures in this region compose the bulk of the volume. An interesting account of the primeval glaciers in the region of Snowdon in North Wales follows; and one of the most active contributors, Mr. Hardy, gives an account of an ascent of *Ætna* with the following preamble:

"*Ætna!* What business has an ascent of *Ætna* in the chronicle of the doings of the

Alpine Club? *Ætna* is not in the Alps; nor is it thirteen thousand feet high, as the *Catanians* vainly pretend. Let me tell the objector that the Alpine Club, while it derives its name from one familiar group of mountains, is thoroughly catholic in its principles, and already sees visions of a banner with a strange device floating on the summit of *Popocatepetl* and *Dhawalagiri*, and is hoping by the influence of its enlightened members to drive out the last remnants of the worship of *Mighty Mumbo Jumbo* from the Mountains of the Moon."

Thus we may hope that, if this book meet with the success it deserves, it will be the first of a long series which in time will embrace accounts of expeditions to all the principal mountain-chains in the world, and unite in one great work the various isolated narratives which have been published by scientific travelers and others; such as was, for instance, Dr. Hooker's account of the mountains of *Sikkim* in the *Himalaya* range, which is replete with valuable observation; and amongst other facts mentions the deposition of *Dhawalagiri* and the coronation of "*Kinchinunga*," now, we believe, within the dominions of her *Brittanic Majesty*, as "the monarch of mountains," according to present knowledge. If we look at the map of the world, we see that at least two of the great continents are held together, as it were, by a huge ridge or backbone of mountain elevation which, although in the case of the eastern hemisphere suffering partial interruption, may be roughly described as continuous from one ocean to the other. In *Africa* the case does not appear to be quite so clearly made out, for the precise center of that continent seems never to have been explored. Dr. *Livingstone's* researches only embrace the center of the southern lobe of that great continent, and he appears to have established there, not the existence of a supposed chain of mountains, but a tolerably elevated table-land with a basin in the middle, from the edges of which descend the rivers *Congo* and *Zambesi*. It is not impossible that in *Africa* also, at its widest part, there is a similar backbone beginning not far from *Sierra Leone* in the west, and losing itself in the east in the mountains of *Abyssinia*. In *America* the mountain-spine, as is well known, trends north and south, while in *Europe* and *Asia* its direction is east and west, It begins with the mountains of *Biscay* in *Spain*, passes on through the *Pyrenees* with a slight interruption into the high

Alps, which throw off the important spur or rib of the *Apennines*; thence it divides into the *Balkan* and the *Carpathians*, which, not being quite so high, appear to have distributed the forces of elevation. We trace the chain next in the *Caucasus* and the mountains of *Armenia*, in *Persia*, with the interruption of the *Caspian Sea*, passing into the *Hindoo Koosh* and *Himalaya*, where are found the highest known mountains. Hence the chain forks and takes a direction with its spurs north and south, the great bulk of the empire of *China* appearing on the map of *Asia*, as a kind of huge delta, formed by the ramifications of mighty rivers, and raised out of a primeval sea.

As the *Himalayas* are the culminating region of this vast system in *Asia*, so do the *Swiss* and *Piedmontese Alps* form its highest ground in *Europe*. If we turn to the map of *Switzerland*, we find that the primary and secondary Alps of that interesting country comprise about half of its whole area, and there it is that we must look for the broadest part of the great *European spine*, the elevation of the secondary mountains, or subordinate chain, appearing in the peaks of the *Bernese Oberland* nearly as great as that of the primary, which may be considered to number among its peaks *Mont Blanc*, *Monte Rosa*, and the *Matterhorn*, and to carry over its summits the frontier line of *Switzerland* and *Italy*.

*Switzerland* may be roughly divided into two halves, one of which, from north-east and the lake of *Constance* to south-west and the lake of *Geneva*, comprises nearly all the ground that a model farmer would care to have in his hands, much of the country in the north closely resembling *England*, and the *Pays de Vaud* resembling the richest part of *France*. But even this comparatively champaign country is cut up and confused with minor ranges and peaks, and studded with lakes, and its largest plains are rather broad valleys or elevated table-lands, such as that on which the city of *Berne* is situated. The other half, bounded by the *Lake of Lucerne* on the north, and *Lago Maggiore* on the south, by the *Tyrol* on the east, and *Savoy* on the west, *Triptolemus Yellowley* would hardly take as a gift; and yet to the poet, the artist, the man of science, and the lover of daring adventure, it is by far the most valuable part of *Europe*. In the neutral ground between

these two portions, and where they insensibly blend with each other, is the cradle of Swiss liberty, the four so-called forest cantons of Schwytz, Uri, Unterwalden, and Lucerne. Round them as a nucleus, in course of time, the other cantons have clustered, a source of strength in a military and political point of view, and yet in some sense a source of weakness, as presenting to the eye of an invader fertile plains easy accessible, which may be held as a pledge for the submission of the whole confederation.

Britons have natural sympathies with Switzerland and the Swiss. They love beautiful scenery, and they still look upon the Swiss mountains as a "fortress formed to Freedom's hands"—a lighthouse rock in the ocean, round which a sea of despotism may surge in vain. Sir Walter Scott, in *Anne of Geierstein*, has compared Scotland with Switzerland as to national characteristics. We may further compare the two countries as to natural configuration; the highlands and lowlands of each are divided by an imaginary diagonal line running N.E. to S.W.; but in Scotland the mountains lie to the north of that line, and the plains or comparative lowlands to the south; in Switzerland *vice versa*. The principal scene of the exploits of our Alpine Club is in the central and southern part of the highlands of Switzerland, with occasional detours in the neighborhood, in that vast ice-and-rock world which lies on either side of the valley of the Rhone which divides the Bernese Oberland from the Pennine range.

The first paper which meets the eye is signed Alfred Willis, and relates "the Passage of the Fenêtre de Salena, from the Col de Balme to the Val Ferret, by the Glacier du Tour, the Glacier de Trient, and the Glacier de Salena." The position of the scene of this expedition shows how futile is the common complaint of travelers, that certain mountain districts are so hackneyed and familiar as to have exhausted all interest. It lies close to Chamouny—that "den of thieves," according to one of the contributors—that little London of the High Alps, as we may call it—and diverges from the route of the Col de Balme, which is traversed every year by hundreds of tourists of different nations—the Oxford Street or Strand of the Alps. Our experience has led us to the observation, that although, in beautiful scenery of

world-wide celebrity, the streams of tourists follow each other like sheep through certain paths and passages, by diverging a little to the right or left of these, even where, except to the adventurous, no ice region presents insurmountable obstacles, the solitudes of nature may be entered, full of new and endless beauties, where human foot "hath ne'er or rarely trod." The Rhine country perhaps furnishes our strongest instance, where by following the lateral valleys, the genuine lover of nature may have nature to himself quite as perfectly, except in idea, as in the wilds of Sutherland or of Norway. This passage of the Fenêtre de Salena was full of grand impressions, and highly spiced by adventure. A ridge was reached overhanging the Glacier de Trient, in descending from which one of the party nearly met with a fatal accident.

"We found some rocks jutting out here and there along this ridge, which greatly facilitated our progress. It was, however, a matter of considerable difficulty, for the ice was hard and very slippery, and the snow not deep enough to be of much service. The descent that lay before us was the nearest approach to the last *arête* of the Wetterhorn that I have ever met with. After breaking through an overhanging cornice of frozen snow, we began our descent with much caution, making free use of the ropes. After a while we came to two rocks, about fifteen or twenty feet apart, each upon the very edge of the ridge, which was here somewhat deeply covered with snow. Balmat and I were the first, and we thought that we might venture to slide from one rock to the next, and so avoid the labor of step-cutting, and the tedious precaution of using the ropes. We reached the lower station in safety, but R., who came next, lost his direction, and was going over to the left, down a fearful slope of ice three or four hundred feet high, too steep for us to see in what it ended, but separated, in all probability, by a *bergsschund* from the Glacier de Trient; for we found one at the foot of the gentler slope on the right. It was a terrible moment, as there was only one chance. It was utterly impossible for him to stop himself, or for either of the men to help him. Balmat was already some distance below cutting steps, and Cachat was engaged with W. twenty or thirty paces higher up. R. showed great presence of mind. *He did not utter a word, but threw himself on his right side, so as to pass as near to the edge as possible, and stretched out his arm for me to grasp. Fortunately he passed just within my reach, and I was able to catch his hand and arrest his progress—otherwise it might have been a sad day for all of us.*"

That laborious day was followed by a

very uncomfortable bivouac, reminding the reader of a narrative of the Peninsular War, when the detachment was brought to a stand-still in the middle of a plowed field, and the order was issued that they should make themselves *comfortable* for the night—an order, as the writer characteristically remarked, most difficult to obey.

"The slop on which we were encamped was so steep, that no one who was not fortunate enough to find a hole in which to nestle could keep himself from slipping, especially as the bilberry bushes on which we lay were soaking wet with the heavy dew. W., who is great at sleeping, with admirable instinct found a most eligible hollow close against the fire, where the only danger he incurred was that of being scorched; but it was the only place of the kind; and, after trying every spot which seemed to give the slightest promise of support, and finding that no where could I keep myself from slipping down except by clinging to the wet bushes, I was obliged to desert the fire, and betake myself to the under side of a boulder about thirty yards off, where I had the double advantage of a hollow to sit in and a back to lean against. Here I tied my handkerchief over my head, and tried to think I was very warm and comfortable; but I was not so successful but that I was very glad when Balmat brought me a large stone, which he had heated in the embers of our fire, to sit upon."

Those who are not, like the gentleman in his narrative, "great at sleeping," always find, that how to get the proper amount of rest at night is a great difficulty in long mountain excursions. For ourselves, we confess that we have never succeeded in sleeping much in an elevated bivouac. We have often slept on the hard deck of a steamer, as one memorable instance reminds us, when we were awakened by the *sacré nom* of a French sailor who tumbled over what he supposed a bale of goods wrapt in a plaid, on a fine night in the Bay of Biscay. The excitement and novelty of the scene, and the certain amount of cold that it is impossible to exclude, we have generally found fatal to sleep. We recollect a glorious bivouac on the Alp of the Watzman, in the Salzburg Mountains, where we lighted a fire of pine wood, which we had the subsequent satisfaction of knowing awakened interest at a great distance. There were German students and a number of mountain maidens who sang their provincial songs, having been attracted by our fire, and consequently plenty of hilarity, but

very little sleep. The result was, that most of us fell asleep on the very narrow summit of that mountain at nine A.M. the next morning. In fact, it is much easier on these excursions to obtain rest, which is as necessary as food, at mid-day, than at midnight. Whence we would always prefer making such excursions as nearly as possible on the longest days of the year. And thus it is obvious that among the Scandinavian mountains, where the day in summer is nearly continuous, open-air sleeping is more easily managed than in the Swiss Alps.

The "Col du Géant" is a well-known pass, and in the regular programme of the Chamouny guides, but to those who swerve a little from the beaten track, plenty of adventures present themselves in threading the *séracs*, or castellated masses of glacier ice. Here is one of them:

"Looking now to the right, I suddenly became aware that high above us, a multitude of crags and leaning columns of ice, on the stability of which we could not for an instant calculate, covered the precipitous incline. We were not long without an illustration of the peril of our situation. We had reached a position where massive ice-cliffs protected us on one side, while in front of us was a space more open than any we had yet passed; *the reason being that the ice avalanches had chosen it for their principal path.* We had just stepped upon this space when a peal above us brought us to a stand. Crash! crash! crash! nearer and nearer, the sound becoming more continuous and confused, as the descending masses broke into smaller blocks. Onward they came! boulders half a ton and more in weight, leaping down with a kind of maniacal fury, as if their whole mission was to crush the *séracs* to powder. Some of them, on striking the ice, rebounded like elastic balls, described parabolas through the air, again madly smote the ice, and scattered its dust like clouds in the atmosphere. Some blocks were deflected by their collision with the glacier and were carried past us within a few yards of the spot where we stood. I had never before witnessed an exhibition of force at all comparable to this, and its proximity rendered that fearful which at a little distance would have been sublime. My companion held his breath for a time and then exclaimed, '*C'est terrible! il faut retourner.*' In fact, while the avalanche continued, we could not at all calculate upon our safety. When we heard the first peal, we had instinctively retreated to the shelter of the ice bastions; but what if one of these missiles struck the tower beside us! would it be able to withstand the shock? We knew not. In reply to the proposal of my companion, I simply said: 'By all means if you desire it;

but let us wait a little.' I felt that fear was just as bad a counselor as rashness, and thought it but fair to wait until my companion's terror had subsided. We waited accordingly, and he seemed to gather courage and assurance. I scanned the heights, and saw that a little more effort in an upward direction would place us in a less perilous position, as far as the avalanches were concerned. I pointed this out to my companion, and we went forward. Once, indeed, for a minute or two, I felt anxious. We had to cross in the shadow of a tower of ice, of a loose and threatening character, which quite overhung our track. The freshly-broken masses at its base, and at some distance below it, showed that it must have partially given way some hours before. 'Don't speak, or make any noise,' said my companion, and although rather skeptical as to the influence of speech in such a case, I held my tongue, and escaped from the dangerous vicinity as fast as my legs and alpenstock could carry me."

We can not say that we are inclined to share the skepticism of Professor Tyndall,\* the author of this account, as to the effect of the voice in bringing down small or great avalanches, whether of stones or ice-blocks. It is the last ounce that breaks the camel's back, and the least vibration of the air may originate a movement which was only suspended by the perfect stillness of the atmosphere. It is not more extraordinary that the slight shake of the voice should precipitate a ton of just balanced matter, than that a little touch of the hand should set the Logan-stone rocking. We remember once standing immediately under the glacier of the Hinter-rhein, and on a sudden calling out to the guide, who had followed us from the village of Splügen, and who was at a little distance behind us. The first words served to awake stones which were sleeping on the face of the ice, and set them bounding over the slope. We went on speaking, our guide answering nothing, but making frantic gestures instead, until a larger block than usual, coming as from a catapult within a few feet of our heads, interpreted his meaning, which was, that there was only safety in silence. As soon as we ceased to speak, the *mitraille* from the glacier ceased also.

The paper next in order contains an account of excursions on the western side of Mont Blanc, including the Col de Miage, by Mr. Vaughan Hawkins. This

paper is valuable as portraying difficulties experienced in consequence of the Alpine traveler's great enemy, "stormy weather," and at the same time from showing the expedients to which courage and presence of mind may resort to make the best of it, preventing others from extreme discouragement under circumstances which are sufficiently common, in all mountainous districts.

Mr. W. Matthews, Jr., is the next writer. He gives an account of most interesting explorations in "the mountains of Bagnes, with the ascents of the Vêlan, Combin, and Graffeneire, and the passage of the Col du Mont Rouge." This mountain labyrinth lies to the right of the historic pass of the great St. Bernard, and the great height at which the Hospice is situated makes it a most eligible starting-point for excursions into it.

"There are few parts of Switzerland which more richly reward the lovers of Alpine scenery, and which have been hitherto so utterly neglected, as the magnificent mountain-ranges which inclose the savage defile of the Val de Bagnes. Six great glaciers pour their frozen streams into this valley, one of them famous as the cause of the melancholy inundation of 1818; and from the chain of the Combin, which forms its western barrier, and occupies the triangular space between the two branches of the Dranse, rises a great alp, a hundred feet higher than the Finsteraarhorn. Yet not one in every hundred of the crowds of tourists, who flock every year to the St. Bernard Hospice, turns aside at Sembranchier into the Val de Bagnes, and of these scarcely any one has explored the snow-basin of Corbassière, or wandered over the ice-fields of Chermontane; while those writers who have made the passage of the Col de Fenêtre, have invariably described the 'inaccessible precipices of the Combin' with the sort of hopeless feeling with which they might have spoken of the mountains of Sikkim or Nepal."

The "inaccessible" Combin was surmounted by Mr. Mathews "in six hours of easy walking (?) from Corbassière!" The remarks which conclude this most interesting account of high rambles will meet with a ready response from all sympathetic readers.

"To those who feel wearied—as who does not at times? with the ceaseless mill-work of England, in the nineteenth century, there is no medicine so soothing, both to mind and body, as Alpine travel, affording as it does interesting observation and healthy enjoyment for the present, and pleasant memories for the time to come. . . ."

\* We see by the *Times* that this gentleman has ascended Mount Blanc this summer, and succeeded in passing twenty hours on the summit.

"Very many happy days have I spent among the 'peaks, and passes, and glaciers' of the Alps, but I look back upon none of them with feelings of such great satisfaction as upon those in which I wandered among the unknown fastnesses of the 'Montagnes de Bagnes.'"

Within the four last years the popularity of Chamouny has been eclipsed by that of Zermatt, chiefly, we suppose, in consequence of the neighborhood of the still unscaled Matterhorn. Whether this mountain will remain or not the real Jungfrau of the Alps, is a question which will doubtless soon be resolved.

By comparing the narratives given in this volume, we observe that almost all the more important peaks have been scaled, or are considered scalable, from some side or other. These very glaciers and snow-fields which festoon the sides of the *aiguilles*, and present so many dangers and difficulties to the traveler, have nevertheless furnished him with paths which, though seldom easy, are generally practicable. We have observed in many places rocks—not mountains—of the same character of the Matterhorn. We speak here at second-hand, never having seen the Matterhorn ourselves but at a great distance. The Matterhorn is rather a rock than a mountain—the highest rock in Europe, as Mont Blanc is the highest mountain. Its precipices appear to be practicable only by the same process by which precipices of equal slope are surmounted or passed when they consist of ice or *névé*—that is, by cutting steps in them. But, as in the case of the Matterhorn, the problem seems to be how to climb sheer steps of nearly smooth rock; the process would be a most difficult and tedious one. Some one must of necessity go first, and, after cutting as many steps as possible at a time, come back the way he came. It might be possible to plant the pin of a rope securely in some chink, or to drive it into the solid rock; and the next ascent might be made with help of the rope. We shall doubtless hear of something of the kind being done or attempted soon, for there is a certain class of British travelers who would risk life for the sake of a successful ascent of the Matterhorn. Whether the result would justify the peril, is a question for their determination, not for ours. If to risk life for mere national or personal glory be justifiable, we should prefer such a path to glory to that one which lay over the

hecatombs of Solferino. The fifth chapter of our book contains an account of a journey from Zermatt to the Val d'Anniviers, by the Trift Pass, by Mr. Hinchliff. The great difficulties of the ascent of the Col were successfully surmounted, and the party found an anchorage on an open plateau of *névé* on the descent.

"The provision knapsacks were emptied and used as seats; bottles of red wine were stuck upright in the snow; a goodly leg of mutton on its sheet of paper formed the centre, garnished with hard eggs and bread and cheese, round which we ranged ourselves in a circle. High festival was held under the deep-blue heavens; and now and then, as we looked up at the wondrous walls of rocks which we had descended, we congratulated ourselves on the victory with a quiet nod indicative of satisfaction. M. Seiler's beautiful oranges supplied the rare luxury of a dessert, and we were just in the full enjoyment of the delicacy when a booming sound, like the discharge of a gun far over our heads, made us all at once glance upwards to the top of the Trifthorn. Close to its craggy summit hung a cloud of dust, like dirty smoke, and in a few seconds another and a larger one burst forth several hundred feet lower. A glance through the telescope showed that the fall of rocks had commenced, and the fragments were leaping down from ledge to ledge in a series of cascades. Each block dashed off others at every point of contact, and the uproar became tremendous; thousand of fragments, making every variety of noise according to their size, and producing the effect of a fire of musketry and artillery combined, thundered downwards from so great a height, that we waited anxiously for some considerable time to see them reach the snow-field below. As nearly as we could estimate the distance, we were five hundred yards from the base of the rocks, so that we thought that come what might we were in a tolerably secure position. At last we saw many of the blocks plunge into the snow after taking their last fearful leap; presently much larger fragments followed, taking proportionably larger bounds. The noise grew fiercer and fiercer, and huge blocks began to fall so near to us that we jumped to our feet, determined to dodge them to the best of our ability. 'Look out!' cried some one, and we opened our right and left at the approach of a monster, evidently weighing many hundred weight, which was coming right at us like a huge shell fired from a mortar. It fell with a heavy thud not more than twenty feet from us, scattering lumps of snow into the circle where we had just been dining; but scarcely had we begun to recover from our astonishment, when a still larger rock flew exactly over our heads to a distance of two hundred yards beyond us. The malice of the Trifthorn now seemed to have done its worst. The fact was that the fall had taken place too near to the



line of our descent for the remembrance of it to be altogether pleasant."

The situation in which Mr. Hinchliff and his companions stood under fire on this occasion, brings to our memory an occasion when two tourists, standing on the plateau which connects the two Glyders in North-Wales by unthinkingly rolling a small stone over the brink of a precipice above Llyn Idwal, were the agents of a similar catastrophe. As it grew to a climax, they felt as if the guilt of blood would be on their heads should any adventurous wight be exploring the very sequestered valley below, and made a solemn resolution never again to repeat a similar experiment. The effects were much those so graphically described by Mr. Hinchliff.

The next excursion—"Pass of the Schwarze Thor from Zermatt to Ayas," by the editor—is one of the most interesting in the whole book, and there is great freshness and originality in the descriptions.

"The view from the western slope of the Riffel, now well known to most Swiss tourists, includes the range of peaks from the Matterhorn to the Weisshorn, with the glaciers by which they are begirt. The moon had risen; the valley below, and all the lesser hollows, were filled with a bluish haze that stretched across to the base of the opposite peaks, not forming, as clouds do, an opaque floor on which they could seem to rest, but rather a dim mysterious depth, into which they plunged to an immeasurable distance. The great peaks and glaciers shone with a glory that seemed all their own; not sparkling in the broad moonlight, but beaming forth a calm ineffable brilliance, high aloft in the ether, far above the dwellings of mankind. Chief of them all, the astounding peak of the Matterhorn, that stupendous obelisk whose form defies the boldest speculations of the geologist—gleaming more brightly for some fresh snow that rested on every furrow of its surface—towered upward into the sky. All men, even the least poetical, are variously impressed by such scenes as these, and the mind is involuntarily carried back to some scene of wonder and mystery that in early life has fixed its image on the imagination. My own fancy on that night recalled a half-remembered tale of the Scandinavian Sagas, wherein the mythical hero breaks into the assembly of the gods, where they sit in solemn conclave, fixed in deep slumber, with long white beards descending to the ground. Some such night-scene, amid the wild mountains of Norway, may have suggested the picture to the old northern bard."

Observations follow in a spirit as well

poetic as scientific on color and twilight and certain mountain effects, the like of which we remember to have seen in the short summer nights of Scandinavia. The fact is, that the elevation of the High Alps places the observer nearer the sun, and makes the day longer in proportion to the latitude. In the Alps, altitude, and not latitude, determines in a measure the day and night, as place as well as time determines the season of the year. It is summer at Chamouny when it is mid-winter on the summit of Mont Blanc. Even the ordinary tourist who has slept on the Righi or the Faulhorn, and obtained a favorable sunrise, is acquainted with the lovely phenomenon called the Alpine rose.

"Just before sunrise we had reached the Rothi Kumme, the steep slope over the Gorner Glacier, whence the range of Monte Rosa is visible in its whole extent, when a new object of interest presented itself. To the eye, the air round us had appeared perfectly clear, and without the slightest tinge of vapor, when suddenly the lower zone between us and the opposite range became suffused with a rosy flush that was accompanied with an evident diminution of transparency; this appeared to be strictly limited within a definite thickness of the atmosphere, extended to a height of about fifteen thousand feet. At the moment when the change took place, my eyes were turned to the south-west, over the Matterjoch, as if a gauze veil had suddenly been placed between the eye and the distant sky, and clearly showing that the tint was produced in the lower and not the upper regions of the atmosphere. Most travelers in mountain countries are familiar with this phenomenon, but few have had so favorable an opportunity to observe it in the region where it is produced. It appears to me to be one amongst numerous indications, that vapor contained in the atmosphere in a state of rest has a tendency to dispose itself in horizontal strata of unequal density. The exquisite tint which is seen in the Alps about ten minutes after sunset, and less commonly before sunrise, may probably be caused by the reflection of the sun's rays from the under surface of some of these strata lying considerably above the level at which the rosy glow becomes visible."

Well may the author of this passage enthusiastically exclaim:

"What enjoyment is to be compared to an early walk over one of these great glaciers of the Alps, amid the deep silence of Nature, surrounded by some of her sublimest objects, the morning air infusing vigor and elasticity into every nerve and muscle, the eye unwearied, the skin cool, and the whole frame tingling with joyous anticipation of the adventures that the day may bring forth."

And there is music as well as painting and poetry in the ice-world.

"On a sudden, as if from some prodigious distance, there fell upon my ear the sound of musical instruments, pure and clear, but barely distinguishable. I halted and listened: there could be no doubt, there was the beating of a drum, and from time to time the sound of brass instruments. I asked Mathias, who now came up, what he thought of it, but he had no idea of the cause. Then remembering that persons passing the night at the Grands Mulets have declared that they heard the church bell, and even the barking of dogs, at Entrèves or Cormayeur, I straight imagined that they were celebrating a festa in some of the valleys on the Piedmontese side of Monte Rosa, from which direction the sounds seemed to come. We moved on, and the sounds continued, becoming rapidly more intense, and soon as we approached a deep narrow crevasse, the mystery was explained."

The paper from which these quotations are taken contains an account of a most adventurous excursion by the author, who was unfortunately accompanied by a guide whose nerve was scarcely equal to the task. It is impossible, without the aid of the engravings, to give a just idea of the difficulties encountered in passing certain pyramids or pinnacles of ice, some eighty feet high, and each capped or bewigged with snow and pendent icicles. To avoid the steepness of the slopes, some sixty degrees, it was necessary to pass under the icicles of the summit, carefully avoiding touching them, lest the whole mass should come down on their heads; and in one instance, because an ice precipice barred advance, it was necessary to return from the top and pass at a level along the face of the cliff. This we see the traveler and his guide in the engraving accomplishing, tied together by a rope. Whether this is advisable in such situations is a question with Alpine travelers. Where it is necessary for each to plant his foot in the steps made by those who have gone before, and when a false step would insure destruction to the unattached individual, it has been argued that the rope would only drag down the rest in case of a slip. It has been argued on the other side, that although a person would not be able to stop himself, the momentum of the slide is but moderate at first, and the weight of the person who had slipped could generally be checked by the slightest additional assistance to his own efforts at self-preservation. The case of a guide at

the wall of the Strahl-eck, who held up three men who had slipped, seems a strong instance in corroboration of this view. A place for making the experiment would certainly be the "mûr épouvantable" or "mûr de la coté" of Mont Blanc, which is so well described by Mr. Albert Smith and his artist. We recollect crossing a similar place, the Brèche de Roland in the Pyrenees, where a false step would have sent any one of the party over the precipices of the Cirque de Gavarnie. One of the party, who was rather nervous, acknowledged that the alpenstock of the guide held behind him gave a sense of security; a rope would, of course, neutralize still further the feeling of isolation.

Mr. Llewellyn Davies follows suit in the same magnificent neighborhood, ascending one of the Mischabel-horner called the Dom. The name suggests a mountain like Mont Blanc, but the mountain figured in the chromo-lithograph is a peak; so we suppose the name to imply the Cathedral, as the German Domkirche, or simply Dom, denotes. Mr. Davies speaks with great rapture of the view from the top.

"Those who speak slightly of the advantages to be gained by ascending to the highest points, do not know what it is to see mountains spread out beneath you, almost like the stars of heaven for multitude. The greater ranges rise in mighty curves and backbones, ridged with shining points, and give distinction to the scene; but in that country of Alps, wherever you look, there is a field of mountains: the higher you rise, the more magnificent is the panorama you command."

The Alleleinhorn lies to the south of Mr. Davies's route, and is described by Mr. Ames, who also masters the Fletschhorn, "no doubt familiar in appearance, if not by name, to those who have crossed the Simplon Pass in fine weather." As a little change from the beauties and sublimities of Mr. Ball and others, we may extract some facetiæ from Mr. Ames's narrative. The incidents in question occurred on passing a night in a chalet on the Trift Alp, where the travelers found a merry party.

"My companions were half undressed, and I was finishing a cigar outside, when I became aware of suppressed whisperings and titterings in the immediate neighborhood—sounds which, on further investigation, proved to emanate from a juvenile group of the female population collected at the corner of the next hut, and apparently watching with great interest the myste-

rious process of going to bed, as practiced by the English nation generally. After a little complimentary 'chaff,' and one or two songs from them, very fairly sung, and containing invariably some reference to a 'schätzli,' (sweet-heart,) I joined the rest of the party, undressed, and, being the last according to the good old rule, put out the light. No sooner had I stepped into bed than a crash ensued, and I suddenly found myself half-buried under a chaotic heap of disorganized bedclothes, the bolster occupying the post of honor on the top of my head. The treacherous fabric had given way at the foot of the bed, owing, no doubt, to the substratum of logs having been arranged in some position of unstable equilibrium. A momentary silence of astonishment was followed by peals of laughter from my more fortunate companions, till two guides, attracted by the noise, made their appearance with a lantern, and commenced the work of restoration, which was soon completed in a more solid and trustworthy form, not, however, without sundry incursions of the fair sex, whose curiosity was proof against my extreme *déshabille*. The situation, as revealed by the sudden light of the lantern, was no doubt supremely ludicrous, but was not precisely the kind of spectacle for the contemplation of female friends, and they were repelled accordingly. It did not occur to me at the time, but I have my suspicions, that those innocent damsels were privy to the catastrophe, and had, of *malice prepense*, unsettled the foundations of the couch."

This incident strongly reminds us of some of our friends' Scandinavian experiences. Mother Eve's daughters have a family likeness all over the world.

The next narrative leads us across the valley of the Rhone to the well-known (at a distance) Bernese Oberland. Every Swiss tourist knows the magnificent panorama seen from the high places about Berne, and deriving its chief interest from the range of snowy peaks in the south, with their high-sounding and romantic names. Yet these old acquaintances of the traveler have even yet some unexplored recesses, and Messrs. Anderson, Ball, Hardy, and Bunbury show by their narratives how much that is new may be found by men possessing legs, hands, and eyes, and wit to use them, even in the most familiar country. This range would doubtless have been better known before, but that its recesses have been protected by what Tacitus would have called "ancient superstition." People ceased to trouble themselves about what was universally regarded by the natives as utterly inaccessible. Our countrymen have now accustomed themselves to receive the

accounts of the natives "cum grano salis," and rely upon themselves for obtaining accurate information, since they have found that Englishmen, many of them leading in general the sedentary lives of cities, have been able to show the born mountaineers the way over their own mountains. Mr. Hardy has scaled the Peak of Darkness, and drawn aside the veil; and the great Aletsch glacier, one of the most remarkable polar regions in the temperate zone, has been traversed and observed by more than one tourist. There is no reason it should not be thoroughly explored by scientific men, as it seems to present fewer difficulties, combined with finer characteristics, than most other glaciers. Mr. Hinchliff has seen the wonders of the Wildstrubel and Oldenhorn, the latter being the principal peak of the remarkable Diablerets. This mountain is well remembered by us, as contrasting with its rugged grandeurs the Arcadian scenery of the Vallée des Ormons, which is ascended from Aigle in the valley of the Rhone, and than which there is not a region of more peaceful loveliness in the whole of Switzerland. Messrs. Kennedy and Hardy next astonish us with the fact of their having survived "a night-adventure on the Bristenstock," a mountain overhanging the entrance to the St. Gothard Pass above Amsteg, where the adventurous tourists were obliged to sleep by turns locked in each other's arms, to avoid their falling over a precipice — like the babes in the wood, but without the wood, the robins, or the leaves. Lastly, Mr. Forster takes a flight to the little-known Alps of Canton Glarus, making the baths of Stachelberg his head-quarters, and visiting the famous Martinsloch or Martin's Hole, a round tunnel over the Segnes Pass, through which a beam of the sun descends into the valley at certain seasons.

The book in our hands suffices to show how engrossing is the passion for mountain-climbing, and how fast our countrymen are becoming bitten with the delightful infection. Without thought of results, the movement has taken place, but doubtless great results may flow out of it. For this end, organization is necessary, and is found in the prospectus of the Alpine Club. We prophesy that, amongst men of intelligence as well as spirit, this will soon be one of the most popular of all the clubs; though whether, as it has the free

*entrée* of all the mighty palaces of nature, it will care to build itself a house made with hands in Pall-Mall, may long be a question.

There is another way of visiting Alpine regions, which the Alpine Club, with their lofty aspirations, would probably despise, but which is more attractive to ordinary people, and even to those who love, to a certain degree, danger and difficulty, possesses peculiar advantages, especially in the matter of independence. Mr. King's *Italian Valleys of the Alps*, and the *Lady's Tour round Monte Rosa*, prove how much may be seen in places not inaccessible to ladies; and we know well that to the really poetic or artistic insight little is gained by novelty or strangeness, but that the universe itself is ever novel and strange in all its aspects to those who keep their eyes open. We know nothing more charming than unencumbered and unattended pedestrian excursions in mountain regions, no medicine for mind or body of more universal efficacy. The charms of nature increase to the lovers of nature as time goes on, and do not grow old with their age. And the splendors of Alps and Pyrenees have only served to give us a fresher zest in the enjoyment of our home mountains. And connected with these low elevations there is a pleasure scarcely known at inaccessible heights, or where the continuity of altitude is broken. We mean the long upland walks along the crests of hills. Such a walk we accomplished on a glorious day in the summer of 1858, with delight never to be forgotten. In the Alps and Pyrenees we have ever found the greatest delight in visiting the least-trodden routes, although these were not always the more dangerous. Alpine dangers are not to be encountered alone, or without certain precautions which reduce them to a minimum. A melancholy instance has just occurred, recorded in the *Times* by a correspondent whose letter bears date, Zermatt, August eighteenth. A Russian gentleman, by name Edouard de la Grotte, has perished miserably in a crevasse on the Findelen glacier. He was attended by two Zermatt guides, but scornfully refused to take an *alpenstock*; and though a rope was passed round his body, it only appeared to have been looped round the arms of the guides. According to the guides' account, he slipped into a crevasse, and the rope breaking short at each side of him, they

were not able to recover him. The crevasse was of peculiar form, narrow at the top, then widening and then contracting again farther down. The unfortunate man appears to have fallen some sixty feet, and then to have become wedged with his head somewhat lower than his body. While the clumsy guides were trying to reach him with too short a length of rope, having been at the trouble to make two journeys for them, the poor man died, having been gradually and consciously frozen to death. The warmth of his body had occasioned at first his sinking a few feet farther, and then the cold of the glacier overcoming him, he was frozen in, and as he would then have been slowly crushed by the expansion of the ice, it is hoped that death terminated his sufferings before this last torture. The guides, whose conduct appears throughout to have been characterized by carelessness and want of presence of mind, appear to have laid themselves open to suspicion on account of the appearance presented by the broken ends of the rope. It is possible that their negligent hold of the traveler gave way at once to the weight of his body, and that they cut the rope at the places where they said it had been broken, to save their reputation for trustworthiness. This accident was followed at no long interval by one still more distressing to home readers, as the subject of it was an eminent member of the University of Cambridge. We allude to the melancholy death of Archdeacon Hardwicke, by falling down a steep place in the Pyrenees, near the Bagnères de Luchon. Having probably been over the ground ourselves in returning by a by-way from the Port de Venasque, we can not think that the accident was caused by any peculiar dangers or difficulties existing there. The venerable gentleman was an experienced Alpine traveler, and the apparent ease of his route may have rendered him less cautious than usual.

The former instance, which seems more to the purpose, would be any thing but discouraging to real Alpine travelers. It simply shows what security may be attained by certain precautions, the neglect of which may easily be fatal. It is astonishing, considering the appearance and real nature of these difficulties, how very few accidents have hitherto occurred in the high Alps. Nevertheless, it is to be esteemed a national honor, that most of

those peaks hitherto considered inaccessible, and many of those passes hitherto considered impassable, have yielded to the courage and perseverance of those islanders, whose still more daring and enduring countrymen have passed the continuous night of the Arctic winter in darkness and suffering, to solve problems not much more important; or endured the torture of thirst in the burning deserts of Central Africa, with an end and purpose avowedly

and really higher, but in no dissimilar spirit. While France, actually more old-fashioned in her ways, still pants for that military fame of which the world has heard so much before, Great Britain strives for newer and bloodless laurels, and seeks, according to the Creator's sanction, to assert the supremacy of Man less over his brother than over material Nature.

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From the Leisure Hour.

## NEW CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

### AUTHORS AT WORK.

In general, each author has some peculiarity in writing, and performs his vocation only under particular excitements and in a particular way. Pope, although he ridiculed such a caprice, practiced it himself. Lord Oxford's servant related that, in the dreadful winter of 1740, she was called from her bed by him four times in one night, to supply him with paper, lest he should lose a thought. The night was also the favorite time for composition with Byron and Thomson. The latter frequently sat with a bowl of punch before him. He had an arbor at the end of his garden when he lived in Kew Lane, where he used to write in summer time. It is related of Bossuet, that if, while he was in bed, his sleep was delayed or interrupted, he used to avail himself of it, to commit to paper any interesting thought which occurred to him. The Jesuit poet Casimer had a black tablet always by his bedside and a piece of chalk, with which to secure a thought or a poetical expression.\*

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\* It is recorded of Charlemagne, by his secretary Egaibast, that he had always pen, ink, and parchment beside his pillow, for the purpose of noting down any thoughts which might occur to him during the night; and lest upon waking he should find himself in darkness, a part of the wall within reach

In like manner, we are told of that indefatigable pursuer of literature, Magaret, Duchess of Newcastle, that some of her young ladies always slept within call, ready to rise at any hour in the night, and take down her thoughts, lest she should forget them before morning.

The usual hour with Sir Walter Scott for beginning to write was seven o'clock in the morning. He continued it, saving the brief hour of breakfast, till one, sometimes two o'clock. As he was also full of matter, he had no occasion to wait for the descent of the muse, but dashed away at the rate of sixteen pages of print daily. He wrote freely and without much premeditation; and his corrections were few.

For upwards of half a century Jeremy Bentham devoted seldom less than eight, often ten, and occasionally twelve hours of every day to intense study. This was the more remarkable as his physical constitution was by no means strong. He was a great economist of time. He knew the value of minutes. The disposal of his hours, both of labor and of repose, was a matter of systematic arrangement;

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from the bed was prepared, like the leaf of a tablet, with wax, on which he might indent his memoranda with a stylus.

and the arrangement was determined on the principle, that it is a calamity to lose the smallest portion of time. Indeed, he lived habitually under the practical consciousness that his days were numbered, and that "the night cometh, in which no man can work."

Dr. Thomas Brown, the author of an *Inquiry into the Relation of Cause and Effect*, and of other philosophical works, held for ten years the appointment of Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. The lectures which he delivered to his class were seldom commenced till the evening of the day before they were delivered. The doctor's labors generally began immediately after tea, and he continued at his desk till two, and often till three in the morning. After the repose of a few hours, he resumed his pen, and continued writing often till he heard the hour of twelve, when he hurried off to deliver what he had written.

Dr. Gregory, in his *Letters on Literature*, says, that Gibbon composed as he was walking up and down his room, and that he never wrote a sentence without having perfectly formed and arranged it in his head. Sir William Blackstone, whenever he sat down to the composition of his celebrated work, *The Commentaries on the Laws of England*, always ordered a bottle of wine wherewith to "moisten the dryness of his studies." Aubry says: "Mr. Thomas Hobbes was beloved by Lord Bacon. He was wont to have him walk with him in his delicate groves, when he did meditate; and when a notion darted into his head, Mr. H. was presently to write it down, and his lordship was wont to say, that he did it better than any one else about him." When his lordship himself wrote, he generally did it in a small room; because, he said, it helped to condense his thoughts.

Dryden, one of the great masters of English verse, is said to have considered stewed prunes as one of the best means of putting his body into a state favorable for heroic composition. As a preparation for study, he sometimes took medicine, and observed a cooling diet. George Wither tells us of himself, that he usually watched and fasted when he composed; that his spirit was lost if at such times he tasted meat and drink, and that if he took even a glass of wine he could not write a verse. William Prynne seldom dined;

every three or four hours he munched a lump of bread, and refreshed his exhausted spirits with ale brought to him by his servant; and when "he was put into this road of writing," as Anthony à Wood telleth, he fixed on "a long quilted cap, which came an inch over his eyes, serving as an umbrella to defend him from too much light;" and then neither hunger nor thirst did he experience. When Father Paul Sarpi was either reading or writing alone, "his manner," says Sir Henry Wotton, "was to sit fenced with a castle of paper about his chair and overhead; for he was of our Lord of St. Alban's opinion, that all air is predatory, and especially hurtful when the spirits are most employed."

William Hazlitt almost always wrote with the breakfast things on the table; that is, between twelve and five o'clock. He wrote rapidly, in a large hand, as clear as print, made very few corrections, and almost invariably wrote on an entire quire of foolscap; contriving to put into a page of his manuscript the amount, upon an average, of an octavo page of print, so that he always knew what progress he had made, at any given time towards the desired goal to which he was traveling—the end of his task. When he was regularly engaged on any work or article, he wrote at the rate of from ten to fifteen octavo pages at a sitting. When he had a work in hand, he invariably went into the country to execute it, and almost always to the same spot—a little wayside public house, called "The Hut," standing alone, and some miles distant from any other house, on Winterslow Heath, a barren tract of country on the road to, and a few miles from, Salisbury.

At the time when Nicolo Machiavelli composed the works which have immortalized his name, he was living in obscure retirement, where his only companions were rustics. He himself tells us, in a letter to his friend Francesco Vettori, that he trifled away his days, but his nights he gave to intense study. "When evening closes in," he continues, "I return home, and shut myself up in my study; but, before entering there, I cast off on the threshold my rustic dress, covered with mud and dirt, and put on clothes fit for courts and senates, and, thus attired, I enter the ancient courts of the ancient men, where, being by them affectionately received, I feed on

that food which alone is mine, and for which I was born."\* The musician Hadyn, in like manner, arrayed himself for his task in full court costume—his peruke sprinkled with powder, his wrists inclosed with delicate ruffles of fine lace, his fingers covered with rings of precious stones. On the other hand, Oliver Goldsmith loved to write in his dressing-gown and slippers.

Southey, writing to his old and constant friend, Grosvenor Bedford, says: "I am a quiet, patient, easy-going hack of the mule breed: regular as clockwork in my pace, sure-footed, bearing the burden which is laid on me, and only obstinate in choosing my own path. If Gifford could see me by this fireside, where, like Nicodemus, one candle suffices one in a large room, he would see a man in a coat 'still more threadbare than his own,' when he wrote his *Imitations*, working hard, and getting little—a bare maintenance, and hardly that; writing poems and history for posterity with his whole heart and soul; one daily progressing in learning—not so learned as he is poor, not so poor as proud, not so proud as happy." His own *Lines to the Spider* conclude with a personal reference very apposite to the poet:

"Both busily our needful food to win,  
We work, as nature taught, with ceaseless  
pains;  
Thy bowels thou dost spin,  
I spin my brains."

No need to Southey of the advice given by Bailey, in his *Festus*, to the student:

"Once  
Begun, work thou all things into thy work,  
And set thyself about it as the sea  
About the earth, lashing at it day and night."

\* Among the treatises composed under the circumstances mentioned in the text was that called *Il Principe*, (*The Prince*.) This was a favorite book of the Emperor Charles V., and was called the "Bible" of Catherine de Medicis. At the court of the latter, while Regent of France, those who approached her are said to have professed openly its most atrocious maxims, particularly that which recommends to sovereigns not to commit crimes by halves. A good many years after Machiavelli's death, a Jesuit, named Luchesi, published a book, which he entitled *Absurdities discovered in the Works of Machiavelli*, by Father Luchesi. As this title was much too long to put on a label at the back of the volume, the booksellers of that day reduced it to *Absurdities of Father Luchesi*.

William Cowper in a letter, dated from Olney to his friend Hill, tells us, when he composed some of his works: "I write in a nook that I call my *boudoir*: it is a summer-house not bigger than a sedan chair; the door of it opens into the garden, that is now crowded with pinks, roses, and honey-suckles, and the window into my neighbor's orchard. It formerly served an apothecary as a smoking-room; at present, however, it is dedicated to sublimer uses: here I write all that I write in summer time, whether to my friends or the public. It is secure from all noise, and a refuge from all intrusion." Under such circumstances did Cowper write his books—those "worthy books," which are not

"—— companions—they are solitudes;  
We lose ourselves in them, and all our cares."

Armand Carrel, one of the most famous journalists that France has produced, was educated at the college of Rouen and the military school of St. Cyr. He entered the army, but left it after obtaining the rank of sub-lieutenant. He then became secretary to Mons. Thierry the historian. Afterwards he set up a circulating library, in partnership with a friend. Here he produced those writings that first attracted public attention. "In a bookseller's back-shop," says Mons. Nissard, "on a desk, to which was fastened a large Newfoundland dog, Arnaud Carrel, one moment absorbed in English memoirs and papers, another moment caressing his favorite animal, conceived and composed his *History of the Counter Revolution in England*."

The Rev. Charles Maturin, author of the *House of Montorio*, *Bertram*, etc., composed on a long walk. "The day," says he, "must neither be too hot nor cold; it must be reduced to that medium from which you feel no inconvenience one way or the other; and then, when I am perfectly free from the city, and experience no annoyance from the weather, my mind becomes lighted by sunshine, and I arrange my plan perfectly to my own satisfaction." When Maturin wished his family to be aware that the *fit* was on him, he used to stick a wafer on his forehead. Moore himself tells us, that *Lalla Rookh* was written "amid the snows of two or three Derbyshire winters," adding, that he was enabled by "that concentration of

thought, which retirement alone can give," to call up around him some of the sunniest of his eastern scenes.

The following picture of Dr. Burney, busied with his celebrated work *The History of Music*, is from the pen of his daughter: "The capacious table of his small but commodious study, exhibited, in what he called his chaos, the countless stores of his materials. Multitudinous, or rather innumerable blank books were severally adapted to concentrating some

peculiar portion of the work. And he opened an enormous correspondence, foreign and domestic, with musical authors, composers, and students. And for all this mass of occupation, he neglected no business, he omitted no duty. The system by which he obtained time no one missed, yet that gave to him lengthened life, independently of longevity from years, was, through the skill with which, indefatigably, he *profited from every fragment of leisure.*"

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From the Leisure Hour.

## THE TRUE PROMETHEAN FIRE.

WHEN Sir Samuel Romilly visited Paris immediately after the first French revolution, he remarked: "Every thing I saw convinced me that independently of our future happiness and our sublimest enjoyments in this life, religion is necessary to the comforts, the conveniences, and even the elegances and lesser pleasures of life. Not only I never met with a writer truly eloquent, who did not at least affect to believe in religion, but I never met with one in whom religion was not the richest source of his eloquence." And I am persuaded that in things intellectual, the rule will hold that piety is power. I am persuaded that no productions of genius will survive to the end of all things in which there is not something of God; and I am further persuaded that no book can exercise a lasting ascendancy over mankind on which his blessing has not been implored, and in which his Spirit does not speak. Of all the powers and faculties of the human mind, the noblest is the one which God has created for himself; and if that reverential or adoring faculty do not exist, or be by suicidal hands extirpated, the world will soon cease to feel the man who had no fear of God. The stateliest compartment in this human soul is the one which, in creating it, Jehovah

reserved for his own throne-room and presence-chamber; and however curiously decorated or gorgeously furnished the other compartments be, if this be empty and void, it will soon diffuse a blank and beggarly sensation over all the rest. And thus, whilst the Voltaires and Rousseaus of atheist memory are waxing old and vanishing from the firmament of letters, names of less renown but more religion brighten to a greater lustre. So true is it that no man can long keep a hold of his fellow-men unless he himself first has hold of God.

But if a sincere and strenuous belief be thus important—such rational faith in God as buoyed the wing of Plato in his long and ethereal flights, or bulged the Saxon thews of Shakspeare in his mightiest efforts—incomparably more prevalent is that intellectual prowess which a scriptural faith produces. He is no unknown God whom the believer in Jesus worships, and it is no ordinary inspiration which that God of light and love supplies to his servants. And were it not for fear of tediousness, I would rejoice to enumerate one genius after another which the Gospel kindled if it did not create. That Gospel, beyond all controversy, was our own Milton's poetic might. It was the strug-



gling energy which, after years of deep musing and rapt devotion, after years of mysterious muttering and anxious omen, send its pyramid of flame into old England's dingy hemisphere, and poured its molten wealth, its lava of gold and gems, fetched deep from classic and patriarchal times, adown the russet steep of Puritan theology. It was the fabled foot which struck from the sword of Cowper's mild and silent life a joyous Castalie, a fountain deep and perennial, tinctured with each learned and sacred thing [it touched in rising, and soft and full as Siloah's fount, which flowed fast by the oracle of God. But why name individual instances? What is modern learning, and the march of intellect, and the reading million, but one great monument of the Gospel's quickening power? Three hundred years ago, the classics were revived; but three hundred years ago the gospel was restored. Digging in the Pompeii of the middle age, Lorenzo and Leo found the lamps in which the old classic fires once burned; but there was no oil in the lamps, and they had long since gone out. For models of candelabra and oil-bearers there could not be better than Livy and Horace, and Plato and Pindar; but the faith which once filled them, the old Pagan fervor, was long since extinct, and the lamps

were only fit for the shelf of the antiquary. But it was then in the crypt of the convent, Luther and Zwingli and Melancthon observed a line of supernatural light, and with lever and mattock lifted the gravestone, and found the Gospel which the papist had buried. There it had flamed "a light shining in a dark place," through unsuspected ages, unquenchable in its own immortality, the long-lost lamp of the sepulcher. Jupiter was dead, and Minerva had melted into ether, and Apollo was gray with eld, and the most elegant idols of antiquity had gone to the moles and the bats. But there is One who can not die and does not change; and the sempiternal fountain of learning is He who is also the Fountain of Life, the Alpha and Omega, Jesus the Son of God. From his gospel it was that the old classic lamps, when filled with fresh oil, were kindled again; and at that gospel it was that Bacon and Locke, and Milton and Newton, and all the mighty spirits of modern Europe, caught the fire which made them blaze the meteors and marvels of their time. The facts of that gospel are the world's main stock of truth, the fire of that gospel is the only Promethean spark that can ignite our dead truths into quenchless and world-quickening powers. —*Dr. James Hamilton.*

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From Chambers's Journal.

## PERILS OF THE BUSH.

THERE are few more interesting scenes, to the lover of the wild and picturesque, than an "outspan" in the African wilderness. The outspan is the colonial term for the bivouac. It is here that the party of travelers, or hunters assemble of an evening, partake of their rough fare, and pass the quiet hours of the night.

An outspan is a motley group, for it is usual to find in one company English sportsmen, Dutch farmers, Caffre and Hottentot servants, and half-breeds between these. Of all sizes, colors, and languages are the men of the party. The

horses and oxen are either fastened to the wagons, or are allowed to graze near their owners. Dogs of all varieties, whose genealogy would puzzle a canine herald, watch anxiously the culinary proceedings, whilst the white tilted wagons, and two or three tents, make up the exterior of the group.

Even in the far desert of Africa, the difference between man and man is not lost sight of. There is the small shriveled-up Hottentot serving with all due humility the fat, prosperous, but illiterate Dutch boer. Yonder is the Caffre or

Fingoe receiving his directions from a Hottentot. It would be difficult to say how a scale of rank has been thus established, but each individual appears to yield a ready obedience to his almost self-imposed bonds.

We will visit an African outspan, at which a party of hunters are assembled, and hear some of the tales which these men, whose lives have been passed amidst the wildest scenes, may relate. The evening has closed upon the party, who, having feasted upon their well-earned venison, have assembled in one of their tents, from which the solacing pipe is sending forth its fragrance upon the desert. Only the *elite* of the party are here assembled; for it would be little short of sacrilege were a "Totty" or Caffre to presume to enter these sacred precincts, or to join in the conversation of the master. Books are not much read by these Dutch boers, but each individual carries in his head anecdotes sufficient to form an interesting volume of personal adventures. Instead, therefore, of passing their evening in scanning the pages of a book, the hunters or travelers relate those incidents of their lives which may be unknown to the majority of their hearers. A Dutch boer past the middle age shall first tell his tale, to which we will now act the part of relater, as we have more than once acted that of listener.

When I first went into the country near the Bay of Natal, things were very different to what they are now; there were not nearly so many Caffres in the country, and there were no white men except our own party of "Mensch."

Game was in plenty; bucks and elands were on the hills where Pietermaritzburg now stands; elephants browsed at Eusdorr's; hippopotami swarmed along the banks of the Umganie, and in the Sea-Cow Lake; and many a monster which has now sought more secure retreats, was then to be seen in the neighborhood of the bay.

I built myself a beehive-shaped hut, like one of the Caffres, on the open ground near the Umbilo, and cultivated a little piece of ground near it; but having a span of five oxen and a wagon, I did not care to remain quiet in one spot. To trek, and to shoot and trek again, was what I always liked. Those men who like being shut up in your houses or towns, scarcely know

what it is to live. Give me a fine open plain, a good horse under me, fifty miles of turf all round, and then I feel free.

Well, I had lived about three weeks near the Umbilo, when my Hottentot Plâchè came one day to me in great fright, and told me that he had seen "the biggest snake that ever was;" that it had crossed the Umbilo river, and had entered some long reeds about a half a mile from my hut. He said that the snake's head was on the land on one side, whilst the tail was on the other side of the Umbilo. Now, this river is not very broad; but if what the man told me were true, the snake must have been over thirty feet in length. I knew that a species of boa-constrictor was to be found about here, for I had shot one sixteen feet long as I was coming from the old colony to the bay.

I did not trouble myself to look after the snake, for there was a large swamp with long reeds extending for more than a mile along the banks of this river, with cover enough to conceal five hundred snakes.

About a month after Plâchè's interview with the boa, there fell a vast quantity of rain, and the river rose and flooded the whole of this swamp. The nearest piece of dry land to the river was the little rising-ground which I had turned over and sowed with meales, and on which my hut stood.

One evening, during the time that the flood was out, I came back from shooting just as the sun was setting. I had shot a riet buck which I had found out in the open ground, behind the Borea Bush. Plâchè was with me, and I left him and a Caffre to bring in the buck, whilst I returned home, alone, to prepare a fire, and get ready the cooking-pots.

I noticed that the water was very high, and had not left more than a hundred yards clear round my hut, which was, however, still some ten or twelve feet above the level of the flood. I placed my gun outside, against the hut, and crawled into the doorway of the kraal. You must know that the only light that enters these buildings is by the doorway, so when I blocked up this, the only aperture, the interior was rather dark. I knew that my flint and steel-box were stuck up in the thatch of the roof, and these I could use to obtain a light, in case the embers were not smoldering in the center of the hut, where I usually maintained a fire.

I could not see a sign of a spark amongst the ashes, when I first entered the hut; and as the evening was closing in, I thought I might have difficulty in making a fire, as the dew was so heavy that all the wood became damp, even inside the hut; so I lay down, and blew amongst the white-wood ashes, to try and rouse a flame.

Whilst I was thus occupied, I fancied that I heard something move amongst the blankets that lay by the side of the hut. I looked at the spot, and there, to my astonishment, saw a gigantic snake, which appeared nearly as large round as my body. The animal was coiled up amongst my bedding, but had about three feet, head and neck, stretched out and pointed at me—its forked tongue now and again shooting out some inch or two from its mouth.

The instant that I saw the monster, I jumped on to my feet, and looked round for a weapon, but there was not one at hand. My gun I had placed outside; my large knife I had left with Plâché, to enable him to cut up the buck, and, in fact, I was unarmed. A cold shudder came over me when I realized the state of affairs; the door of the hut was only two feet high, and to escape, therefore, I must crawl out, and I felt certain that if I stooped down, the snake would instantly dart at me.

I was not at all aware what power these snakes might possess; I had heard that they could kill nearly full-grown calves, and could crush and swallow a buck; and therefore, I believed a monster like this would make short work of me. I might fight and struggle, but, unarmed, what could I do?

How long I stood looking at the snake, I do not know, but it could not have been many seconds, although the time appeared minutes; suddenly I remembered that my Caffre had, a few days before, asked me to allow him to place an assagai in my hut, because the night-dew caused the blade to rust when the weapon was exposed. Here, then, was a hope for me, for I knew that the man had not taken away the assagai with him.

I scarcely dared take my eyes off the snake, lest the brute should dart at me; but giving a glance round the upper part of the hut, I saw the handle of the assagai protruding from the thatch, and nearly within reach of me. Something seemed

to tell me that the instant I moved the snake would spring at me. I, however, raised my hand and arm very slowly towards the assagai, and at length, by bending over a little, managed to grasp the handle. As I did so, the snake, which had gradually uncoiled during my movements, darted towards me. I jumped aside, and pulled out the broad-bladed assagai, which had been sharpened to the keenness of a razor; but the snake moved like lightning, and although he had missed me in his first dart, he recovered himself instantly, and sprung at me again. Before I could make a cut at him, his teeth caught in my leather trowsers, and he thus obtained a strong hold, and with a pull as sudden as his lunge, he dragged my feet from under me, and brought me to the ground; a big fold of his body rolled over his head, and fell upon my legs, which it weighed to the ground as if a loaded wagon were on them.

He managed all this in a very short time; but I was not idle, for I knew that if he could once manage to press down my chest, or my arms, he might kill me.

Now, the feeling that first came upon me was certainly not a pleasant one, because I was without a weapon; but as soon as I grasped the assagai I knew that I was safe; consequently, when he really attacked me, I felt as though it were a piece of impudence on his part, for I never expected the affair would have been as dangerous to me as it proved to be. These things take some time to tell, but they do not take long to happen, and a struggle for life or death is frequently decided in half a minute. So it was with me. The instant the snake's body came over on my legs, I twisted round, and sliced it with the assagai. I gave two terrible gasches, and the monster, releasing its hold of my leathers, sprung at my face. I raised my arm instinctively to protect myself, which saved me from being bitten; but I was knocked down flat, and the brute was again on me; but this time I caught him by the neck with my left hand, and in an instant had nearly severed his head with the assagai. I scrambled away from the monster, which was writhing about in its agony, and escaped from the hut. Then I began to examine how I had fared in fight. To my surprise, I found that a few deep scratches near the ankle, and a bite near the wrist, neither of which was of very great importance, were all the

wounds which I had sustained. For some days afterwards, however, I suffered a great deal of pain in the legs, where the snake had pressed me.

I do not think that I should have escaped to tell the tale, if I had not found the assagai, as the boa, although unwilling to attack you when he is in the open country, is pugnacious enough when shut up with you in a circular hut about eight feet in diameter.

We soon hauled the snake from the hut, when my Hottentot arrived, and found it to measure twenty-eight feet in length, and nearly a foot in diameter in the thickest part. The Hottentot thought it must be that which he had seen, as its markings appeared the same. It was evident that the floods had driven the snake from its usual concealment in the reeds, and the animal finding a warm hut, in which were blankets and the remains of a fire, had taken up its position without ceremony, and had been probably much irritated at my sudden intrusion upon him. I never wish to have such another battle, for although I should not be afraid of the result, still the thoughts which come upon us afterwards are not pleasant. Man has an instinctive horror of serpents, and when I dreamed, for many a night afterwards, it was usually about a snake, or some other horrid reptile, which had hold of me.

"Ah!" says another of the party, "these sort of fights are not pleasant; but your case would have been worse, if your visitor had been a four-foot cobra or puff-adder, instead of an eight-and-twenty foot boa constrictor. It is not the biggest creatures that are always the most dangerous. It's the vice of some of them that does the mischief. As it is with animals, so it is with men—the biggest are not always the dangerous. Jan there, who takes his *brandywyn* so quietly, is more dangerous than Karl beside him, although Jan is small, and Karl very big."

At this sally, "Jan," a small, compact, dark-eyed Dutchman, with a long black beard, and sharp twinkling eyes, attracts the attention of the party. Jan is a celebrated hunter, before whom Caffres and Bushmen, elephants, lions, and other *feræ* have bowed and yielded their lives. Many a wondrous tale can Jan tell, and yet avoid drawing upon his imagination. Thirty years of a desert-life have not been passed

without a variety of incidents and of hair-breadth escapes which appear marvelous to the denizens of civilized countries, but which are by no means unusual amidst the wilds of South-Africa, where the savage nature of man is too frequently left without control, and where the strong arm and the ready spear often raise a man from the lowest to the highest grades amongst his fellows.

The Dutch boers have been the pioneers of civilization in that country, and have often had to combat against the ferocious biped and quadruped, before they could even rest upon the land which they had purchased. It must be owned that these men were not unfitted for their work; hardy and bold, they stood not for trifles; were the disputants lions or savages, it mattered not much—the first were slain as wild beasts, which must be got rid of; the second would be shot in self-defense, or as a warning to others; or all for the glory of God. In the earlier days, the savages paid no great respect to treaties, and liked the music which an assagai made when insinuated between a white man's ribs.

Jan shall now tell one of his adventures.

"When we are young we have many treats before us, for there are plenty of amusements of all sorts to which to look forward. When we get older, we tire of these, and want change. Too much of the same thing does not do. Now, I always think that the first time that we do any thing is that which is always the most strongly impressed upon our memory, whether it be getting on a horse, driving a team of oxen, firing off a gun, killing a buck, fighting an elephant, or any other performance.

"Now, as many of you who know me are aware, I have done some one or two acts that men may be proud of. In my house there are the tails of two hundred bull elephants, all shot by my own gun, discharged from my own shoulder; ten lion-skins, each with but one bullet-hole in it; and if I had taken all the skins and all the tails that I had assisted to deprive the owners of, I might have possessed ten times ten. But never mind that, I will tell you now of the first time that I was ever in battle."

"You have not yet told us half that you have done," remarks one of the party; "tell us what all these little crosses on your gun-stock mean."

"These," says the first speaker, "are for Caffres—some Amakosæ, some Zooloo, some Matabili."

"What are the larger crosses?" asks the inquirer.

"There are three of them; these, and I am not ashamed to own it, are for Englishmen."

"What!" asks one of the English visitors, "are those marks to indicate the men you have killed? Why, there are three or four dozen small crosses, and three large."

"Ja, there are fifty-two small crosses and three large, that is, with this roer. I've another with a few more on it, but they are only Bushmen and frontier Caffres—skulkers, they are. But all here are warriors, fighting-men, killed with their faces towards me, and many of them shot when so near to me, that it was either my life or theirs. Oh! we have led a hard life in the plains, and have had to maintain our grounds by the strength of our arms, and the accuracy of our aim. What your father left you, wasn't yours, without you were able to pull your trigger against those who tried to snatch your property from you; but quieter times are now coming, I hope."

"But now, to give you an account of my first battle, which I was led to fight as follows:

"I was living with my father over on the west side of the mountains, when we received the intelligence of the massacre of Retief and his party by the Zooloos, and also of the slaughter of the wives and children who were found unprotected around the Bay of Natal.

"Messengers were sent to all the Mensch about us to ask that we would assemble and revenge the murder of our friends and connections. Nearly every man amongst us, whether old or young, responded to the call, and we assembled to the number of about three hundred and eighty, under Piet Uys.

"Dividing our force into two parties, we advanced against the enemy, and opened fire upon them. When we had penetrated some distance up the defile on each side of which the Zooloos, some eight thousand strong, had stationed themselves, we heard a noise, which came from behind us, and we then saw that a body of nearly a thousand picked men, who had been lying in ambush, had now cut off our retreat, and were closing in upon us.

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There was something awful in the sight of these savages, stained as they were with the blood of hundreds of our connections or friends. The training which the men had received now told to advantage, for they came on at a steady run, shoulder to shoulder, and three deep, brandishing their assagais, beating their large black and white ox-hide shields, and singing their war-songs. One of our divisions, under Potgeiter, was at once thrown into confusion, for the horses became frightened and unmanageable, in consequence of the noise and the appearance of the Zooloos. The other division under Uys thus had to sustain the shock of the charge, whilst at the same time the enemy who had been on the hills closed in on both sides. A heavy fire was kept up by all of us, and the Zooloos fell fast all around us. As we mowed down one line of them, more charged up in their place; and if by chance any of our party became separated from the main body, these stragglers were at once surrounded, some of the Zooloos actually clinging to the legs of the horses, and holding on even in their death-struggles, whilst others dragged the rider to the ground, and stabbed him with their broad-bladed spears. It was a fearful sight, and on me, who had never before seen a man shot dead, the effect was still more powerful than on those who had witnessed such scenes many times, for amongst our band were boers who had fought several times with Moselekatse's warriors; but none, they afterwards told me, ever equaled these Zooloos in determination and fierceness. We shot them down by hundreds, but more came up immediately in their places. Our chief, Uys, was surrounded and killed, and several others of our party; and now our only endeavor was to force our way through the enemy's ranks, and effect our escape: we therefore advanced quickly upon the rear division, fired a volley, and then charged at the opening which our bullets had made for us. It was not without the loss of several lives that we escaped from our dangerous position, for the warriors did not give way, and our road was made over the bodies of the slain or wounded. Many of the latter caught hold of the horses' legs as the animals passed near them, and thus prevented the riders from escaping. When the country became more open, our party was able to maneuver better, and then,

although the horses were nearly knocked up, the Zooloos were allowed to come within a convenient distance, when the boers fired a volley, and galloped away to load. This proceeding soon stopped the pursuit of the black warriors, who returned to their stronghold, after having received two or three volleys, and having suffered severely thereby.

"This was the general outline of the battle; but now I will tell you my part in the performance. When we charged through the ranks of the Zooloos, I happened to be on the outside of the line, what the Rodiebashers call 'a flanker,' consequently, I was more exposed than those who were nearer the middle of our line. We dashed along at full gallop, and pretended that we were going to fire every moment, but our guns were not reloaded; this, however, the Caffres did not know. As we passed amongst the thickest of the enemy, half-a-dozen men rushed at me, but only two were able to reach me. One of them threw his spear, and wounded me in the thigh; the other slashed my horse, and nearly hamstrung him. Before we had journeyed half a mile, I found that I should soon have to stop, for my horse bled freely, and could scarcely canter. It was an awful thought to think that I might fall into the hands of these blood-thirsty savages; but there appeared to be no other result likely to happen, for in a few minutes my horse sunk under me, and I then saw that he had received two or three stabs in the belly, probably from the spears of those wounded men over whom we had ridden. I called to some of the Mensch who were near, and asked them to stay with me, but a panic appeared to have seized upon them, and they either did not hear, or did not heed. Knowing the danger of remaining in the open part, I ran along beside some bushes, until I found a thick forest of thorns; into this I dashed, and having found a quiet, dark corner, I stopped to consider what I should do. The prospect before me was not cheering, for I was fully sixty miles from the bay, and I had no doubt that my party would not halt until they reached this spot, and also that the country between would be overrun by the Zooloos. First, I thought of lying concealed until night, and then attempting part of the journey; but the improbability of finding my way through the bush, and the certainty of being dis-

covered and captured by the Caffres if I followed the beaten footpaths by which we had entered the country, soon caused me to relinquish this idea.

"I was in a very excited state when I thought over my difficulties, and could not resist the wish to peep out on the open country; so I crept to the edge of the bush, and looked all round. At first, all appeared quiet, and no person could be seen; but shortly after, I saw, at about a quarter of a mile from me, three Zooloos, one of whom was leading a horse. They were walking slowly, and appeared to be describing one to the other their respective performances. A thought at once entered my head and set me planning. In the country between me and the Caffres were several clumps of bush, and I at once determined to risk an attack upon these men, and to endeavor to capture the horse.

"The plan was a dangerous one, but my case was desperate. Even if I did gain a victory, and possess myself of the horse, there was still no very great chance of escape, for I must pass alone over many miles of country in which strong parties of the victorious Zooloos were sure to be on the look-out for stragglers; still there is such a feeling of strength comes over us when we are mounted on a good horse, and I saw at once that this was the *soldat* of one of our men who had been killed early in the day.

"There is something in my constitution—I do not like to call it courage—that makes me, when I am in positions of great danger, become very calm and calculating. Some other men I have found affected in a similar manner, whilst others become nervous or imprudent.

"When the thought struck me to attack these men, I made all my plans in an instant. I saw that they were approaching some rather tall trees, when appeared near a river, and between me and this river the cover was tolerably good. I waited until the party were hidden from view, and then ran towards them.

"I looked about me, and fully expected to see a party of Zooloos chasing me, but no man was near. I could hear the shrieks of women in the distance, probably over the bodies of the slain on the battle-field, but fortunately for me, every one appeared too busy elsewhere to be examining this part of the field. I then dropped on to the ground, as the Caffres

crossed a little open patch of grass, and once I crouched behind some bushes, and feared that all was lost, for the horse recognized my dress, pricked up his ears, and turned his head to look at me. I was scarcely two hundred yards distant then; and had the Caffres known the nature of a horse, or had they not been so much occupied in talking, my surprise, which I knew would be half the battle, would have failed. Again they passed between thick bushes, and again I ran on. I passed them at about a hundred yards' distance, but well concealed, and pushed on in advance, and lay down near the stream, at about thirty paces from the path.

I was very hot, and my hands were shaking with excitement, for the struggle would now take place in a few seconds. I cocked my roer—fortunately, it had two barrels—and waited. On they came; I could hear their voices, then their footsteps, and at length they stood within forty paces of me. I allowed them to advance a few paces, then took aim at the man who led the horse, fired, and saw him instantly fall to the ground. I then covered the second Caffre, and dropped him.

Now, if the third man had known that I possessed no weapon other than an empty gun, which I did not like to stay to load, he would probably have closed with me, and stabbed me with his assagai. I knew that if I showed a sign of fear, he might suspect that my gun had power to throw two shots only, but I knew that these Caffres possessed such a slight knowledge of firearms, that they were not certain how many times we could fire without loading; so, instantly after firing, I jumped from my concealment, and pointed my gun at the remaining Caffre. He did not stop for inquiry, but jumped about from side to side like a Duiker, and rushed down the path up which he had just come.

"Have got rid of these men, I knew that only a small part of my work was done, for I was not certain that the horse would allow me to catch him; and if he were to gallop off, or show himself shy, I should be in a more awkward position than before, because now the Zooloos knew that there was a dismounted white man near them, whom they could easily surround and kill. I knew that the only plan to adopt to catch the horse was to approach him very slowly, so as not to

cause any alarm, and this was the most trying work for my patience that I ever had to do. Each minute was now of importance. The report of my gun must have alarmed the men at the village; the Caffre who had escaped would inform them of my solitary position, even a delay of a few seconds might cause me to be unmercifully tortured, and then slaughtered, and yet I knew that hurry might spoil all.

"When the Caffre who was leading the horse fell to the ground, the animal trotted off to about fifty yards' distance, and commenced grazing. When I approached him, he lifted his head, and moved slowly away from me. I stopped instantly, and walked round so as to appear by no means anxious to catch him. After two or three times walking round him, each time getting nearer, I at length ventured on approaching him.

"Now, I had often noticed that if you went up to a horse very slowly, and continued saying, 'Ah! now, good horse,' and all that, the animal usually appeared to suspect you meant some mischief, and would move off; so, trusting that the schimmel was a good shooting horse, I loaded my gun nearly close to him, and then walked straight towards him, as though we were old friends, taking care to advance from the left side. To my joy and delight, he raised his head from feeding, but stood perfectly quiet. I seized the bridle, jumped on his back, and, with a hearty 'trek,' galloped off.

"Whilst I was loading my gun, I could hear the conversation of some Zooloos in the distance: these men were shouting to one another from the hill-tops, and I knew that this would entail hard riding and a watchful eye, to enable me to escape from the parties which were already out endeavoring to secure possession of all the crossings of the rivers; whilst the less fleet of foot would watch me from the hill-tops; but now, on the back of a horse, I felt safe. The schimmel galloped strong, and felt like iron under me, and I had soon passed over three or four miles; but now I had a bad piece of bush to pass through, and I suspected that the enemy were there in wait for me.

"When within about a quarter of a mile of the bush, which I saw was only about a hundred yards in extent, I pulled up, as though to look about me, but, in reality, to note if any path other than that

by which I was approaching led through the bushes. I saw another some distance to the left; so I rode down towards this, as though I purposed passing through over this path. My plan succeeded, for I instantly saw several black heads moving along very quickly, from near the path where I appeared to be going, to that by which my passage was now expected.

"I rode on very slowly, and as though I had seen nothing; but when I approached within about fifty yards of the dense bush, I turned my horse, and rode full gallop towards the other pathway, and dashed through the bushes, fortunately without interruption. A savage yell, from at least fifty disappointed Zooloos, greeted me, when I appeared on the other side; for I had drawn their ambuscade from the one pathway to the other,

and thus escaped. I rode hard for the next two hours, but did not see another friend or foe, until I came up with the party of Mensch, who were hastening down to the bay to save what they could, either by treking or going on board a ship; for we knew that the Zooloos would be down upon us in a couple of days at farthest.

"I have been in many a sharp and hard fight since that day, and some not the most pleasant to look back upon; but, as I told you at the commencement, the first battle, like the first of every thing, is that which we remember the best, and so I can recall every circumstance attending my first fight, and am thus able to tell all that happened, without forgetting one incident, or even the feelings which I then experienced."

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From Chambers's Journal.

## THE VIENNA DEATH-BRINGER.

TOWARDS the end of Maria Theresa's reign, when the Empress-Queen had finished her wars, got most of her family married, and established strict etiquette at court, there appeared among the rank and fashion of Vienna a lady, whose comings and goings were more anxiously watched, and more earnestly talked of, than ever were those of envoy or ambassador. She was neither young nor beautiful, clever nor rich, but a *stift-dame* or pensioner of one of those institutions so abundant in Germany, which were founded by the munificence of early magnates for the education and maintenance of the under-ordered branches of their family-trees. Madame von Enslar, as the lady was called, though yet in single blessedness—for the madame came with the stift—was on the shady side of fifty, of unquestionably noble birth, had been maid of honor to the Empress when she was Arch-duchess, and could still boast of a place in her majesty's memory; yet no *fräulein*, introduced for the first time to the family

of her intended, could have been more amiable. What was still better, every body believed that Madame von Enslar's amiability was a genuine article. Had her head been detachable, any acquaintance might have borrowed it. Whoever was in difficulties, might count on her help or counsel, and madame was not a bad adviser; but her chosen field of labor, and, it seemed, of delight, too, was the sick-room. Beside the night-lamp or in the darkened chamber, madame was at home in any body's house. Her quiet ways, her unwearied care, and her unquestionable abilities in the manufacture of soups, jellies, and all other comforts for the indisposed, made her a perfect treasure to all who intended to keep their beds for some time; but, strange to say, there were people in Vienna who would rather have seen the most slatternly hospital-nurse at their bedsides. The monks of the Austrian capital have never stood high, and superstitious terrors are the natural accompaniments of such society.



How it originated, nobody could tell; but a whisper gradually crept into boudoir, drawing-room, and down the back-stairs, that wherever madame went to nurse and tend the sick, death was sure to follow her. Examples of the fact might be heard in every circle. Had not the young Countess Valsenburg been a second Hebe for youth and health, till madame went to nurse her in the cold she caught at her Imperial Majesty's Christmas reception? yet the cold turned to a rapid consumption, and the Countess joined her ancestors in the family-vault before Easter. Did not the Canoness of Stofenhaim look rather too rosy for a lady so nearly connected with prayer and fasting, till she sprained her ankle in the Ash-Wednesday procession, and madame came with that inestimable poultice invented by the doctor of her *stift*. Nobody ever saw the Canoness looking rosy after that. One turn of sickness followed another, and her funeral went out with the last leaves of the summer. Did not the old Baroness von Hardenbach belong to one of the toughest families in all Austria, till madame began to make embrocations for the rheumatism she had every winter, and her heirs were agreeably surprised by having to provide mourning six weeks after? Similar instances were on record among the poor whom the amiable stift-dame visited. The servants for whom she prescribed, and the tradesmen in whose families she took an interest—doctors, lawyers, and priests—all believed in this bad luck; but nobody undertook to explain her connection with the King of Terrors. That she had a criminal hand in the business, could not be even imagined. Besides having no motive for any body's removal, no legacy to expect, no rival to get rid of, Madame von Enslar was a frank, honest, good-natured soul, the very opposite of all who ever dealt in poisons.

Nevertheless, she visited the sick, and the sick died; the whisper was loud in the city, but low in the court. Though Prince Kaunitz, that mighty minister who never permitted the decease of any body to be mentioned in his hearing, had also forbidden the utterance of her name; though Joseph II. had consulted Mesmer on the subject, it was said without effect, the Empress-Queen never acknowledged the existence of such tales. Madame had been her maid of honor, and

her confessor was the lady's distant relation. To believe any thing more than her Imperial Majesty would have been a decided infraction of etiquette. The Viennese world of fashion was therefore obliged to content itself with retailing those startling facts under the seal of secrecy, and keeping its own maladies from coming to madame's ears; but in proportion as the stift-dame was a terror to its brave and fair, when themselves were concerned, so did she become their hope and confidence in the case of old and wealthy relations, troublesome dependents, creditors, obstructors, some said spouses—in short, any body whom it was desirable to get out of the way.

It is proverbial that those most concerned in a report are generally the last to hear it. Madame von Enslar went on attending masses, making clothes for the poor, and compounding good things for the indisposed, without the slightest idea of the hopes and fears which hung upon her visits. From her youth, which the world now around her regarded as a long past and primitive time, she had lived in the Stifthouse—an establishment where young ladies were educated, and older ones dwelt in a somewhat conventual fashion, with daily prayers, solemn observance of fast and festival, and great execution done in needlework and cookery. Whether it were the practice of stifthouses in general, of madame's in particular, or the lady's own disposition that obtained such credit, certain it was that she had come to the capital after residing the appointed twenty years under the stift-mother's superintendence, with the neat black dress and gold crucifix of the institution, and no tendency whatever to intrigue, scandal, or curiosity touching her neighbor's affairs. The good woman was congratulating herself on the excellent health with which her friends were blessed, in the third winter of her sojourn at Vienna. None of all her acquaintances would acknowledge that they or theirs were ill, or likely to be so; the poor whom she visited were equally free from complaints, her own and her friends' servants declared themselves in a most satisfactory condition; when a transaction occurred which convinced even the Empress-Queen, and enlightened madame on the mysterious part of her own history.

The Archbishop of Salzburg was one of the richest churchmen in the empire. He had estates both in Austria and the Tyrol,

large deposits in the imperial bank, revenues from shrines, bridges, and highways, his vineyards produced the best wine, his park contained the finest game, and his country-house was delightfully situated on a rising-ground overlooking the Danube, and within two German miles of Vienna. There Ludwig Firstenfeld lived in princely splendor and high favor with Maria Theresa. Almost forty years before, when a rival *kaiser* had been crowned at Linz—when her right was assailed by all the princes who had promised to maintain it—when the Holy See stood prudently aloof, to see which side should win, he had gallantly championed her cause in and out of canonicals, canvassed the states of Hungary, gave sage counsel in the imperial closet, and advanced money for carrying on the war. The wisdom which the Archbishop had displayed in those days of uncertainty, made his advice so necessary to the Empress-Queen, that he rarely visited his palace in Salzburg, or his castle in Swabia, but resided chiefly at his country-house, within reach of the court, the theaters, and the news. His grace received the best company in Vienna; her majesty and all the Imperial family honored his state-balls with their presence; he had the choicest pictures, the rarest china, the most select conservatories, and his mansion was kept in all sorts of propriety by the administration of Madame Segandorf, his widowed niece, and her three grown-up daughters. Madame Segandorf's husband had been a Count of the Austrian Netherlands. His estates were lost partly in the war with France, and partly at French hazard. Mother and daughters had consequently no provision becoming their rank, but they were all amiable, accomplished, and devotedly attached to their wealthy uncle.

The spiritual lord of Salzburg was verging on seventy-five, but still a stately figure at the levée and a dreaded antagonist at the chess-board. As became an archbishop so high in imperial favor, he was believed to be endowed with every virtue. The court-poets spoke of his canonization as an event to be expected; the inferior clergy agreed that his residence in the bowers of Paradise was ready. Nevertheless, Ludwig Firstenfeld was in no hurry to leave his choice toky, his first-rate venison, and his elegant country-house, of which he gave

a convincing proof by keeping its doors steadily closed against Madame von Knslar. The Archbishop did not believe the idle tales that were afloat, any more than his imperial patroness; after her majesty's example, he did not even notice them, and greeted the stiff-dame, when he met her in society, with almost paternal kindness. Yet, while his hospitalities were extended to rich and poor, home-born and foreign, who had the smallest pretensions to noble blood, madame was never invited within his walls or grounds.

The lady would have been probably content to see herself thus overlooked for life, but it did not tally with another lady's plans. In a moment of amiable weakness, some years before, the Archbishop had permitted his niece to learn that his will was made in favor of herself and daughters. There were none of them growing younger. The grays and counts to whom the junior ladies aspired, some how found out that no dowry could be expected till their uncle's death, and were not in haste to propose. Madame Segandorf, being still a fine woman, had considerable calculations on an old prince with heavily encumbered estates and a habit of incessant gambling, and while her solicitude regarding the health and welfare of her dear uncle daily increased, she left no stone unturned to get the stiff-dame invited to his country-house. Even the efforts of widows are not always crowned with success. The praises of madame's piety, humility, and unbounded reverence for his grace, were sounded without effect. Then madame herself was stirred up to make advances. It was a pity the Archbishop should neglect her so; some body must have prejudiced his mind against her; there were always ill-natured people in the world; perhaps they had led him to believe that she was careless of his good opinion and great interest at court. It might be well to get in his way at times, talk of his most celebrated pictures, and hint a strong desire to see them. These stratagems, and many more, were tried, but all in vain. His grace would take no hints, and hear no insinuations. Poor madame, constantly reminded of the fact, began to think it the black cloud of her life that she was shut out from his country-house; complained of it to all her acquaintances, grieved over it in secret, and was thinking

of offerings to the most benevolent saints on the subject, when by chance she hit on a more direct expedient.

Passing through the Jews' quarter in one of her missions of charity, she saw hanging in the shop of a noted dealer in second-hand garments a magnificent morning-gown of crimson damask, flowered with gold. Being a woman, the stift-dame was taken captive by its grandeur. Moreover, it looked perfectly new. The Archbishop had a special liking for splendour; and if, as Solomon told her, a gift made room for a man, such a present would certainly secure a lady place at his board and in his ball-room. The Jew's price was low compared with the actual value of the robe; it had come into his hands by some chance of trade, and did not suit his customers. Yet decidedly cheap as it was, the cost would leave madame nothing to offer that Christmas at the shrine of Our Lady, who happened to be the patron-saint of her stift. However, the Archbishop's good graces were in prospect. Madame went straight home for all her savings, paid for the magnificent morning-gown, saw it safely packed up, and felt herself an already invited guest, when it was deposited, box and all, in a private cupboard, to be seen by nobody till it was dispatched to the country-house, as a Christmas gift for his Grace of Salzburg.

Christmas was the Archbishop's birthday, which returned for the seventy-fifth time that year, and he determined to celebrate it with more than usual festivity. The uttermost branches of his family were invited months before, and gladly obeyed the summons of their rich and reverend relative. They came from the hills of Bohemia, and the plains of Lombardy; from the frontiers of France, and the borders of Russia; for the house of First-enfield was numerously represented; and wherever the Hapsburg scepter ruled, there were its boughs to be found flourishing in the law, in the church, or in the army. Gifts came in as well as friends—when did a rich man's birthday lack presents?—but among them there was nothing so splendid, nothing so much to the Archbishop's taste, as the magnificent morning-gown, sent just as it came from the Jew's shop, by the hand of a trusty messenger, with a note which it had cost the stift-dame two sleepless nights to compose. His grace was delighted, and all his

assembled relations envied the lucky sender, except Madame Segandorf, who returned to her praises with fresh vigor, hinted that she feared the poor lady had but a lonely Christmas; every body had not a dear, kind uncle like her and her girls. The Archbishop took no notice of these grateful remarks, but as the present had arrived on the eve of the festival, he did madame the honor of wearing it at his birthday levée.

Every body admired the morning-gown. The sports of the day, the morning mass, and the evening banquet, all went off well. The Bishop's health was drunk in old Austrian fashion—good wishes, predictions, and prayers for length of days and increase of dignity, even to the Cardinal's hat, were made on his behalf; but before the rejoicings were fairly over, it was observed that his Grace did not look quite well. Next morning, he was decidedly indisposed; his anxious relations, not knowing the state of his will, remained in the house to see what turn the illness would take; but first Madame Segandorf sickened also; then her daughters, one after another; then the cousins, cousins-in-law, noble ladies, and high officials who had assembled round the Bishop's festive board, began to complain and retire to their chambers. Half the physicians of repute in Vienna were in full action at the country-house. At first, they thought something might have gone wrong at the banquet, and a strict search after poison was commenced; but in a short time it became evident that the disease was small-pox. The dread and devastation which attended that malady over all Europe in the eighteenth century, are matters of history. It was the desolater of palace and cottage, and the plague of preceding ages had no such terrors for men. In the Bishop's country-house, its visitation came with a malignity never equaled. All who sickened, died; all who fled were seized on their homeward ways. The prelate himself survived the widow and her daughters, who had been in such haste for his testament, only a few days; and before the new year was a month old, the numerous house of First-enfield was so diminished, that its large possessions fell to three poor priests and an old doctor of laws, who by common consent, built a monastery for the brothers of Lazarus on the site of the elegant country-house.

The court and the public woke up as they seldom wake in Austria. A strict investigation regarding the stiff-dame's present was set on foot, and by the perseverance of the police it was discovered to have formed part of the wardrobe of Louis XV., and been worn for the first time in the attack of small-pox which finished his reign. As usual in those times, every thing worn by his departed majesty on that occasion was supposed to have been burned; but the magnificent morning-gown tempted a covetous valet; he saved it from the fire; sold it to a traveling Jew, under a stipulation never

to show it on French ground: thus it had found its way to Vienna, and been purchased by the unlucky Madame von Enslar. The sifting of the transaction not only confirmed the public belief in her connection with the last enemy, but induced the Empress-Queen to command her immediate retirement to her stiff-house, which she never again quitted; and it is said to have given currency to a popular superstition, which still prevails in Upper Austria, where every out-of-the-way village has some tale regarding the unconscious powers of some old man or woman known as the Death-bringer.

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From Chambers's Journal.

## A WIFE'S DISTRESSES.

### CHAPTER I.

I WAS born an heiress. The day I entered the world, my poor dear mother left it. I was her first and only child; and my father, who loved her passionately, was sadly grieved at his loss. The very light of his eyes was gone, and in her place he had only me—a sickly, irritating baby, so poor a comfort, and so great a care. Mamma's property was secured to me, and till I came of age, papa was to enjoy the interest of it. Dear papa, how faithfully he carried out all the implied conditions of that will, how tenderly he loved me, not surely for my own sake, but for hers that was gone. He spared neither time nor expense to make me the most accomplished of my sex; every thing that could possibly tend to improve me, mentally or physically, was freely granted, and I grew up fully prepared to support the position that came to me by birth. But as the sunshine seldom lasts through the day, my good, dear, self-sacrificing papa was taken from me when I was on the eve of womanhood, and at the most critical period of life. He did his best to secure me from my inevitable dangers; he left for my guardians his two cousins

and former companions, who were honest above suspicion, and only anxious to do their duty to me. Under their care I continued my studies, and still lived in seclusion, spending only the interest of the interest of my fortune; and so I grew and grew, and lived on in an ideal world, dreaming rather than acting, and feeding an already too active imagination. But there are few lives so quiet that have not some gay occasions, and so it happened to me when I was somewhat past twenty. I was staying with my aunt at Horngrave, which happened to be the head-quarters of the Wessex militia. Wherever there are military, there are sure to be music and dancing. A ball celebrated the conclusion of the period of annual training, and every body in Horngrave was going. I protested to all my acquaintances that I did not care for balls—that I had never danced much—and that my guardians, I knew, did not think well of those promiscuous meetings in country towns. But flattery soon conquered all my scruples. I could not resist being told that with my beauty and my known wealth I should be the pride of the ball. And why, thought I, have these advantages, and not enjoy them? It was a mischievous spirit that

urged me to such an exhibition of vanity ; but who that has felt the pleasure of being admired, can refrain sometimes from indulging in it ? I went to the ball with some friends, and dressed, I felt, to perfection ; I wore some of my family jewels, which were valuable enough to show every one my wealth, even if it were not known.

How brilliant, how gay, how unlike every thing else in our quiet monotonous lives, a well-lighted ball-room is — how fairy-like and bewitching the elegances of costume, how joyous the atmosphere, how inspiriting the music of the dance. I had not been in the room ten minutes before I felt how flat and tame my life had hitherto been as compared with the enchanting present. I was not wrong in the anticipation of my success. I was eagerly sought as a partner, and engaged for every dance of the evening. I used to fancy young men were much alike ; tall or short, dark or fair, they always appeared to say the same things, to have the same ambitions, objects, and thoughts ; to be, in short, uniformly uninteresting. I came back from that ball an altered being. One there was who had danced more often with me, who seemed to say precisely what I cared to listen to, to think precisely what I felt, and to meet my ideal of a man in some unaccountably wonderful way. I *do* believe in love at sight ; and I am convinced that I could no more help loving that man, than I could have felt a passion for any other of my partners. He was a Captain Norman. His father I had heard mentioned as a cold, stern, hard-hearted aristocrat ; while the son was as kind and generous as if all his ancestors had been professional philanthropists. I fancied he was pleased with me ; otherwise, why did he dance again and again with me, and why did he hope, when we parted, that we should meet again ? I heard him answer to some question put by a bystander, " Very, very charming." Was it I ?

But now the ball was over, there was a reaction, and I felt sadder and duller than I had ever been before. But my pride was roused. I would display my wealth in some way, and not live on as if pinched by poverty. I was fond of driving. I would have a pair of ponies, and drive them myself ; there would, at least, be some excitement about that. I was quite

right, and enjoyed myself exceedingly ; but was it not partly in the hope of meeting Captain Norman that I acted thus ? At any rate, I did meet him, and, of course, as opportunities will occur when hearts are willing, we improved our acquaintance. I was soon desperately in love. I believe I would have given up all for that man, even then. He was no less ardent ; and seeing, as he must have done, my disposition, he was not slow in breathing his vows, and asking my love. It had been given long before, though in secret ; and now there had been mutual confession. How smoothly every thing went in the dreams of that happy hour — nothing was wanting but my guardians' consent, for I was not yet of age, and for that I impatiently waited. At length their answer came ; it was written in the joint-name of both, and was as kind in expression and feeling as their letters had ever been. It made me feel very, very sad, and almost wicked in my love ; and yet, in what they told me, there was no appearance of ill-feeling ; their honesty was unimpeachable, and what purpose could their warnings serve ? Still my betrothed husband, my beau-idéal, was, in their language, a very doubtful, even dangerous character. " His family is aristocratic by birth, but seldom visited, and there is a hereditary danger in the blood ; he is known to be fascinating, and very clever, an admirable actor, [this cut me to the heart,] but changeable, violent, unreliable." They warned me to beware of letting my feelings be too much engaged, as such an alliance could not result well. This letter was the first great shock I had ever had ; my life hitherto had been so calm, that I was quite unprepared for such a blow. It seemed to me that all the world opposed our union, and combined to make me wretched ; but this feeling, in itself, only drew me closer to Arthur. To his impatient pleadings for our union, I urged my present dependence, and the impossibility of marriage till I was of age, which would occur in three months. This interval passed in a mixed state of anxiety and pleasure ; delight in the society of Arthur, but with a constantly irritating remembrance of the warning I had received. At length, my birthday drew so near that I determined to see my lawyer, and make my own disposition of my property, to be signed when of age. Arthur nobly asked nothing from me, though he must have known my

wealth, and I knew his comparative poverty. In a feeling of generosity at his noble disinterestedness, I determined to give him the half of my property irrevocably, but to reserve for the day he should call me wife to tell him what I had done. On the evening before my birthday and our wedding-day, I received a large packet of papers from my late guardians—kind, pensively kind, but unaltered in expression. In resigning their charge, they said that my conduct had been exemplary during the whole period of their duties; they had never had any difference with me, and every recommendation save one had been dutifully attend to. "Now I was my own mistress, and although they must deeply regret the step I was about to take, they earnestly trusted that their former anticipations might prove incorrect, and that my future lot might be as happy as my merits deserved." I wrote them a grateful answer, and thanked them from my heart for all their services. The next day, I was married. The wedding was quite private; neither Arthur nor I cared to have it gay; to me, he was all in all, and no numbers could have given me additional pleasure. A small party at breakfast, a few tears, and then we left for a long wedding-tour, that had been arranged previously.

## CHAPTER II.

FOR the first few months our lives were as happy as it seems to me possible for human lives to be; indeed, after such happiness, we must expect to have much that is desolate and sad, or our lot on earth would not be what we know it is. I will not say that I did not discover in Arthur some signs of a naturally impetuous temper, in fact, some faults; but he was not at all the less charming than before marriage, and his love for me seemed firm and strong. We made a great tour of some seven months or more, and visited in succession every thing that is worth seeing in Europe. We traveled in great state—Arthur had his own valet, I, my maid—and we engaged the most accomplished courier at, I must confess, rather an extravagant rate. His salary was as large as the most gifted man of his age could have earned by any occupation other than that of music; but he was

"unique." I forget how it was that we staid so long at Baden-Baden on our return home; but I had not been so well, and Arthur thought rest would restore me. However, it was there that Arthur's manner first altered to me; he was less attentive, less devoted than before. I sometimes fancied that he staid away to help on my recovery, as his presence always excited me. One evening, I know not why, after passing the greater part of the day in filling up a sketch made in Rome, I felt an unusual wish to join the gay throng in the Kursaal. I waited, thinking Arthur would return, intending to ask him to take me there. I waited some time—it was rather late—and he had usually returned before. I determined to go and seek him myself; and hastily changing my dress, and somewhat concealing my features, I set forth on my search. I looked for him in vain in many a well-lighted saloon; he was not among the dancers. I thought he might possibly be detained in some more than usually fascinating waltz; but no. I was afraid of being recognized by some of our numerous acquaintances, but fortunately I was not. At length I reached that room of rooms which makes Baden-Baden a Vesuvius of danger—that crater of excitement which swallows all its victims—the gambling-table. As I entered, a pang shot through my frame; Arthur surely could not be there. The old doubtful warning flashed before me, and I felt fearfully wretched, but it was but for a moment. Before my eyes were the tables, and seated round that mixture of every age and country, to whom alike, savage and civilized, gambling is the common pleasure. I stood half-concealed in the crowd that surrounded the players. The stakes were evidently high, for little gold was passing, and memoranda on paper were mostly exchanged. The game must indeed be exciting, for although a perfect stranger to it, even as a spectator I was interested, almost bewildered, in watching it. Opposite to me was one of the players, who soon absorbed my attention, to the exclusion of all the others. I followed his play with all my attention, though I could not tell why. In my absorption, I forgot the motive that brought me there. There was a striking resemblance to some face I knew well that riveted me, and yet my brain whirled to such a degree I could not tell whose image it was. His hair

was dark and curling, his forehead clear and high, the whole face intellectual, while a rather heavy mustache detracted from the otherwise open expression. His dress was peculiar. The excitement of the game played in every muscle of his face. He was evidently a habitual gambler: he received his gains and paid his losses with a manner that proved his habits. But to-night how fearfully was he losing! Time after time, fortune went against him, and check after check left his hands. His manner, though still restrained, was becoming violent. At last he lost once more: I felt it was his ruin, for he rose—a burning spot on each cheek—and stood with glaring eyes, looking before him. Our eyes met: his face glowed with the reflection of a furnace, and then turned deadly pale. O agony! that moment had revealed all. In those eyes, in that burning face, in that marble reaction, I beheld—I knew it at once, despite the false mustache and deceptive costume—my husband, my Arthur, my adored—false to his honor, for he had promised me not to play! Oh! that fatal warning—too late, too late! I had no time to think, for in, an instant he was beside me. “You dare” he said, “to pry into my amusements, to follow me in disguise;” and madman that he was, he gave me a blow that bore me to the ground.

I remember nothing more. When I awoke in the morning, after a distressing, restless night, I was in a raging fever: the doctor pronounced me in a very critical state; nothing but perfect quiet could save my life, and how was that to be obtained when my anxieties must be permanent? But where was Arthur? Was he ashamed to appear, or had he returned desperately to his ruin? I implored his servant to try and find him, and was in agonies till he came back. No; he was not at the Kursaal. I felt at least a thrill of delight. At length I gained some sleep, and felt more composed, when I was again disturbed by the sound of footsteps: I asked who it was. My maid Emma went out to see. I heard expostulations, and excited language, and then a groan. What could it mean? Had Arthur, in despair, attempted—I was out of bed in an instant, and was on the stairs beside the bearers and the body. Yes, it was he; but oh!—blood, blood—he had done it. I was the murderer of my husband. I fell helpless into

the arms of the attendants, and remember nothing more, till I found myself in bed, doctors beside me, my hair cut short, my lips parched, my head burning hot. “Where is he?” cried I. “Arthur, forgive me.” They covered my lips, and enforced silence. He is better, much better: thank Heaven, he lived; then I was forgiven. By unremitting care, I grew daily stronger, and in a week I was safely delivered of a girl. I never expected to recover, but nature, so strong and beneficent, supported me. I was not allowed to hear much of Arthur, but I felt easy about him, and his recovery, like mine, was quick. The little darling, unconscious of these troubles, was lively and happy as a princess. Three weeks after, I was allowed to meet Arthur. He was much altered; his gay manner quite gone, his face wan and haggard, his eye restless and nervous. But for the voice, and some other characteristics, I could not have recognized him. What mingled feelings of joy and pain I had at seeing him again! I loved him devotedly still, but respect, the conscious feeling of duty, was gone. We talked little. He appeared to like our baby. Soon the doctors ordered us back to our rooms: there, in weariness, I asked Emma to give me the Baden paper, which I saw lying unopened on the table. I turned it over, looking restlessly over the announcements of new gayeties, which did not at all interest me; but my eye caught this paragraph: “Duel at Baden.” I thought duelling had retired from good society long ago. “A duel was fought about three weeks ago between an English gentleman and a German baron: the affair and its cause have been hushed up, and we have not been able to arrive at particulars, but the Englishman was severely wounded.” There could be no mistake. Arthur was the Englishman, and Baron de Gronold, in defending my sex’s honor, had fought my husband for striking me a blow.

Misery—utter desolation: what can equal the agony of those moments! Ill as I was, I resolved at once to return with baby to England. Never, never again could I live with Arthur. I was degraded, deceived; and fiercely as my love had burned, my passion raged. I would see him once more, demand an account of his pecuniary position, and then leave him forever. His broken appearance nearly overcame my resolution,

but I would not be deceived any more. He had spent every farthing of what I had given him; besides this, his debts, old and new, amounted to thousands. It was nearly all I had. Then there was my child; my duty to that, and my submission to my husband. No—all should go to pay his debts. I would earn my livelihood, and he should at least be clear. All was realized, and flowed in a golden stream to relieve his necessities. At last, every claim was satisfied, and, with my child, I bade him a last farewell. Not a vestige of his former self remained. The hereditary malady of my guardians' warning had seized him, and he was fading fast away: nature and life were fast killing him. I spared all I could to leave him the comforts of life. Weak as I had been, I was now determined to act energetically. Arrived in England, I returned to Horngrave, which I had left so happy—a humble lodging my dwelling, my child all my joy.

### CHAPTER III.

SEVENTEEN years passed over—years spent in close economy, in careful thought over every small outgoing, and anxious attention for Ellen, now growing up. Nothing more had I heard of Arthur. Since the day we parted, my life had been calm, but it had been the calm of melancholy. The blow I had received could not be effaced—there were dreams, visions that beset me night and day, and destroyed my rest. Still young, I was broken in health, and needed comforts my means could not now procure. But I had truly learned the lesson of adversity, and felt how much more our happiness depends on our internal resources, than on outward means. As far as my circumstances would admit, Ellen had received a good education; it was my boast that at least she was brought up as a gentlewoman, and that, let the worst come, she was worthy of her hire as a governess—she was qualified to earn a livelihood. I heard little of the few surviving members of my family, and that little not to their advantage. One uncle I knew was very rich, but I had neither the necessity nor the desire to ask his bounty. He lived mostly in Ireland, and was reputed popular among his tenants. It was the beginning of summer—I remember well the

evening—Ellen and I were sitting in the full glory of the sunset, when a letter was delivered to me, containing the startling intelligence of my uncle's death, and the discovery of a will giving all his property to me. I was not—I had not been for seventeen years greedy for money; but the power, the influence, the resources of wealth were not lost on me, and in that moment I was overcome with thankfulness. Half my anxieties and cares these long years had been pecuniary, and now, thank Heaven, they were past. The lawyer's letter recommended an immediate departure for Ireland, to secure my possessions. Ellen and I speedily prepared for our journey, and were soon *en voyage*. Killigreen, my uncle's mansion, was a perfect type of an Irish residence—a village attached to the estate—a park in neglected condition—a large rambling house, bearing marks of its open, universal use and accommodation—its furniture decayed—its retainers and servants out of number—dogs and horses breeding and increasing in its paddocks and kennels—every sign of profuseness and neglect; and yet the real value of the estate was large—£4000 a year, free from any drawbacks or deductions. There was no doubt about the bequest—the will was clear and distinct—"To my niece, Mrs. Norman, I bequeath all my estates, lands, and hereditaments." Our reign commenced. The local newspapers teemed with the accounts of the great rejoicings at the revived fortunes of the present possessors. All the neighbors of importance did us the honor of a visit. For months, Killigreen was a scene of festivity and rejoicing. Every thing about the place, as far as possible, was kept as it was. It was about six months after we had been in possession, as Ellen and I were examining some old books in the library, I observed Ellen pick up a paper that fell from an old volume, and read it with apparent interest; suddenly, she uttered a shriek, and fell fainting on the carpet. I was naturally alarmed, and anxiously raised her from the ground: "My darling, what is the matter?"

"The will! the will!" was all she uttered; and taking the paper from the ground, I read our doom in a moment. This deed was of a later date than that acted upon, and reversing all former bequests, bequeathed the entire estates to a Hospital for the blind. I could hardly



breathe—I could barely understand where I was. Was it not a dream? — a fantasy of the night? Surely I was at Horngrave, in our old cottage; and Killigreen and all its wealth a midnight fancy. If otherwise, how could I return to the rightful possessors what I had spent—the lavish expenditure of the last few months? Here is the paper, but what is to prevent me in a moment from destroying all evidence of an altered intention? And indeed the temptation was strong. I held in my hands the destiny of myself and daughter—the title-deed to fortune and happiness, or to distress and care; but, thank Heaven, in that moment my better angel preserved me from a sin I dare not think of. Ellen and I, though bathed in tears, were resolved not a moment should be lost to place the recovered will beyond the power of destruction. We wrote to our lawyer, inclosing the document and praying him to act as quickly as possible; we wished to retire from our false position at once. Judge of the morality of the man when we received for answer his advice to keep the matter secret! There was no moral necessity for us, he wrote, to injure ourselves; it was the *duty* of those whom it concerned to urge their claims. Seeing his obtuseness, I wrote to the secretary to the hospital, telling my story, and praying for immediate action. It was not long in taking place. An order to surrender the house and estate came within forty-eight hours, and not long after, a claim for the rents received. Then I felt the bitterness of our lot—to resign all voluntarily, and then to be called on to reproduce what was gone. My lawyer, after the surrender of our claim abandoned all attention to our cause, and left us to the hands of our successors. As a public body they had no individual feeling, and acted on so-called disinterested grounds; suffice it to say, that we quitted the estate impoverished more than when we came there. My annuity, small as it was before, was eaten up by the law-expenses and other charges on surrender. One month later, we were again in our old quarters at Horngrave. No longer independent, Ellen was now forced to earn something to complete our livelihood, and doubly thankful was I that she could do so. She bore bravely up against our misfortunes; the very necessity for action seemed to brace her. But my cup was not yet full.

We had hardly returned to our old quiet life before it was fearfully disturbed. One day I had been out alone for a walk, while Ellen was at home with her pupils, engaged at a music-lesson. On my return, I was surprised to see a male figure in our sitting-room, to see him bending over her as she played, and then actually to clasp her to his breast and kiss her. I could only see his back, and my heart beat so violently I could hardly breathe. What more was I to bear? To see the affection of my only blessing won from me by a stranger; to see him embrace her before my eyes, and she too to submit. I was hardly sensible, but I managed to enter the room. As the door opened, Ellen burst into my arms, and cried, "Papa, papa has returned! He is here—he is here!" I knew no more till I awoke upon my bed; and saw standing at the foot, the man who had ruined all my hopes and happiness; still, in his corrupt beauty, faded as it was, and beside him, our daughter, more like him than I had ever conceived. Oh! that I had lived to see the day! Had the news of my late fortune brought him back, like a vulture, to the prey? Or was he penitent? Was he to return as a prodigal, and were we now at last to be happy?

My illness was very severe; the recent shock coming upon my already weakened frame, made it even critical, and for days I was unconscious; and what my unrestrained tongue gave vent to, I can not tell, but they were burning words—the pent-up thoughts and troubles of years—strange combinations of the past and present, all clustering round one center—the man who wronged me, who had so broken all his vows. But as I mended, the lowering clouds that so disturbed me cleared away, and I saw, day by day, and hour by hour, although without fairly realizing it, Arthur, the cause of all my cares, ever about my bed, and, with Ellen, anticipating my every wish. I never missed him; he seemed to live in the room, and, weak as I was, I saw an expression of deep anxiety and interest in his face which was new indeed. They seldom spoke to me, for the doctor's orders were for silence; but in my drowsy state I saw them often talking together, and he reading to her while she worked. Little as I could realize all the blessedness of the change, it wrought a wonderful effect on me; it gave the healing peace of mind I chiefly

needed, and worked the cure. Soon I was convalescent, for, the crisis past, nature hastened to restore itself, and then with joys bright as the fresh beauties of the rising sun, life seemed young again, and with a horizon still that promised happiness. The tale were long to tell of all that happened in those weeks of illness: to me they had been lost time, but to my child and husband they were indeed momentous; and happy was the suffering that bore such joyful fruit; for Ellen told me that when I lay unconscious and hardly breathing, her father, struck with the memory of former days, touched by the old love that once burned within him, knelt by my side, and gazed steadfastly in my face. He spoke not, but the working of his features told the mind within. Noiselessly, Ellen came and knelt beside him, and, placing an arm round his waist, claimed him as her parent. Flesh and blood could no longer resist this fresh call on his sympathy. In a voice hoarse and broken with emotion, he cried: "I have been a villain—a base villain! Your mother was an angel; she gave up every thing for me. No, Ellen, I will go—I will not darken your life, as I have hers. Tell her, only tell her, when she recovers, that I have gone, never to forget this day. She may hear of me again, but not as of old. If it is not too late, I will yet do something worthy of her love." And here he rose to go.

Ellen flung herself upon his breast, and told him all the strange vicissitudes of fortune, the close economy of Horngrave life, the bright prospect of Killigreen, the noble self-sacrifice, and how that I loved him still. She was sure that my life was desolate and dreary; as her tale was telling, his eye brightened, his color came; and when she ceased, he clasped her to his heart. "Your mother has been, and is, a perfect woman. I will reform, by the love I once swore to bear her, by the vow to cherish her; and you, Ellen, shall be my monitor—you shall restore me, and be the mediator between your mother and me." As he spoke, he knelt by my bed, and kissed me with an earnestness he had never known before. From that moment, the promise was fulfilled. But I had something yet to hear, and bitterly at the moment did it affect me, though now the recollection of it is a great comfort. My troubles had been partly my own causing. After the

wretched night when Arthur lost so much, I had acted wildly and imprudently; gambling had been a passion with him, and he had generally been successful; in fact, he looked upon it as a certain source of income, and, poor as he was, he did not like his dependence upon my fortune. Attempting to win by cards and fortune wealth for himself, he lost nearly all that belonged to me by right. In the agony of loss, he had struck a blow, he could never forget; he was mad at that moment; the fiend had him at command. The duel, and his and my illness, maintained this deplorable state of mind: he was jealous of the Baron, and even doubted my faithfulness. My subsequent coolness hurried things to a crisis; he was persuaded that the Baron and I had leagued together to destroy him, and in this conviction desperately plunged into dissipation: then I left him for England; and soon after the Baron left Baden too. For months he had been ill; an old friend of his family had found him in great distress, and left him money sufficient for immediate need. On his recovery despairing of ever regaining my love, and hating his own country, he determined to go to India and begin life anew. He had powerful friends there, who procured him such an appointment as he was in need of. He was appointed resident at the barbarous court of Oude, and there his reckless courage gained him vast influence over the savage chiefs and nobles. By careful management, he gained a considerable fortune; and then, sobered and more content to live, thought of returning to England to satisfy his conscience about me; for at times he had thought that his suspicions, strong as they were, might be wrong, and that even then I might be waiting in faithful poverty for his return. He journeyed to Calcutta, and took passage in a homeward-bound vessel, with his property in gold and jewels on board. By a singular fatality, the vessel was lost, and he was the only passenger who escaped. After much hardship, the passengers and crew were saved by a passing vessel, and he at length reached England with a heart almost broken by misfortune. Casually, he read in an old county newspaper the account of our Killigreen fortune and subsequent loss; and with a heart bursting with mingled feelings, he hurried to Horngrave, and found Ellen alone, as I have described. Then came

my illness ; in the long weeks of watching, his better feelings gained the victory ; and, ennobled by misfortune, he found at length the happiness he had long deemed as lost.

His services in India soon procured him an appointment at home, and though we are still poor, we have enough for all

our wants. Arthur, no longer young, no longer handsome as he was, seems to me more beautiful than ever. Our trials are over ; he has done all he promised : he is faithful, and our happiness is secure. We do not own a Killigreen ; but we married Ellen from a happy home, and her children now delight their grandmother's heart.

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From Chambers's Journal.

## N O T H I N G L O S T .

WHEN Lord Palmerston was Home Secretary, under Lord John Russell's premiership, he had to attend to sanitary reform, and to many other subjects far removed from the foreign diplomacy with which his name is more especially connected. While so engaged, he propounded an aphorism which is excellent both for its epigrammatic neatness and for its truth : "Dirt is only matter in the wrong place!" If society would duly act upon this truth, we should save millions a year ; if, instead of considering dirt and refuse, sweeping and cuttings, scourings and washings, to be valueless, we could only bring ourselves to believe that they are good things in wrong places, we should be better both in health and in pocket than we are now. Practical chemists have long known this ; medical men not unfrequently impress the fact on their patients ; patentees of new inventions often show an appreciation of it ; and the world is getting wiser thereon every day. A few months after the close of the Great Exhibition of 1851, Dr. Lyon Playfair gave a lecture on some of the results of that wonderful display, taking for his principal topic the recent advances in industrial chemistry. The production of perfumes was not the least curious of these examples. The lecturer showed that beautiful perfumes are now produced from the most trivial, and often from the

most fetid and repulsive substances. If this were all, it would be a triumph of chemistry, and a benefit to mankind ; but, unfortunately, the crooked commercial morality with which we are all too much acquainted, stepped in, and encouraged a system of cheating and deception. It is scientific to obtain from decayed or unsightly refuse a perfume similar in odor to that obtained from a beautiful fruit or flower ; but it is dishonest to call it by the name of that fruit or flower, and to charge a high price accordingly. "A peculiar fetid oil," said Dr. Playfair, "termed fusel oil, is formed in making brandy and whisky ; this fusel oil, distilled with sulphuric acid and acetate of potash, gives the 'oil of pears.' The 'oil of apples' is made from the same fusel oil, by distillation with sulphuric acid and bichromate of potash. The 'oil of pine-apples' is obtained from a product of the action of putrid cheese on sugar, or by making a soap with butter, and distilling it with alcohol and sulphuric acid ; and is now largely employed in England in making 'pine-apple ale.' 'Oil of grapes' and 'oil of cognac,' used to impart the flavor of French cognac to British brandy, are little else than fusel oil. The artificial 'oil of bitter almonds,' now so largely employed in perfuming soap and for flavoring confectionery, is prepared by the action of nitric acid on the fetid oils of gas-tar.

Many a fair forehead is damped with 'Eau de Millefleurs,' without knowing that its essential ingredient is derived from the drainage of cow-houses."

But without dwelling further at present on the roguery involved in all such misnomers and masked substitutions, let us glance at some among the almost innumerable examples of honest utilization of substances which used formerly to be denominated waste, or were at most regarded as possessing scarcely any appreciable value. Dr. Lyon Playfair adverted to some of these examples: "The clippings of the traveling tinker are mixed with the parings of horses' hoofs from the smithy, or the cast-off woolen garments of the inhabitants of the sister-isle, and soon afterwards, in the form of dyes of brightest blue, grace the dress of courtly dames. The main ingredient of the ink with which I now write was possibly once part of a broken hoop of an old beer-barrel. The bones of dead animals yield the chief constituent of lucifer-matches. The dregs of port wine—carefully rejected by the port wine drinker in decanting his favorite beverage—are taken by him in the morning, in the form of Seidlitz powders, to remove the effects of his debauch. The offal of the streets and the washings of coal-gas reappear carefully preserved in the lady's smelling-bottle, or are used by her to flavor 'blanc mange' for her friends." Very recently, this highly interesting subject has been traced throughout a much wider range by Mr. P. L. Simmonds, an experienced authority on all that relates to the materials for manufactures. In a paper read before the Society of Arts, he gave a wonderful variety of instances of the utilization of apparently unimportant substances. A bare enumeration of them would be beyond our limits; but it will be seen that—even leaving out all that concerns the devising of new forms of food for human beings, all that concerns the discovery of new fibrous substances for paper-making, and all the schemes for making town-sewerage available as agricultural manure—the variety is very remarkable.

Beginning with animal substances, and with such parts of them as belong to the skin, hair, and wool, we find that the skin of the dog-fish is used to make an abrading substance analogous to sand-paper. Eel-skin is made by the Americans into ropes and whip-lashes. Sole-skin is used

to refine coffee and other liquids, in the manner of isinglass. Porpoise and walrus skins are tanned into shoe-leather. Alligator-skin is tanned by the Texans into leather much resembling fine calf. Snake-skin is dressed to imitate shagreen. Old shoes and boots are "vamped" up, in Monmouth street and in Petticoat Lane, the fractures doctored with "clobber," made of ground cinders and paste, and a little further life of usefulness given to them. In Yorkshire, there are "waste-dealers," who buy up all the odds and ends from the woolen factories, and sell it to "shoddy" mill-owners at Leeds, Dewsbury, and Batley. These mill-owners work up the refuse wool into "shoddy" or "mungo," mix it with a little new wool, and spin and weave it into broad-cloth, doeskins, pilot-cloths, druggets, coarse carpeting, baize, and table-covers. Woolen rags, however dirty, are bought up, torn to shreds, cleaned, made into an inferior shoddy, and wrought into the cheapest kinds of pilot-cloths, beaverteens, Petershams, mohairs, Talmas, Raglans, paletots, and other superbly named woolen fabrics. It is said that Leeds alone reproduces from rags as much wool annually as would represent the fleeces of four hundred thousand sheep. These rags may be the relics of worn-out clothing, tailors' cuttings, old worsted stockings, carpeting, etc.; and there are large quantities imported from abroad, in aid of our home-supply. A small portion, when ground up, makes flock-paper for paper-hangers; and another portion, chiefly carpet-waste, is used to stuff mattresses, and also as an ingredient in the manufacture of Prussian blue. All the delicate materials for ladies' dresses, known by the names of balzarines, Orleans, Coburga, alpacas, etc., are now imitated by mixtures of wool and cotton, although they may originally have been really wool or worsted. These mixtures, when decayed by long wear to the state of rags, undergo a metempsychosis; chemicals are employed to destroy the cotton, and the residue is worked up with a little new wool into cloth. It is within the region of fair probability that some of the wool in a lady's balzarine dress this year, may form part of her husband's overcoat twelve months hence. Cow-hair is used in making mortar, felt, ropes, carpets, and various substitutes for horse-hair. And when the ingenuity of man can find no

further manufacturing uses for the above varied animal substances, the farmer is always ready to buy them as manure; two and a half pounds of woolen rags are said to contain as much fertilizing power as one hundred pounds of farm-yard manure.

Turning, next, to the skeleton and the inner portion of animals, the value derived from trifles is not less remarkable. Of bones, the best parts are worked up into handles for knives, etc.; into articles of turnery; and into numerous useful productions. Some portions are used to make bone-black or animal charcoal; others are boiled to extract size for dyers and cloth-finishers; and all the rest are ground up into manure for farmers. The almost incredible sum of eight hundred thousand pounds is said to be paid annually in England for bones. Horns and hoofs are used for so many purposes that it would be scarcely possible to enumerate them; many valuable chemical substances are obtained from these sources. Whale-bone cuttings and shavings are used for stuffing cushions, etc., for fire-grate ornaments, and for yielding Prussian blue. Dog-fat is used to prepare kid-gloves at Paris, and is also made to yield an oil used as a cheap—perhaps fraudulent—substitute for cod-liver oil. Wool-scourers' waste, in which tallow or fat of some kind is always an ingredient, is now made to give up the wherewithal for stearine candles. The blood of slaughtered animals is used in sugar-refining, in making animal charcoal, in producing the once-famous Turkey-red dye, and in many other ways. The bile or gall of the ox is used as a detergent for wool or cloth; as a medicine; and by painters for cleaning ivory tablets used in miniatures, for fixing chalk and pencil drawings, and for mixing with certain colors. Fishes' scales are used for bracelets and ornaments, and fishes' eyes for undeveloped buds in artificial flower-making. Butchers' and knackers' offal is cooked up in such modes as to be acceptable as food for cats and dogs. Bladders and intestines are prepared into the cases for sausages and such like articles of food; into water-tight coverings for jars and apothecaries' vessels; into strings for violins and guitars; and into the beautiful membrane named (somewhat equivocally) "gold-beaters' skin." The French buy our old written parchments, and return them to us in the form of delicate kid

gloves. All the odds and ends of skin and parchment of every kind are "grist to the mill" of the glue manufacturer. Calf's feet are boiled down to yield neat's-foot oil for leather-dressing; and sheep's feet to yield trotter-oil, not unknown to our makers of hair-oil. Fish garbage, whether at our fishing-stations or at markets such as Billingsgate, is always salable as manure. Last autumn, one particular shoal of herrings off Lowestoft was so enormously beyond the wants of herring-eaters, that the fishers sold the fish to the farmers at 4s. 6d. per ton! Many a fine field of hops in Kent has been rendered fertile by a manure of sprats and old woolen rags. One more example of the utilization of animal substances we can not resist the temptation to mention. There are certain small brown domestic annoyances which tidy housewives can not endure to hear even named, and which have received the masquerading designation of "B flats." Now, Australia has the misfortune to be very prolific in these B flats; and an enterprising colonist has devised the means of obtaining a useful brown dye from them. Knowing as we do what kind of red dye is obtainable from the cochineal insect, we have no difficulty in believing this statement concerning another small individual. The colonist will be a real "blessing to mothers," and to households in general, if he succeeds in using up this peculiar material.

It would be scarcely possible, even if worth while, to determine whether the animal or the vegetable kingdom furnishes the larger amount of usual refuse; suffice it to say, that the vegetable contributions are almost endless in variety. Let us begin with the fibers, the great material for textile clothing. When the cotton-spinners are engaged in working up the hundreds of millions of pounds of cotton which our Liverpool and Glasgow merchants buy yearly, there are five kinds of waste which become scattered about the mill—"strippings," "flyings," "droppings," "blowings," and "sweepings;" all are carefully collected, not only for the sake of health and cleanliness in the work-rooms, but because they have a money value. The "cotton-waste dealers" will give for the strippings and flyings about one half or two thirds the value of new cotton; and for the other three kinds, a price about one eighth or one tenth of the

original value. It is supposed that there is little less than fifty thousand tons of this waste produced in Great Britain annually; it is worked up into coarse sheeting and bed-covers, or is sold to the manufacturers of printing-paper, to be mixed with linen rags. In the United States, the cotton waste is worked up into papier mâché for tea-trays and other articles. Linen rags, besides their more prominent use in paper-making, are largely made into lint for surgeons during war-time. Coir, the fibrous husk of the cocoa, is employed as a material for matting, sacking, rope, and other articles, especially where a power of resisting the attacks of insects is needed. Moss, from the woods of the Mississippi regions, is extensively used for making the bags or bales in which cotton is shipped; and when this service has been rendered, paper-making affords a further resource. Sea-weed is employed in France for a great variety of purposes: it is made into paper; it is used as a lining material for ceilings and walls, on account of its incombustible properties and its power of resisting vermin; and it is employed by manufacturing chemists as a substance whence iodine and acetic acid can be obtained.

The minor uses of the numerous other components of the vegetable world are singularly varied. Rapeseed, linseed, and cotton-seed, after the oil has been pressed out of them, present the form of husky cakes, which, both in themselves, and in the portion of oil which they still contain, are valuable as cattle-food, for which they have very fattening qualities. It affords a curious instance of the discreditable adulterating practices of our day, that there are many factories in which the husks and refuse of rice are worked up into a substance called "shude," sold in thousands of tons, to adulterate oil-cake, to which it is made to bear a considerable resemblance—wanting, however, in the oleaginous properties of the latter. Grape-husks, when charred, are employed in making the intensely black ink with which bank-notes are printed. The raisin stalks and skins which accumulate on the hands of British wine-makers form the very best filter for the use of vinegar-manufacturers; and hence arises a certain advantage in carrying on both those processes in one establishment, as is done by the celebrated firm of Beaufoy at Vauxhall. Rice-husks, and the delicate pellicle which incloses the

grain, are largely employed as a litter for stables, as a substitute for saw-dust, and as a food for live stock and poultry. The bran or refuse from the grinding and bolting of corn is useful as a food for cattle, as a material in tanning, as a cleanser in calico-printing and tin plate making, and as a stuffing for cushions and dolls. Brewers' and distillers' grains are much sought after as fattening food for live stock. The bread raspings from rolls and from over-baked loaves are used as a coating for hams, and in some districts by poor persons as a substitute for coffee. In Paris, such of these raspings as have been carbonized to blackness are pounded, sifted, and sold as tooth-powder. Beet-root fiber, after the root has had the juice pressed from it for sugar-making, is eagerly bought by the continental farmers as a fertilizer; while the skinnings from the boiling of the sugar are added to the food for cattle. This same sort of fiber will work up well with other substances as a material for paper, and for papier-mâché tea-trays, etc. The "trash" or fiber of the sugar-cane, after the juice is expelled, is used by the West-India planters as fuel; although chemists tell them that it still contains a great deal of valuable sugar, which might be more profitably applied. The molasses which is left as a residue in beet-root sugar-making can be distilled to yield a spirit, and then made to yield a useful amount of potash. Tan-pit refuse, a complex mixture with much vegetable and little animal substance, is employed in hot-houses and forcing-stoves, and also for making a peculiar kind of charcoal. Maize, in America, besides supplying an important article of food for man, is brought into requisition in a great variety of ways: the grain is made to yield a spirit and an oil; the stalk has sugar and molasses extracted from it; the cob is an acceptable food for cattle; and the husk is employed for packing oranges and cigars, for stuffing mattresses, for making paper, and as a cheap substitute for horse-hair. The cuttings of cork are used as a piston-packing for steam-engines, as a stuffing for beds and pillows, as a buoyant material for safety-boats and garments, and—when mixed with asphalt—as a road-material for suspension bridges; the elegant new suspension bridge at Battersea Park furnishes an example of the last-named kind. Rotten potatoes, damaged grain, and refuse rice, are sources whence

excellent starch is obtained. Horse-chest-nuts, which used to be valueless, except as an occasional food for sheep, are now ground, mixed with a little carbonate of soda, to neutralize the bitter principle, washed to whiteness, and employed in making meal, starch, vermicelli, and macaroni. The brick-tea made from the spiked leaves and stalks of the tea-plant, is a cheap and portable substitute for regular tea; but the lie-tea, made from the refuse of the tea-plantations, and from the sweepings of the Hong storehouses at Canton, is too often sold as an unfair adulterant. Acorns are roasted and ground for coffee in France. Malt "commings," the refuse of the kiln, is one of the too numerous adulterants of coffee, while as a more honest application, it is a valuable manure. Pea-shells are carried in van-loads from Convent Garden Market to the dairies in the vicinity of the metropolis, as a food for milch-cows; in France, they are made to yield a little spirit by distillation, and are used also in paper-making. Saw-dust and shavings have a multiplicity of useful applications: from mahogany, they are used in smoking fish; from boxwood, in cleaning jewelry; from cedar, in making "otto of cedar-wood;" from sandal-wood, in filling scent-bags; from deal, in packing bottles, and ice, in stuffing dolls, cleansing metals, and sprinkling floors. Tobacco-ashes, procured by burning damaged tobacco in the custom-house kiln or "Queen's Tobacco-pipe" at the London Docks, are sold to tooth-powder makers. In Savoy, walnuts are pressed for walnut-oil; and the residue oil-cake is eaten by children and poor persons. Palm-oil, which is shipped to the extent of fifty thousand tons annually from the west coast of Africa, for the manufacture of soap and candles, is made from a pellicle which surrounds the nut or kernel: this kernel used to be thrown away as a useless residue; but another kind of oil is now expressed from it. It has been estimated that there must be ten million bushels of nuts to yield the fifty thousand tons of palm-oil; that the kernels from this enormous quantity ought to yield the more delicate oil—something like cocoa-nut oil—to the value of three million pounds annually; and that there would remain one hundred and twelve thousand tons of oil-cake, worth five hundred thousand pounds as cattle food.

Turn we finally to the mineral kingdom,

which presents its own peculiar list of "waste" or refuse now applied to useful purposes. The screenings and siftings at our coal-pits, once allowed to remain valueless, are now become a marketable commodity, either by themselves, or mixed with other substances to form artificial fuel. At the gas-works, after the gas and the coke have been made from coal, there are many residual substances which, in the early history of the manufacture, were regarded as troublesome incumbrances; but now they nearly all become useful. From the liquid left in some of the pipes are manufactured sulphate of ammonia for manure, sal-ammoniac for soldering and for calico-printing, ammonia for dyers, and as one component in orchil and cudbear. A kind of oil useful as manure is obtained from the shale of the coal. Coal-tar (of which three hundred thousand tons are among the annual residue of our gas-works) is used in the preparation of printers' ink, lamp-black, asphaltic composition for pavements, disinfectants, artificial fuel, and for yielding a magnificent straw-color dye for silk. There were days when naphtha, now used for artificial illumination, benzole, now used as a lubricator, and paraffine, now used for a variety of purposes, were all thrown away as waste. Ashes and small cinders form a well-known ingredient in bricks; and soot is worth sixpence per bushel as manure, even if chemists make no use of it for the charcoal it contains. Argol, the sediment of wine-casks, is imported to the extent of a thousand tons yearly; when purified into "cream of tartar," it is used as a medicine, and also as a mordant by dyers. One thousand tons of broken bottles, instead of being thrown away, are, in London alone, yearly consigned to the glass-furnace, to commence a new career of usefulness. Horse-shoe nails, picked up by the grubbers about the streets, and the scraps of steel from needle-factories, are eagerly bought up by the Birmingham gunmakers, as the best of all material for the barrels of muskets and rifles. Steel-pen waste is bought back by the Sheffield steel-makers at ten pounds per ton; Birmingham brass-filings fetch half the value of new brass; and steel-filings are valuable to chemists and apothecaries. Jewelers' and gold-beaters' sweepings are rated at a very high value; the sweepings of the benches and floors are always preserved for sale; the clothing

and aprons have a sufficient number of particles of gold in and about them to give them a marketable value; the older they are, of course, the better. A gold-beater can generally obtain a new waistcoat for an old one; and sometimes a *very* old waistcoat will be bought by a refiner at a price almost fabulous. In all such cases, every thing extraneous is burnt away, leaving precious gold as a residue. Tin-plate cuttings, in hundreds of tons, are awaiting the result of experiments now being made to separate the tin from the iron, and thus render both again serviceable; meanwhile, the scraps are applied

to a few useful purposes. The old-iron shops, which are supplied by dustmen, street-grubbers, mud-larks, and other persons, in their turn supply the captains of American ships with battered and broken old kettles, sauce-pans, frying-pans, grid-irons, candle-sticks, tea-trays, shovels, boilers, corrugated roofing, etc.; these odds and ends serve as a cheap kind of ballast for ships going away with light cargoes.

Enough. Readers of any experience could easily add to this curious list of proofs that nothing is valueless—that there is good in every thing.

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From Bentley's Miscellany.

## GREAT AND LITTLE WHITTON.

### I.

A RUSTIC congregation was pouring out of a rustic church, one Sunday afternoon, St. Mary's, situated in the hamlet of Little Whitton. Great Whitton, some three miles off, was altogether a different affair, for the parish, there, was more aristocratic than rustic, and the living was worth nine hundred a year: Little Whitton brought its incumbent in but two hundred, all told. The livings were both in the gift of the Earl of Avon: the incumbent of Great Whitton was a gouty old man on his last legs; the incumbent of Little Whitton was an attractive man scarcely thirty, the Reverend Ryle Baumgarten. Therefore, little wonder need be expressed if some of the Great Whitton families ignored their old rector, who had lost his teeth, and could not by any effort be heard, and came to hear the eloquent Mr. Baumgarten.

A small, open carriage, the horses driven by a boy, jockey fashion, waited at the church door. The boy was in a crimson jacket and a velvet cap, the postilion livery of an aristocratic family. The sweeping-seat behind was low and convenient, without doors; therefore, when two ladies emerged from the church,

they stepped into it unassisted. The one looked about fifty years of age, and walked lame, the other was a young lady of exceeding fairness, blue eyes, and somewhat haughty features. The boy touched his horses, and drove on.

"He surpassed himself to-day, Grace," began the elder.

"I think he did, mamma."

"But it is a long way to come—for me. I can't venture out in all weathers. If we had him at Great Whitton, now, I could hear him every Sunday."

"Well, mamma, there's nothing more easy than to have him—as I have said more than once," observed the younger, bending down to adjust something in the carriage, that her sudden brightening of color might pass unnoticed. "It's impossible that Mr. Chester should last long, and you could get Henry to give him the living."

"Grace, you talk like a child. Valuable livings are not given away so easily: neither are men without connections inducted to them. I never heard that young Baumgarten had any connection, not as much as a mother, even: he does not speak of his family. No; the most sensible plan would be for Mr. Chester to turn off that muff of a curate, and take on Baumgarten in his stead."



The young lady threw back her head. "Rectors don't give up their preferments to subside into curates, mamma."

"Unless it is made well worth their while," returned the elder, in a matter-of-fact tone: "and old Chester ought to make it worth his."

"Mamma!"—when they were about a mile on the road—"we never called to inquire after Mrs. Dane!"

"I did not think of doing so."

"I did. I shall go back again. James!"

The boy, without slackening his speed, half turned on his horse. "My lady?"

"When you come to the corner, drive down the lane and go back to the cottage."

He touched his cap and looked forward again, and Lady Grace sank back in the carriage.

"You might have consulted me first, Grace," grumbled the Countess of Avon. "And why do you choose the long way, all round by the lane?"

"The lane is shady, mamma, and the afternoon sunny: to prolong our drive will do you good."

Lady Grace laughed as she spoke, and it would have taken one, deeper in penetration than the Countess of Avon had ever been, to divine that all had been done with a preconcerted plan; that when Lady Grace drove from the church door, she had fully intended to proceed part of the way home, and then come back again.

We must notice another of the congregation, one who had left the church subsequently to the Countess and her daughter, but by a different door. It was a young lady of two or three-and-twenty; she had less beauty than Lady Grace, but a far sweeter countenance. She crossed the churchyard, and opening one of its gates, found herself in a narrow sheltered walk, running through Whitton Wood. It was the nearest way to her home, Whitton Cottage.

A few paces within it, she stood against a tree, turned and waited: her lips parted, her cheeks flushed, and her hand was laid upon her beating heart. Who was she expecting? that it was one, all too dear to her, the signs but too truly betrayed. The ear of love is strangely fine, and she, Edith Dane, bent hers to listen: with the first sound of approaching footsteps, she walked hurriedly on. Would she be

caught waiting for him? No, no: rather would she sink into the earth, than betray aught of the deep love that ran through her veins for the Reverend Ryle Baumgarten.

It was Mr. Baumgarten who was following her: he sometimes chose the near way home, too: a tall, graceful man, with pale, classic features, and large brown eyes, set deeply. He strode on, and overtook Miss Dane.

"How fast you are walking, Edith!"

She turned her head with the prettiest air of surprise possible, her face overspread with love's rosy flush. "Oh!—is it you, Mr. Baumgarten? I was walking fast to get home to poor mamma."

Nevertheless, it did happen that their pace slackened considerably: in fact, they scarcely advanced at all, but sauntered along side by side. "They have been taking me to task," began Mr. Baumgarten.

"Who? What about?"

"About the duties of the parish, secular, not clerical: I take care that the latter shall be efficiently performed. The old women are not coddled, the younger ones' households not sufficiently looked up, and the school, in the point of plain sewing, is running to rack and ruin. Squire Wells and his wife, with half a dozen more, carpeted me in the vestry this morning after service, to tell me this."

Mr. Baumgarten had been speaking in a half-joking way, his beautiful eyes alive with merriment. Miss Dane received the news more seriously. "You never said any thing of this at home! you never told mamma."

"No. Why should I? The school sewing is the worst grievance. Dame Giles's Betsey took some cloth with her, which ought to have gone back a shirt, but which was returned a pair of pillow-cases: the dame boxed Betsey's ears, went to the school and nearly boxed the governess's. Such mistakes are always occurring, and the matrons of the parish are up in arms."

"But do they expect you to look after the sewing of the school?" breathlessly asked Edith?

"Not exactly; but they think I might provide a remedy—one who would."

"How stupid they are! I'm sure the governess does what she can with such a tribe. Not that I think she has much

headpiece, and were there any lady who would supervise occasionally, it might be better; but ——"

"That is just it," interrupted Mr. Baumgarten, laughing. "They tell me I ought to help her to a supervisor, by taking to myself a wife."

He looked at Edith as he spoke, and her face happened to be turned full upon him. The words dyed it with a glowing crimson, even to the roots of her hair. In her confusion, she knew not whether to keep it as it was, or to turn it away; her eyelids had dropped, glowing also; and Edith Dane could have boxed her own ears as heartily as Dame Giles had boxed the unhappy Miss Betsey's.

"It can not be thought of, you know, Edith."

"What can not?"

"My marrying. Marry on two hundred a year, and expose my wife, and perhaps a family, to poverty and privation? No, that I never will."

"There's the parsonage must be put in repair if you marry," stammered Edith, not in the least knowing what she said, but compelling herself to say something.

"And a sight of money it would take to do it. I told Squire Wells if he could get my tithes increased to double their present value, then I might venture. He laughed, and replied I might look out for a wife who had ten thousand pounds."

"They are not so plentiful," murmured Edith Dean.

"Not for me," returned Mr. Baumgarten. "A college ohum of mine, never dreaming to aspire to any thing better than I possess now, married a rich young widow in the second year of his curacy, and lives on the fat of the land, in pomp and luxury. I would not have done it."

"Why?"

"Because no love went with it: even before his marriage he allowed himself to speak of her to me in disparaging terms. No: the school and the other difficulties, which are out of my line, must do as they can, yet awhile."

"If mamma were not incapacitated, she would still see after these things for you."

"But she is, Edith. And your time is taken up with her, so that you can not help me."

Miss Dane was silent. Had her time not been taken up, she fancied it might not be deemed quite the thing, in their

censorious neighborhood, for her to be going about in conjunction with Mr. Baumgarten; although she was the late rector's daughter.

The Reverend Cyrus Dane had been many years rector of Little Whitton: at his death, Mr. Baumgarten was appointed. Mrs. Dane was left with a very slender provision, and Mr. Baumgarten took up his residence with her, paying a certain sum for his board. It was a comfortable arrangement for the young clergyman, and it was a help to Mrs. Dane. The rectory was in a state of dilapidation, and would take more money to put it in habitable repair than Mr. Dane had possessed; so, previous to his death, he had moved out of it to Whitton Cottage. Gossips said that Mr. Baumgarten could have it put in order and come upon the widow for the cost: but he did not appear to have any intention of doing so.

"Why did she love him? Curious fool, he still! Is human love the growth of human will?"

A deal happier for many of us if it were the growth of human will, or under its control. In too many instances it is born of association, of companionship; and thus had it been at Whitton Cottage. Thrown together in daily intercourse, an attachment, had sprung up between the young rector and Edith Dane: a concealed attachment for he considered his circumstances barred his marriage, and she hid her feelings as a matter of course. He was an ambitious man, a proud man, though perhaps not quite conscious of it; and to encounter the expenses of a family upon small means, appeared to him more to be shunned than any adverse fate on earth.

Arrived at the end of the sheltered walk, they turned in to Whitton Cottage, which was close by. Mr. Baumgarten went on at once to his study, but Edith, at the sound of wheels, lingered in the garden. The Countess of Avon's carriage drew up. It was Lady Grace who spoke, her eyes running in all directions while she did so, as if they were in search of some object not in view.

"Edith, we could not go home without driving round to ask after your mamma."

"Thank you, Lady Grace. Mamma is in little pain to-day: I think her breath is generally better in hot weather. Will you walk in?"

"Couldn't think of it, my dear," spoke

up the Countess. "Our dinner is waiting, as it is. Grace forgot to order James round till we were half-way home."

"Has Mr. Baumgarten got home yet?" carelessly spoke Lady Grace, adjusting the lace of her summer mantle.

"He is in [his study, I fancy," replied Edith, and she turned round to hide the blush called up by the question, just as Mr. Baumgarten approached them. At his appearance the blush in Lady Grace's face rose high as Edith's.

"You surpassed yourself to-day," cried the Countess, as he shook hands with them. "I must hear that sermon again. Would you mind lending it to me?"

"Not at all," he replied, "if you can only make out my hieroglyphics. My writing is plain to me, but I do not know that it would be so to all."

"When shall I have it? Will you bring it up this evening, and take tea with us? But you will find the walk long, in this hot weather."

"Very long, too far," spoke up Lady Grace. "You had better return with us now, Mr. Baumgarten: mamma will be glad of you to say grace at table."

Whether it pleased the Countess or not, she had no resource, in good manners, but to second the invitation so unceremoniously given. Mr. Baumgarten may have thought he had no resource but to acquiesce—out of good manners also, perhaps. He stood, leaning over the carriage, and spoke, half-laughing:

"Am I to bring my sermon with me? If so, I must go in for it. I have just taken it from my pocket."

He came back with his sermon in its black cover. The seat of the carriage was exceedingly large, sweeping round in a half-circle. Lady Grace drew nearer to her mother, and sat back in the middle of the seat, and Mr. Baumgarten took his place beside her. Edith Dane looked after them, an envious look; the sunshine of her afternoon had gone out; and she saw his face bent close to that of Grace Avon.

Some cloud, unexplained, and nearly forgotten now, had overshadowed Lady Avon. It had occurred, whatever it was, during the lifetime of her lord. She had chosen ever since to live at Avon House in retirement, fearing possibly the reception she might meet with, did she venture again into the world: old stories might be reaped up, and a molehill made into

a mountain. Lady Grace had been presented by her aunt, and passed one season in town: then she had returned to her mother, to share perforce in her retirement, for she had no other home: and it is probable that the ennui of her monotonous life had led to her falling in love with Mr. Baumgarten. That she did love him, with a strong and irrepressible passion, was certain: and she did not try to overcome it, but rather fostered it with all her power, seeking his society, dwelling upon his image. Had it occurred to her to fear that she might find a dangerous rival in Edith Dane? No; for she cherished the notion that Mr. Baumgarten was attached to herself, and Edith was supposed to be engaged to her cousin. A cousin had certainly wanted her, and made no secret of his want, but Edith had refused him: this, however, was not necessary to be proclaimed to all. Strange as it may seem, to those who understand the exacting and jealous nature of love, Lady Grace Avon never had cast a fear of the sort to Edith.

This evening was but another of those he sometimes spent at Avon House, feeding the flame of her ill-starred passion. He told them, jokingly as he had told it to Edith, that the parish wanted him to marry. Lady Avon thought he could not do better: parsons and doctors should always be married men. True; when their income allowed them to be, he replied, but his did not.

He stood on the lawn with Lady Grace, watching the glories of the setting sun. Lady Avon was beginning to nod in her after-dinner doze, and they had quitted her. Scant ceremony was observed at Avon House, no pomp or show: six or eight servants composed the whole household, for the Countess's jointure was extremely limited. He had given his arm to Lady Grace in courtesy, and they were both gazing at the beautiful sky, their hands partially shading their eyes, when a little man, dressed in black with a white neck-tie, limped up the path. It was the clerk of Great Whitton Church.

"I beg pardon, my lady: I thought it right to come in and inform the Countess. Mr. Chester's gone."

"Gone!" exclaimed Lady Grace. "Gone where?"

"Gone dead, my lady. Departed to the bourne whence no traveler returns," added the clerk, who was of a poetic

turn. "He dropped into a sweet sleep, sir, an hour or two ago, and when they came to wake him up for his tea, they found he had gone off in it. Poor old Mrs. Chester's quite beside herself, sir, with the suddenness, and the servants be running about here and there, all at sixes and sevens."

"I will be at the rectory in ten minutes," said Mr. Baumgarten.

They carried the news to the Countess, and then Mr. Baumgarten departed; Lady Grace strolling with him across the lawn to the gate. When they reached it, he stopped to bid her good evening.

"Great Whitton is in my brother's gift," she whispered, as her hand rested on his. "I wish he would give it to you."

A flush rose to the clergyman's face: to exchange Little Whitton for Great Whitton had been one of the flighty dreams of his ambition. "Do not mock me with pleasant visions, Lady Grace: I can have no possible interest with Lord Avon."

"You could marry then," she softly said, "and set the parish grumblers at defiance."

"I should do it," was his reply. His voice was soft as her own, his speech hesitating: he was thinking of Edith Dane. She, alas! gave a different interpretation to it; and how was he to know that? His lofty dreams had never yet soared so high as Lady Grace Avon.

Persuaded into it by her daughter—her ladyship said, badgered into it—the Countess exacted a promise from her son that he would bestow Great Whitton on the Rev. Ryle Baumgarten. On the evening of the day that the letter arrived, giving the promise, Mr. Baumgarten was again at Avon. Lady Grace had him all to herself in the drawing-room, for the Countess was temporarily indisposed.

"What will you give me for some news I can tell you?" cried she, standing triumphantly before him in the full glow of her beauty.

He bent his sweet smiles down upon her, his eyes speaking the admiration that he might not utter. He was no more insensible to the charms of a fascinating and beautiful girl than are other men—in spite of his love for Edith Dane. "What may I give? Nothing that I can give would be of value to you."

"How do you know that?" And then,

with a burning blush, for she had spoken unguardedly, she laughed merrily, and drew a letter from her pocket. "It came to mamma this morning, Mr. Baumgarten, and it is from Lord Avon. What will you give me, just to read you one little sentence from it? It concerns you."

Mr. Baumgarten, but that Edith Dane and his calling were in the way, would have liked to say a shower of kisses: it is possible that he would still, in spite of both, had he dared. Whether his looks betrayed so, can not be told: Lady Grace took refuge in the letter. "I have been dunned with applications," read she, "some from close friends, but as you and Grace make so great a point of it, I promise you that Mr. Baumgarten shall have Great Whitton." In reading, she had left out the words "and Grace." She folded up the letter, and then stole a glance at his face.

It had turned to pale seriousness. "How can I ever sufficiently thank Lord Avon?" he breathed forth.

"Now, is not the knowing that worth something?" laughed she.

"O Lady Grace! It is worth far more than any thing I have to give in return."

"You will be publicly appointed in a day or two, and will of course hear from my brother. What do you say to your marrying project now?"

She spoke saucily, secure in the fact that he could not divine her feelings for him—although she believed in his love for her. His answer surprised her.

"I shall marry instantly: I have only waited for something equivalent to this."

"You are a bold man, Mr. Baumgarten, to make so sure of the lady's consent. Have you asked it?"

"No; where was the use, until I could speak to some purpose? But she has detected my love for her, I am sure: and there is no coquetry in Edith."

"Edith!" almost shrieked Lady Grace. "I beg your pardon: I shall not fail."

"What have you done? You have hurt yourself!"

"I gave my ankle a twist. The pain was sharp."

"Pray lean on me, Lady Grace; pray let me support you: you are as white as death."

He wound his arms round her, and hid her pallid face upon his shoulder: for one single moment she yielded to the fascina-

tion of the beloved resting-place. Oh! that it could be hers forever! She shivered, raised her head, and broke from him. "Thank you; the anguish has passed."

He quitted the house, suspecting nothing, and Lady Grace rushed to her writing-desk: "Hell has no fury like a woman scorned." A blotted and hasty note to the Earl of Avon just saved the post. "Give the living to any one you please, Harry, but not to Ryle Baumgarten: bestow it where you will, but not on him. Explanations when we meet."

Mr. Baumgarten, meanwhile, was hastening home, the great news burning a hole in his tongue. Edith was at the gate, not looking for him, of course; merely enjoying the air of the summer's night. • That's what she said she was doing when he came up. He did not listen: he caught her by the waist, and drew her between the trees and the privet-hedge. "Edith, my darling, do you think I am mad? I believe I am: mad with joy: for the time has come that I may safely ask you to be my wife."

Her heart beat wildly against his, and he laid her face upon his breast, more fondly than he had laid another's not long before.

"You know how I have loved you: you must have seen it, though I would not speak: but I could not expose you to the imprudence of marrying while my income was so small. It would not have been right, Edith."

"If you think so—no."

"But, oh! my dearest, I may speak now. Will you be my wife? I am presented to the living of Great Whitton, Edith."

"Of Great Whitton! Ryle!"

"I have seen it in Lord Avon's own handwriting. The Countess asked it for me, and he complied. Edith, you will not be afraid of our future: you will not reject me, now I have Great Whitton?"

She hid her face; she felt him lovingly stroking her hair. "I would not have rejected you when you had but Little Whitton, Ryle."

There they lingered, now pacing the confined space and talking, now her face gathered upon him again. "Yours is not the first fair face which has been there this night, Edith," he laughed, in the exuberance of his joy and love. "I had Lady Grace's there but an hour back."

A shiver seemed to dart through Edith Dane's heart. Her jealousy of Lady Grace had been almost as powerful as her love for Mr. Baumgarten.

"I was telling her my plans, now my prospects have changed; that the first step would be my marriage with you; and, as I spoke, she managed somehow to twist her ankle. This pain must have been intense, for she turned as white as death, and I had to hold her to me. But I did not pay myself for my trouble, as I am doing now," he added, taking kiss after kiss from Edith's face.

She lifted her face up and looked in his: "You would only have liked to do so, Ryle."

"I have liked to do so!" he uttered, smothering back a glimmer of consciousness. "Edith, my dearest, my whole love is yours."

A week passed, and then the lucky man was announced. The living of Great Whitton was bestowed on the Honorable and Reverend Wilfred Elliot, a personal friend of the Earl of Avon's.

## II.

A TWELVEMONTH passed away. In a shaded room of Little Whitton rectory lay Edith Baumgarten—dying. Changes had taken place. That Mr. Baumgarten must have been disappointed and annoyed at the appointment of another to the living, could not be doubted; he set it down to the caprice of great men: and he consoled himself by immediately marrying Edith, sending his former prudence to the winds. It is probable he thought he could not in honor withdraw, and it is more than probable that, once having given the reins to his hopes and his love, he was not stoic enough to do so. Following close upon the marriage, came the death of Mrs. Dane, an event long anticipated: a few hundred pounds descended to Edith, and they were employed in putting the rectory in order, into which Mr. and Mrs. Baumgarten removed.

"Ryle, we have been very happy," she faintly sighed.

He was sitting by her, holding her hand in his, his tears kept back, and his voice low with its suppressed grief. "Do not say 'we have,' my darling; say 'we are.' I can not part with you; there is hope yet."

"There is none," she wailed—"there is none. O Ryle! my husband, it will be a hard parting!"

She feebly drew his face to hers, and his tears fell upon it. "Edith, if I lose you, I shall lose all that is of value to me in life."

A tap at the door, and then a middle-aged woman, holding a very young infant in her arms, put in her head and looked at Mr. Baumgarten. "The doctors are coming up, sir."

He quitted his wife, snatched a handkerchief from his pocket, rubbed it over his face, and then turned to the window, as if intent on looking out. He lingered an instant after the medical men entered the chamber, but he gathered nothing, and could not ask questions there; so he left it and waylaid them as they came out. "Well?" he uttered, his tone harsh with pain.

"There is no improvement, sir: there can be none. If she could but have rallied—but she can not. She will die from exhaustion."

"She may recover yet," he sharply said; "I am sure she may. But a few days ago, well; and now —"

"Mr. Baumgarten, if we deceive you, you would blame us afterwards. She can not be saved."

And yet, later in the day, she did seem a little better: it was the rally of the spirit before final departure. She knew it was deceitful strength, but it put hope into the heart of Mr. Baumgarten.

"Ryle, if he should live, you will always be kind to him?"

"Edith! Kind to *him*! O my wife, my wife!" he uttered, with a burst of irrepressible emotion, "you must not go, and leave him and me."

She waited until he was calmer; she was far more collected than he.

"And when you take another wife, Ryle —"

"You are cruel, Edith," he interrupted.

"Not cruel, my darling, I am only looking dispassionately forward at what will be. Were I to remain on the earth, or, going where I am, could I look down here at what passes, retaining my human passions and feelings, it would be torment to me to see you wedded with another. But it will not be so, Ryle: and it seems as if a phase of my future passionless state were come upon me, enabling me to contemplate calmly what must be. Ryle,

you will take another wife: I can foresee, with all but certainty, who that wife will be."

"What mean you?" inquired Mr. Baumgarten, raising his head to look at her.

"It will be Grace Avon. It surely will. Now that impediments are removed, she will not let you escape her again. But for my being in the way, she would have been your wife long ago."

"Edith, I do think you must be wandering!" uttered Mr. Baumgarten, speaking according to his belief. "Grace Avon is no fit wife for me: she would not stoop to it."

"You are wrong, Ryle: I saw a great deal in the days gone by: and I say that, but for me, she would then have been your wife. Let what is past, be past: but the same chance will occur for her again. I only pray you, with my dying breath, to shield my child from her hatred, when she shall have a legal right over him."

Mr. Baumgarten became more fully impressed with the conviction that his wife's mind was rambling. He was mistaken. Smoldering in her heart through the whole months of her married life, had been her jealousy of Lady Grace: she had felt a positive conviction that, but for Mr. Baumgarten's attachment and engagement to herself, the other marriage would have been brought about: and she felt an equal conviction that, now the impediment was about to be removed, it would be so. A jealous imagination is quick, and gives the reins to its extravagance, but it is sometimes right in its premises. She had observed an entire reticence to her husband on the subject, so no wonder that her present words took him by surprise, and caused him to suspect her mind must be playing her false.

"My dearest love," he whispered, "it will give you a moment's peace, I will bind myself by an oath never to marry Grace Avon."

"Not so, Ryle. What will be, will be; and I would not have you both loathe my memory —"

Mr. Baumgarten started up in real earnest. She was certainly mad.

She held his hand, she feebly drew him down again, she suggested calmness. "It may come to that, Ryle: you may learn to love her as you had loved me. O Ryle! I pray you, when she shall be gone

wife, that you will shield my child from her unkindness!" she continued, in a low wail of impassioned sorrow.

"I can not understand you," he said, much distressed: "it is not possible I could ever suffer any one to be unkind to your child. Why should you fear unkindness for him?"

"I should fear it from her alone; she has regarded me with hatred; I have been a blight in her path; and so would she regard my child, *our* child, Ryle, should she become its second mother: that she should do so is but in accordance with human nature."

Mr. Baumgarten sighed: he scarcely knew how to answer her, how to soothe her: were her mind not actually insane, he looked upon these far-fetched fears as only a species of illness, which must have its rise in some derangement of the brain. All that she had said, touching Lady Grace, he considered to be a pure fantasy.

"Ryle! my love, my husband, you will love our child? you will protect him against her unkindness, should it ever be offered?"

"Ay; that I swear to you," he ardently replied. And Edith Baumgarten breathed a sigh of relief, and quietly sheltered herself in her husband's arms, to die.

### III.

WHETHER it be death or whether it be birth, whether it be marriage or whether it be divorce, time goes on, all the same. After the funeral of Mrs. Baumgarten, the parish flocked to the rectory in shoals, especially the young ladies who were, vulgarly to speak, on the look out; there to condole with the interesting widower, and go into raptures over the baby. They need not have troubled themselves: Mr. Baumgarten's eyes and heart were closed to them: they were buried for the present in the tomb of Edith.

She had been dead about six months when the open carriage of Lady Avon stopped before the rectory, as the reader once saw it stop before Whitton Cottage, but it had but one occupant now, and that was the Countess. After the marriage of Mr. Baumgarten, the Countess had sometimes attended Little Whitton church as heretofore, but Lady Grace never. She had always excuses ready, and the Countess, who had no suspicion of the true state of the case, put faith in

them. The Countess declined to alight, and Mr. Baumgarten went out to her.

"Would it be troubling you very much, Mr. Baumgarten, to come to Avon House occasionally and pass an hour with me?" began the Countess.

"Certainly not, if you wish it," he replied: "if I can render you any service."

Lady Avon lowered her voice and bent towards him. "I am not happy in my mind, Mr. Baumgarten; not easy. The present world is passing away from me, and I know nothing of the one I am entering. I don't like the rector of Great Whitton; he does not suit me; but with you I feel at home. I shall be obliged to you to come up once or twice a week, and pass a quiet hour with me."

"I will do so. But I hope you find nothing serious the matter with your health."

"Time will prove," replied Lady Avon. "How is your little boy?"

"He gets on famously; he is a brave little fellow," returned Mr. Baumgarten, his eyes brightening. "Would you like to see him?"

The child was brought out for the inspection of Lady Avon—a pretty babe in a white frock and black ribbons, the latter worn in memory of his mother. "He will resemble you," remarked her ladyship. "What is his name?"

"Cyras. I know it would have pleased Edith to have him named after her father."

Mr. Baumgarten paid his first visit to Avon House on the following day. Lady Grace was alone in the room when he entered, and it happened that she knew nothing of his expected visit. It startled her to emotion. However she may have striven to drive away the remembrance of Mr. Baumgarten, she had not done it; and her feelings of anger, her constantly indulged feelings of jealousy, had but helped to keep up her passion. Her countenance flushed crimson, and then grew deadly pale.

Mr. Baumgarten took her hand, almost in compassion; he thought she must be ill. "What has been the matter?" he inquired.

"The matter! Nothing," and she grew crimson again. "Is your visit to mamma? Do you wish to see her?"

"I am here by appointment with Lady Avon."

The conversation with his wife, relating to Lady Grace, had nearly faded from

Mr. Baumgarten's remembrance. Not the words; they would ever be remembered; but he attached no more importance to them, than he had done when they were spoken. The Countess came in, and Lady Grace found that his visits were to be frequent.

Did she rebel, or did she rejoice? O reader! if you have loved as she did, passionately, powerfully, you need not ask. The very presence of one so beloved, is as the morning light: dead and drear is his absence as the darkest midnight, but at his coming it is as if the bright day opened. So had she felt when with Mr. Baumgarten; so did she feel now; although he had belonged to another.

From that day they saw a great deal of each other, and in the quiet intercourse of social life—of invalid life, it may be said, for Lady Avon's ill-health was confirmed—grew more intimate than they had ever been. Lady Grace strove to arm herself against him: she called up pride, anger, and many other adjuncts, false, as they were vain, for the heart is ever true to itself, and will be heard. It ended in her struggling no longer: in her giving herself up, once more, to the bliss of loving him, unchecked.

Did he give himself up to the same, by way of reciprocity? Not of loving her: no, it had not come to it: but he did yield to the charm of liking her, of finding pleasure in her society, of wishing to be more frequently at Avon House. He had loved his wife, but she was dead and buried, and there are very few men indeed who remain constant in heart to a dead love, especially if she has been his wife. The manners of Lady Grace possessed naturally great fascination: what then must they not have been, when in intercourse with him she idolized? She was more quiet than formerly, more confidential, more subdued; it was a change as if she had gone through sorrow, and precisely what was likely to tell upon the heart of Mr. Baumgarten. But there was no acting now in Lady Grace; she was not striving to gain him, as she had once done: she simply gave herself up to the ecstatic dream she was indulging, and let results take their chance. Mr. Baumgarten may be forgiven if he also began to feel that existence might yet be made into something pleasant as a dream.

The Honorable and Reverend Wilfred Elliot, claiming a dead earl for a father

and a live earl for a brother, was not, of course, a light whose beams could be hid under a bushel, the more particularly as the live earl was in the cabinet. It therefore surprised nobody that when the excellent old Bishop of Barkaway was gathered to his fathers, Mr. Elliot should be promoted to his vacant shoes. The good bishop's life had been prolonged to the patriarchal age of ninety, but for the last twenty years of it he had been next to incapable, therefore the see of Barkaway hugged itself as being in luck, on the principle that any change must be for the best. Great Whitton, on the contrary, hugged itself in like manner on the same principle, for the Honorable and Reverend—to speak mildly—had not been popular. The Earl of Avon, as luck, or the opposite, would have it, was on a few days' visit to his mother when Mr. Elliot received his miter.

"Don't put such another as Elliot into Great Whitton, Henry," observed the Countess to her son, "or we shall have the parish up in arms."

"What was the matter with Elliot?" drawled the earl, lighting a cigar. "Didn't he please them?"

"Please them! He made every soul in the parish, laborers and all, attend daily service in the church between eight and nine, allowing them ten minutes for breakfast and fifty for prayers; and he has dressed the school in scarlet cloaks, with a large white linen cross sewn down the back; and there are eight-and-thirty pairs of candlesticks displayed in the church; besides other innovations, which country parishes don't understand, and don't care to take to. One thing has been made a great grievance of: the poor could not comprehend, or could not recollect, to turn which way he wanted them at the Belief, so he planted some men in white behind the poor benches every Sunday, with long wands, and the moment the Belief began, down came the wands, rapping on the heads of the refractory ones. You have no idea of the commotion it used to cause."

The earl burst into a laugh. "I'd have come down for a Sunday had I known there was that sort of fun going on. The girls must take care the bulls don't run at the scarlet. Did you get up to attend the early service?"

"Not I. I can say my prayers more quietly at home, Henry. He did not



force the rich to early service, only the poor, who really could not spare the time, for their time is their money. He told the rich he would leave it between themselves and their consciences: the truth is, you know, Henry, that the rich in this country will not be controlled absolutely, in matters of religion."

"They are not such geese," returned Lord Avon. "It's a great bother, though, these good livings falling in: seventeen letters I have had this blessed morning, applications direct or indirect, for Great Whitton. I have a great mind to reply through the *Times*, and make one answer do for the lot."

The Countess raised herself from her sofa, and looked at her son. "Did you want a candidate, Henry?"

The earl looked at her. "Scarcely, mother: with seventeen bold applications, and seventy more behind them, peeping out."

"Henry, if you have no one particular in view, let me name the rector: it will perhaps be one of my last requests to you."

"I'm sure I don't, care, mother: I had heartburning enough over it last time, every man but the successful one thinking himself ill used. If your mind's set upon any fellow, I'll give it him at once, glad to do it, and to send off a stereotyped answer to my correspondents: 'Very sorry: living's given: wish I had known your excellent merits earlier.'"

"Then give it to Mr. Baumgarten. He is a deserving man, Henry, and he'll restore peace to the parish. He was to have had it before, you know, and I never knew why you went from your promise: not that I minded then; I did not esteem him so well as I do now."

"Why, you sent me word not to give it him! Grace did: a peremptory note. Some freak of hers, I suppose. Well, mother, I don't dislike Baumgarten; he's a gentlemanly fellow, and he may have the living."

And so it was. Great Whitton, with its nine hundred a year and its handsome rectory, was presented to the Reverend Ryle Baumgarten. The churchwardens threw up their hats, and looked in at the school-house to tell the mistress that the girls might unsew those white symbols from behind their tails. Mrs. Baumgarten had been dead about ten months then, and summer was coming round again.

He hastened to Avon House as soon as the news reached him. Lady Grace was standing amidst the rose-trees: she liked to linger in the open air at the dusk hour, to watch the stars come out, and to think of *him*. But that she wore a white dress, he might not have distinguished her in the fading twilight. He left the open path to join her.

"It is a late visit, Lady Grace, but I could not resist coming to say a word of gratitude to Lord Avon."

He felt the hand, he had taken in greeting, tremble within his, and he saw her raise her other hand hastily and lay it on her bosom, as if she would still its beating. She answered him with a smile.

"Your visit will not accomplish its object, Mr. Baumgarten, for my brother is gone. He left before dinner. Mamma says she is very glad that you will be nearer to us."

"Perhaps I have to thank you for this, as much as Lord Avon," he said.

"No; no indeed: it was mamma who spoke to Henry. I——"

"What, Lady Grace?" he whispered.

"I did not speak to him," she continued—"that is all I was going to say."

But Mr. Baumgarten could not fail to detect how agitated she was, and as he stood there, looking at her downcast face in the twilight, the remembrance of his wife's last words came rushing over him, and he felt a sudden conviction that Lady Grace *had* loved him—and that she loved him still. He forgot what had been; he forgot his idol, but ten months gone from him; and he yielded himself unreservedly to the fascination, which had of late been stealing over his spirit.

Her trembling hands were busy with the rose-trees, though she could scarcely distinguish buds from leaves. Mr. Baumgarten took one, and placing it within his own arm, bent down his face until it was on a level with hers. "Grace, have we misunderstood each other?"

She could not speak, but her lips turned white with her emotion. It was the hour of bliss she had so long dreamt of.

"Grace," he continued, in a tone of impassioned tenderness, "have we loved each other through the past, and did I mistake my feelings? O Grace, my best-beloved! forgive me; forgive my folly and blindness!"

With a plaintive, yearning cry, such as may escape from one who suddenly finds

a long-sought-for resting-place, Grace Avon turned to his embrace. He held her to him; he covered her face with his impassioned kisses, as he had once covered Edith Dane's; he whispered all that man can whisper of poetry and tenderness. She was silent from excess of bliss, but she felt that she could have lain where she was forever.

"You do not speak," he jealously said; "you do not tell me that you forgive the past. Grace, say but one word, say you love me!"

"Far deeper than another ever did," she murmured. "O Ryle! I will be more to you than she can have been!"

Recollection, prudence, perhaps for her sake, began to dawn over Mr. Baumgarten: he wiped the drops of emotion from his brow. "Grace, I am doing wrong: it is madness to aspire to you: I have no right to drag you down from your rank to my level."

"Your own wife, your own dear wife," she whispered. "Ryle, Ryle; only love me forever."

## THE WORN WEDDING-RING.

Your wedding-ring wears thin, dear wife; ah! summers not a few,  
Since I put it on your finger first, have passed  
o'er me and you;  
And, love, what changes we have seen—what  
cares and pleasures too,  
Since you became my own dear wife, when this  
old ring was new!

Oh! blessings on that happy day—the happiest  
of my life—  
When, thanks to God, your low sweet "Yes"  
made you my loving wife!  
Your heart will say the same, I know—that  
day's as dear to you,  
That day that made me yours, dear wife, when  
this old ring was new.

How well do I remember now, your young,  
sweet face that day!  
How fair you were, how dear you were, my  
tongue could hardly say;  
Nor how I doated on you. Ah! how proud I  
was of you!  
But did I love you more than now, when this  
old ring was new?

No, no; no fairer were you then than at this  
hour to me;  
And, dear as life to me this day, how could you  
dearer be?  
As sweet your face might be that day as now it  
is, 'tis true;  
But did I know your heart as well when this  
old ring was new?

O partner of my gladness! — wife, what care,  
what grief is there  
For me you would not bravely face, with me  
you would not share?  
Oh! what a weary want had every day if want-  
ing you—  
Wanting the love that God made mine when  
this old ring was new!

Years bring fresh links to bind us, wife—small  
voices that are here,  
Small faces round our fire that make their  
mother's yet more dear;  
Small, loving hearts, your care each day makes  
yet more like to you—  
More like the loving heart made mine when this  
old ring was new.

And, blessed be God, all he has given are with  
us yet; around  
Our table, every little life lent to us still is  
found.  
Though cares we've known, with hopeful hearts  
the worst we've struggled through;  
Blessed be his name for all his love since this  
old ring was new.

The past is dear; its sweetness still our memo-  
ries treasure yet;  
The griefs we've borne, together borne, we  
would not now forget.  
Whatever, wife, the future brings, heart unto  
heart still true,  
We'll share as we have shared all else since this  
old ring was new.

And if God spare us 'mongst our sons and  
daughters to grow old,  
We know his goodness will not let your heart  
or mine grow cold.  
Your aged eyes will see in mine all they've still  
shown to you,  
And mine in yours all they have seen since this  
old ring was new.

And oh! when death shall come at last to bid  
me to my rest,  
May I die looking in those eyes, and resting on  
that breast!  
Oh! may my parting gaze be blessed with the  
dear sight of you,  
Of those fond eyes—fond as they were when  
this old ring was new!

## DR. JAMES W. ALEXANDER.

IN placing a truthful portrait of the late much lamented Rev. James W. Alexander, D.D., as an embellishment to the present number of the *ECLECTIC*, we hope to gratify the feelings of many of his admiring and loving friends, as well as that of our own personal regard. We knew him well. We would honor his character and his memory as a faithful and devoted minister of the Gospel, who was well and widely known, and whose praise is in all the churches. Others, his personal friends and compeers in the pastorate, who knew him more intimately, have already embalmed his memory in touching and eloquent language. Our record of this great and good man is rather in the delineation of those well-remembered features once all alive with swelling emotions before the great congregation in the sanctuary of God, but now emotionless, away from human view, in the dark chamber in the long sleep of ages. The portrait will aid in cherishing his memory. To this it is fitting that we should add a brief biographical sketch—very imperfect at best, as many volumes would be needed to record a small portion of all he has said, written, and performed in a laborious and well-spent life.

We quote from the *Presbyterian* of Philadelphia the following:

"James Waddel Alexander, the eldest son of Dr. Archibald Alexander, was born in Louisa county, Va., March 13th, 1804. On his mother's side he was the grandson of James Waddel, William Wirt's celebrated 'Blind Preacher.' He graduated at Princeton in 1820, and was appointed tutor in that Institution in 1824. He resigned that post the next year, and settled as pastor in Charlotte county, Va. Here he remained two years, and in 1828 accepted a call to the First Presbyterian Church, Trenton, N. J. In 1832 he resigned this charge, and became the editor of the *Presbyterian*, whence, in 1833, he was called to the Professorship of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in the College at Princeton. Here he remained till 1844, when he was elected pastor of the Duane-street Presbyterian Church, New-York. In 1849, he was appointed Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Church Govern-

ment in the Princeton Theological Seminary, where he remained till 1851, when he was led to return to his former charge in New-York, then erecting for themselves their present place of worship in a more inviting section of the city, and in a more encouraging field of labor. His ministrations here were eminently blessed. When the revival commenced in 1858, he entered heartily into it, and through the press, as well as by his pulpit and pastoral labors, endeavored to promote it. His series of revival tracts, published without his name, were extensively circulated; and we notice by some of our last foreign papers, that they have found their way to Ireland, and are helping on the good work there. By reference to the Minutes of the General Assembly, we observe that during the last ecclesiastical year he received to his church, on profession of faith, *one hundred and twenty-five members*—the largest number, we believe, added to any church within our bounds.

"After a winter of exhausting labor, Dr. Alexander found his health seriously impaired, and his whole nervous system greatly prostrated. In the early part of June last, at the urgent request of his devoted people, he consented to lay aside his work for a few months, in the hope of a speedy restoration. To this end he visited the mountains of Virginia, where, on former occasions, he had found relief from the salubrious air and medicinal waters. His last letters from this region were encouraging. But on Friday, July 29th, a telegram brought the startling news, that his condition was critical. The forebodings thus awakened were confirmed on Sunday by another dispatch, saying that he was 'sinking rapidly.' Earnest prayer went up from many hearts and lips for his recovery, that day, both in the sanctuary and in the closet. But alas! the time for prayer on this behalf was already past. At five o'clock on that Sabbath morning he fell asleep in Jesus. Thus the pulpit has lost another of its most illustrious ornaments. A good and a great man has fallen. Another name is added to the list of the illustrious dead."

## LUTHER, MELANCTHON, POMERANUS, AND CRUCIGER.

## MARTIN LUTHER.

In presenting the portraits of these men of renown, as an embellishment to our present number, it is fitting to subjoin a brief biographical sketch.

Luther, the great German reformer, was born at Eisleben, tenth November, 1483. As he was born on St. Martin's Eve, and baptized the next day, he received his Christian name of Martin. His father, who was a poor miner, left Eisleben for Mansfield, when the infant Martin was scarcely six months old. Here the hardy laborer so prospered, as to have at length two blast-furnaces of his own, and to be thus enabled by a benignant Providence, to give his son a good education. After getting such tuition as the place of parental residence could afford, Martin was sent at the age of fourteen to school at Magdeburg, where his poverty forced him, with other boys, to traverse the neighboring villages and to sing hymns as a means of procuring a supply of victuals. Removing next year to Isenach, he was pressed by similar difficulties, and compelled to a similar means of relief, till a benevolent family took him under their roof. His father was anxious that his son should study law, and Martin entered the University of Erfurt in 1501. The fashionable scholastic philosophy occupied him here for a series of years, and "the whole university admired his genius." During the second year of his studies at Erfurt, being a laborious reader, and in the habit of ransacking the college library and devouring its volumes, he found a copy of the Latin Bible, a book he had never seen before, and which on his reading it, stirred up strange and rapturous sensations within him. Not long afterwards his severe studies produced an alarming illness, which brought him face to face with death, and created serious and permanent religious impressions, which were so deepened by the death of a very intimate friend and fellow-student, by a stroke of lightning, that he at once resolved to become a monk, and leaving all his property behind him, but a Virgil and Plautus, and giving his astonished

friends a hearty farewell banquet, he entered the monastery of the hermits of St. Augustine. Here the ambitious scholar soon felt the crushing despotism of those monkish brothers, for he was forced to do the most menial and disgusting offices, and the master of arts was made a servant of all work—sweeper, porter, and beggar, for the lazy drones who buzzed in the convent. Still, he did not neglect his studies, and he strove earnestly all the while to obtain that spiritual peace and sanctity which he had imagined must be easily found in a religious establishment. Alas! he watched, fasted, prayed, read, and did penance on himself in vain. His melancholy could not be relieved by such ghostly mechanism. His was not a mind to be cheated into quiet by monastic routine, or degraded and hushed by morbid asceticism. But the conversations of Staupitz, his vicar-general, at length led the young Augustinian to feel the freedom and peace of the Gospel, and he was ordained to the priesthood, and celebrated his first mass, in his twenty-fourth year. By the influence of Staupitz, Luther was, in 1508, called by Frederick, elector of Saxony, to be a professor of philosophy in the University of Wittemberg. Here in a short time he taught also biblical theology, and obtained more internal serenity, and a deeper view of the divine plan of redemption. He began to preach too with that vigor, impetuosity, and eloquence which soon attracted immense crowds. About 1510 he was sent to Rome on ecclesiastical business, and his mind received a terrible shock by what he witnessed of the idleness, profanity, and sensuality of the Romish clergy and laity, and the grief and indignation he experienced during this visit to the city of the pope, caused the veil to fall from his eyes. On returning from the Italian metropolis, he was, in 1512, made doctor of divinity, and he continued to preach boldly, attacking the scholastic philosophy, and basing his arguments more and more on the Holy Scriptures. The court of Rome, to supply its luxuries, and aid in building St. Peter's, had commissioned indulgences to be sold in Ger-

